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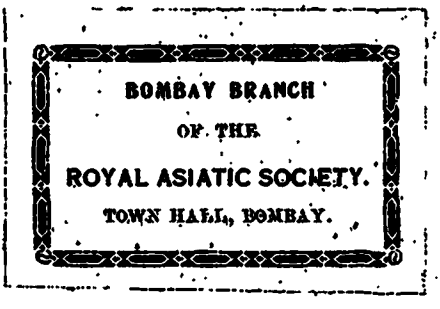

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SOUTHEY'S

COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

Fourth

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EDITED

BY HIS SON-IN-LAW,

JOHN WOOD WALTER, B.D.

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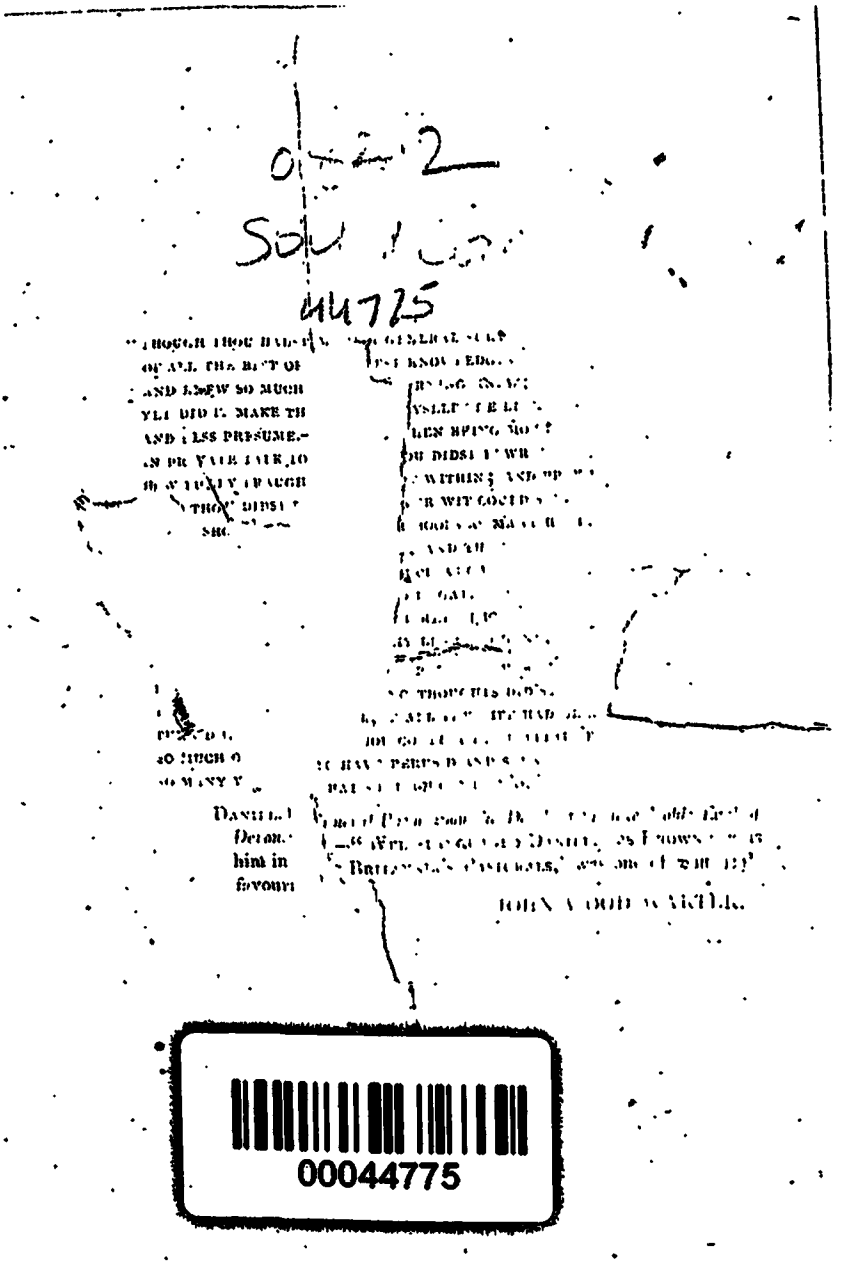
LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

1861.



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Preface.

IT is little that the Editor has to say on the appearance of the Fourth, and concluding, Series of the lamented Southey's Common Place Book. Possibly to some, it may contain the most interesting portion of the whole,—as Daniel says, "the tongue of" his "best thoughts,"—to others, deeper thought, and original ideas, may be less interesting, and they may long for the *olla podrida* of the earlier portions. But, to all, even to general readers, there is no doubt but that the Series now presented to the Public is in every way most interesting, and there is, in his Manna, to adopt a saying of the Rabbi's, something to suit the taste of all.

In a letter written July 11, 1822, there occurs the passage following, and in it is shewn that "besetting sin—a sort of miser-like love of accumulation"—to which the Reader owes the volumes now brought, with no little labour, to completion. "Like those persons who frequent sales, and fill their houses with useless purchases, because they may want them some time or other; so am I for ever making collections and storing up materials which may not come into use till the Greek Calends. And this I have been doing for five and twenty years! It is true that I draw daily upon my hoards, and should be poor without them; but in prudence I ought now to be working up those materials rather than adding to so much dead stock." *Life and Correspondence*, vol. v. p. 135.

From these stores, as hinted, these Common Place Books are derived,—but much, very much, is left behind,—besides that contained in the wondrous collection for the History of Portugal,—not to be understood except by those who know the private marks of the Author. Enough, however, has been given to shew the vast collections of this unrivalled scholar, and the comprehensive grasp of that gigantic intellect,

which, with untold mines of power, was meek and lowly and of childlike simplicity, as shewn, more or less, in every letter in the *Life and Correspondence*. That Southey was a great man and a great scholar, is comparatively, a little thing,—that he was a good man and a Christian every whit, and a righteous example and a pattern for ages yet to come, that is a great matter! His praise is this, that he was a humble minded man, a good son, a good father, a good Christian!

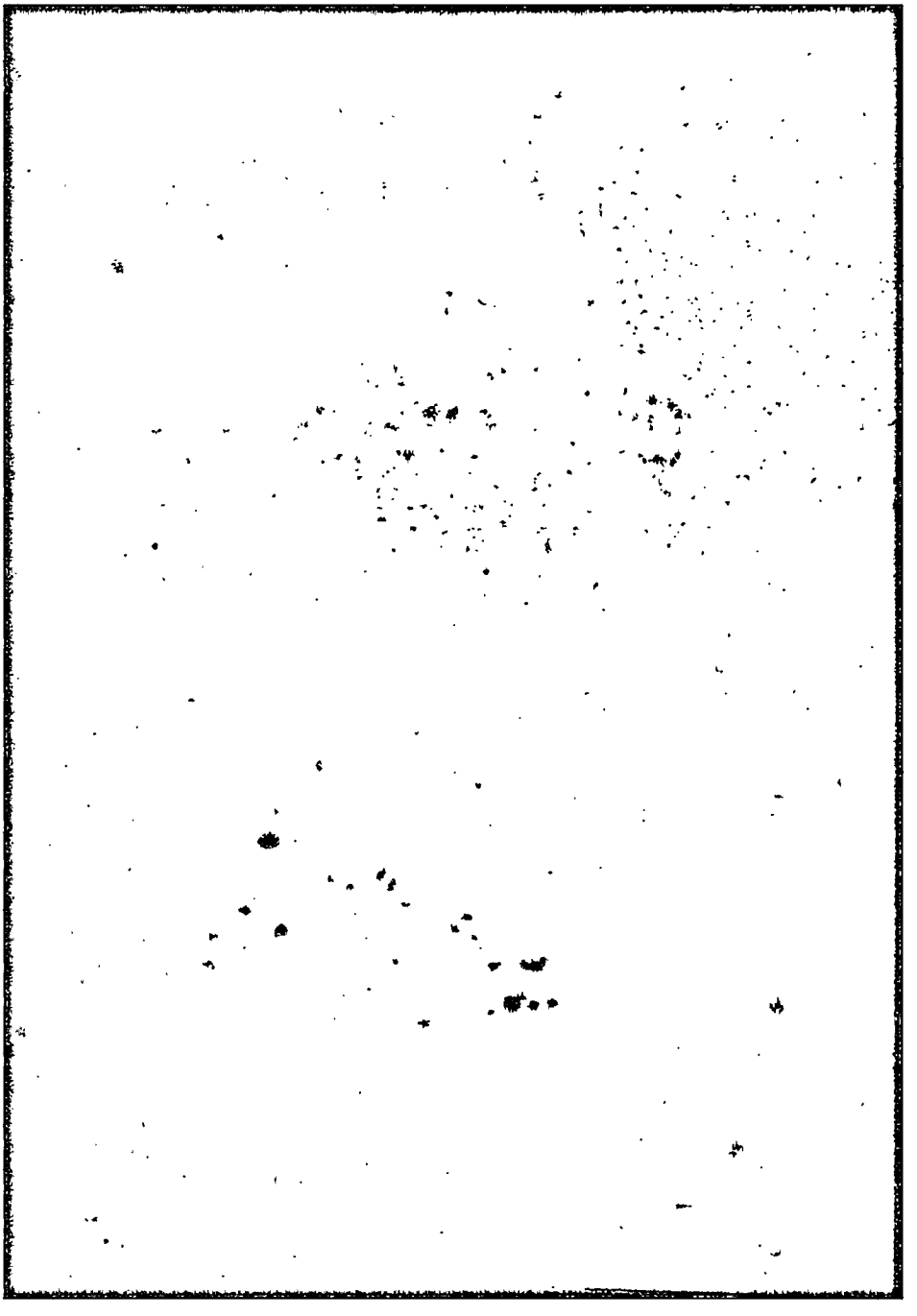
It is scarcely necessary to add, in the words of his prime favourite author, that "he had a rare felicity in speedy reading of books, and as it were but turning them over would give an exact account of all considerable therein." The words occur in the Holy State, in the Life of Mr. Perkins, who preached to the prisoners in the castle of Cambridge, "bound in their bodies, but too loose in their lives."

JOHN WOOD WARTER.

Vicarage House, West Tarring, Sussex,
December 24, 1850.

CONTENTS.

	Page
IDEAS and Studies for Literary Composition	1
Collections for History of English Literature and Poetry	279
Characteristic English Anecdotes, and Fragments for Espriella	352
Collections for the Doctor, &c.	427
Personal Observations and Recollections with Fragments of Journals	514
Miscellaneous Anecdotes and Gleanings	540
Extracts, Facts, and Opinions, relating to Political and Social Society	662
Texts for Sermons	721
Texts for Enforcement	722
L'Envoy	724



Southey's Common-place Book.

IDEAS AND STUDIES FOR LITERARY COMPOSITION.

English Hexameters.[1]

THE frequent occurrence of monosyllables is unfavourable to hexameters in our language. The omission of the e in the imperfect and participle, the contraction of the genitive, these also by shortening words increase the difficulty.

The Saxon genitive, then, must be restored; the pronoun genitive also, "his," and even "her." The latter innovation or renovation will remove one hissing sound.

The English hexameter will be much longer to the eye than either the Greek or Latin, but so many of our letters are useless, that I do not think it can be longer to the ear. We often express a single sound by two characters, as in all letters with the h compounded.

A trochee may be used for a spondee, perhaps an iambic, but the iambic must never follow a trochee.

Like blank verse, hexameters may run into each other, but the sentence must not, I think, close with a hemistich.

Perhaps the Saxon plural in en may be advantageously restored.

The fewest possible syllables in a line are thirteen, the most seventeen. The first four feet vary from eight to twelve. I conceive that any arrangement between these will be sufficient if they satisfy the ear.

We have in our language twelve feet; the Greeks and Romans had twenty-eight.

Spondee	Ēgyp̄t
Iambic	Dĕpārt
Trochee	Lāngŭid
Dactyl	Lōvelĭlў
Amphibrachys	Bĕlōvĕd
Amphimacer	ūndĕrtāke
Antibacchius . . .	Hoūsebreākĕr
Ditrochæus	Lāmĕntātiŏn
Dijambus, Pæon Secundus, Ionicus Major	Extinguisher, according as it stands in the verse.
Choriambic	Arquĭbŭssiēr

Irregular Blank Verse.

Of metres that must be the best which being harmonious enough to the reader, fetters least the poet's thoughts.

Those lines are admissible in irregular blank verse of which none make the half of any other; for the Alexandrine is two tacked

[1] The reader will find the question of English hexameters fully examined in the Preface to the *Vision of Judgment*.—J. W. W.

together, and they never fit well unless you see the seam in the middle. So Warner's long line is splittable into the common ballad metre.

Anapæstic.	Iambic.	Trochaic.
12.	10.	8.
9.	8.	6.
	6.	7.
		5.

The Adonic line, the Dactylic, the Anacreontic, the Sapphic.

The sentence must not too often close on a long syllable. The trochaic line of eight is the only double ending. This may be palliated by running the lines into the decimal one. And the anapæstic of nine will bear a redundant syllable at the end. There may also be occasionally introduced the trochaic of six, and the Adonic, perhaps the Sapphic or Phaleucian line.

Thus are there thirteen usable lines. The more complicate ones can, however, only be inserted in polishing; composition will not pause for them.

Metrical Memoranda.

How would the galloping dactylic metre suit to be written rhymelessly? rhyme is even less essential to harmony here than in the iambic cadence, for the lyric there would be the four-lined stanza of two twelve, two nine, with all its changes.

*12	12	9	9
9	9	12	12
12	9	9	12
* 9	12	12	9

In these long lines there is danger lest the epithets should be too frequent.

Of these duodecimo lines there is no fraction but the 9, for 8 and 9 are convertible, like 11 and 12, and 6 would be halving the long line only. The 7 makes a good line, the last half of a pentameter.

With rhyme a correspondent metre to that of the ebb tide would have a good effect, rhyming alternately thus,

9 12 12 9

Could trochaic lines be introduced into the rhymeless four-lined stanza? or would the change of cadence be too harsh?

Noah.

Of all subjects this is the most magnificent.

This is the work with which I would attempt to introduce hexameters into our language. A scattered party of fifty or a hundred do nothing; but if I march a regular army of some thousands into the country, well disciplined, and on a good plan, they will effect their establishment.

My plan should be sketched before I have read Bodmer's poem; then, if his work be not above mediocrity, it may be melted at my convenience into mine.

For the philosophy, Burnett's Theory is the finest possible; for machinery the Rabbis must give it me, and the Talmuds are in requisition.

The feelings must be interested for some of those who perished in the waters. A maiden withheld from the ark by maternal love, and her betrothed self-sacrificed with her. Their deaths and consequent beatitude may be deeply affecting. In the despotism that has degraded the world, and made it fit only for destruction, there is room for strong painting. The Anakim have once already destroyed mankind!

March 26, 1800.

I have read the Noachid of Bodmer; it is a bad poem. In one point only does it deserve to be followed, in adopting the system of Whiston, and destroying the world by the approximation of a comet. This may be ingrafted upon Burnett's Theory.

June 29, 1801.

It is unfortunate that Shem and Ham cannot be christened.

Japhet, the European inheritor, must be the prominent personage, and brimful of patriotism he should be. Some visit, perhaps, to Enoch in paradise. The death of

one of the just may tell well. A father of one of the wives; his son should be the love victim. A martyrdom also;—some hero, burnt offering to the god-tyrant,—a rank Romish priesthood. Why not an Atheist friend of Noah? one who reasons from the wickedness of the world, a good man, but not stiff-necked, who has never swallowed the poker of principle, nor laced on the strait waistcoat of conscience, an incense-burner to the idols whom he derides.

Anguish of Noah when the sentence of the world is past. The spirit of Adam might announce it, on his own grave.

The chief tyrant? some beef-headed booby brute.

The universal iniquity will be difficultly made conceivable. There must be an universal monarchy to account for it, and focus it.

How to heighten the crimes? to bring about the crisis of guilt? all must be bad, even those who see the evil must seek to remedy it by evil means; some United Irish violence.

The burnt offering the outstanding figure; a young man full of all good hopes and arrogance, who would revolutionize the world; his error, the working with evil means, and his ruin. The final wickedness; his death, after an Abbe Barruel-Bartholomew-massacre.

Is language equal to describe the great crash? one line of comfort must be the terminating one—lo, yonder the ark on the waters.

The great temple-palace should be some Tower of Babel building, made in despite of prophecy, and mockery of God's vengeance. It should resist the water weight, and overlive all things, till the vault of the earth bursts.

Arbathan the self-confident hero. Some act of solitary goodness seen by Japhet should win his affections, which the darkness of conspiracy had shocked. Arbathan would act like Omniscience. He would dare do ill for the good event. Thus, too, he should argue, and assume to himself the praise of humanity in only destroying half,—when Noah threatens all with extermination.

At length—the doom voice was uttered,—and the Lord God Almighty turned from mankind the eyes of his mercy.

The statue omen. They should fear Noah, and attempt to destroy him so; but the blow harms not the statue's head, it shivers the mallet, and palsies the arm that struck.

The peace-virtues of the holy family, violet virtues more sweet than showy. The young hopes and heat of Japhet may force him into a livelier interest; he should be for isocratizing.

The general embarkation must be kept out of sight; it savours too much of the ridiculous.

Mango Capac.[1]

I have completely failed in attempting to identify Madoc with Mango Capac. He goes indeed to Peru, but this is all—The historical circumstances totally differ, but he has a fleet of companions, and assumes no divine authority;—therefore will I remove the Welsh adventurers to Florida, and celebrate the Peruvian legislation in another poem.

From whence was Mango Capac? he could not have grown up in Peru, nor indeed in any part of America. There is no instance, no possibility of any such character growing up among savages; it is a miracle more unbelievable than his inspiration; but whence or how came he to Peru. Europe was too barbarous to furnish a civilizer for America; and from Europe he must have taken the impossible way up the Maragnon, where I had led Madoc. But a European would have been a Christian. From the East his opinions might have proceeded; but the voyage from Persia! its impassable

[1] The reader is referred to the *Commentarios Reales, escritos por el Ynca Garcilasso de la Vega.* The copy before me was Southey's. Lisboa, Año de M.DCIX.—J. W. W.

length—and New Holland and all those islands just in the course! This could not have been; the way from China is more practicable—but how could Mango Capac conceive such designs in that country? inspiration seems the solution most easy to credit as well as to adopt.

Reasoning as a necessarian, and so I must reason, all effects proceed from the first cause. The belief of inspiration is as much produced by that first cause, as what is acknowledged to be real; where then is the difference; or does it result that he who believes himself inspired, is so? Crede quod habeas et habes? this rather puzzles than satisfies me.

But in another light why should inspiration be confined to Judea? Mohammed has produced evil assuredly; but Zoroaster, but Confucius, above all Mango Capac? he at least produced extensive good; there is therefore a cause for divine revelation; or if it be deemed undeserving of such agency, intermediate beings may have produced the same effect. Their existence is every way probable, perhaps even their interposition.

About A.D. 1150 Mango Capac and Mama Oella, his sister-wife, appeared by the Lake Titiaca.[1] At that time the Mohammedan superstition had triumphed in the East; and the few followers of Zoroaster were persecuted, or safe only in obscurity. Here then the poem roots itself well. The father of these children is a Guebre, rather a Sabean, one driven into mountain seclusion; the children necessarily become enthusiasts; if they see other human beings they at least find none who can feel as they feel or comprehend them—hence they love each other. The spirit of the sun, whom they adore, may drop them where he pleases. The rest is I doubt more philosophical than poetical—the influence of intellect over docile and awed ignorance.—*Anno*, 1799.

[1] See libro iii. *de los Commentarios Reales*, c. xxv. tom. i. f. 80.—J. W. W.

Images.

After a battle—the bank weeds of the stream bloody.

Tameness of the birds where gunpowder is unknown.

The sound of a running brook like distant voices.

There is a sort of vegetable that grows in the water like a green mist or fog.

Christ Church, Oct. 8, 1799. I crossed the bridge at night; the church and the ruins were before me, the marshes flooded, the sky was stormy and wild, the moon rolling among clouds, and the rush of the waters now mingling with the wind, now heard alone, in the pauses of the storm.

Perfect calmness—a spot so sheltered that the broad banana-leaf was not broken by the wind.

Bubbles in rain—a watry dome.

Gilt weathercock—bright in the twilight.

Holly—its white bark.

Beech in autumn—its upmost branches stript first and all pointed upwards.

Moss on the cot thatch the greenest object.

Redness of the hawthorn with its berries.

Water, like polished steel, dark, or splendid.

Ice-sheets hanging from the banks above the level of the water, which had been frozen at flood.

Willows early leaved, and their young leaves green.

The distant hill always appears steep.

As we were sailing out of Falmouth the ships and the shore seemed to dance—like a dream.

At sea I saw a hen eating the egg she had just laid!

An old sailor described a marvellously fine snow-storm to Tom.[1] The sun rising remarkably red, a heavy gale from the op-

[1] This is the late Captain Thomas Southey, R.N. He was an acute observer of nature, and many references are made to his letters.

J. W. W.

posite point of the horizon driving the large flakes, which, tinged by the sun, looked like falling fire—so strikingly so that the men remarked it, and thought it ominous.

May 14, 1800. A singular and striking evening sky. The horizon is perfectly clear and blue; just in the west runs a ridge of black clouds, heavy, and their outline as strongly defined as a line of rock—a low ridge—the sky behind has the green tinge, the last green light. I well remember when a six years' boy drawing such uncouth shapes, making blotches of ink in the same jagged formlessness, and fancying them into the precipices and desert rocks of faery romance.

The trunk of the palm seems made by the ruins of the leaves.

The inside of the banana leaf feels like satten.

A gentle wind waving only the summit of the cypress.

At the bull fight I saw the sweat of death darken the dun hide of the animal!

The cypress trunk is usually fluted.

July 1. The chesnut tree, now beginning to push out its catkin, and in full leaf; has a *radiant* foliage. Whiter than other trees from its young catkin, and perfectly starry in shape.

The Indian corn flowers only at the top; the seed is in a sheath below, near the root; from the point of the sheath hangs out a lock of brown filaments, like hair, green in its earlier stage. The flower is of light brown, somewhat inclined to purple.

A thunder-storm burst over Cintra. Koster saw the eagles flying about their nest, scared by the lightning from entering to their young, and screaming with terror.

From the Peniña I saw the sea so dappled with clouds and slips of intermediate light, as not to be distinguishable from the sky.

View from above of a wooded glen, after describing the visible objects—the billowy wood that hides all—below is the sound that tells of water, &c.

Water, only varied by the air bubble rising to the surface. Trees, like men, grow stiff with age; their brittle boughs break in the storm—a light breeze moves only their leaves.

Glitter of water at the bottom of reeds.

Storm from the south-east at the Cape. The appearance of the heavenly bodies, as observed by the Abbé de la Caille, is strange and terrible, "The stars look larger and seem to dance; the moon has an undulating tremor; and the planets have a sort of beard like comets."—BARROW.

Where the ship breaks its way, the white dust of the water sinks at first, with a hissing noise, and mingles with the dark blue; soon they rise again in air-sparkles.

Sound of a river—a blind man would have loved the lovely spot.[1]

Waterfall, its wind and its shower, and its rainbow, where the shade and the sunshine met, and its echo from the rock, increasing the inseparable sound.

Insects moving upon smooth water like rain.

The wind sweeping the stream showers up sparkles of light.

The mountains and the mountain-stream had a grey tinge, somewhat blue, like the last evening light.

At Mafra, the sound of the organ when it ceased—like thunder; the rise of the congregation—like the sea.

Finland. "The only noise the traveller hears in this forest is the bursting of the bark of the trees, from the effect of the frost, which has a loud but dull sound."—*Acerbi.*

Trees seen from an eminence lie grouped below in masses, like the swell of heavy clouds.

Flags. I saw the colours in a bright sky flowing like streams of colour with dazzling vividness.

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[1] The reader of SOUTHEY'S works will find many of these ideas worked up. These words occur in Madoc without alteration, part ii. xxiii. and were quoted to me by SOUTHEY, 1829, in one of the loveliest spots of all Cumberland.

J. W. W.

When the Marlbro' was wrecked, the goats ran wildly about, and the cats came screaming upon deck, evidently aware of danger. Wind, not in gusts, but one continuous roar, like the perpetual bound of a cataract.

The hut enough upon the rising to be above all winter floods, trees enough about it; the alder and the willow by the brook; orchards, and the yew among the stones, and the ash, and the mountain ash, and the birch; but a little beyond and all was dreary — the nakedness of nature, the mountain side all ruined, loose stones and crags that waited but the next frost to thunder down; in the bottom, a few lines of those low stone walls, that you hardly suspect to be the works of man.

From TOM'S *Letter.*

"THERE were yesterday two fine waterspouts close to us. They appeared to *descend* from a heavy black cloud, not in a straight column, but with a round. When they reached the water they blew it about with great violence. One of them looked like the smoking of a vessel burnt to the water's-edge. The other seemed not to raise the water so high, but formed it very like the capital of a Corinthian pillar; the column was more transparent in the middle than at the sides. When it ceased to act upon the water, it reascended to the cloud, forming a circle with a still increasing radius as it drew directly up. The lower point at last formed the centre, it then was so wide. It was then interrupted by other clouds passing over."

"A PUESTA del Sol parescio la Luna, e comio poco a poco todas las nubes."—*Cron. del Conde* D. PERO NINO,[1]

TOM.

"YOU should have been with us last cruise (Lat. 60 N.) to have seen the Aurora Borealis flashing in bright columns behind large masses of black cloud. I look upon it the clouds we have here are only detached pieces, driven from the large mass that constantly floats near the Arctic circle this time of the year."

The Boiling Well, near Bristol. GREY-GREENISH bubbles rise sometimes by dozens, a whole shower of them. Sometimes one huge one; the large ones always bring up a trail of gravel soil.

Little volcanos of gravel, where the soil is finer it rises like smoke.

The Howk. A SOUND that echoed from the rock aright, aleft, around—and from the vault of rock, you felt the shaking war, and it made the senses shake.

GRASS under a gale, as if you saw the stream of wind flowing over it.

I have seen the yellow leaves of the ash and birch in Autumn give a sunshiny appearance to the trees—a hectic beauty.

Twinkling of the water-lilly leaves in a breeze.

Sept. 28. Crackling of the furze pods in a hot day.

A steady rain, so slow and in so still a day, that the leafless twigs of the birch were covered with rain-drops—no raindrop falling till with its own weight.

An Autumn day, when at noon the morning dew lies still upon the grass undried, yet the weather delicious.

"We were most dreadfully annoyed by flies which swarm about the heaps of old forage and filth scattered over the camp." This was near the camp in India which had been abandoned the day before.

Similies.

AN uncharitable man to the desert—which receives the sunbeams and the rain, and returns no increase.

"As the moon doth show her light in the

[1] See Second Series, p. 615.—J. W. W.

world which she receiveth from the sun, so we ought to bestow the benefits received of God to the profit and commodity of our neighbour."—WIT's *Commonwealth.*

Meet adversity — like the cedar in the snow.

The enchanted fountains to the sources of Whang-ho.

Convulsions in eastern kingdoms — to a stone cast into a green-mantled pool; for a moment it is disturbed, but the green stagnation covers it again.

Sound of a trumpet—to Virgil's statue by Naples.

Bitter resentment, revenge that requires blood—the sting of a scorpion, only to be healed by crushing it and binding it on the wound.

White heat, tremulous, intense—like the sun if steadily beheld.

Look of love—*to* the intense affection in the eye of the ostrich when fixed on its egg.

Sorrow, misfortunes.—I have seen a dark cloud that threatened to hide the moon, grow bright as it passed over her, and only make her more beautiful. August 7, Cintra, eleven at night.

Violet virtues—discovered by their sweetness, not their show.

"Upon the lake lie the long shadows of thy towers." — Shadows seem to sink deep in dark water.

Desertion—weeds seeding in the garden or court-yard, or on the altar.

PINE and fir groves said to form fine echoes.

M. de la Hire after Leonardo da Vinci observes that any black body viewed through a thin white one gives the sensation of blue; and this he assigns as the reason of the blueness of the sky, the immense depth of which being wholly devoid of light, is viewed through the air illuminated and whitened by the sun.

Chama Gigas — the name of those huge scallop shells which are placed about fountains.

The skylark,—rising as if he would soar to heaven, and singing as sweetly and as happily as if he were there.

The wind hath a *human* voice.

July 1822. I WAS on the lake with Lightfoot,[1] between the General's Island and St. Herbert's, and nearly midway between the east and west sides. The water was perfectly still, and not a breath of air to be felt. We were in fine weather, but on the eastern side a heavy shower was falling, within a quarter of a mile of us, and the sound which it made was louder than the loudest roaring of Lodore, so as to astonish us both. I thought that a burst had happened upon Walla crag, and that the sound proceeded from the ravines bringing down their sudden torrents. But it was merely the rain falling on the lake when every thing was still.

BELL-RINGING, a music which nature adopts and makes her own, as the winds play with it.

"THE olive will hardly admit of any graft, by reason of its fatness, nor will the *grafts* of it easily thrive in any other stock."—DR. JACKSON, vol. 2, p. 639.

IT is remarkable that Reginald Heber should never have noticed the 'pale translucent green' of an evening sky, till he saw it on his voyage to India.—*Journal*, vol. 1, p. lvii.

TURNER'S *Tour in the Levant*, vol. 3, p. 175. "From the tomb of Orchan I vainly looked for the miraculous drum which was said to sound of itself every night, and on enquiry was informed that it was burnt in the last great fire—at Brusa."

SUNSHINE in *sheets* and *falls* of light through the rents in a cloud.

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[1] His old friend, the Rev. Nicholas Lightfoot. See Life and Correspondence, vol. v. 118.
J. W. W.

At the edge of the frozen lake, opposite to Lord's Island, the frost had formed little crystalline blossoms on the ice wherever there was the point of a rush to form a nucleus. These frost flowers were about the size of the little blue flower with the orange eye, (O) and exceedingly beautiful, bright as silver.

3 March, 1829. The lake perfectly still in a mild clear day; but at once a motion began upon it between the Crag and Stable hill, as if an infinite number of the smallest conceivable fish were lashing it with their tails. What could possibly occasion this, neither I, nor Bertha and Kate, who were with me, could discover or imagine. It abated gradually.

"Where the rainbow toucheth the tree, no caterpillar will hang on the leaves."—Lilly.

In the Secchia Rapita the *hammer* of the bell is spoken of

"Il martello de la maggior campana."
Canto 1. x.

and the fire-flies—but in a way worthy of such a writer.

"E le luceiole usciau con cul de foco,
Stelle di questa nostra ultima sfera."
8. i.

I noticed a very pretty image by the side of a little and clear runlet, the large buttercups on its margin moved when there was no wind, rocked by the rapid motion of its stream.

The horse-chestnut in the way in which its boughs incline to rest upon the ground, resembles the fig-tree.

"Achilles' shield being lost on the seas by Ulysses, was tossed by the sea to the tomb of Ajax, as a manifest token of his right."—Euphues.

Flies in a bed room when the window curtain is drawn appear in a glance of light, like fire-flies, where they flit across the sunbeam, that beam not being otherwise visible except where it falls upon the wall.

First Rochelle expedition. "Men fell a-rubbing of armour which a great while had lain oyled."—Sir H. Wotton, p. 222.

"Sol la cicala col nojoso metro
Fra i densi rami del fronzuto stelo
Le valli e i monti assorda, e'l mare, e'l cielo."
Ariosto, c. 8. st. 20.

Grass *twinkling* with the morning dew.

Ferran Gonzalez, Count of Castille.

Ferran Gonzalez had slain in battle Sancho Abarea, King of Navarre, with his own hand. He had not provoked the war: Sancho had often infested Castille, and answered the Count's remonstrances and demands of restitution by defying him. He sent home the body honourably.

Teresa, Queen dowager of Leon, was daughter of Sancho and sister to Garcia Abarea, then reigning in Navarre. There exists a jealousy between Sancho of Leon and the Count, whom his victories and renown made too formidable for a vassal. At a Cortes which he attended, Sancho had asked of him his horse and his hawk. These the Count would have given, but the King would only receive them as a purchase—and contracted for 1000 marks, to be paid on a certain day, if not, the debt was daily to double; it was his own contract. The writings were drawn out "partidas por A.B.C." and sealed and witnessed in all form. At this same Cortes, Teresa proposed to the Count, her niece Sancha of Navarre for wife. This was concerted with Garcia, that so he might entrap Ferran, and imprison or slay him in revenge of his father's death.

A meeting was appointed to conclude the marriage, each party to be accompanied by

only five knights. The Count kept his promise; Garcia brought thirty-five, and seized him, but not till after a hard resistance, for the Castilians refuged in an Ermida, and defended it till they had secured their lives by a capitulation. The five knights were released, the Count fettered and imprisoned.

A Lombard Count on pilgrimage to Santiago, visits Ferran in prison, and upbraids Sancha for her part in the wrong. She sent her damsel to see him, and then went herself; the marriage promise passed between them, and they fled together; his chains were heavy, and she at times sustained them. A priest who was riding with hawk and hound, discovers them, and only consents to let the Count escape on condition that Sancha abandons her person to him, she retires with him, contrives to throw him down, and Ferran kills him with a knife. They proceed, and meet the Castilians coming to his rescue, with a stone image of the Count before them, which they had sworn never to forsake.

Garcia infests Castille till the patience of the Count fails, and he meets him in a pitched battle, defeats and takes him—he refuses to liberate him at Sancha's request, but she appeals to his knights, and pleads so well that they obtain his deliverance for her sake.

The King of Leon summons him now to a Cortes, and immediately seizes him. Sancha sets out with her knights, leaves them concealed, and proceeds as on pilgrimage. The King of Leon allows her to see her husband and pass the night with him. In her pilgrim dress Ferran escapes and joins his troops; but their aid is made needless by an interview between Sancha and the King of Leon, the able mind of the Countess overpowers him, and all is settled.

Catholic Mythology.

Adam in Limbo beholding the light of the Annunciation. Simile,—suggested by Bettinelli's Sonnet, Pern. Mod. 19, p. 169.

Sabbath of Hell. See the legend of Judas and St. Brandon. How much more humanly is this conceived than Monti's Sonnet, vol. 17, p. 77, who describes Justice as writing upon the traitor's forehead as soon as he has expired, sentence of eternal damnation, with the blood of Christ! dipping her finger in the blood. This is hideous! The angels, says the second sonnet, made fans of their wings to shut out the sight.

"Per spavento
Si fer de l'ale a gli occhi una visiera."

I thought I had done when at the end of the first sonnet, but it seems there is yet a third, to tell us that as the soul had resumed flesh and bone, the sentence appeared in red letters,—it frightened the damned—he tried to tear it out, but God had fixed it there.

"Ne sillaba di Dio mai si cancella!"

Perhaps this horrible absurdity suggested to Lewis his fine picture of the Wandering Jew.

A good paper in the manner of Addison, might be made upon the motion of a Board of Suicide, instituted to grant licenses for that act, upon sufficient cause being shown.

Would this story mature into a useful volume?

Oliver Elton is the second son of wealthy parents, who live up to the extent of their income; he is not their favourite; his mother had not nursed him. She would not perform maternal duty, and was therefore deprived of maternal affection. Oliver's provision was a good living; he has scruples, and cannot accept it.

The date must be 1793. During a vacation Oliver sets out for a long walk—to botanize, and to be from home. At a country inn, he is requested by the landlady to sit in her room, the house being full. The landlord had been a respectable tradesman, by misfortunes bankrupt, and reduced to this

employment. Dorothy, the daughter, had therefore been decently educated. Oliver soon after he leaves the inn sprains his foot violently, and returns, preferring it to home, and a practical comment follows upon the text from S. Augustin.

Mr. Elton refuses to support his son while he graduates in physic—the living, or nothing. Oliver who has lived parsimoniously at Oxford, sets off for London, his way lies by the inn, and he finds Palmer dying of a broken heart; in Dorothy's distress he becomes her comforter.

In London Oliver looks about for literary employment, he is unknown, his last ten pounds are stolen, and he must have walked the streets for want of a lodging, had not a prostitute invited him in. This woman who would have infected him, hearing his distress, offers him money.

A letter from Dorothy finds him; her mother is in danger of an arrest, could he send twenty pounds? He enlists as a soldier, and sells his watch to make up the sum.

On a review day he sees Dorothy, it disorders him, and she faints, he runs to her, and the Major strikes him, they had been schoolfellows and enemies, he knocks him down, and writes from his confinement to the Colonel, who interferes and dismisses him from the regiment.

One friend only knows Oliver's fate, he procures for him the place of gardener to Lord L. with a decent salary. Dorothy had been apprenticed to a milliner, he marries her, and lives in happy obscurity.

The story should be related in a narrative to his sister, who with her husband visiting Lord L. recognized Oliver.

Parkgate. Saturday Oct. 10, 1801.[1]

The soldier part should be omitted. So will the history become that of a man who, by practical wisdom and useful knowledge, preserves himself from misery in difficult circumstances, and makes and deserves his own happiness.

[1] These are *δεύτεραι φροντίδες*—the former part dates from 1798, or 1799.—J. W. W.

Ground that may be built on.

GIOVANNI, the Judas Iscariot of S. Francisco's disciples, a man of blasted hopes, the slave of his own feelings,—sense enough to smell the saint for a fool and his disciples as rogues.

Some nun of St. Clara's school.

FREQUENT Portugueze shipwrecks on the coast of Africa. Some girl on her way to a nunnery—a Caffir—the good Negroes! the *ἀμύμονες ἀνδρῶν*. Here would be rich scenery.

A COURT fool at some tyrant's court.

A DRAMATIC romance with the good title of Merlin or the Round Table, magic and the sublime of pantomime.

A JEW family in Portugal, love and the inquisition.

Beast Poems. THEY would be difficult but of good purport, some tales of the affection between the bear and her cub, or the seal or walrus.

PELAYO the restorer would form a good hero for a poem which should take up Catholicism for its machinery.

Count Julian, Florinda, Egilona, Rodrigo in his state of penitence, Oppas, young Alonso, fine characters all. The cave of Toledo for a scene of enchantment, Covadonga for the battle.

Biscay seems to have been disputed between Pelayo, Eudon, and Pedro. Alonso was Pedro's son and married Ormisinda, Pelayo's daughter.

This is a grand subject for narrative, not for dramatic poetry, but as one bad play would be seven times as productive as a good poem six times its length, let us see what can dramatically be done with Pelayo.

End with the surprizal of Gigon, the death of Munuza, and the acclamation of Pelayo.

Ormisinda a noble Virago, she refuses to marry unless her children can be free, the end then is her giving her hand to Alonso.

There may be a scene at her mother's grave.

Munuza wants *her* in marriage, this the necessary deviation from historical legend. The demand a *little* rouses Pelayo, for Munuza was becoming powerful by early submission.[1]

EPIC writers have usually been deficient in learning. Homer indeed is all miracle, he knew every thing, and Milton has ornamented with the whole range of knowledge a story which admitted the immediate display of none. But the manners in Tasso are mixed, in Virgil they are of no time and no country; another deadly sin! I know no poet so accurate as Glover.

The following nations offer a rich field of civil and religious costume:

The Jews.

The Scandinavians.

The Persians.

Celtic superstition is too little understood, and the documents of Celtic manners are scanty. Still there is an outline. The British Brutus has been too often thought upon, to remain for ever without his fame.

The Hindoo is a vile mythology, a tangle of thread fragments which require the touch of a faery's distaff to unravel and unite them. There is no mapping out the country, no reducing to shape the chaotic mass. It is fitter for the dotage dreams of Sir William Jones, than the visions of the poet. Let the wax-nose be tweaked by Volney on one side and Maurice on the other!

The Greenlanders are stupid savages, or there is a favourable wildness in their belief and in their country.

The Amortam might be the groundwork of a Hindoo poem, but the draught of immortality ought only to be sought by a bad man, and then Vathek would stand in the way of invention.

[1] It is hardly necessary to say that here are the first ideas for Roderick, the Last of the Goths.—J. W. W.

Jewish Stories.

THE deluge. Joshua. The first destruction of Jerusalem. The second. The Maccabees.

Judith is too short an action. Moses does too little himself;—besides, the end of this action is under Joshua.

Savage superstitions will balladize well.

Grecian.

WHOEVER reads Pausanias or the Mythologists will find that much of the best classical ground is yet unbroken. A hero is indeed wanting. Aristomenes? a hero in misfortune offers the best lesson; but a long and disjointed story, and Sparta in the wrong, that must not be! Lycurgus? the conqueror of human nature, perhaps the amender. The great Alexander? alas all perished with the mighty Macedonian.

Better some lesser story, imaginary, or of obscure record. The Pythoness, Endymion, not ill handled by Gombauld, but of much promise.

Stories connected with the Manners of Chivalry.

Feudalism. ROBIN HOOD.[1] The establishment of the Inquisition, St. Domingo's the prominent personage.

The superstitions of the dark ages would body well. Saints and angels through the whole hierarchy, and every order of demonology. They have rarely been used well, or never, the cursed itch of imitation has made them parodies of the Greek gods.

Runic.

THE conquests of Odin were suggested by

[1] Since published—a Fragment—by Mrs. Southey, who took a part in it.—J. W. W.

Gibbon; but Odin must be the god, not the hero. The story must be wholly imaginary. The history of savages is never important enough to furnish an action for poetry.

Persian.

Zoroaster was a bad and bloody priest. Other personage their history offers not, for Cyrus is anterior to the system of the Zendavesta.

Thus then:—A Persian Satrap, persecuted by the powers of darkness. Every calamity that they inflict developes in him some virtue which prosperity had smothered, and they end in driving him to emigrate with a Greek slave, and becoming a citizen of Athens. Here then the whole mythology, and the whole hatefulness of oriental tyranny come into the foreground. The Athenian slave, who chuses his master, for his pupil and son-in-law, may be as Jacobinical as heart could wish.

Hindoo.

There is a singular absurdity in this system, prayers and penance have an actual, not a relative value; they are a sterling coin for which the gods must sell their favours, as the shopkeeper supplies the thief for ready money, Some of the most famous penitents have been actuated by ambition and cruelty.

By penance and prayer any gift may be compelled from the gods; add immortality, and there may exist an enemy formidable even to heaven.

The search of the Amortam by such a man, call him for the present Keradon[1]—he is a Bramin. An injured Paria—Cartamen—follows him, finds him in the very presence of Yamen, who alone dispenses the draught of immortality, and immortalizes him in a more natural way.

On the coast of Malealon, Cartamen may meet Parassourama, who still exists there. The God for the sake of his mother Mariatale, may befriend the Paria.

Stung by some violent provocation, Cartamen kills the brother of Keradon. Mariatale, the despised goddess, protects the despised Paria, and preserves him from death. He is condemned to bear about the Bramin's skull, and eat and drink out of it; but his punishment is his glory.

The Hindoos admit the truth of all religions,—Turk, Christian, Jew, or Gentile may therefore be introduced.

A daughter of the Paria shall be a prominent character,—a Grindouver descends for her love. Seevajee claims her for the wife of the god, that is, a temple-prostitute. Cartamen in vain alleges that their god is not the god of the Parias, hence the murder. She has nurst a young crocodile, to save herself she leaps into the river, the beast receives her.

Funeral of Seevajee. His ghost appears to Keradon, and tells him he cannot destroy Ledalma till the Amordam has made him equal with the gods. Keradon then curses the murderer, commands all the evil powers to persecute him, and forbids any good one to assist him.

When he is on the rocks near Mount Merou,—the fine incident of the bitch that left her whelps for want.

It is Kalya who saves herself and her father, when they are about to be executed, by calling on Mariatale, the mixed power. She with her father is cast out, but he leaves her when she is asleep, that she may not partake his sufferings. The Mouni—Will-o-the wisps—misleads her. She sinks under a manchineel; then Eelia, the Grindouver, sees and saves her.

Parassourama advises Ledalma to appeal to Bely, the just governor of Padalon. Seevajee cannot be judged till the term appointed for his natural life had elapsed. His spirit therefore is at leisure to be mis-

[1] Here again we have the first germ of the *Curse of Kehama*. Writing to his early and valued friend, Charles Danvers, May 6, 1801, Southey says, "I have just and barely begun the *Curse of Keradon*."—J. W. W.

chievous. Ledalma may see Bely on the night when he visits earth, or attempt to descend by Yamen's throne.

The Sorgon might be conquered by Keradon and Padalon. Yamen calmly awaits him unmoved at his post, and gives him the cup, the consummation of his conquests.

Eenia, after seeking other aid in vain, dares to appeal to Eswara, and complain that there is injustice in the world. Eswara tells him Death alone can aid Laderlad.

Eenia takes Kalyal[1] to the Sorgon, and shows her all its joys; but she asks to be restored to her father. He knows not where he is, but asks Arounin, the charioteer of the sun. Thus Arounin's answer brings up the lee-way, and the clumsiness of a reverting story is avoided.

Eenia asks Manmadin to wound Kalyal also. The Love God cannot, her heart is full of stronger feelings.

Kalyal is exposed to violation in a temple. Eenia guards her, and kills whoever attempts her. He daily tells her of her father.

Keradon takes Laderlad and leads him through Padalon to see with living eyes his after pain. Sure that Yamen must give the draught, he drags his conquered enemies to the spot of triumph, drinks, and dies. The wrath-eye of Eswara is on him.

When the father and daughter are about to be executed at Naropi's grave, Laderlad despairs, and therefore is abandoned. Kalyal is for piety exempted from the curse.

Naropi's spirit, animating his corpse, persecutes Laderlad and his daughter. When alone, she is led into a house where the spectre awaits her, and escaping from his Incubus attempt sinks at the foot of the manchineel tree.

Keradon's curse.—May he be shunned by all his own cast, and be in the same abomination to them that they are to the rest of the world; the sun shine to scorch him; no wind cool him; no water wet his lips. He shall thirst, and the cool element fly from his touch; he shall hunger, and all earthly food refuse its aid. He shall never sleep, and never die, till the full age of man be accomplished.

When the dead Naropi attempts Kalyal, the eye of Eswara falls upon him and consumes him.

Keradon has obtained that none can destroy him but himself.

After Kalyal has fed her father with the Sorgon fruits, Keradon strikes her with leprosy, that the Grindouver may loath her. Then it is that Eenia flies to the throne of the Destroyer-God.

The Cintra cistern might be well painted. Laderlad lying by the water.

Kalyal is taken to the Sorgon to be recovered.

The giants join Keradon to get the Amortam.

The frozen bay by Parassourama's cave of sleep. Thence he may embark for the end of the world, to Yamen.

Thus then the arrangement. Funeral and curse. Its gradual effects till Laderlad leaves Kalyal asleep. Her adventure with the dead Naropi. Eenia bears her to the Sorgon. Search of her father. Arounin's account. The meeting. Keradon smites her with leprosy. First he exposes her in the temple. Eenia defends her. His request to Manmadin. Keradon then taints her with the leprosy. He attempts to destroy her. Mariatale saves her. After the disease Eenia goes to Eswara, as he is leading both to Yamen. The giants seize them. Parassourama wakes to their rescue. Their voyage. On the shore Keradon captures them. His triumph in Padalon, and the end.

1. The curse. 2. The manchineel. 3. The Sorgon. 4. The meeting. 5. The prostitution. 6. The leprosy. 7. The appeal to Eswara. 8. Parassourama. 9. The captivity. 10. The catastrophe.

Eenia's appeal to Eswara. An allusion to the fruitless attempt of Brahma and Vichenon to measure the greater god. The Grindouver finds him soon. Allegory, whom

[1] The reader will observe that in this early MS. the characters are variously spelt. In the poem itself we have Kalyal and Glendoveer—not Kalya and Grindouver.—J. W. W.

curious presumption cannot discover, afflicted earnestness instantly finds.

The meeting with Bely might be in his ruined city Mavalipuram. Its sea scenery would be impressive.

Kalyal comes to the Lake Asru-tirt'ha, by bathing there she would lose all worldly affections and go to Vishu's paradise; for her father's sake she refuses, and thus is reserved for a higher bliss.

I shall write this romance in rhyme, thus to avoid any sameness of style or syntax or expression with my blank verse poems, and to increase my range and power of language.[1]

But the chain must be as loose as possible, an unrhymed line may often pass without offending the ear. Like the Emperor of China's lying fiddler, he may be silent in the noise of his companions. A middle rhyme may be used, not merely to its own termination but to that of another verse. The octave line is of more hurrying rapidity than the decimal, and may be varied at pleasure with that of six, and with the fuller close of ten or twelve. In short lines a repetition of rhymes is pleasant; even in long ones, as Warner proves to my ear, and the Spanish ballads, double rhymes the more the better.

Anaranya, like Crispin the Conjurer, follows them on the water.

The Wrath Eye is reserved for the catastrophe. As Keradon drinks, it falls upon him, and fills him with fire, red hot.

Eenia will be better winged, like the Glums, than with feathers. His application to Cama must be in the Sorgon.

Living Careatades might support the throne of Yamen.

After Anaranya's body is by Mariatale destroyed, he might still persecute a shadow dark in the evening light; but his eyes were bright, like stars in the haze of mist. The moon was gone; the clouds moved on. Then the shadow he grew light in the darkness of the night, and his eyes like flame were red.[2]

Indra will not allow Eenia to bring Laderlad to the Sorgon, fearing sooner to exasperate Keradon. But Kalyal builds her father a cane hut, and Eenia daily brings him the fruits of the Sorgon. At last he comes not, and a hurricane tears up the hut.

Kehama orders her to be thrown into the river at once. May not the very curse save her, by enabling Laderlad to get her out of the river? This idea strikes him, and he runs instantly as he is freed.

Derla and Vedilya, wives of Arvelan, burnt; one patiently, and with no love of life, which never had been happiness; the other younger, and with strugglings. They also wander in spirit, being untimely slain; and in the Jaggernat temple save Kalyal from the force of their tyrant, for Arvelan there appears in body.

Kohalma discovers that of Kalyal an immortal babe shall be born; hence he may save her at last, deeming that by him it must be begotten.

Lake of Crocodiles. She is throned on one; before the espousals with the idol, the angelic increase of beauty given by the Sorgon fruits occasion her election.

An hour passes in the Sorgon, but it is

[1] "It is begun in rhymes, as irregular in length, cadence, and disposition as the lines of *Thalaba*. I write them with equal rapidity, so that on the score of time and trouble that is neither loss nor gain. But it is so abominable a sin against what I know to be right, that my stomach turns at it. It is to the utmost of my power vitiating, or rather continuing the corruption of public taste—it is feeding people on French cookery, which pleases their diseased and pampered palates, when they are not healthy enough to relish the flavour of beef & mutton. My inducements are—to avoid any possible sameness of expression, any mannerism, and to make as huge an innovation in rhymes as *Thalaba* will do in blank verse. But I am almost induced to translate what is already done into the Thalaban metre."—*MS. Letter to C. Danvers*, Lisbon, May 6, 1801.

"If, after all, you like better to write in rhyme, what is done may be easily translated. In proof of the practicability, the first seventy pages of *Kehama* underwent this metamorphosis." *MS. Letter to Caroline Bowles*, 10th May, 1824.—J. W. W.

[2] As it is so written in the original MS. I have not thought it necessary to divide the lines.—J. W. W.

an hour of the blessed; and Laderlad has had a year's wandering.

Only into Laderlad's hand may the cup of Amreeta be given. Thus hath it been decreed, and that not for himself is he to receive it. A reason for his presence. Laderlad's must pass through the dark portal.

Crocodiles are kept in a moat or tank that surrounded a town in the East Indies, as guards. So I heard from a man who had been an officer in that service; and so it was at Goa.—ALBOQ. BARROS.

Laderlad might at last rise in open hostility to Kehama.

Among the ornaments of Major Cartright's magnificent temple is the self moved vessel of the Phœacians. The body of the living bark is like a scollop shell; instead of a helm, it grows into a human head, to see and direct the way.

She is thrown under the wheels of Jagrenat's car to be destroyed; but he who lies next her is Laderlad, and Death knew Kehama's Curse.

Notes for Madoc.[1]

SILENT, apart from all and musing much. —VIEIRA LUSITANO, canto 8, p. 278.

Bird Omen.—CARLOS MAGNO, p. 23. But not understandable, like the Mexican prodigy.

Priests running into the battle.—*Corte Real. Seg. Cerco de Diu.* canto 11, p. 143. Canto 18, p. 289.

Sunless world, a phrase correspondent to mine, p. 2.

Endymion de Gombauld.

Early navigator. Capt. James's poem in danger.—2 c. 98.

Death of Coatel. Water of Jealousy. Tale in Niebuhr. Pierre Faifen, cap. 22, p. 58. John Henderson at Downend.

Oronoco Indian's trial.—MARIGNY *Revol.* vol. 1, p. 52. Also the case of Judkin Fitzgerald, Esq.

Ashes of the kings.—Ibid. p. 99. So the flight from Almanzor.

" L. Martio et Sex. Julio consulibus in agro Mutinensi duo montes inter se concurserunt, crepitu maximo assultantes et recedentes, et inter eos flamma fumoque exeunte. Quo concursu villæ omnes elisæ sunt, animalia permultæ quæ intra fuerant, exanimata sunt."—TEXTOR'S *Officina*, 210 ff.

"For my harp is made of a good mares skyn,
The strynges be of horse heare, it maketh a good dyn."
BORDE'S *Introduction to Knowledge*, quoted in WALKER'S *Bards.*

"CORTES made the Zempoallans pull downe their idolls, and sepulchres of their Cassikz, which they did reverence as Gods."—*Conquest of the Weast Indies.*

Apple blossoms in Hoel's poetry—so an Irish sonnet, of which Walker has foolishly given only a rhyme version.

"Blest were the days when in the lonely shade
Join'd hand in hand my love and I have stray'd.
Where apple blossoms scent the fragrant air
I've snatch'd soft kisses from the wanton fair.
" Once more, sweet maid, together let us stray,
And in soft dalliance waste the fleeting day.
Through hazel groves, where clust'ring nuts invite,
And blushing apples charm the tempted sight."

THE Irish horsemen were attended by servants on foot, commonly called Daltini,[1] armed only with darts or javelins, to which thongs of leather were fastned, wherewith to draw them back after they were cast.—SIR JAMES WARE'S *Antiquities of Ireland.*

[1] By referring to the notes on *Madoc*, the reader will see how small a portion of his great collections Southey was in the habit of using up. See *Life and Correspondence*, vol. v. 172.—J. W. W.

[1] DU CANGE quotes Ware and Stanihurst in v. SPELMAN in his *Gloss.* gives the explanation at length.—J. W. W.

Ezra, ch. iii. v. 11-13. Recovery of the land from Aztlan.

" To the temple tasks devote."—*Virginidos*, c. 5. st. 34.

Extinguishing all the fires to relight them from the sacred flame seems to have been an universal superstition. The Druids. The Magi. Custom in Monomotapa.

After Lautaro had cut off Valdivia.

" Por el las fiestas fieron alargadas,
exercitando siempre nuevos juegos
de saltos, luchas, pruebas nunca usadas,
danzas de noche entorno de los fuegos."
Araucana, 3.

" Con flautas, cuernos, roncos instrumentos
alto estruendo, alaridos desdeñosos,
salen los fieros barbaros sangrientos
contra los Españoles valerosos."
Ibid. 4.

The Araucan Army.

" Alli las limpias armas relucian
mas que el claro cristal del Sol tocado,
cubiertas de altas plumas las celadas,
verdes, azules, blancas, encarnadas."
Ibid. 9.

" Quando el Sol en el medio cielo estaba
no declinando a parte un solo punto,
y la aguda chicharra se entonaba
con un desapacible contrapunto."
Ibid.

Throwing the lance was one of the Araucan games.—Canto 10.

The Araucan learnt much from the Spaniards.—P. 6, vol. 1.

Horsemen of Lautaro.—P. 228.

Bees seem to have been destroyed by *water* formerly. Lord Sterline in his Doomsday,

" Winged alchymists that quintessence the flowers,
As oft-times *drown'd* before, now burn'd shall be." *Third Houre*,[1] st. 40.

" E non nos devemos espantar porque ellos son muchos, ea mas puede un Leon que diez ovejas, e matarien treynta lobes a treynta mil corderos."—*Speech of* Fernan Gonçalez. *Coronica de Espana, del Rey D. Alonso.*

" Eux doncques navigans la mer de Pont descouvrirent d'assez loing la flote du Soudain Zaire, qui (revestu de sa proye) ne pensoit qu'a entretenir Onolorie, quand ceux qui estoient aux *cages et hunes*[2] pour faire guet, luy vindrent raporter qu'ilz avoient descouvert gens en mer et grosse flote de vaisseaux."—*Amadis*, 8me. livre, ch. 28.

" Or seen low lying through the haze of morn." This is what sailors call Cape Fly-away.

On the coast of Campeche the priests wore long cotton garments, *white*, and their hair in great quantities, completely clotted and matted with blood.—*Bernal Diaz.* 3.

Snake idols at Campeche.—Ibid. 3. 7. At Tenayuca. 125.

Some Indians whom Grijalva saw had shields of tortoise shell, and they shone so in the sun that many of the Spaniards insisted they were of gold. For " all seemed yellow to the jaundiced eye!"—Ibid. 8.

" Many Indians came on, and each had a white streamer on his lance, which he waved, wherefore we called the place the Rio de Venderas."—Ibid. 8.

Montezuma's men also.—Ibid. 9.

They spread mats under the trees and invited us to sit, and then incensed us.—Ibid.

When Aguilar first rejoined his countrymen " el Español mal mascado y peor pronunciado, dixo, Dios y Santa Maria, y Sevilla!" and ran to embrace them.—Ibid. p. 12.

The houses at Campoala were so dazzlingly white, that one of the Spaniards galloped

[1] " This Poem of ' Doomes-day,' is written in the octave stanza, and divided into four books, called Hours."—*Bib. Angl. Poetic.* p. 309. J. W. W.

[2] Hune de navire. C'est le panier ou la *cage* qui est au haut du mat, qui sert à *porter* un matelot, pour découvrir la terre, et les Corsaires." Menage in v.—J. W. W.

back to Cortes to tell him the walls were of silver.—Ibid. p. 30.

The prisoners designed for sacrifice were fatted in wooden cages.—Ibid. passim.

The Tlascalan embassadors made three reverences, and burnt copal, and touched the ground with their hands, and kissed the earth.—Ibid. p. 52.

Kill all you can, said the Tlascalans to Cortes, the young that they may not bear arms, the old that they may not give counsel.—Ibid. p. 56.

The sprinkled maize—so ashes in Bel and the Dragon.

"Unos como paveses, que son de arte, que los pueden arrollar arriba quando no pelean, porque no les estorve, y al tiempo del pelear quando son menester los dexan caer, è quedan cubiertas sus cuerpos de arriba abaxo."—Ibid. p. 67.

Beasts were kept by the temples, and snakes.

The walls of Mexitlis' temple, and the ground, were black, and flaked with blood, and stenching.—Ibid. p. 71.

Tezcalipoca's eyes of the same substance as their mirrors.—Ibid.

Narvaez thought the number of glow-worms were the matches of Cortes' soldiers. —Ibid. p. 99.

They gave command by whistling.—Ibid. pp. 144, 165. "Resuena y retumba la voz por un buen rato."

The first thing an Indian does when wounded with a lance, is to seize it. The orders always were to drive at their heads, and trust to their horses.—Ibid. p. 172.

"The sky and the sea were in appearance so blended and confounded, that it was only close to the ship that we could distinguish what was really sea."—Stavorinus.

"Tanian instrumentos de diversas maneras de la musica de pulso, e flato, e tato, e voz."—Cr. de Pero Nino.

Flying fish.—Gomes Eannes. Pero Nino.

Joan of Arc.

Mystic meaning of the Fleurs de Lys.—Richeosme, *Plainte Apologetique*, p. 343.

England should be the scene of an Englishman's poem. No foreign scene can be sufficiently familiar to him. Books and prints may give the outlines, as description will give you the size and colour of a man's eyes and the shape of his nose, but the character that individualizes must be seen to be understood.

Is there an historic point on which to build? Alfred—the thrice murdered Alfred!—a glorious tale, but that is forbidden ground.

Brutus has been knocked on the head by Ogilvie. The name too is unfavourable; such nobler thoughts will cling to it. A decent story might be made by supposing the original race oppressed by Sarmatic invaders—and uniting Bardic wisdom with Trojan arms.

The Roman period, Cassibelan, Bonduca, the war of savages against civilization; such it must be, though you call it the struggle of liberty against oppression.

Arthur—but what is great is fable: he must be elsewhere considered.

Egbert—it is a confused action: little means making a great end,—as the little kingdoms made a great one.

From the Norman conquest downwards, but one event occurs whose after effects were equal to its immediate splendour; the Armada defeat, and our escape from the double tyranny it was to have established. Yet we should, like Holland, have defeated the Spaniards, had they even obtained a temporary dominion.

Of Charles I. nothing can be said—because of Charles II.

Robin Hood.

A pastoral epic, with rhyme and without rhyme,—long lines and short line, now

narrative, now dramatic, — lawless as the good old outlaw himself.

Maid Marian, a Neif.

Aveline, the ward of a bad guardian, her foster brother a *villain*. The funeral of her father should be the opening.

Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, a minor. The next heir wants to persuade him to go crusading. This he will not do because he loves Marian the daughter of *his* father's old servant, and because of Mothanna, an Arab, whom his father had brought from the Holy Land, who for the boy's sake has forgiven the father, and taught young Robert to like Moslem, and long for the liberties of a Bedouin.

Reginald wants to make Robert marry his daughter Annabel. He consoles himself by taking the value of the marriage. But he hopes more than this. Richard Lion-heart is abroad. Reginald is the favourite of John. He wants to get Robert outlawed, that he may have a grant of the estate. He provokes him to some violence, and the young vassals follow him to the forest.

A church scene. The mass for his mother's soul. Robin shall rob K. Richard.

Mohammed.[1]

"Mohammed was on his celebrated expedition of Bedr-Oeuzma against the people of Mecca, when he heard of the death of his daughter Roukiyé, who was married to Osman. He received this news with astonishing coolness, and with dry eyes he uttered these remarkable words, 'Let us give thanks to God, and accept as a favour even the death and interment of our daughters.'" D'Ohsson.

"Post hoc introduxit me in Paradisum, et inveni ibi puellam formosam, quæ multum placuit oculis meis, et interrogavi eam, cuja esset; quæ respondit, hic servor Zayth filio Hyarith. Et cum descendissem de Paradiso nuntiavi hæc Zayth filio Hyarith, qui de meis consortibus unus erat." — Roder. Ximenes.

Before the battle at Beder, Mohammed exhausted all the wells, except one for his troops.

"Cum Otaiba repudiasset filiam Mahumeti, gravissimeque eum læsisset, is mala imprecatus est ei a Deo. Cumque Otaiba constitisset noctu cum sociis in quodam loco Syriæ, venit leo, aliisque relictis, occidit eum, comminuitque caput ejus."

"Oravit quondam pro Saado, ut recte jaceret sagittas; et obtineret quicquid a Deo petisset. Nunquam vero Saadus jaculatus est quin scopum attingeret; nec unquam precatus est quin exaudiretur."

"Ægrotabat Aly, gravique dolore cruciabatur. Invisit eum Mahumetus, jussitque surgere. Surrexit ille, nec amplius sensit eum dolorem."

"Oravit pro Aly, ut Deus immunem redderet eum a calore, et frigore; et Deus exaudivit eum. Fortasse hoc evenit, postquam Aly mortuus est; tunc enim non amplius calorem aut frigus corpus ejus sensit."

"Confractus fuerat ensis cujusdam militis Mahumetani in prælio Bedrensi. Dedit illi Mahumetus baculum ligneum, præcipiens ut agitaret eum; quod cum ille fecisset, baculus conversus est in gladium."

D'Ohsson says from an Arabian author, that when Mohammed prayed over the tomb of his mother, she rose from the dead, acknowledged her belief in his mission, and then returned into the grave.

"Habebat autem Omar sororem et nepotem, qui Mahumetum sequebantur. Hos cum Omar invenisset legentes in quodam codice Suram vigesimam Alcorani, cui titu-

[1] The reader may see the "Fragment of Mohammed," at the end of Unfinished Tale of Oliver Newman, p. 113.—J. W. W.

lus est Tah, voluit per vim codicem a sorore arripere, tandemque minis et verberibus illum obtinuit, sed non sine promissione restituendi. Cum autem cœpisset codicem legere, lectionis pulchritudine allectus, ad Mahumetum se contulit, atque in illius verba juravit."—MARACCI.

WHEN the decree for prohibiting all commerce with the Hashemites was suspended in the temple, Abu-laheb of that family and Ommogemila his wife went over to the Koreish. "Ommogemila autem virgas spinosas in viâ, per quem transiturus erat Mahumetus, ponebat, ut in eas pedibus impingens, sauciaretur."

AT the war of the ditch, after thirty days it was agreed that a single combat should decide it between Amru, son of Abdud, and Ali. Ali killed him. Whilst they fought the storm arose which tore up the tents of the besiegers.

WHEN Mahomet attacked his enemies in the valley of Houein, "inter captivos fuit Scebama, filia Halimæ, soror collactanea Mahumeti, quæ cognovit eum, seque illi cognoscendam dedit, ex vestigio morsûs, quem ipse puer dentibus impresserat dorso ejus *(agnosce Mahumeti adhuc ab incunabulis lasciviam.)* Concessit igitur illi M. libertatem, cum aliis fœminis quas illa postulavit, cum parte prædæ suæ et cæterorum Moslemorum."—MARACCI.

Who but a monk would have found lewdness in this story?

[Sketch of the Poem.]

P. 1. THE death-bed of Abu Taleb. Elevation of Abu Sophian. Tumult of the Koreish. Danger of Mohammed, and his escape by the heroism of Ali. He looks back upon the crescent moon.

2. The Koreish pursue; they reach the cavern; at whose entrance the pigeon has laid her eggs and the spider drawn his web; and turn away, satisfied that no one can have entered. Fatima and Ali bring them food and tidings.

3. Journey through the desert. The pursuers overtake them, and Mohammed is at the mercy of an Arab. They find an exposed infant.

4. They halt at an islanded convent. Mary the Egyptian is among the nuns. Her love and devotional passion transferred to the prophet.

5. Arrival at Medina. Intrigues to expel him—chiefly among the Jews. This danger averted by a son accusing his father.

6. Battle of Beder. Attempt to assassinate him afterwards when sleeping. What hinders me from killing thee? This was Daathur, leader of the foes.

7. Defeat at Mount Ohud. Death of Kamza. Conversion of Caled in the very heat of victory.

8. Siege of Medina by the nations. The winds and the rain and the hail compel them to retire.

9. The Nadhirites defeated, and the Jews of Kainoka, Koraidha, and Chaibar.

10. The prophet lays siege to Mecca. Truce on permission to visit the Caaba. Amron lays in wait for him there, and is overawed and converted. He tells them that the worm has eaten the words of their treaty, leaving only the name of God. Astonished by this, terrified by the irresistible number of his swelling army, the Koreish yield the city. He burns the idols, and Henda clings to her God, and is consumed with him.

Abu Sophian, Henda his wife.	Ali and Fatima.
Moawiyah, their son, of the race of Ommiyah.	Omar and Abubeker.
Caled and Amrou	Zeed and Zeineb.
	Hamza.
	Lebid the poet.
	Mary the Egyptian.
The early believers.	
Othman.	Abdarrahman.
Zobair.	Abu Obeidah.
Saad.	

Islam—"the saving religion."

Al-Abbas,—uncle of M. taken at Beder.

Mary must be captured after the victory at Beder.

On Mount Ohud Mary saves him.

Caled must not be in the fight of Beder.

The contest with the Jews must be connected with the intrigues of the Koreish, and take place during the siege of Medina.

2. Ali on the Prophet's bed. The Koreish waiting his forthcoming. Their pursuit. When they leave the cavern, the poem remains there. Death of Cadijah related to him.

Mohammed visits his mother's sepulchre. *Sale*, v. 1, p. 263.

The famous miracle of the mountain. The people before one of the battles demand of him angelic aid; then he calls the mountain, and applies the fact by showing that the miracle is not wanted—"Are ye not men and valiant?"

Zeinab, the Jewess, who attempted to poison Mohammed at Kaibar, may be made a striking personage.

Okail, the brother of Ali, deserted him in his latter difficulties.

Ziad, the brother of Moawiyah, from his bastard birth called Ben Abihi—Son of the Unknown, continued attached to Ali's cause, even after his death. Obeidallah, [Hosein was his son] the destroyer of Abdarrahman, son of Caled, and inheritor of his zeal and courage, was poisoned by command of Moawiyah.

The Beder Books. Mohammed in the valley awaiting his scouts. Thus the thread is unbroken, and the boasts of Abu Sophian explain the Koreish transactions. The mountain miracle. Al-Abbas leading the pursuit when the Moslem gives way, is first struck by the action of his nephew, half doubtful before. Pursuit of the caravan. Sebana and Miriam, of Egypt, among the captives. Miriam must feel respect and admiration for the enthusiast; but it is after the defeat and danger of Ohud, that his fearless yet wise fanaticism infects her, and makes her at once believe and love.

The death of Otaiba may be connected with the ambush and conversion of Amru.

The bodies of the noblest slain conveyed to Mecca—for the dirge of Ommia to be introduced.

The factions at Medina reconciled on his flight there.

Subjects for Poemlings.

A SENTIMENTAL sonnet to eggs and bacon; thinking what the bacon was, and what the eggs might have been; or there is enough for an elegy. Alas! that men who eat should feel—alas! that men who feel should eat. Why not have an air-diet infused! Pig—his happiness. The stye, his home, and its domestic joys. The cock, his plumage, and—"sweet at early morn, his cockadoodledoo." Ghosts. Rise neither in my conscience, O bacon, nor in my stomach.

The emigrant. Description of a priest walking alone, a good and pious man. The rabble of ex-nobles. Charity of England; in the day of her visitation may that be remembered.

Meditations on an empty purse.

Iroquois. Their complaint in captivity.

Their address to the dead.[1]

The praise of a savage life.

Ballad of the man at Stroud who was almost killed by his ass.

Euthymus and the demon Lybas.

Winter. How we will welcome him.

Consecration of our new house.

Winter walk. Companion to the Midsummer meditations.

To an old pair of shoes, showing the possible inconvenience but absolute necessity of having a new pair.

To health.

The defeat of Attila.

The spider, a metaphysician. The silkworm feeds first and spins afterwards.

The cold in my head. French blacksmith. Ode.

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[1] Some of these the reader will find worked up in his Poems, e. g. "*The Pig*," p. 162. "*Huron's Address to the Dead*," p. 132. Ed. in one volume.—J. W. W.

A poem is possible upon a candle with unhackneyed thoughts. Its wasting by agitation. Its danger out of doors. And, politically considered, not forgetting the snuffers. As the flame to the candle, so perception to the body. The student. Thy fate is to give light and waste away.

Il ventoso.

Monodrama. Cranmer recanting his recantation in St. Mary's, Oxford.

The Shangalla woman wooing another wife for her husband.—BRUCE, vol. 2. This is an interesting subject, and the circumstances of these poor savages are very striking for poetry.

Monodrama. Florinda addressing her father, Count Julian, before she threw herself from the tower at Malaga.

Love verses. Advice to a poet.

My considering cap. All possible head-coverings. The powdered head—the mitre—the three-tailed wig—the judges'—the helmet.

Laudanum visions. I saw last night one figure whose eyes were in his spectacles; another, whose brains were in his wig. A third devil whose nose was a trumpet.

Laver; how it was ambrosia, which when Jupiter came for Europa was evolved through all the intestinal government.

Pharmaceutic ode—over-reaching, moving the bowels, getting at the bottom of a subject.

The bird over the gate screams, for a year of famine is at hand. A witch is gone to the Well of Bogoes, and caught the dew that was to make the Nile rise.

Lettres envoyees de par le Roy d'Angleterre au Duc de Burgongne.—MONSTRELLET, fucillet, 70.

TRESCHIER et tresayme oncle. La fervente dilection que scavons vous avoir, comme vray catholique, a nostre mere saincte eglise et lexaltation de nostre saincte foy, raisonnablement nous exhorte et admoneste de vous signifier et escrire ce que al honneur de nostre dicte mere saincte eglise, fortifficacion de nostre foy, et extirpacions derreurs pestilencieuses a este en ceste nostre ville de Rouen fait ja na gueres solennellement. Il est assez commune renommee ja comme par tout divulguee comment celle femme qui se faisoit nommer Jehanne la pucelle erronnee sestoit deux ans et plus, contre la loy divine et lestat de son sexe femenin, vestue en habit dhomme, chose a dieu abhominable. Et en tel estat transportee devers nostre ennemy capital et le vostre; auquel et a ceulx de son party, gens deglise, nobles, et populaires donna souvent a entendre quelle estoit envoyee de par Dieu en soy presumptueusement vantant quelle avoit communicacion personnelle et visible avecques Saint Michel et grande multitude danges et de saincts de Padis comme Saincte Katherine et Saincte Marguerite. Par lesquelz faulx donne a entendre et lesperance quelle promectoit de victoires futures divertit plusieurs erreurs dhommes et de femmes de la verite et les convertist a fables et mensonges. Se vestist aussi darmes applicquees pour chevaliers et escuieres, leva lestandart. Et en trop grant oultrage, orgueil et presumpcion demanda avoir et porter les tresnobles et excellentes armes de France, ce que en partie elle obtint. Et les porta en plusieurs courses et assaulx, et ses freres, comme on dit Lestass avoir ung escu a deux fleurs de lys dor a champ dazur, et une espee la poincte en haulte ferve en une couronne. En cest estat sest mise aux champs, a conduit gens darmes et de traict en exercite et grans compaignies pour faire et exercer cruaultez inhumaines, en espandant le sang humain, en faisant sedicions et commocions de peuple, le induisant a pariuremens, rebellions superstitions et faulses creances, en perturbant toute vray paix et renouvellant guerre mortelle, en se souffrant honnorer et reverer de plusieurs comme femme sainctifiee, et autrement damnablement oeuvrant en divers cas longs a exprimer, qui toutesvoies ont este en plusieurs lieux assez

cogneues, dont presquetoute la chrestienté a este toute scandalisee. Mais la divine puissance, ayant pitie de son peuple loyal qui ne la longuement voulu laisser en peril, ne souffert demourer esvaines perilleuses et nouvelles crudelitez ou ja legierement se mectoit a vouloir permectre sa grant misericorde et clemence que ladicte femme ayt este prinse en vostre host et siege que teniez lors de par nous devant Compiegne, et mise par vostre bon moyen en nostre obeyssance and dominacion. Et pour ce que deslors fusmes requis par levesque au diocese duquel elle avoit este prinse, que icelle Jehanne nottee et diffamee de crimes de leze majeste divine luy fissions delivrer comme a son juge ordinaire ecclesiastique. Notant pour la reverence de nostre mere saincte eglise, de laquelle voulons les ordonnances preferer a noz propres faitz et voulentez comme raison est, comme aussi pour lhonneur et exaltacion de nostre dicte saincte foy, luy fismes bailler ladicte Jehanne affin de luy faire son proces, sans en vouloir estre prinse par les gens et officiers de nostre justice seculiere aucune vengeance ou punicion ainsi que faire nous estoit raisonnablement licite, attendu les grans dommages et inconveniens, les horribles homicides et detestables cruaultez et autres maulx innumerables qui elle avoit commis a lencontre de nostre seigneurie et loyal peuple obeyssant. Lequel evesque adioint avecques luy le vicaire et de linquisiteur des erreurs et heresies, et appelle avecques eulx grant et notable nombre de solennelz maistres et docteurs en theologie et droit canon, commença par grande solennite et deux gravite le proces dicelle Jehanne. Et apres ce que luy et le dit inquisiteur juges en certe partie, eurent par plusieurs et diverses journees interrogue ladicte Jehanne, firent les confessions et assercions dicelle meurement examiner par lesditz maistres docteurs. Et generalement par toutes les facultez de nostre treschiere et tresaymee fille luniversite de Paris, devers laquelle lesdictes confessions et assercions ont este envoyez par loppinion et deliberacion, desquelz trouverent lesditz juges icelle Jehanne superstitieuse, devineresse de diables, blasphemeresse en Dieu et en ses saintz et sainctes, scismastique et errant par moult de sors en la foy de Jesu Christ. Et pour la réduire et ramener a la unite et communion de nostre dicte mere saincte eglise, la purger de ses horribles et pernicieulx crimes et pechez, et guerir et preserver son ame de perpetuelle paine et damnacion, fut souvent et par bien long temps trescharitablement et doulcement admonestee a ce que toutes erreurs fussent par elle regectees et mises arriere, voulsist humblement retourner a la voye et droit sentier de verite ou autrement elle se mectoit en grant peril de ame et de corps. Mais le tresperilleux et deuise esperit dorgueil et de oultrageuse presumpcion qui tousjours sefforce de vouloir empescher la unite et seurte des loyaulx chrestiens occuppa et detint tellement en ses liens le courage dicelle Jehanne que, pour quelconque saincte doctrine ou conseil ne autre doulce exhortacion que on luy eust administree, son cueur endurcy et obstine ne se voulut humilier ne amolir. Mais se vantoit souvent que toutes choses quelle avoit faictes estoient bienfaictees, et les avoit faictes du commandement de Dieu et desdictes sainctes Vierges qui visiblement sestoient a elle apparuz. Et que pis est ne recognoissoit ne vouloit recognoistre en terre fors Dieu seulement et les saintz de Paradis en refusant et deboutant le jugement de nostre saint pere le Pape, du concille general, et la universelle eglise militant. Et voyans les juges ecclesiastiques sesditz courage et propos par tant et si longue espace de temps enduraj et obstine la firent mener devant le clergie et le peuple illec assemble en tresgrant multitude, en la presence desquelz furent preschez exposez et declairez solennellement et publicquement par ung notable maistre en theologie alexaltacion de nostre foy, extirpacion des erreurs, et edification et amendement du peuple chrestien. Et de rechief fut charitablement admonestee de retourner a lunion de saincte eglise

et de corriger ses faultes et erreurs en quoy pertinace et obstinee. Et en ce considere les juges dessusditz procederent a prononcer la sentence contre elle en tel cas de droit introduite et ordonnee. Mais avant que la sentence fut parluctee elle commencay semblant amuer son courage disant quelle vouloit retourner a saincte eglise, ce que voulentiers et joyeusement oyrent les juges et le clerge dessusditz, qui a cela receurent benignement, esperant per ce moyen son ame et son corps estre rachaptez de perdicion et torment. Adonc se submist a lordonnance de saincte eglise et ses erreurs et detestables crimes revocqua de la bouche. Et objura publicquement signant de sa propre main la cedulle de la dicte revocquacion et objuracion. Et par ain si nostre piteuse mere saincte eglise soy esioyssant sur la pecheresse faisant penitence vueillant la brebris retourner et recouvrer qui par le desert sestoit esgaree et forvoyee ramener avecques les autres icelle Jehanne pour faire penitence condamna en chartre. Mais gueres ne fut illec que le feu de son orgueil qui sembloit estre estaint en icelle rembrasa en flambes pestilencieuses par les soufflemens de lennemy. Et tantost ladicte femme maleuree recheut es erreurs et es rageries que par avant avoit proferees et de puis revocquees et objurees comme dit est. Pour lesquelles causes selon ce que les jugemens et institucions de saincte eglise lordonnerent affin que doresenavant elle ne contaminast les autres membres de Jesu Christ, elle fut de rechef foreschee publiquement. Et comme elle fut renchue es crimes et faultes villaines par elle acoustumées fut delaissee a la justice seculiere, laquelle incontinent la condamna a estre bruslee. Et voyant son finement approucher elle congneut plainement et confessa que les esperitz quelle disoit estre apparans a elle souventeffois estoient maulvais et mensongiers, et que les promesses que iceulx espiritz luy avoient plusieurffois faictes de la delivrer estoient faulses. Et ainsi se confessa plesditz esperitz avoir este deceve et democquee. Si fut menee par ladicte justice lyee auvieil il marche dedans Rouen et la publicquement fut arse a la veue de tout le peuple. Laquelle chose ainsi faicte le dessusdit Roy dangleterre signifia p. ses lecttes comme dit est au dessusdit Duc de Bourgogne affin que icelle execution de justice tant par luy comme les autres princes fut publiee en plusieurs lieux et que leur gens et subgectz doresenavant fussent plus seurs et mieux advertis de non avoir creance en telles ou semblables erreurs qui avoient regnes pour a loccasion de ladicte Pucelle.

Horse of the Idol Perenuth.

In the temple of the Idol Perenuth a horse was kept on which the god rode to assist his votaries in the battle, frequently after a fight he was found covered with foam, none but the priests dared approach the place where he was kept.

When the Saxons designed to declare war against their enemies, they set their spears before the temple, and the sacred horse was led out, if he put his right foot forward, the omen was held good, if he stepped with his left foot first, the omen was esteemed unfortunate, and they desisted from the intended business. — Strut's *compleat view of the Manners, &c. of the ancient Inhabitants of England.* See p. 12.

The *White* horse? — Verstegan to be consulted, and Saxo Grammaticus.

Mercy Knives.

Mercy knives used to kill knights in compleat armour when overthrown, by stabbing them in the eye. After the battle of Pavia some of the French were killed with pickaxes by the peasantry hewing on their armour.

Capture of the Maid.

As before ye have heard somewhat of this damsels strange beginning and proceedings,

so, sith the ending of all such miracle-mongers dooth (for the most part) plainlie decipher the vertue and power that they worke, by hir shall ye be advertised what at last became of hir: cast your opinions as ye have cause. Of hir lovers (the Frenchmen) reporteth one, how in Campeigne thus besieged, Guillaume de Flavie the capteine having sold hir aforehand to the Lord of Lutzenburgh, under colour of hasting hir with a band out of the town towards their king, for him with speed to come and leavie the siege there, so gotten hir forth he shut the gates after hir; when anon by the Burgognians set upon and overmatcht in the conflict, she was taken: marie yet (all things accounted) to no small marvell how it could come so to passe, had she beene of any devotion or of true beleefe, and no false miscreant, but all holie as she made it. For earlie that morning she gat hir to St. Jamescs church, confessed hir, and received her maker (as the booke terms it) and after setting hirself to a piller, manie of the townsmen that with a five or six score of their children stood about there to see hir, unto them quod she 'Good children and my dear friends, I tell you plaine one hath sold me. I am betraied and shortlie shall be delivered to death; I beseech you praie to God for me, for I shall never have more power to doo service either to the king or to the realm of France again.'"—*Chroniques de Bretagne*, p. 130.

"SAITH another booke, *Le Rosier*, she was intrapt by a Picard capteine of Soissons, who sold that citie to the Duke of Burgognie, and he then put it over into the hands of the Lord of Lutzenburgh, so by that means the Burgognians approached and besieged Campeigne; for succor whereof as damsell Jone with hir capteins from Laignie was thither come, and dailie to the English gave manie a hot skirmish, so happened it one a daie in an outsallie that she made by a Picard of the Lord of Lutzenburghs band, in the fiercest of hir fight she was taken, and by him by and by to his Lord presented, who sold hir over again to the English, who for witchcraft and sorcerie burnt hir at Rone. Tillet telleth it thus, that she was caught at Campeigne by one of the Earl of Lignei's soldiers, from him had to Beaurevoir Castle, where kept a three months, she was after for 10,000 pounds in monie and 300 pounds in rent (all Turnois) sold into the English hands."—*In La Vie du Charles VII.*

Sentence of the Maid.

IN which for hir pranks so uncouth and suspicious, the Lord Regent by Peter Chauchon Bishop of Beauvois (in whose diocesse she was taken) caused her life and beleefe, after order of law, to be inquired upon and examined. Wherein found though a virgin, yet first shamefullie rejecting hir sex abominablie in acts and apparell to have counterfeited mankind, and then all damnablie faithlesse, to be a pernicious instrument to hostilitie and bloudshed in divelish witchcraft and sorcerie, sentence accordinglie was pronounced against hir. Howbeit upon humble confession of hir iniquities, with a counterfeit contrition pretending a careful sorrowe for the same, execution spared and all mollified into this, that from thenceforth she should cast off hir unnatural wearing of man's abilliments, and keepe hir to garments of hir owne kind, abjure her pernicious practises of sorcerie and witcherie, and have life and leasure in perpetuall prison to bewaile hir misdeeds, which to performe (according to the manner of abjuration) a solemne oath verie gladlie she took.

"But herein (God helpe us) she fullie afore possest of the feend, not able to hold hir in anie towardness of grace, falling streightwaie into hir former abominations, (and yet seeking to catch out life as long as she might) stake not (tho the shift were shamefull), to confesse hirself a strumpet, and (unmarried as she was) to be with child. For triall, the Lord Regent's lenitie gave her nine months staie, at the end whereof, she, found herein as false as wicked in the

rest, an eight daies after, upon a further definitive sentence declared against hir to be relapse and a renouncer of hir oath and repentanee, was she thereupon delivered over to secular power, and so executed by consumption of fire in the old market place of Rone, in the selfe same steede where now St. Michael's Church stands; hir ashes afterward without the towne wals shaken into the wind."—HOLINSHED, p. 604.

Perfumed Room in Alhambra.

IN the cabinet (of the Alhambra) where the Queen used to dress and say her prayers, and which is still an enchanting sight, there is a slab of marble full of small holes, through which perfumes exhaled, that were kept constantly burning beneath. The doors and windows are disposed so as to afford the most agreeable prospects, and to throw a soft yet lively light upon the eyes. Fresh currents of air, too, are admitted, so as to renew every instant the delicious coolness of this apartment. — *From the Sketch of Moorish History prefixed to* FLORIAN's *Gonsalvo of Cordova.* Consult SWINBURNE and DU PERRON.

Fate of Flavy who betrayed the Maid.

"WHEN Compeigne was besieged by the English and Burgundians, the maid with Xaintrailles threw herself into it. A party which sallied out were driven back by the English. Joan secured their retreat, but Flavy the governor shut the gates upon her, and she was pulled off her horse and taken by the bastard of Vendome.

"Blanche the wife of Flavy suspected him, soon after, of an intention to murder her, she resolved to be beforehand with him, courted the assistance of his barber and strangled her husband. Charles probably thought her motives such as justified the fact, for he granted her a free pardon."—ANDREWS. See BRANTÔME.

Charles might have saved the maid by threatening reprisal on Talbot, Suffolk, and his other prisoners. The Cardinal of Winton was the only Englishman among her judges.

Insults offered to the Maid in Prison.

Hist. de France par VILLARET, 4to. Paris, 1770, tome 8, p. 27, referring to 1431.

"Depos. du Seigneur de Macy present à cette entrevue.

"DANS le temps que les commissaries travailloient à l'instruction du procès avec le plus actif acharnement, le Comte de Ligne-Luxembourg eut l'inhumaine curiosité de voir cette généreuse prisonnière, lui qui l'avoit si lachement vendue. Les Comtes de Warwick et de Strafford l'accompagnoient. Il voulut lui persuader qu'il venoit pour traiter de sa rançon. Elle dédaigna de lui faire des reproches, et se contenta de lui dire, 'Vous n'en avez ni la volonté, ni la pouvoir. Je sçais bien que ces Anglois me feront mourir, croyant qu'après ma mort ils gagneront la royaume de France; mais seroient ils cent mille Goddons[1] plus qu'ils ne sont à present, ils n'auront pas ce royaume.' Strafford tira son epée et l'auroit perçée, si le Comte de Warwick ne l'avoit retenu."

"JEANNE se plaignit qu'un tres grand seigneur d'Angleterre l'avoit voulu violer dans sa prison. L'autorité du coupable n'a pas permis qu'il nous parvint d'éclaircissement sur cette infamre particularité: voici un fait atteste; la Duchesse de Bedford, princesse vertueuse obtint qu'on respecteroit du moins la virginité de la pucelle. Elle l'avoit fait visiter; l'opinion de ce temps etant qu'une sorcière ne pouvoit être vièrge. Il n'est pas du report de l'histoire de prononcer sur l'infallibilité des signes: equivoques ou certains ils ne prouveroient point l'innocence de l'accusée; la purité de

[1] "Godam, jurement Anglois qui signifie Dieu me damne,"—the common term for the English in France at that time.

ses mœurs étoit un témoignage irreprochable de son intégrité. Ces monumens ajoutent que le Duc de Bedford vit cet examen d'une chambre voisine, par le moyen d'une ouverture pratiquée dans le mur de separation."

Sword at Fez.

A. D. 1457. ALPHONSO V. of Portugal assails the Moors of Africa with a powerful army and navy. He aims at the possession of a fancied sword which he supposed to hang on the summit of a tower at Fez.—ANDREWS.

Death of Agnes and Charles.

A. D. 1449. AGNES SOREL poisoned by the Dauphin (Louis XI.) who was known to hate her, and had once publicly given her a box on the ear. Jacques Coeur the king's mint-master bore the blame; he was forsaken by the rascally Charles whom he had assisted with his private fortune in his greatest need. He went to Cyprus. His friends raised him a large sum, and by commerce he became richer than ever.

A. D. 1461. CHARLES VII. died, destroyed by abstinence lest his son should poison him.

Anglo-Norman Shipping.

"THE Anglo-Normans were very expert in the management of their shipping, and fought with great courage. Their chief aim was to grapple with the galleys of their enemies, and come to a close engagement, hand to hand, and board them if possible; though they always began the fight at a distance, with their arrows from their cross-bows, assisted by the archers and slingers. Upon a nearer approach, the close heavy-armed soldier (men of arms) with their spears, axes, swords, and other offensive weapons, supported the engagement. They provided themselves with quick lime finely powdered, and at all times carefully strove to be to windward of their adversaries, and then threw plentifully of this lime into their faces:"—STRUTT.

They had trumpets, horns, and other martial music on board. In one of Strutt's prints a man is represented standing in a kind of battlement or box upon the mast' and hurling down darts and stones upon his enemies. It is one of the series of the life of Beauchamp, Earl Warwick, by John Rous.

From the notes of STEPHANUS STEPHANIUS *to Saxo Grammat.* Quoted from TURPIN.

Image of Mahomed.

"TRADUNT Sarraceni, quod Idolum istud Mahumet, quem ipsi colunt, dum adhuc viveret, in nomine suo proprio fabricavit, et Dæmoniacam legionem quandam suâ arte magicâ in eâ sigillavit; quæ etiam tantâ fortitudine illud Idolum obtinet, quod a nullo unquam frangi potuit. Cum enim aliquis Christianus ad illud appropinquat, statim periclitatur; sed cum aliquis Sarracenus causa adorandi vel deprecandi Mahumet accedit, ille incolumis recedit. Si forte super illud avis quælibet se deposuerit, illico moritur. Est igitur in maris margine lapis antiquus, opere Sarracenico optimè sculptus, supra terram deorsum latus et quadratus, desursum strictus, altissimus scilicet, quantum solet volare in sublime corvus; super quem elevatur imago illa de auro optimo, in effigie hominis fusa, super pedes suos erecta, faciem suam tenens versus Meridiem, et manu dextrâ tenens quandam clavam ingentem; quæ scilicet clava, ut ipsi Sarraceni aiunt, a manu ejus cadet, quando Rex futurus in Galliâ natus fuerit, qui totam terram Hispanicam Christianis legibus, in novissimis temporibus, subjugabit."—Cap. 4.[1]

[1] This does not refer to Saxo Grammaticus but to Turpin's c. iv. "Mythologiæ suæ potius, quam Historiæ de Vita Caroli Magni et Rolandi," as Stephanus Stephanius calls it. See *Notes on Saxo Grammaticus*, p. 51. Ed. Soræ, 1644, folio.—J. W. W.

White Horse of Swantowith.

"INGENS in æde (urbis Arkon) simulacrum omnem humani corporis habitum granditate transcendens, quatuor capitibus, totidemque cervicibus mirandum perstabat, e quibus duo pectus, totidemq; tergum respicere videbantur. Cæterum tam ante quam retro collocatorum unum dextrorsum, alterum lævorsum contemplationem dirigere videbatur. Corrasæ barbæ, crines attonsi figurabantur, ut artificiis industriam Rugianorum ritum in cultu capitum æmulatam putares. In dextrâ cornu vario metalli genere excultum gestabat, quod sacerdos sacrorum ejus peritus, annuatim mero perfundere consueverat, ex ipso liquoris habitu sequentis anni copias prospecturus. Lævâ arcum reflexo in latus brachio figurabat. Tunica ad tibias prominens fingebatur, quæ ex diversa ligni materia creatæ, tam arcano nexu genibus jungebantur, ut compaginis locus non nisi curiosiori contemplatione deprehendi potuerit, pedes humo contigui cernebantur, eorum basi intra solum latente. Haud procul frenum ac sella simulacri, compluraq; divinitatis insignia visebantur. Quorum admirationem conspicuæ granditatis ensis augebat, cujus vaginam ac capulum præter excellentem cœlaturæ decorem, exterior argenti species commendabat.—Hujus sacerdos, præter communem patriæ ritum, barbæ comæq; prolixitate spectandus, pridie quam rem divinam facere debuisset, sacellum (quod ei soli intrandi fas erat) adhibito scoparum usu, diligentissime purgare solebat, observato ne intra ædem halitum funderet, quo quoties capessendo vel emittendo opus habebat, toties ad januam procurrebat, ne videlicet dei presentia mortalis spiritus contagio pollueretur.—Alia quoque fana compluribus in locis hoc numen habebat, quæ per supparis dignitatis, ac minoris potentiæ flamines regebantur. Præterea peculiarem albi coloris equum titulo possidebat, cujus jubæ aut caudæ pilos convellere nefarium ducebatur, hunc soli sacerdoti pascendi, insidendiq; jus erat, ne divini animalis usus, quo frequentior, hoc vilior, haberetur. In hoc equo, opinione Rugiæ, (Swantowith) Suantovitus, (id simulacro vocabulum erat) adversum sacrorum suorum hostes bella gerere credebatur. Cujus rei præcipuum argumentum extabat, quod is nocturno tempore stabulo insistens, adeo plerumque manè sudore ac luto respersus videbatur, tanquam ab exercitatione veniendo magnorum itinerum spatia percurrisset."—*Saxo Grammaticus*, lib. 14.

Grave of Balder.

"CUJUS (Balderi) corpus exercitus regio funere elatum, facto colle condendum curavit. Hunc quidam nostri temporis viri, quorum præcipuus Haraldus erat, vigente veteris sepulturæ famâ, spe reperiendæ pecuniæ noctu adorti, repentino cœptum horrore liquerunt, ex ipso namque perrupti montis cacumine subita torrentis vis, magno aquarum strepito prorumpere videbatur, cujus rapidior moles incitatissimo lapsu subjectis infusa campis quicquid offendebat involveret. Ad cujus impetum deturbati fossores, abjectis ligonibus, variam carpsere fugam, irruentis aquæ vorticibus implicandos se rati, si cœptum diutius exequi niterentur. Ita a diis loci illius præsidibus incussus subito metus, juvenum animos avaritiâ abstractos, ad salutis curam convertit, neglectoque cupiditatis proposito, vitæ studiosos esse docuit, hujus autem scaturiginis speciem adumbratam, non veram fuisse constat; nec ab imis terræ visceribus genitam, sed præstigiosâ quadam administratione productam, cum in arido liquidos manare fontes natura non sinat. Omnes hunc posteri collem, ad quos fractionis ejus fama transierat, intentatum liquêre."—*Saxo Grammaticus*, l. 3.

Norwegian Brothers in the torrent-circled Island.

"FRATRES, (duodecim) deficientibus a se sociis, intra insulam rapidissimo ambitam fluvio prealtam moliti vallum, terrestrem in plano munitionem extenderant; cujus re-

ceptaculo freti, crebrâ vicinos irruptione lacesserant. Excedentes enim insulâ, continentem extructo ponte petere consueverant. Quem portæ munitionis annexum ita quodam funiculorum regimine moderari solebant, ut quasi volubili aliquo cardine circumvectus, modo trans flumen iter sterneret, modo occulto restium ductu supernè retractus januæ deserviret. Fuere autem juvenes hi acres animis, robusti juventâ, præstabiles habitu corporis, gigantæis clari triumphis, trophæis gentium celebres, spoliis locupletes, quorundam vero ex ipsis nomina (nam cætera vetustas abstulit) subnotavi. Gerbiφn, Gunbiφrn, Armbiφrn, Stenbiφrn, Esbiφrn, Thorbiφrn et Biφrn. Hic equum habuisse traditur præstantem corpore, præpetem velocitate, adeo, ut cæteris amnem trajicere nequeuntibus, hic solus obstrepentem indefessus vorticem superaret. Cujus aquæ lapsus tam in cito ac præcipiti volumine defertur, ut animalia nandi vigore defecta plerumque pessundare soleat. Ex summis enim montium cacuminibus manans, dum per clivorum prærupta saxis exceptus eliditur, in profunda vallium multiplicato aquarum strepitu cadit: verum continuo saxorum obstaculo repercussus, celeritatem impetus eâdem semper æquabilitate conservat. Itaque tota alvei tractu, undis uniformiter turbidadis,[1] spumeus ubique candor exuberat. At ubi scopulorum angustiis evolutus laxius stagnanda effunditur, ex objectâ rupe insulam fingit. Præruptum hinc inde jugum eminet variis arborum generibus frequens, quarum objectus amnem eminus pervideri non sinat."

These Norwegian brothers were killed by the Dane Fridlevus, except Biφrn.—*Saxo Grammaticus*, l. 6.

Arnold of Brescia.

Arnold of Brescia, a famous heretic of the twelfth century, born at Brescia in Italy, from whence he went to France, where he studied under the celebrated Peter Abelard. Upon his return to Italy, he put on the habit of a monk, and began to preach several new and uncommon doctrines, particularly that the pope and all the rest of the clergy ought not to enjoy any temporal estate. He maintained in his sermons, that those ecclesiastics who had any estates of their own, or held any lands, were entirely cut off from the least hopes of salvation; that the clergy ought to subsist upon the alms and voluntary contributions of Christians; and that all other revenues belonged to princes and states, in order to be disposed of amongst the laity as they thought proper. He maintained also several heresies with regard to baptism and the Lord's supper. Otto Frisingensis and St. Bernard have drawn his character in very strong colours. The former tells us that he had wit, address and eloquence; but that his eloquence consisted rather of a torrent of words, than in solid and just sentiments. The same author observes that he was extremely fond of peculiar and new opinions; that he assumed a religious habit on purpose to impose upon mankind more effectually, and under pretence of piety; and, as the Gospel expresses it, in sheep's cloathing carried the disposition of a wolf, tearing every one as he pleased with the utmost fury, without the least regard to any person, and having a particular enmity against the clergy, bishops, and monks. "Would to God (says St. Bernard) that his doctrine was as holy as his life is strict! would you know what sort of man this is? Arnold of Brescia is a man that neither eats nor drinks; who, like the devil, is hungry and thirsty after the blood of souls: who goes to and fro upon the earth, and is always doing among strangers what he cannot do amongst his own countrymen; who ranges like a roaring lion, always seeking whom he may devour; an enemy to the cross of Christ; an author of discords and inventor of schisms, a disturber of the public peace: he is a man whose conversation has nothing but sweetness, and his doctrine nothing but poison in

[1] It is so in the original to which I have referred, p. 97, ut supra. Perhaps it should be *turbidatis*, which is used by Martianus Capella, elsewhere followed by Saxo.—J. W. W.

it; a man who has the head of a dove, and the tail of a scorpion." He engaged a great number of persons in his party, who were distinguished by his name, and proved very formidable to the popes. His doctrines rendered him so obnoxious, that he was condemned in the year 1139, in a council of near a thousand prelates held in the church of St. John Lateran at Rome, under Pope Innocent II. Upon this, he left Italy and retired to Switzerland. After the death of that Pope he returned to Italy, and went to Rome, where he raised a sedition against Pope Eugenius III., and afterwards against Hadrian IV., who laid the people of Rome under an interdict, till they had banished Arnold and his followers. This had its desired effect. The Romans seized upon the houses which the Arnoldists had fortified, and obliged them to retire to Otricoli in Tuscany, where they were received with the utmost affection by the people, who considered Arnold as a prophet. However, he was seized some time after by Cardinal Gerard, and notwithstanding the efforts of the Viscounts of Campania, who had rescued him, he was carried to Rome, and condemned by Peter, the prefect of that city, to be hanged, and was accordingly executed in the year 1155. Thirty of his followers went from France to England about the year 1160, in order to propagate their doctrines there, but they were immediately seized and destroyed.

From the *Biographical Dictionary*.—The marginal references are Du Pin, tom. 9, p. 105. Otto Frisingensis de Reb. gest. Frid. lib. 2, cap. 20. Ingenious thoughts of the fathers, collected by Bouhours in French, p. 195, English translation (this must be a curious work). Maimbourg, Hist. de la décadence de l'Emp. après Charlemagne, l. 4, p. 418.—*Owain Gwynez*, died 1169.

Cowardice.

"A SOLDIER without courage is like a dead corpse; sorrow hangs on the countenances of its late best friends till it is buried out of their sight."—*Mem. of Peter Henry Bruce, by himself.*

Old Scotch Cookery.

"NOR yet had they (the Scots) any pans or cauldrons to dress their meat in, for what beasts they found (as they always did good store in those northern parts), they would seeth them in their own skins, stretched out bellying on stakes, in the manner of cauldrons: and having thus sod their meat, they would take out a little plate of metal, which they used to truss somewhere in or under their saddles, and laying it on the fire, take forth some oatmeal (which they carried in little bags behind them for that purpose), and having kneaded and tempered it with water, spread that thereon; this being thus baked, they used for bread, to comfort and strengthen their stomachs a little when they eat flesh."—*Joshua Barnes, Hist. of Edward III.*

Images for Poetry.

A CROW flew over my head in the sunshine, and I caught the gleam of his wings.

Brown ivy leaf, with the light veins distinctly seen.

Leaves of the bramble still green, Jan. 25.

The adder's-tongue grew luxuriantly on the steep bank of a hill where a stream arose. Its leaves hung down to the water. This plant loves shade. Does it love watery situations? What is its botanic name?[1] its medical properties?

The withered leaves are still on the oaks, Feb. 3rd.

The currant and gooseberry trees put out their leaves much earlier than other trees, April 11th.

The buds of the poplar assume a bright rich yellow hue in the sun, April 22nd. They

[1] Ophioglossum. See JOHNSON'S *Gerarde's Herbal*, p. 404. The adder's (or, as it should be called, the hart's) tongue fern, is quite a different plant.—J. W. W.

are brown-bright, and close to the fibres green, when closely inspected.

Very green appearance of the poplar when the evening sun shines upon it, and a black cloud hangs behind.

The rain drops shining as the willow waves.

The distant hills form a line of *darker blue* against the clear sky, May 25th, on the road from London to Southampton.

The trunk of the fir tree coloured more than any other by a rust-coloured kind of moss.

The quick stream, after passing under the bridge, forms numberless little whirlpools in consequence of being broken by the arches.

I always observe fish stemming the current near a bridge.

The shadow made by the insects that sport on the water has a light edge round it.

Similies.

The notes of the harp die away like the moanings of the distant wind.

The song of birds to the trees alive with music in Flath-innis.

Perfumes to the Alhambra apartment.

A torrent to that which burst from the grave of Balder.

Gloominess caused by a torrent to the Taghairm.[1]

A sword to that of Fez. II.; or that stolen from Amadis by the injurious damsel, or Balisarda.

Armour, to that of Hector won by Mandricardo.

Perpetual clouds of Peru, to those that hover on the hills of Flath-innis, each involving the source of a stream.

A horse to the white horse of Swantowith.

Local beauty, to the isle where Arthur lives; or where Enoch, Elijah, and St. John, await the coming of Christ; or the fountain where Brammon met Sanatree.

Dreariness,—to the place where Sepulveda and Leonor perished.

[1] See Scott's Note on the *Lady of the Lake*, Canto iv. Appendix, note 1.—J. W. W.

When a palm branch grows old, it shrinks and becomes crooked and yellow, not ill representing the appearance of the new moon. Thus the Koran: "And for the moon have we appointed certain mansions, until she change and return to be like the old branch of a palm tree." Ch. y. s. 36.

The boundary of air inclosing Othatha in Irem, strong as the wall built by Dhu'lkarnein. Sale, 246. D'Herbelot, Art. Jagiouge; or Hanyson, 184; Purchas.

Club of Haldanus.

Syvaldus quidam claro admodum loco natus, apud Sueonum concionem Frothonis ac conjugis ejus exitio flebiliter memorato, tantum Haldani odium penè omnibus generavit, ut plurimorum suffragiis novarum rerum licentiam assequeretur. Nec solo vocum favore contentus, adeo plebis animum ambitionis artibus occupavit, ut omnium fere manus ad regium insigne capiti suo imprimendum adduceret. Hic septem filios habebat tanto veneficiorum usu callentes, ut sæpe subitis furoris viribus instincti solerent ore torvùm infremere, scuta morsibus attrectare, torridas fauce prunas absumere, extructa quævis incendia penetrare; nec posset conceptus dementiæ motus alio remedii genere quam aut vinculorum injuriis, aut cædis humanæ piaculo temperari. Tantam illis rabiem sive sævitia ingenii, sive furiarum ferocitas inspirabat. Quibus auditis Haldanus, ut erat circa piraticam occupatus, expedire militibus dixit, ut qui in exteros hactenus desævierint, nunc civium visceribus ferrum adigant, ereptiq; regni injuriam propulsent, qui dilatandi curam genere consueverunt. Quo imminente Syvaldus missis ad eum legatis jubet, si famam factis æquaret, et tantus re esset quantus opinione censeretur, se suamq; sobolem pugnâ solus excipiat, privatoq; periculo publicum redimat. Eo deinde respondente, legitimæ dimicationis formam duorum numerum excedere non debere; nil mirandum, inquit Syvaldus, hominem cœlibem proleq; vacuum oblatos detrectare congressus, cui

inops caloris natura deforme corporis animique frigus incusserit. Nec liberos ab eo diversos existere, quem suæ generationis auctorem habuerint, quod ab ipso commune nascendi principium traxerint. Ita se ac filios unius hominis loco censendos esse, quibus veluti unum corpus a naturâ tributum videatur. Cujus convicii rubore permotus Haldanus, provocationi parere cœpit, tam contumeliosum cœlibatûs exprobrationem egregiis virtutis operibus pensaturus. Cumque per opacam forte nemoris indaginem graderetur, hærentem obiter quercum humo radicitus eruit, solisq; spoliatam ramis in solidam clavæ speciem transformavit. Que gestamine fretus, tali carmen brevitate compegit:

En rude quod gerimus obnixo vertice pondus,
  Vulnera verticibus exitiumq; feret.
Sed neque frondosi gestamen roboris ullum
  Omine Gφtenses horridiore premet.
Ardua comminuet nodosi robora colli,
  Et cava sylvestri tempora mole teret.
Clava quidem sævum patriæ domitura furorem,
  Nulla magis Suetis exitialis erit.
Ossa domans, lacerosq; virûm libranda per artus
  Impia prærupto stipite terga premet;
Cognatos pressura lares, fusura cruorem
  Civis, et in patriam perniciosa lues.

His dictis Syvaldum cum septem filiis attentatum acerrimas eorum vires eximiâ clavæ mole frustratus, exitio tradidit.—*Saxo G.* lib. 7.

Voyage of Thorkill.

Huic (Snioni) succedit Biφrn; itemq; post ipsum Haraldus rerum assequitur summam. Cujus filio Gormoni inter priscos Danorum duces non infimæ laudis locum rerum strenuè gestarum titulus tribuit. Hic enim novum audaciæ genus complexus, hæreditarium fortitudinis spiritum scrutandæ rerum naturæ vestigiis quam armis excolere maluit: utq; alios Regum ardor bellicus, ita ipsum *cognoscendorum* mirabilium, quæcunque vel experimento deprehensa, vel rumore vulgata fuerant, præcordialis stimulabat aviditas. Cumq; esset externa atq; inusitata visendi cupidus, experiendam præ cæteris duxit Geruthi cujusdam sedium acceptam a Thylensibus famam. Incredibilia enim ab eis super opum inibi congestarum magnitudine jactabantur, sed iter omni refertum periculo ac penè mortalibus invium ferebatur. Ambitorem[1] namque terrarum oceanum navigandum, solem postponendum ac sidera, sub Chao peregrinandum, ac demum in loca lucis expertia, jugibusq; tenebris obnoxia transeundum, expertorum assertione constabat. Sed in juvenili animo circumstantis periculi metum non tam prædæ quam gloriæ cupido calcabat, multum sibi claritatis accessurum sperante, si rem admodum intentatam auderet. Trecentis idem cum Rege votum nuncupantibus, auctorem *famæ* Thorkillum itineris ducem assumi placuit, utpote locorum gnarum, peritumq; adeundæ regionis ejus. Is officio non recusato, adversum inusitatam navigandi maris sævitiam firmiore structuræ genere, nodisq; crebrioribus, ac consertioribus clavis præparanda jubet navigia solidari; eademq; magnis repleri commeatibus, ac bovinis superne tergoribus claudi, quæ intrinseca navium spatia ab incursentium undarum aspergine tuerentur. Inde tribus duntaxat liburnis navigatio tenditur, unaquâque centenos capiente delectos.

At ubi in Halogiam ventum, secundis flatibus destituti, variâ pelagi jactatione, dubiis navigationis casibus agebantur. Tandem per summam alimentorum inopiam etiam pane defecti, exiguæ pultis usu traxere famem. Interjectis diebus eminus perstrepentem procellæ fragorem, perinde ac scopulos inundantis exaudiunt. Igitur intellectâ telluris vicinâ, agilitatis eximiæ juvenis, speculandæ rei gratia cacumen mali conscendere jussus, prærupti sitûs insulam

[1] After quoting Dionysius Afer, Steph. Stephanius adds, "Hinc etiam *Oceanus* Eddicè dicitur *Annulus*, vel *Zona* regionum et insularum." Not. in loc. p. 183.—J. W. W.

in conspectu esse denunciat. Læti omnes regionem, quæ ab eo significabatur, avidis insequuntur luminibus, attentè promissi littoris præsidium exspectantes. Cujus tandem aditum nacti, in editiorem soli partem, per obstantes clivos, prælatis callibus enituntur. Tunc Thorkillus ex armentis, quæ in maritimis frequentia discurrebant, supra quod semel leniendæ fami sufficeret, negat esse tollendum: futurum enim, si secus agerent, ut a diis loci præsidibus discedendi potentiâ privarentur. At nautæ magis prorogandæ satietatis, quam servandi imperii cupidiores, incitamento gulæ salutis consilium subjecerunt, exhausta navium gremia cæsorum gregum corporibus onerantes. Qui ideo captu perfaciles extitere, quod ad inusitatos virorum aspectus firmato pavore mirabundi convenerant. Nocte insequenti monstra littori involantia, ac toto concrepantia nemore, conclusas obsedere puppes. Quorum unum cæteris grandius, ingenti fuste armatum, profundum passibus emetiebatur. Idem proprius admotum vociferari cœpit, non ante enavigaturos, quam fusi gregis injuriam expiando, viris pro navium numero traditis, divini pecoris damna pensassent. Cujus minis obsecutus Thorkillus, ut universorum incolumitatem paucorum discrimine tueretur, tres sorte denotatos exhibuit.

Quo facto, optato vento excepti in ulteriorem Biarmiam navigant. Regio est perpetui frigoris capax, prælaltisque offusa nivibus, ne vim quidem fervoris persentiscat æstivi, inviorum abundans nemorum, frugum haud ferax, inusitatisq; alibi bestiis frequens. Crebri in ea fluvii ob insitas alveis cautes stridulo spumantiq; volumine perferuntur. Illic Thorkillus subductis navibus tendi in littore jubet; eo loci perventum astruens, unde brevis ad Geruthum transitus foret. Prohibuit etiam ullum cum supervenientibus miscere sermonem, affirmans monstra nullo magis nocendi vim, quam advenarum verbis parum comiter editis sumere. Ideoq; socios silentio tutiores esistere, se vero solum tuto profari posse, qui prius gentis ejus mores habitumque perviderit. Crepusculo appetente, inusitatæ magnitudinis vir nominatim salutatis nauticis intervenit. Stupentibus cunctis, Thorkillus adventum ejus alacriter excipiendum admonuit, Guthmundum hunc esse docens Geruthi fratrem, cunctorum illic applicantium piissimum inter pericula protectorem. Percontantiq; quid ita cæteri silentium colerent, refert rudes admodum linguæ ejus ignoti pudere sermonis. Tum Guthmundus hospitio invitatos curriculis excipit. Procedentibus amnis aureo ponte permeabilis cernitur. Cujus transeundi cupidos a proposito revocavit, docens eo alveo humana à monstrosis rerum secrevisse naturam, nec mortalibus ultra fas esse vestigiis. Subinde ad ipsa ductoris penetralia pervenitur. Illic Thorkillus seductis sociis hortari cœpit, ut inter tentamentorum genera, quæ varius obtulisset eventus, industrios viros agerent, atq; a peregrinis sibi dapibus temperantes, propriis corpora sustentanda curarent, discretasq; ab indigenis sedes peterent, eorum neminem discubitu contingendo. Fore enim illius escæ participibus inter horridos monstrorum greges, amissâ cunctorum memoriâ, sordidâ semper communione degendum. Nec minus ministris eorum ac poculis abstinendum edocuit. Duodecim filii Guthmundi egregiâ indole. Totidemq; filiæ præclui[1] formâ circumsteterant mensas. Qui cum Regem a suis duntaxat illata delibare conspiceret, beneficii repulsam objiciens, injuriosam hospiti querebatur. Nec Thorkillo competens facti excusatio defuit. Quippe insolito cibo utentes plerumq; graviter affici solere commemorat, regemq; non tam alieni obsequii ingratum, quam propriæ sospitatis studiosum, consueto more corpus curantem domesticis cœnam obsoniis instruxisse. Igitur haudquaquam contemptui imputari debere, quod fugiendæ pestis salutari gereretur affectu. Videns autem Guthmundus apparatus sui fraudem hospitum frugalitate delusam, cum abstinentiam hebetare non posset, pudicitiam labefactare

[1] MARTIANUS CAPELLA, lib. i. de Nupt. Phil. is quoted by Stephanus Stephanius for the word. Cf. Not. p. 184, ut suprá.—J. W. W.

constituit; omnibus *ingenii* nervis ad debilitandam eorum temperantiam inhians. Regi enim filiæ matrimonium offerens, cæteris quascunq; e famulitio peterent potiendas esse promittit. Plerisq; rem approbantibus, Thorkillus hunc quoque illecebrarum lapsum, sicut et cæteros, salubri monitu præcurrit, industriam suam inter cautum hospitem ac lætum convivam egregiâ moderatione partitus. Quatuor e Danis oblatum amplexi, saluti libidinem prætulerunt. Quod contagium lymphatos inopesq; mentis effectos pristinâ rerum memoriâ spoliavit. Quippe post id factum parum animo constitisse traduntur. Qui si mores suos intrà debitos temperantiæ fines continuissent, Herculeos æquassent titulos, giganteam animo fortitudinem superassent, perenniterq; patriæ *mirificarum* rerum insignes extitissent auctores. Adhuc Guthmundus propositi pertinaciâ dolum intendere perseverans, collaudatis horti sui deliciis, eo Regem percipiendorum fructuum gratiâ perducere laborabat, blandimentis nisus, illecebrisq; gulæ, cautelæ constantiam elidere cupiens. Adversum quas insidias Rex Thorkillo, ut prius, auctore firmatus, simulatæ humanitatis obsequium sprevit, utendi excusationem a maturandi itineris negotio mutuatus. Cujus prudentiæ Guthmundus suam in omnibus cessisse considerans, spe peragendæ fraudis abjectâ cunctos in ulteriorem fluminis ripam transvectos iter exequi passus est.

Progressi atrum incultumq; oppidum vaporanti maxime nubi simile, haud procul abesse prospectant. Pali propugnaculis intersiti desecta virorum capita præferebant. Eximiæ ferocitatis canes tuentes aditum præ foribus excubare conspecti. Quibus Thorkillus cornu abdomine illitum collambendum objiciens, incitatissimam rabiem parvulâ mitigavit impensâ. Supernè portarum introitus patuit. Quem scalis æquantes, arduo potiuntur ingressu. Atræ deintus informesq; larvæ conferserant urbem. Quarum perstrepentes imagines aspicere horridius an audire fuerit, nescias; fœda omnia, putidumq; cœnum adeuntium nares intolerabili halitu fatigabat. Deinde conclave saxeum, cui Geruthum fama erat pro regiâ assuevisse, reperiunt. Cujus arctam horrendamq; crepidinem invisere statuentes, repressis gradibus in ipso paventes aditu constiterunt. Tunc Thorkillus hærentes animo circumspiciens, cunctationem introitus virili adhortatione discussit: monens temperaturos sibi, ne ullam ineundæ ædis suppellectilem, tametsi possessu jucunda, aut oculis grata videretur, attingerent, animosq; tam ab omni avaritiâ adversos, quam a metu remotos haberent; neque vel captu suavia concupiscerent, vel spectatu horrida formidarent, quanquam in summâ utriusq; rei forent copiâ versaturi. Fore enim ut avidæ capiendi manus subitâ nexus pertinaciâ à re tactâ divelli nequirent, et quasi inextricabili cum illâ vinculo nodarentur. Cæterum compositè quaternos ingredi jubet. Quorum Broderus et Buchi primi aditum tantant. Hos cum rege Thorkillus insequitur. Cæteri deinde compositis gradiuntur ordinibus. Ædes deintus obsoleta per totum, ac vi tetterrimi vaporis offusa, cunctorum, quibus oculus aut mens offendi poterat, uberrima cernebatur. Postes longævâ fuligine illiti, obductus illuvie paries, compactum è spiculis tectum, instratum colubris pavimentum atq; omni sordium genere respersum, inusitato advenas spectaculo terruerunt. Super omnia perpetui fœtoris asperitas tristes lacessebat olfactus. Exanguia quoque monstrorum simulacra ferreas oneraverant sedes; denique consessuum loca plumbeæ crates secreverant; liminibus horrendæ janitorum excubiæ præerant. Quorum alii consertis fustibus obstrepentes, alii mutuâ caprigeni tergoris agitatione deformem edidere lusum. Hic secundo Thorkillus avaras temerè manus ad illicita tendi prohibens, iterare monitum cœpit. Procedentes per fractam scopuli partem, nec procul in editiore quodam suggestu senem pertuso corpore discissæ rupis plagæ adversum residere conspiciunt. Præterea fœminas tres corporeis oneratas strumis ac veluti dorsi firmitate defectas, junctos occupasse discubitus. Cupientes cognoscere socios, Thorkillus qui probè rerum causas noverat,

docet Thor divum giganteâ quondam insolentiâ lacessitum per obluctantis Geruthi præcordia torridam egisse chalybem, eâdemq; ulterius lapsâ, convulsi montis latera pertudisse; fœminas vero vi fulminum tactas infracti corporis damno ejusdem numinis attentati pœnas pependisse firmabat. Inde digressi dolia septem zonis aureis circumligata panduntur, quibus pensiles ex argento circuli crebros inseruerant nexus. Juxta quæ inusitatæ belluæ dens extremitates auro præditus reperitur. Huic adjacebat ingens bubali cornu, exquisito gemmarum fulgore operosius cultum, nec cælaturæ artificio vacuum. Juxta quod eximii ponderis armilla patebat. Cujus immodicâ quidem cupiditate succensus avaras auro manus applicuit, ignarus excellentis metalli splendore extremam occultari perniciem, nitentiq; prædæ fatalem subesse pestem. Alter quoq; parum cohibendæ avaritiæ potens, instabiles ad cornu manus porrexit. Tertius priorum fiduciam æmulatus, nec satis digitis temperans, osse[1] humeros onerare sustinuit. Quæ quidem præda uti visu jucunda, ita usu probabilis extitit. Illices enim formas subjecta oculis species exhibebat. Armilla si quidem anguem induens venenato dentium acumine eum a quo gerebatur, appetiit. Cornu in draconem extractum, sui spiritum latoris eripuit. Os ensem fabricans, aciem præcordiis gestantis immersit. Cæteri sociæ cladis fortunam veriti, insontes nocentium exemplo perituros putabant, ne innocentiæ quidem incolumitatem tribuendam sperantes. Alterius deinde tabernaculi posticâ angustiorem indicante secessum, quoddam uberioris thesauri secretarium aperitur: in quo arma humanorum corporum habitu grandiora panduntur. Inter quæ regium paludamentum cultiori conjunctum pileo, ac mirifici operis cingulum visebantur. Quorum Thorkillus admiratione captus, cupiditate frenos excussit, propositam animo temperantiam exuens; totiesq; alios informare solitus, ne proprios quidem appetitus cohibere sustinuit. Amiculo enim manum inserens, cæteris consentaneum rapinæ ausum temerario porrexit exemplo. Quo facto, penetralia ab imis concussa sedibus, inopinatæ fluctuationis modo trepidare cœperunt. Subinde a fœminis conclamatum, æquo diutius infandos tolerari prædones. Igitur qui prius semineces, expertiaq; vitæ simulacra putabantur, perinde ac fœminarum vocibus obsecuti, e suis repente sedibus dissultantes, vehementi incursu advenas appetebant. Cætera raucos extulêre mugitus. Tum Broderus et Buchi ad olim nota sibi studia recurrentes, incursantes se Lamias adactis undiq; spiculis incessebant, arcuumq; ac fundarum tormentis agmen obtrivere monstrorum. Nec alia vis repellendis efficacior fuit. Viginti solos ex omni comitatu regio sagittariæ artis interventus servavit. Cæteri laniatui fuêre monstris. Regressos ad amnem superstites Guthmundus navigio trajicit, exceptosq; domi cum diu ac multum exoratos retentare non posset, ad ultimum donatos abire permisit. Hic Buchi parum diligens sui custos, laxatis continentiæ nervis, virtute quâ hactenus fruebatur abjectâ, unam e filiabus ejus irrevocabili amore complexus, exitii sui connubium impetravit, moxq; repentino verticis circuitu actus, pristinum memoriæ habitum perdidit. Ita egregius ille tot monstrorum domitor, tot periculorum subactor, unius virginis facibus superatus, peregrinatum à continentia animum miserabili jugo voluptatis inseruit. Qui cum abiturum regem honestatis causâ prosequeretur, vadum curriculo transiturus, altius desidentibus rotis, vi vorticum implicatus, absumitur. Rex amici casum gemitu prosecutus, maturatâ navigatione discessit. Quâ primum prosperâ usus, deinde adversâ quassatus, periclitatis inediâ sociis, paucisq; adhuc superstitibus religionem animo intulit, atq; ad vota superis nuncupanda confugit, extremæ necessitatis præsidium in deorum ope consistere judicans. Deniq; aliis varias deorum potentias exorantibus, ac diversæ numinum majestati rem divinam fieri oportere censentibus, ipse Ugarthilocum

[1] "*Osse* i. e. dente, cujus mox mentio facta, Synecdoche generis pro specie." STEPH. STEPHANIUS in loc. p. 184.—J. W. W.

votis pariter ac propitiamentis aggressus, prosperam exoptati sideris temperiem assecutus est.

"Domum veniens cum tot maria se totque labores emensum animadverteret, fessum ærumnis spiritum à negotiis procul habendum ratus, petito ex Suetio matrimonio, superioris studii habitum otii meditatione mutavit. Vitâ quoque per summum securitatis usum exactâ ad ultimum pœne ætatis suæ finem provectus, quum probabilibus quorundam argumentis animos immortales esse compertum haberet, quasnam sedes esset exuto membris spiritu petiturus, aut quid præmii propensa numinum veneratio mereretur, cogitatione secum variâ disquirebat.

"Hæc volventem subeunt quidam parum benigni in Thorkillum animi, docentes divino opus esse consultu, tantæq; rei certitudinem humano altiorem ingenio, nec mortalibus cognito facilem, cœlestibus expetendam oraculis. Quamobrem propitiandum esse Ugarthilocum, neminemq; id Thorkillo aptius executurum. Fuêre quoque qui eundem insidiarum reum, ac regii capitis hostem deferrent, qui cum ultimo se periculo destinari videret, criminationis auctores profectionis comites expetivit. Tum qui insontem notaverant, periculum alieno capiti præparatum in seipsos recidisse cernentes, consultum revocare tentabant, sed frustra regias aures implentes, etiam pavoris increpiti, Thorkillo duce navigare coguntur. Ita excogitatis in alterum malis auctorem plerumq; adigi necesse est. Qui cum se inevitabili discriminis necessitate districtos animadverterent, navigium taurinis obstructum coriis, provisis abunde commeatibus impleverunt.

"Quo evecti eo pervenere loci, ubi regio Solis inops, ignara siderum, nec diurni luminis capax, perpetuæ noctis specie caligabat. Cumq; diu sub inusitata cœli facie navigassent, tandem incidente lignorum inopia, foculi nutrimentis defecti, nec suppetente decoctionis officinâ, crudis famem obsoniis propulerunt. Verum complures vescentium ultimam pestem ab indigestæ dapis satietate traxerunt. Primum enim paulatim stomachis inusitato partus edulio languor irrepsit, deinde latius manante contagio, vitalia morbus appetiit. Sicq; anceps utriusq; intemperantiæ malum ut mediam gravem, ita gulam quoq; suspectam effecerat, cum nec vesci tutum, nec abstinere commodum nosceretur. Igitur omnem salutis spem abjicientibus (ut nervum tunc facilius rumpi solitum est, cum arctius tenditur) patrocinium inopinatæ commoditates affulsit. Subito enim ignis haud procul emicare conspectus, exhaustis trahendæ vitæ fiduciam ingeneravit. Quem Thorkillus tanquam divinitus datum remedium colligere statuens, quo sibi certiorem ad socios reditum struere[1], cacumen mali infixæ gemmæ fulgore signavit. Littore deinde potitus subjicit oculis angusti aditus, arctarumq; faucium specum. Quem, comitibus foris præstolari jussis, ingressus, duos eximiæ granditatis aquilos[1] conspicatur corneis naribus contracta, quæ fors obtulerat, igni nutrimenta præstantes. Cæterum deformis introitus, obsoleti postes, ater situ paries, sordidum tectum, frequens anguibus pavimentum, non oculum magis quam animum offendebant. Tum gigantum alter salutatum eum rem conatu prærarduam orsum esse dicebat, inusitati numinis adeundi cupiditate flagrantem, atq; extramundani climatis cognitionem investigabili scrutatione complexum. A se autem propositi itineris semitas cogniturum, si tres veridicas sententias totidem proverbiis comprehensas expromeret. Tum Thorkillus: non mehercule incomptiorem naribus familiam pervidisse commemini. Sed neque locum, quo minus libenter degerem, attigi. Item; illum mihi pedem potiorem statuo, qui prior exitum capessere quiverit. Gigas Thorkilli prudentiâ delectatus, proverbiorum veritate laudatâ, docet, ad inops graminis solum, altisq; obfusum

[1] i. e. *dark, swarthy.* Aquilum, *μέλαν. Gloss. ex Lucil.* MARTINII *Lex.* in v. Plautus also uses the word,

"Staturâ haud magnâ, corpore aquilo."
Pœn. v. ii. 152. J. W. W.

tenebris, imprimis esse migrandum. Ante autem quam destinatus possit locus accipi, navigationem quatriduo pertinaci remigio pertrahendam. Illic visendum fore Ugarthilocum tetros horrendosq; specus sordidâ mansione complexum. Thorkillus magnopere stupens, quod et longa et periculosa navigatio imperabatur, spe tamen dubiâ præsentem metum vincente, foculum expetivit. Et gigas, si ignem, inquit, desideras, necesse est alias tres sententias similibus proverbiis edas. Tum Thorkillus, consilio tametsi exilis id auctor ediderit, obsequendum est. Item, eo temeritatis processi, ut si regredi quivero, salutem meam nulli magis quam pedibus debeam. Rursum, si impræsentiarum recessu liberè fruerer, ulterius a reditu temperandum curarem.

" Inde perlato ad socios igne, auræ indulgentiam nactus, quarto die ad propositum portum appulit, aggressusq; cum sociis terram, apud quam continuæ noctis facies alterni lûminis vicissitudinem frustrabatur, ægrè prospectum capientibus oculis, inusitatæ molis scopulum conspicit. Cujus perlustrandi cupidus, a comitibus foris stationem peragentibus, extusum silicibus ignem, opportunum contra dæmones tutamentum, in aditu jussit accendi. Post hæc prælato per alios lumine, arctis cavernæ faucibus corpus subjiciens inter crebros serpentum allapsus ferreorum undiq; sedilium frequentiam contemplatur. Inde placidior aquæ moles, subjectoq; sabulo molliter influens, conspectui observata est. Quâ transitâ, paulo devexiorem situ speluncam aggreditur. Ex quâ item atrum obscœnumque conclave visentibus aperitur. Intra quod Ugarthilocus manus pedesq; immensis catenarum molibus oneratus aspicitur; cujus olentes pili tam magnitudine quam rigore corneas æquaverant hastas. Quorum unum Thorkillus adnitentibus sociis mento patientis excussum, quo promptior fides suis haberetur operibus asservavit; statimq; tanta fœtoris vis ad circumstantes manavit, ut, nisi repressis amiculo naribus, respirare nequirent. Vixq; egressu potiti, ab involantibus undiq; colubris conspuuntur. Quinque duntaxat Thorkilli comitum, cæteris veneno consumptis, navigium cum ductore conscendunt. Imminent efferi dæmones, et in subjectos venenata passim sputa conjiciunt. At nautæ prætentis coriorum umbraculis illapsum respuere virus. Iis cujusdam forte prospicere cupientis tactum veneno caput, perinde ac ferro recisum cervici exemptum est. Alius ocellos umbraculis exerens, sub eâdem vacuos luminum orbes retulit. Alius exertâ manu tegimen explicans, ejusdem tabis vi truncum ad se brachium revocavit. Igitur cæteris propensiora sibi numina nequicquam deprecantibus. Thorkillus Universitatis Deum votis aggressus eiq; cum precibus libamenta defundens, mox prioris cœli usum ac perspicua rerum elementa prosperâ navigatione collegit.

" Jamq; alium sibi orbem, atq; ipsum rerum humanarum aditum perspicere videbantur. Tandem ad Germaniam Christianis tunc sacris initiatam appulsus, apud ejus populum divini cultûs rudimenta percepit. Ubi sociorum manu ob inusitatam aeris haustum propemodum consumptâ, duobus tantum, quos sors ultima præterierat, comitatus, reditum ad patriam habuit. Verum illitus ore marcor ita habitum corporis, ac pristina formæ lineamenta confudit, ut ne ab amicis quidem potuisset agnosci. At ubi detersâ illuvie, notitiam sui visentibus reddidit, eximiam Regi cognoscendæ legationis aviditatem ingessit. Sed necdum æmulorum obtrectatione supitâ, fuêre qui Regem, cognitis, quæ Thorkillus afferret, subito decessurum astruerent. Auxit affirmationis fidem, ejusdem rei falsâ somnii prædictione suggesta credulitas. Igitur qui noctu Thorkillum opprimerent, Regis imperio subornantur. Cujus ille rei utcunq; indicium nactus, clam cunctis relicto cubili, magni ponderis lignum subjecit; eoq; facto, subornatis truncum cædentibus, regiæ fraudis commentum elusit. Die postero Regem corpus curantem aggressus, Ignosco, inquit, sævitiæ tuæ, erroriq; veniam tribuo, qui prosperum legationis nuncium afferenti pœnam pro gratiâ decrevisti. Itaq; te solum,

pro quo caput tot ærumnis devovi, tot periculis contudi, quemq; operum meorum gratissimum pensatorem speravi, acerrimum virtutis punitorem inveni, verum ultionis partibus prætermissis, interno animi tui rubore (si tamen ullus ingratos pudor afficit) læsionis meæ vindice sum contentus. Nec immeritò te omnem dæmonum rabiem, aut belluarum sævitiam superare conjecto, quod tot monstrorum insidiis erutus à tuis immunis esse non potui. Rex cuncta ex ipso cognoscere cupiens, fatisq; arduum obstare judicans, eventuum ordinem exponere jubet. Cumq; per cætera avidis referentem auribus excepisset, postremo recensitam numinis sui mentionem sinistrâ opinione colligi passus non est. Exprobratam enim Ugarthiloci fœditatem exaudire non sustinens, adeò indignitatis ejus vicem doluit, ut impatientem dictorum spiritum inter ipsa narrantis recitamenta deponeret. Itaq; dum vani numinis cultum cupidè fovit, ubinam verus esset miseriarum carcer agnovit. Crinis quoq; oliditas, quem Thorkillus perinde atque operum suorum magnitudinem testaturum capillitio gigantis excerpserat, in circumstantes effusa complurjbus exitio fuit."—*Saxo Grammaticus*, lib. 8.

Inusitatæ belluæ dens.

"FORTE vel ille dens elephanti fuit—vel etiam Amphibii illius quod *Rosmar* vulgo dicunt. Ejus etenim dentes in maximo fuisse pretio, apud antiquos Septentrionis incolas, ostendit Olaus Magnus, lib. 21, c. 28, et Vir Cl. Johannes Isaciis Pontanis in urbis Amstelodamensis Historiâ."—STEPH. STEPHANIUS.

Of the Carbuncle. See Ælian. de Animal. 8. 21.

"DUM Rex Bononiæ esset, allatus est ad eum ex Indiâ Orientali, ab homine incognito, sed, ut apparebat, moribus barbaro, lapis stupendâ specie et naturâ; videlicet lumine et fulgore mirabiliter coruscantibus, quiq; totus veluti ardens incredibili splendore micabat, et jactis quoquo versus radiis, ambientem aerem, luce nullis fere oculis tolerabili, latissimè complebat. Erat et in eo mirabile, quod terræ impatientissimus, si cooperiretur, suâ sponte, et vi facto impetu, confestim evolabat in sublime; contineri verò includive ullo loco angusto nullâ hominum arte poterat, sed ampla liberaq; loca duntaxat amare videbatur. Summa in eo puritas, eximius nitor, nullâ sorde aut labe coinquinatus; figuræ species nulla ei certa, sed inconstans et momento commutabilis; cumq; esset aspectu longe pulcherrimus, contrectari tamen sese impune non patiebatur, et diutius contra adnitentibus, aut obstinatius cum eo agentibus, incommodum afferebat, quod multi, multis spectantibus, sunt experti. Si quid fortassis ex eo enixius conando detrahebatur (nam durus admodum non erat) nihilo minor fiebat."—JACOBUS AUGUSTUS THUANUS, l. 6. *apud* STEPH. STEPHAN. *in loc.*

Ugarthilocus.

"UGARTHILOCI hujus mentionem quoque facit Edda, quæ et omnia fere attribuit cuidam Achuthoro, seu Asathoro, quæ Saxo noster de Torkillo hic commemorat. Sunt autem nonnulli qui narrationem hanc, fabulæ tantum non affinem, exponunt de itinere à Torkillo, jussu Gormonis regis, suscepto vel in extremam Bjarmiam, cujus incolæ olim non idololatræ solum erant pertinacissimi, sed et magi ac venefici malis artibus ad fascinandos homines instructissimi; unde etiam ab iis tot præstigiæ, quarum meminit Saxo, Torkillo sociisq; objectæ fuerunt: vel etiam in aliam quandam insulam longe dissitam, forte Islandiam vel Gronlandium, ubi tale Ugarthiloci Idolum colebatur. Alii existimant latere sub hâc Mythologiâ veram historiam religionis primum in has terras per Torkillum introductæ; quippe qui per varias regiones, Ethnicismi tenebris densâq; caligine adhuc oppressas, longinquâ peregrinatione suscep-

tâ, tandem in Germaniam, Christianis tunc sacris initiatam, ut ait Saxo, appulit, et apud ejus populum divini cultus rudimenta percepit. Quam mox domum reversus, in patriâ propagavit."—STEPH. STEPHANIUS.

Descent of Hidingus.

"SIQUIDEM cœnante eo (Hadingo) fœmina cicutarum gerula, propter foculum humo caput extulisse conspecta, porrectoque sinu percunctari visa, quâ mundi parte tam recentia gramina brumali tempore fuissent exorta. Cujus cognoscendi cupidum Regem proprio obvolutum amiculo, refuga secum sub terras abduxit, credo Diis infernalibus ita destinantibus, ut in ea loca vivus adduceretur, quæ morienti petenda fuerant. Primum igitur vapidæ cujusdam caliginis nubilum penetrantes, perq; callem diuturnis adesum meatibus incedentes, quosdam prætextatos, amictosq; ostro proceres conspicantur; quibus præteritis loca demum aprica subeunt, quæ delata à fœminâ gramina protulerunt. Progressiq; præcipitis lapsus ac liventis aquæ fluvium diversi generis tela rapido volumine detorquentem, eundemq; ponte meabilem factum offendunt. Quo pertransito, binas acies mutuis viribus concurrere contemplantur; quarum conditionem à fœminâ percunctate Hadingo; ii sunt, inquit, qui ferro in necem acti cladis suæ speciem continuo protestantur exemplo, præsentique spectaculo præteritæ vitæ facinus æmulantur. Prodeuntibus murus aditu transcensuq; difficilis obsistebat; quem fœmina nequicquam transilire conata, cum ne corrugati quidem corporis exilitate proficeret, galli caput, quem secum forte deferebat, abruptum, ultra mœnium supra jactavit, statimq; redivivus ales resumpti fidem spiraculi claro testabatur accentu."—*Saxo Grammaticus*, l. 1.

Carving the Eagle.

"APUD Anglos, Danos, aliasq; nationes Boreales, victor ignominiâ summâ debellatum adversarium affecturus, gladium circa scapulas ad spinam dorsi adigebat, costasq; amplissimo per corporis longitudinem facto vulnere, utrinque a spinâ separabat; quæ ad latera deductæ alas repræsentabant Aquilinas. Hoc genus mortis vocabant 'Aquilam in dorso alicujus delineare.' Glossarium Islandicum MSS. ejusmodi vulnus sive plagam testatur. In Jarlasagu 'tunc Comes Einarus in dorso Hakfdani Aquilinam excitavit plagam, ita ut gladium dorso adigeret, omnesq; costas a spinâ separaret, usq; ad lumbos, indeque pulmones extraxit.' In Ormsagu 'Ormerus evaginato gladio in dorso Brusi Aquilinam inflixit plagam, separatis a dorso costis, et pulmonibus exemptis."—STEP. STEPHANIUS.[1]

Thus Halla was executed in revenge for the death of Regner Lothbrog.

SAT. Feb. 4, 1797. *The first day of my residence in London.*

BRISTOL! I did not on thy well-known towers
Turn my last look without one natural pang:
My heart remembered all the peaceful years
Of childhood, and was sad. Me many cares
Have changed! I may revisit thee again,
But never with that eager glow of joy,
As when from Corston to my mother's arms
I hastened with unmingled happiness,
Returning from first absence. Thy old towers
Again may from the hill-top meet mine eye,
But I shall see them dimly through the tear.
There is a stranger in my father's house:
And where my evil fortunes found a home
From the hard world, the gate has closed upon me;
And the poor spaniel, that did love me, lies
Deep in the whelming waters.—Fare thee well

[1] The passage of Saxo Grammaticus, on which this is a note, occurs in lib. ix. p. 177. Ed. *Soræ*. "Dorsum plagâ aquilam figurante affici jubent, &c."—J. W. W.

Oh pleasant place! "I had been well content
To seek no other earthly home beside!"

Divination by a Torrent, or Taghairm.

"A WILD species of magic was practised in the district of Trotterness (Skie), that was attended with a horrible solemnity. A family who pretended to oracular knowledge, practised these ceremonies. In this country is a vast cataract, whose waters, falling from a high rock, jet so far as to form a dry hollow beneath, between them and the precipice. One of these impostors was sewed up in the hide of an ox, and to add terror to the ceremony, was placed in this concavity: the trembling enquirer was brought to the place, where the shade and the roaring of the waters increased the dread of the occasion. The question is put, and the person in the hide delivers his answer; and so ends this species of divination styled Taghairm."—PENNANT'S *Hebrides*.

Old Age of an American Savage.

AT the Chapter Coffee House Club, to which I accompanied Carr and Barbauld, Thursday, February 9, 1797, Morgan (a man of noisy and boisterous abilities) related the following story, to prove that the age of the American savage is not destitute and miserable.

An European met with an aged Indian on the banks of a lake. He had lived more than eighty years. The European asked him if he was not weary of life. "No, stranger!" he replied, "our God comes over the great water once in every year; and I hope he may come and return many times before he takes me with him. In summer I can yet provide for myself by fishing. In winter the young men give me share of their provisions, and I sit with them around the fire, and hear them tell the stories of the chase, and I love to hear them."

Dolwyddelan Castle.

"SEATED in a rocky valley, sprinkled over with stunted trees, and watered by the Lleder. The boundaries are rude and barren mountains; and among others, the great bending mountain Seabod, often conspicuous from most distant places. The castle is placed on a high rock, precipitous on one side, and insulated: it consists of two square towers, one forty feet by twenty-five, the other thirty-two by twenty. Each had formerly three floors. The materials of this fortress are the shattery stone of the country; yet well squared, the masonry good, and the mortar hard. The castle yard lay between the towers."[1]

"Llewelyn the Great ap Jorwerth Drwndwn was born here."—PENNANT'S *Snowdon*, with a print.

Llys Bradwen.

"AT some distance beyond these (the two pools called Llynian Cregenan, in the neighbourhood of Cader Idris), near the river Kregennan, I saw the remains of Llys Bradwen, the court or palace of Ednowain, chief of one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, either in the reign of Gryffydd ap Cynan, or soon after. The reliques are about thirty yards square: the entrance about seven feet wide, with a large upright stone on each side, by way of door case: the walls with large stones, uncemented by any mortar. In short, the structure of this palace shows the very low state of architecture in these times; it may be paralleled only by the artless fabric of a cattle house."—Ibid.

Welsh Manners.

"I MUST not lead the reader into a belief that every habitation of those early times

[1] This and the next extract are used up in the notes to Madoc. For "Dolwydellan's Tower," and Kregennan, see pt. 1st. x. and the engraving in vol. v. of SOUTHEY'S *Poetical Works*.
J. W. W.

was equal in magnificence to that of Ednowain ap Bradwen. Those of inferior gentry were formed of wattles, like Indian wigwams, or Highland hovels; without gardens or orchard, and formed for removal from place to place, for the sake of new pasture, or a greater plenty of game. The furniture was correspondent; there were neither tables, nor cloths, nor napkins; but this is less wonderful, since we find, that even so late as the time of Edward II. straw was used in the royal apartment. Notwithstanding this, the utmost hospitality was preserved. Every house was open, even to the poorest person. When a stranger entered, his arms were taken from him and laid by; and, after the scriptural custom, water was brought to wash his feet. The fare was simple: the meal did not consist of an elegant variety, but of numbers of *things* put together in a large dish: the bread was thin oat cakes, such as are common in our mountainous parts at this time. The family waited on the guests, and never touched anything till they had done, when it took up with what was left. Music, and the free conversation of the young women, formed the amusements of the time, for jealousy was unknown among us. Bands of young men, who knew no profession but that of arms, often entered the houses, and were welcome guests; for they were considered as the voluntary defenders of the liberties of their country. They mixed with the female part of the family, joined their voices to the melody of the harp, and consumed the day with the most animated festivity. At length, sunk into repose, not under rich testers, or on downy beds, but along the sides of the room, on a thin covering of dried reeds, placed round the great fire, which was placed in the centre, they lay down promiscuously, covered only by a coarse home-made cloth, called Brychan or plaid, the same with the more ancient Bracha;[1] and kept one another warm by lying close together, or should one side lose its genial heat, they turn about and give the chilly side to the fire. (See Giraldus Cambrensis, Descr. Walliæ, p. 888.)

"Some vein of the antient minstrelsie is still to be met with in these mountainous countries. Numbers of persons of both sexes assemble, and sit around the harp, singing alternately Pennylls,[2] or stanzas of ancient or modern poetry. The young people usually begin the night with dancing, and when they are tired, sit down, and assume this species of relaxation. Oftentimes, like the modern improvisatore of Italy, they will sing extempore verses. A person conversant in this art, will produce a Pennyll apposite to the last which was sung; the subjects produce a great deal of mirth; for they are sometimes jocular, at others satyrical, and many amorous. They will continue singing without intermission, and never repeat the same stanza; for that would occasion the loss of the honour of being held first of the song. The audience usually call for the tune: sometimes only a few can sing to it; and in many cases the whole company: but when a party of capital singers assemble, they rarely call for a tune, for it is indifferent to them what tune the harper plays. Parishes often contend against parishes, and every hill is vocal with the chorus."—PENNANT'S *Snowdon.*

[1] See Celtic Dict. in v. '*Breacan.*' Hence *Gallia Braccata.* SPELMAN in v. "*Bracha.*"
J. W. W.

[2] "*Pennill,*" an epigram, a staff of a poem or of a song, consisting of two, three, four, or more lines. RICHARDS in v. In 1823 I spent a night in a small cottage at the foot of Carnedd Llewelin, and in the heart of Snowdonia, with an old and valued friend,—and there we heard the Welsh improvisatore's verse in perfection.—J. W. W.

Birth of Sommona Codom.

"SOMMONA-CODOM, the Siamese deity, was born of a virgin, who conceived by the prolific influence of the sun. The innocent virgin, ashamed to find herself with child, flew to a solitary desert, in order to conceal herself from the eyes of mankind. She was

miraculously delivered upon the banks of a lake of the most beautiful babe that ever was created, without any assistance or sense of pain, *(Spenser)* but having no milk wherewith to suckle him, and being unable to bear the thoughts of seeing him die, she jumped into the lake, where she set him upon the bud of a flower, which blowed of itself for his more commodious reception, and afterwards inclosed the infant as it were in a cradle."—(FATHER TACHARD. *Second Voyage to Siam*, Book 5.)

"As he was sitting under a tree, he was glorified in a very signal manner, and adored by angels, who came down from heaven for no other purpose. His brother Thevatat, jealous of his glory, conspired his downfall, and declared open war against him, with all the brute creation. Sommona-Codom defended himself manfully by virtue of his good works; but nothing was so great a support and protection to him as his strict practise of the tenth commandment, which comprehends the exercise of charity, without which he must have inevitably been vanquished, notwithstanding he was endowed with all the good works contained in the nine other injunctions. The guardian angel of the earth, used her utmost endeavours to prevail on the enemies of Sommona-Codom to adore him as a god; but at last finding them obstinate and perverse, and inattentive to her repeated remonstrances, she compressed her watery locks, and poured forth such a deluge as totally destroyed them."—PICART.

Peopling of the World in the Belief of Laos.

"THE people of Laos (Laies or Langiens) believe that the heavens existed from all eternity; that they are situate above sixteen terrestrial worlds, the pleasures whereof are justly proportioned to their respective elevation. The earth, about 18,000 years before Xacca or Xequin, was dissolved and reduced to water. A mandarin of divine extraction, or at least something more than human, descended from the highest of the sixteen worlds, and with a stroke of his scymetar cut asunder a certain flower which swam on the surface of the water, from which sprang up a beauteous young damsel, with whom the pious mandarin was so passionately enamoured that he determined to marry her: but her inflexible modesty rendered his most endearing addresses fruitless and ineffectual. The mandarin was more generous and just than to force her to compliance; and notwithstanding it was the most disagreeable thing in nature to him to live alone, without any relations and without issue, he checked the violence of his inclination, and behaved with the utmost decency and respect. Unsuccessful as he was, however, he planted himself at an awful distance directly opposite to this inexorable beauty. He gazed upon her with all the tenderness of the most affectionate lover. By the miraculous influence of his amorous glances, she conceived, and became the joyful mother of a numerous offspring, and yet still remained a pure and spotless virgin. In process of time the virtuous mandarin thought himself in duty bound to furnish his numerous family with all the conveniences of life, and for that purpose created that beautiful variety of beings which now replenish the earth. Afterwards he returned to heaven, but could not however gain admittance therein till he had first done penance, and duly qualified himself for that happy state.

"Before this restoration of the earth to its primitive state, four deities condescended to govern and preside over it. Three of them, weary at last of the important charge, resigned their guardianship, and went higher towards the north, to taste the uninterrupted joys of solitude and retirement. Xaca, the sole remaining god, after instructing mankind in the duties of religion, fully determined to attain to the highest pitch of perfection, sunk at last into Nireupan, or the ever-blessed state of annihilation."—PICART.

Siamese Heaven and Hell.

"SOMMONA-CODOM is likewise in Nireupan. According to the Siamese (M. de la Loubère and Pere Tachard), there are nine abodes of bliss, and nine of sorrow. The former are over our heads, and the latter under our feet. The higher each mansion the more delightful and joyous; the lower, the more dismal and tremendous: insomuch that the happy are exalted far above the stars, as the unhappy are sunk 10,000 fathoms deep below the earth. Those who inhabit the higher realms are called Thenada, the dwellers below, Pii, the men of earth, Manout.

"When a soul has once attained to so high a pitch of perfection, as that no new enjoyments here on earth, how refined soever, are suitable to the dignity of its nature, the Siamese think that it is then freed from all future transmigrations. From that happy moment it appears no more in this world, but rests for ever in Nireupan; that is to say, in a state of perfect inactivity and impassibility. In short, according to their notion, consummate happiness and the ineffable joys of Paradise entirely consist in this sort of annihilation. The remarkable passage ascribed to Musæus by the ancients, "that virtue will hereafter be rewarded with an eternal ebriety," so nearly resembles that of the impassibility of the soul, that these two opinions may be resolved into one, without the least difficulty or forced construction."—PICART.

Siamese Hermits.

"THE Siamese say that there are certain anchorets who live retired in the most solitary deserts, and are perfect masters of all the secrets of human nature. They perfectly understand the art of making gold, silver, and the most precious metals: there is nothing so wonderful and surprising but what they can effect with the utmost ease. They assume what forms they please, and make themselves immortal; for they are well skilled in all the arts which are necessary for the prolongation of life. They cheerfully however resign it to God from one thousand years to another, by voluntarily sacrificing themselves on a funeral pile, reserving only one of their tribe to raise up those that are dead, by virtue of his magical incantations. It is as dangerous as it is difficult to meet with these marvellous hermits; and the lives of such as do, are in apparent danger of being lost."—PICART.

Descent of fallen Souls compared to the Fall of the Ganges.

AN Indian poet, endeavouring to illustrate the manner in which souls always descend into bodies, one more imperfect than another, in proportion to their deviating from the dictates of reason, compares them to the descent of the river Ganges, "which," says he, "fell first from the highest heavens into Chorkam; from thence on the top of Issouren; after that, on the celebrated Mount Ima; from thence on the earth; from that into the sea, and from thence at last into Padalam, that is, into hell."—*Père Bouchet.* PICART.

Japanese Penitents.

"CERTAIN Japanese penitents make it their duty to pass over several high and almost inaccessible mountains into some of the most solitary deserts, inhabited by an order of anchorites, who, though almost void of humanity, commit them to the care and conduct of such as are more savage than themselves. These latter lead them to the brinks of the most tremendous precipices, habituate them to the practice of abstinence, and the most shocking austerities, which they are obliged to undergo with patience, at any rate, since their lives lie at stake; for if the pilgrim deviates one step from the directions of his spiritual guides, they fix him by both his hands to the branch of a tree, which stands on the brink of a precipice, and there leave him hanging till, through faintness, he quits

his hold of the bough and drops. This is, however, the introduction only to the discipline they are to undergo; for in the sequel, after incredible fatigue and a thousand dangers undergone, they arrive at a plain surrounded with lofty mountains, where they spend a whole day and night with their arms across, and their face declined upon their knees. This is another act of penance, under which, if they show the least symptoms of pain, or endeavour to shift their uneasy posture, the unmerciful hermits whose province it is to overlook them, never fail with some hearty bastinadoes to reduce them to their appointed situation. In this attitude the pilgrims are to examine their consciences, and recollect the whole catalogue of their sins committed the year past, in order to confess them. After this strict examination, they march again till they come to a steep rock, which is the place set apart by these savage monks to take the general confession of their penitents; on the summit of this rock there is a thick iron bar, about three ells in length, which projects over the belly of the rock, but is so contrived, as to be drawn back again, whenever it is thought convenient. At the end of this bar hangs a large pair of scales, into one of which these monks put the pilgrim, and in the other a counterpoise, which keeps him in equilibrio; after this, by the help of a spring, they push the scales off the rock, quite over the precipice. Thus hanging in the air, the pilgrim is obliged to make a full and ample confession of all his sins, which must be spoken so distinctly, as to be heard by all the assistants at this ceremony; and he must take particular care not to omit or conceal one single sin, to be stedfast in his confession, and not to make the least variation in his account: for the least diminution or concealment, though the misfortune should prove more the result of fear than any evil intention, is sufficient to ruin the penitent to all intents and purposes; for if these inexorable hermits discern the least prevarication, he who holds the scales gives the bar a sudden jerk, by which percussion the scale gives way, and the poor penitent is dashed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice. Such as escape through a sincere confession, proceed farther to pay their tribute of divine adoration to the deity of the place. After they have gratified their father confessor's trouble, they resort to another pagod, where they complete their devotions, and spend several days in public shows and other amusements."—PICART. *Acosta. De Bry. Purchas.*

Priest of Manipa.

"MANIPA, the goddess of the people (Tartars) of Tanchuth (called Lassa, or Boratai, or Barantola), has nine heads, which form a kind of pyramid. A bold resolute young fellow, prompted by an enthusiastic rage, like him who cries Amoc amongst the Indians, and drest in armour, flies round about the city, upon some certain days in the year, like a madman, and kills every one he meets in honour of the goddess. This young enthusiast is called Phut or Buth."—PICART.

Fountain of the Fairies.

"IN the journal of Paris in the reigns of Charles VI. and VII., it is asserted that the Maid of Orleans, in answer to an interrogatory of the doctors whether she had ever assisted at the assemblies held at the fountain of the fairies near Domprein, round which the evil spirits dance? confessed that she had, at the age of twenty-seven, often repaired to a beautiful fountain in the country of Lorraine, which she named the good fountain of the fairies of our Lord."—*Fabliaux, by* ELLIS *and* WAY. *Le Grand.*

Identity.

"CHAQUE individu, considéré separément, differe encore de lui-même par l'effet du tems; il devient un autre, en quelque manière, aux diverses époques de sa vie. L'enfant, l'homme fait, la vieillard sont comme autant d'étrangers unis dans une seule per-

sonne par le lien mysterieux du souvenir." —*Necker. Sur l'Egalité.*

Awkwardness at Court.

"A MAN unaccustomed to converse with the masters of the world, enters their magnificent palaces with slow and distrustful steps. Wisdom and virtue are unequal to the task of walking with elegance and ease through the unstudied road of imperial etiquette. Want of familiarity with surrounding objects forbids ease; while prejudices, like nurses' midnight tales, are at the same time recollected, despised, and yet feared." —*Robinson's Ecclesiastical Researches.*

Images for Poetry.

WHEN we were within half a mile of the sea in a very clear day, it appeared as if the water was flowing rapidly along the shore in the same direction as the wind; a kind of quick dizzy motion, which I should have thought the effect of having dazzled my eyes by looking at the sun, if we had not both observed it at once.

The river in a very hot day has the same appearance.

The sudden wrinkling of the water when the wind sweeps it, as it were sparkling up a shower.

Where the river is visible at its windings, it forms little islands of light.

In a day half clear half cloudy, I observe streaks of a rainbow green upon the sea.

The cormorant *is* a large black bird, and flies with his long neck protruded; when full, he stands upon the beach or some sand bank, spreading his wings to dry them, very quaintly.[1]

It is pleasant to see the white-breasted swallows dart under a bridge.

The bark of the birch is much striped across with a grey-white moss.

Trees are grey by torch light.

A sea-mew sailed slowly by me; the sun edged his wings with silver.

The richest peacock green-blue is under the bend of the cliff.

Sentences.

I INTEND to be a hedge-hog and roll myself up in my own prickles: all I regret is that I am not a porcupine, and endowed with the property of shooting them to annoy the beasts who come near enough to annoy me.

THE French legislators have *done as much* as the nature of the people would permit. Who can carve a Venus de Medicis in freestone?

WHEN the cable of happiness is cut, surely it is better that the vessel should sink at once, than be tost about on the dreary ocean of existence, hopeless of a haven.

IF MOMUS had made a window in my breast, I would have made a shutter to it.[2]

THE loss of a friend is like that of a limb. Time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.

MYSTERIES. He who dives into thick water will find mud at the bottom; no stream is clearer than that which rolls over golden sands.

A MAN *is a fool if he* be enraged with an ill that he cannot remedy, or if he endures one that he can. He must bear the gout, but there is no occasion to let a fly tickle his nose.

[1] "The cormorant stands upon its shoals,
His black and dripping wings
Half opened to the wind." *Thalaba*, xi.
J. W. W.

[2] The reader is referred to Tristram Shandy's remarks on this head. Vol. i. p. 129, c. xxiii.
J. W. W.

"To best and dearest parents filial grief
Hallows this stone: the last of duties this;
But memory dies not, but the love, that now
Sleeps in the grave, shall wake again in heaven."—Jan. 18, 1798.

Madoc.

Wednesday Feb. 22, 1797. Prospect Place, Newington Butts. This morning I began the study of the law: this evening I began Madoc.[1]

These lines must conclude the poem. I wrote them for the commencement.

"Spirit of Song! it is no worthless breast
That thou hast filled, with hushed and holy awe
I felt thy visitation. Blessed power,
I have obeyed, and from the many cares
That chain me to this sordid selfish world
Winning brief respites, hallowed tha repose
To thee, and pour'd the song of better things.
Nor vainly may the song of better things
Live to the unborn days; so shall my soul
In the hour of death feel comfort, and rejoice."

Images for Poetry.

The white foam left by the wave on the shore trembles in the wind with rainbow hues.

The clouds spot the sea with purple.

The white road trembling on the aching eye.

The water spider forms a shadow of six spots at the bottom of the stream, edged with light brown yellow; the legs four, and two from the head. The reflection of the body is a thin line only, uniting the rest.

In a hot cloudy day the sea was pale grey, greener at a distance, and bounded by a darker line.

Half shadowed by a cloud, beyond the line of shadow light grey, like another sky.

The ripe redness of the grass.

Sunday, July 16, 1797. I saw the lightning hang in visible duration over the road.

Shadows of light roll over the shallow sands of a stream wrinkled by the wind. An overhanging bough reflects this prettily.

The flags sword leaves.

Up the Stour, the swallows cavern their nests in the sand cliff.

I saw a dick-duck-drake leaping fish.

The reed-rustling breeze.

The sea like burnished silver. Morning.

Triad.

"Three things restored will prolong a man's life:
The country where in childhood he was brought up;
The food that in childhood nourished him;

[1] It may be as well to give here, at length, such information as is in my hands relative to Madoc. On the fly-leaf to the First Fragment of *Madoc* (in my possession), Southey has written, "This portion of Madoc was written in the summer of 1794, after Joan of Arc had been transcribed, and some months before this poem was sent to press and recomposed." At the end of the precious little volume he has added, "Thus far in 1794. I began to revise Feb. 22, 1797, and finished the revisal March 9."

The extract next following is from a MS. letter of Southey's to his friend C. Danvers. It is without date, but the post-mark is Oct. 24, 1803.

"The poem has hung long upon my hands, and during so many ups and downs of life, that I had almost become superstitious about it, and could harry through it with a sort of fear. Projected in 1789, and begun in prose at that time—then it slept till 1794, when I wrote a book and a half—another interval till 1797, when it was corrected and carried on to the beginning of the fourth book,—and then a gap again till the autumn of 1798, from which time it went fairly on, till it was finished in your poor mother's parlour on her little table. Book by book I had read it to her, and passage by passage as they were written to my mother and to Peggy. This was done in July 1799—four years! I will not trust it longer, lest more changes befall, and I should learn to dislike it as a melancholy memento!"

The above, with the preface to the last edition of Madoc, contains the whole history of that poem's composition. The lines here referred to were not inserted.—J. W. W.

And the train of thoughts that in childhood amused him."

G. Williams, note, v. 2, p. 36.

The three Names of this Island.

"The first—Before it was inhabited it was called the water-guarded green spot; after it was inhabited, it was called the honey-island; and after its subjection to Prydain, the son of Aedd Mawr, he gave it the name of the Isle of Prydain."—*Cam. Register*, v. 1. p. 22.

Sonnet by B. W. H.

"Why tell ye me of heaven, and of that bliss
Which much-enduring saints will sometime know!
I'll own no heaven beyond my Harriet's kiss,
No joys but what from her sweet converse flow.
Ye talk to those whom poverty's stern power
Loads with the weight of soul-subduing care,
Bid them expect that lingering distant hour
When the bright flash of hope shall blind despair.
For me, if youth eternal crown my joys;
If love attend me through the paths of life,
And affluence guarding well from worldly strife,
I'll quaff the cup of pleasure till it cloys;
Blessing the auspicious hour that gave me birth,
Then sink to nothing in my native earth."

B. W. H.[1]

Virtues of Gems.

From the Mirror of Stones, by Camillus Leonardus, Physician at Pisaro. Dedicated to Cæsar Borgia, Eng. Trans. London, 1750.

"The Diamond helps those who are troubled with phantasms or the Night Mair.

"The Amethyst drives away drunkenness; for being bound on the navel it restrains the vapour of the wine, and so dissolves the ebriety.

"Alectoria is a stone of a christalline colour, a little darkish, somewhat resembling limpid water; and sometimes it has veins of the colour of flesh. Some call it Gallinaceus, from the place of its generation, the intestines of capons, which were castrated at three years' old and had lived seven; before which time the stone ought not to be taken out; for the older it is so much the better. When the stone is become perfect in the capon, he do'nt drink. However, 'tis never found bigger than a large bean. The virtue of this stone is to render him that carries it invisible; being held in the mouth it allays thirst, and therefore is proper for wrestlers; (so will any stone by stimulating the glands, but what if the wrestler should swallow it?) makes a woman agreeable to her husband; bestows honours, and preserves those already acquired; it frees such as are bewitched; it renders a man eloquent, constant, agreeable, and amiable; it helps to regain a lost kingdom, and acquire a foreign one.

"Borax, Nosa, Crapondinus, are names of the same stone, which is extracted from a toad. There are two species, the which is the best is rarely found; the other is black or dun with a cerulean glow, having in the middle the similitude of an eye, and must be taken out while the dead toad is yet panting, and these are better than those which are extracted from it after a long continuance in the ground. They have a wonderful efficacy in poisons. For whoever has taken poison let him swallow this; which being down, rolls about the bowels, and drives out every poisonous quality that is lodged in the intestines, and then passes through the fundament and is preserved. It is an excellent remedy for the bites of reptiles, and takes away fevers. If it be made into a lotion and taken, it is a great help in disorders of the stomach and reins, and some say it has the same effect if carried about one.

[1] I can assign no reason why such a sonnet was transcribed by Southey, neither do I know whom the initials represent.—J. W. W.

"The carbuncle is male and female. The females throw out their brightness, the stars appear burning within the males.

"Some imagine that the crystal is snow turned to ice which has been hardening thirty years, and is turned to a rock by age. (Affonso Africano, c. 2, p. 43).

"Chemites is a stone that has the appearance of ivory; not heavy, and in hardness like marble. It is said to preserve the bodies of the dead a long time from being hurt by the worms and from putrefaction.

"Corvia or Corvina is a stone of a reddish colour, and accounted artificial. On the calends of April boil the eggs taken out of a crow's nest till they are hard; and being cold, let them be placed in the nest as they were before. When the crow knows this, she flies a long way to find this stone; and having found it returns to the nest, and the eggs being touched with it, they become fresh and prolific. The stone must immediately be snatched out of the nest. Its virtue is to increase riches, to bestow honours, and to foretell many future events.

"Draconites,—Dentrites,—Draconius, is a stone lucid and transparent of a cristalline colour. Albertus Magnus says it is of a black colour, and that its figure is pyramidal and not lucid. Some say it shines like a looking glass, with a blackness; that many seek after but never find it. It is brought from the east, where there are great dragons; for it is taken out of the head of dragons, cut off while the beast is yet panting. It loses its virtue if it remains in the head any time after the death of the dragon. Some bold fellows in those eastern parts search out the dens of the dragons, and in these they strew grass mixed with soporiferous medicaments, which the dragons when they return to their dens eat, and are thrown into a sleep; and in that condition they cut off their heads and extract the stone. It has a rare virtue in subduing all sorts of poison, especially that of serpents. It also renders the possessor of it bold and invincible; for which reason the kings of the east boast they have such a stone.

"Fingites is of a white colour, hard as marble, and transparent like alabaster; it is brought from Cappadocia. Some report that a certain king built a temple of this stone without windows; and from its transparency the day was admitted into it in so clear a manner as if it had been all open.

"Galatides or Galactica is a white lucid stone, in form of an acorn, hard as the adamant, and so cold that it can hardly be warmed by fire; which proceeds from the exceeding closeness of its pores which will not suffer the heat of the fire to penetrate.

"Kinocetus is a stone not wholly useless, since it will cast out devils.

"Sarcophagus, the stone of which the ancients built their monuments, so called from its effects, for it consumes a human body that is placed in it, insomuch that in forty days the very teeth are gone, so that nothing appears; nay, farther, if this stone be bound to a man while he is alive, it has the force of eating away his flesh.

"The asbestas is a stone of an iron colour, produced in Arcadia and Arabia; being set on fire it retains a perpetual flame, strong and unquenchable, not to be extinguished by showers or storms. It is of a woolly texture, and many call it the salamander's feather. Its fire is nourished by an inseparable unctuous humid flowing from its substance."

Turkish Idea of Thunder.

"When the Turkish ambassador, Esseid Ali Effendi, saw some electrical experiments at Lyons (Messidor 14th) (July 2, 1797) and heard the analogy between electricity and lightning explained, he seemed astonished at the ignorance of the Europeans, who did not attribute lightning to the breath of an angel, and the noise of thunder to the clapping of his wings."—*Star, Thurs. July* 20.

Novogorod God of Thunder.

"When Wolodemir introduced Christianity into Russia (A. D. 990) to prove the sin-

cerity of his conversion, he caused the brazen image of Perun, long worshipped at Novogorod as the God of Thunder, to be thrown into the river after being bruised with clubs. It is not long since (as Olearius writes) that the inhabitants believed that Perun from the deep still exerted his loud and dissonant voice once every year; and excited all that heard it to broils and battery."—Ambas. *Travels.* Andrews, vol. 1, p. 42.

"Novogorod is situated in a very fair spacious plain upon the Wologda. This river derives its source from the lake Ilmen, about three miles above the city, from whence it falls into lake Ladoga. There are falls or rapids in the Ladoga lake with dangerous rocks."—Peter Henry Bruce.

Epitaphs.

"As careful nurses to the bed do lay
Their children which too long would wanton play,
So to prevent all my ensuing crimes
Nature my nurse laid me to bed betimes."
In some part of Yorkshire.

"Here lize Sarre FFlougger who dyde by the krewill youzitch ov hur usbun."
In Upham Church yard, Hants.

"As I lay sleeping here alone
With my grandfather to him I'm come;
With heavenly charms so blest am I,
With joy and pleasure here I lie."
Blonham, Wilts.

"Ah! she bids her friends adieu!
Some angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant sun pursue
Thro' liquid telescopes of tears."
Portsmouth.

"Life is a city full of crooked streets,
And Death the market place where all men meets.
If Life were a merchandize which men could buy
The rich would purchase it, and only the poor would die." Worpleton.

Sopra le due Città subissate dal Trema'oto.

"Qui pur foste o Città; ne in voi qui resta
Testimon di voi stesse, un sasso solo;
In cui si scriva, qui s'aprerse il suolo
Qui fu Catania, e Siracusa è questa.
Io su l'arena solitaria e mesta
Voi sovente in voi cerco, e trovo solo
Un silenzio, un orror, che d'alto duolo
M' empie, e gli occhi mi bagna, e il piè m'arresta,
E dico, o formidabile! oh tremendo
Divin giudizio! pur ti veggio, e sento,
E non ti temo ancor, nè ancor t' intendo!
Deh sorgeste a mostrar' l' alto portento
Subissate Cittadi, e sia l'orrendo
Scheletro vostro ai secoli spavento."
Vincenzo da Filacaja.

"Here, cities, ye once stood; but there does not remain in you a testimony of your existence, not a stone on which might be written, 'Here the ground opened, there was Catania, and this is Syracuse.' Often, as I wander over the silent and deserted strand, do I look about for you in yourselves; but all I find is a silence, a horror, which fills me with deep grief, bathes mine eyes and stops my foot, and I exclaim, O formidable, O tremendous judgments! I see you, I feel you all around, and still do not fear, still cannot fully understand you. Rise then once more, ye engulphed cities, show the portentous desolation, and let your horrible skeleton be the terror and lesson of ages to come."—*In* Matt's *Review, from a collection of Italian Sonnets translated into Latin hexameters by* Jassbus.[1]

[1] These sonnets were intended to be cast into English ones. The translation implies the time when Southey was not the able Italian scholar he was in his latter days. His own version of some of them may be seen in subsequent pages, e. g. pp. 81, 82. They were composed mostly in 1799.—J. W. W.

Per la Nascita de Primogenito de Piemonte.

" Vidi l' Italia col crin sparso e incolto,
Cola dove la Dora in Po declina,
Che sedea mesta, e avea negli occhi accolto
Quasi un 'error di servitu vicina:
Ne l' altera piangea; serbava un volto
Di dolente bensi, ma di Reina;
Tal forse apparve allor, che il pie disciolto
A ceppi offrì la liberta Latina.
Poi sorger lieta in un balen la vidi,
E fiera ricomporsi al fasto usato,
E quinci, e quindi minacciar pui Lidi;
E s'udia l'Appennin per ogni lato
Sonar d'applausi, e di festosi gridi,
Italia, Italia il tuo soccorso e nato!"

Eustachio Manfredi. Bolognese.

"On the spot where the Douro falls into the Po, I saw the dishevelled and unkempt Italy, sitting in deep sorrow; she had in her eyes a horror of impending slavery,—not that the proud one shed a tear. Sorrow indeed was in her countenance, but it was the sorrow of a Queen; such perhaps she appeared in ancient Latium, when, bare of foot, she came forward to have her fetters put on. But I saw her in an instant rise joyful from her seat, resume her ancient state and threaten the nations on one side of her and on the other, and the Apennines shouted through their thousand echoes, Italy, Italy! thy Saviour is born."

Maty says, "the author of this, Eustachio Manfredi, seems to show even here that he is of a family of mathematicians, for there is not a proposition of Euclid in which step follows step more methodically than they do in this sonnet." He adds, "I did not dare to render the 'pie disciolto,' because, however classical the idea to express slavery, the naked foot would have presented a disgusting picture to the English reader, who might have sent the dirty wench to put on her stockings."

Nella Monazzione di una sua Nipote.

" Io del secol fuggii la perfid' onda,
Primo del sangue nostro, e la procella,
Dolce Nipote, ne tornarmi a quella
Poter lusinghe mai d' aura seconda.
Eppur si fiero turbo anco alla sponda
Il legno, che m'accolse, urta, e flagella,
Ne a placar l'atro nembo io veggio stella,
Che in tanta notte un raggio almen diffonda.
Occupa pur tu fortemente il porto;
Innocenza e Virtu trarranne in parte,
Ove avrem d'ogni mal fine, e conforto;
E un di schernendo i furor vani, ho speme,
Che salve all'ara appese antenne e sarte,
Sulle tempeste rideremo insieme."

P. Saverio Bettinelli.

" I, sweet niece, was the first of our blood who fled from the treacherous waves and tempest of life; nor could the flattering appearance of favourable gales ever tempt me to try them again; and yet though I have escaped, still does the storm, beating on the beach, dash daily against the sides of the vessel in which I was; nor amidst so deep a night do I discover a single star whose benign ray may assist to weather the fierce storm. Make you then strongly for the shore. Innocence and Virtue will help draw to land, where we shall find comfort and the end of every ill. There, our sails and cables safe at length, and appended to the altar, I have hope that we may one day laugh together at the impotence of the tempest."

" Italia, Italia, o tu, cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, onde hai
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte,
Deli fossi tu men bella, o almen piu forte,
Onde assai piu ti paventassi, o assai
T'amasse men chi del tuo bello a i rai
Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte
Che or giu d'all' Alpi no vedrei torrenti
Scender d'armati, ne di sangue tinta
Bever l'onda del Po Gallici armenti;
Ne te vedrei del non tuo ferro cinta
Pugnar col braccio di straniere genti
Per servir sempre o vincitrice, o vinta."

Filicaia.

"O Italy, Italy, gifted by fate with an unhappy gift of beauty, from whence thou hast a deadly dower of miseries, whose marks thou still bearest on thy forehead; oh, that thou wert less beautiful or more strong, that they might love thee less, or fear thee more, who pretend to be dying for thee at the time they are attempting thy life. Then should we not behold torrents of hostile squadrons roll down thy Alps, nor Gallic herds drinking by thy ensanguined Po. Then should we not see thee girt with a sword not thine own, and shooting thine arrows from a foreign bow, to be still a slave at the end of the day, whether victor or vanquished."

"Dov' è, Italia, il tuo braccio? e a chi ti servi
Tu dell' altrui? non è, s' io scorgo il vero,
Di chi t'offende il diffensor men fero;
Ambo nemici sono, ambo fur servi:—
Cosi dunque l'onor, cosi conservi
Gli avanzi tu del glorioso impero?
Cosi al valor, cosi al valor primiero,
Che a te fede giuro, la fede asservi?
Or va! repudia il valor prisco, e sposa
L'Ozio, e fra il sangue, i gemiti, e le strida
Nel periglio maggior dormi, e riposa:
Dormi adultera vil, fin che omicida
Spada ultrice ti svegli, e sonnachiosa
E nuda in braccio al tuo fedel t'uccida."

FILICAIA.

"Italy, where is thine own right arm, and wherefore dost thou use a stranger's? If I remember me right, he who defends thee is not less a barbarian than he who attacks thee. Both are thine enemies, both have been thy slaves. Thus then it is that thou bethinkest thee of thy past illustrious story! thus thou maintainest thine honour, and this is the remembrance thou hast of thy pledged faith to the valiant genius of old Latium! Go then, divorce thee from that honored husband—marry sloth; and amidst blood, groans, and the noise of arrows hissing round thee, sleep on and repose in greater danger than before:—vile adulteress, sleep on, till the avenging sword awake and slay thee, naked and drowsy, in the arms of thy new beloved."

Epitaphs.

"DRAE near my friends and have A ni
As you be now so once was i
And as I am so you shall be
The glass is running now for thee."

Upham.

"WE were not slayne, but raysd,
Raysd not to life,
But to be buried twice
By men of strife.
What rest could living have
When dead had none?
Agree amongst you,
Here we ten are one."

Henry Rogers died Aprill 17, 1641.

Christchurch.

Of this I heard two traditionary explanations, neither of them satisfactory, and each destroying all the authority of the other. That the ten men were killed by the falling in of the earth in a gravel pit, and dug out to be buried. This the first line contradicts; and, if true, what means the fourth? That they were ten royalists, whose bones were dug up by Cromwell. The single name then at the end is strange. "One" must mean unanimous. The last solution is possible; but I believe the honour of digging up his dead enemies was reserved for the worthy Charles II.

"HERE I lie all putrefaction
Waiting for the resurrection."

Petition of the London Wives.

"IN this parliament (1428) there was one Mistris Stokes, with divers others stout women of London, of good reckoning, well-apparrelled, came openly to the upper parliament and delivered letters to the Duke of Glocester, and to the archbishops, and to the other lords there present, containing matter of rebuke and sharpe reprehension of

the Duke of Glocester, because he would not deliver his wife, Jacqueline, out of her grievous imprisonment, being then helde prysoner by the Duke of Burgondy, suffering her there to remain so unkindly, and for his publike keeping by him another adultresse, contrary to the law of God, and the honourable estate of matrimony."—EDMUND HOWES.

There are many curious particulars in this man's[1] history. I have never (that I remember) seen him quoted, or heard his name. He wrote under Elizabeth, James and Charles; and acknowledges obligations for assistance in his work, among other men more eminent in their own day, to Sir Edward Coke and Master Camden.

Duty of exposing Crimes.

"A tel forfaits celui qui détourne ses regards est un lâche, un déserteur de la justice; la véritable humanité les envisage, pour les connoître, pour les juger, pour les détester."—LE LEVITE D'EPHRAIM.

This the motto for my war poems.

Epitaphs.

"THE year rolls on and steals away
The breath that first it gave,
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave."
Winnessley, Monmouthshire.

"AT the ester end of this free
Stone here doeth ly the letle
Bone of Water Spurrer
That fine boy that was his
Friends only joy he was
Drownd at Milham's bridge."
Ch. Ch. 1691.

"WE lived together as you did see to die
Together that will be never yet in and
Thro' Christ we hope to live for ever
From sudden death Good Lord deliver me
Yet sudden death we hope did set our sister free."—Ch. Church.

IN a church yard, about five miles from Monmouth, on the Chepstow road:—

"ON SOME CHILDREN.

"SLEEP soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will
Then rise again and be as angels still."

"A LOVING wife, a tender mother,
Which hard it were to find such another.
If Angels were on earth sure this was one
Whose limbs lie here, her soul to God is flown."

"I LABOUR'D hard in this world
But 'twas no gain to me,
I hope my child and I will gain eternity."

"A TENDER father, a mother dear,
Two bosom friends lie buried here.
It was pale-faced death that brought us hither.
We lived in love—let us lie together.

So here we lie by our dear babes
All covered with cold clay,
Hoping with joy to meet our Lord
At the eternal day."

YARMOUTH.

"THE best of wives was call'd from me
She was both meek and mild;
Twas God's decree, let his will be,
He took both wife and child."

"HERE lies a woman
By all the good esteemed
Because they proved her
Really what she seem'd."

"SLEEP lovely babes, and be at rest,
God calls them first, whom he loves best."

[1] I find by HEARNE that he published it from STOWE's papers, and that it bears STOWE's name.—Sept. 2, 1798.—R. S. The work is thus quoted in WATT's *Biblioth. Britan.* "Annales; or a General Chronicle of England, began by John Stow, continued to the end of the year 1631. Lond. 1631, fol."—J. W. W.

" For Jesus' sake in his most blessed name
I crave,
Do not remove this stone, nor yet disturb
this grave."

" Farewell dear babes; to dust we you
resign,
And at your lot we will no more repine;
Being assured that at the Resurrection,
Your bodies through Christ will rise into
perfection."

Similes.

" Un ruisseaux tire des eaux pures de sa source; mais il est troublé d'abord qu'il passe par dessus les bords de son canal."—Oriental Maxim.

A good simile applied to economy.

" In winter the trees remind us of skeletons."—W. Smellie.

Unbelievers — to a man who stops his ears in a thunder-storm for fear.—*Koran*, v. 1. p. 4.

Cool sound of wind—to the rain falling on the tree that shelters the summer traveller.

Clinging to religion—to the volutella.

"Oh! woe to thee when doubt comes on! it blows over thee like a wind from the north, and makes all thy joints to quake."

From a quaint piece, in the Selections from Foreign Journals, taken from the *Teutsche Museum*, entitled—"That a man can do whatever he will, is something more than a mere matter of speculation;" by John Peter Craft.

Lines to S. P.[1]

Burton, September 1st. 1797.

" A wearying thing it is to waste the day
Among the biped herd; to walk alone
Amid the irksome solitude of crowds,
And with the unmeaning look of gaiety
Hide the heart's fullness. It is very hard
When Memory's eye turns inward on the
form
Of one she loves, to waken from the dream,
As all unpitying on the suffering ear
Some fashion-monger with her face of fool
Voids all her gather'd nonsense. When I
think
That thy meek spirit must endure all this
Sophia! I esteem the truant hour
Most profitably past whose song may bring
Brief solace. Thou would'st know what
cares employ
The morn, and whither is the noon-tide walk
And what the evening sports of him, who
morn
And noon and night fills up Affection's
thoughts.
I know these longings well; and I would
fain
Sketch the rude outline that Affection's hand
Will love to perfect, as her magic gives
Soul to the picture. When at morn he seeks
The echoing ocean's verge, she best can feel
What feelings swell within the enthusiast's
breast,
As o'er the grey infinity of waves
His eye reposes, as the gathered surge
Bursts hollow on his ear, then rolling back
Yields to a moment's silence, while the foam
Left by the billow, as it melts away,
Shakes in the wind trembling with rainbow
hues.
She best can tell, when at the noon-tide hour
Beside the brook he bends, the wrinkled
brook
Rolling light shadows o'er its bedded sand,
What thoughts of quietness arise, what scenes
Of future peace float o'er the tranquil mind,
As the low murmuring of the pleasant stream
Makes sweetest music, such as in the heart
Of one made hard by suffering till he hates
Mankind with deadliest loathing, might
awake
Feelings that fill the eye. She reads his soul
When from the high hill top, the dark high
hill

[1] Sophia Pemberton, afterwards married to his friend Charles Lloyd.—J. W. W.

That from the water'd vale abrupt and bare
Starts, he beholds the goodly plain below;
Fair streams and tufted cottages, the cliffs
Of the far island whose white majesty
The setting sun empurples, and the sea
Whose leaden greyness to the baffled sight
Seems mingling with the sky. Affection there
Will blend her own identity with his
And live in his sensations. I would tell
From the damp eve retiring how we draw
Around the cheerful light, but that the group
Are strangers, and Sophia scarce has heard
Her name, in whom my heart has centred all
Its dearest feelings, all its earthly hopes,
My Edith. I am little prone to trust
Expectance now, for many wrongs have wrought
That wisdom in me which in earlier youth
Youth-like I made my mock: and now I bear
A shield from whose impervious adamant
The poison'd darts of disappointment fall
With feather weakness. Yet that heart admits
One hope, "a rebel to its own resolves."
And to its full and perfect happiness
Expects from yours addition; when the song
That tells of home and all its namcless joys
Shall with the most intense delight pervade
Sophia's heart, and fill her eye with tears,
As gazing round she feels those joys her own.

R. S.

Hannah.[1]

The coffin as I crossed the common lane
Came sudden on my view. It was not here
A sight of every day, as in the streets
Of the great city, and we paused and asked
Who to the grave was going. It was one,
A village girl; they told us she had borne
An eighteen months' strange illness; pined away
With such slow wasting as had made the hour
Of death most welcome. To the house of mirth
We held our way, and with that idle talk
That passes o'er the mind and is forgot
We wore away the time. But it was eve
When homewardly I went, and in the air
Was that cool freshness, that discolouring shade
That makes the eye turn inward; then I heard
Over the vale the heavy toll of death
Sound slow, and questioned of the dead again.
It was a very plain and simple tale!
She bore, unhusbanded, a mother's name,
And he who should have cherished her, far off
Sailed on the seas, self-exiled from his home,
For he was poor. Left thus, a wretched one,
Scorn made a mock of her, and evil tongues
Were busy with her name. She had yet one ill
Heavier, neglect, forgetfulness from him
Whom she had loved so dearly. Once he wrote,
But only once that drop of comfort came
To mingle with her cup of wretchedness,
And when his parents had some tidings from him,
There was no mention of poor Hannah there.
Or 'twas the cold enquiry, bitterer
Than silence: so she pined and pined away,
And for herself and baby toiled and toiled
Till she sunk with very weakness. Her old mother
Omitted no kind office, and she worked
Most hard, and with hard working barely earned
Enough to make life struggle. Thus she lay
On the sick bed of poverty, so worn
That she could make no effort to express
Affection for her infant, and the child
Whose lisping love perhaps had solaced her,
With strangest infantine ingratitude
Shunned her as one indifferent. She was past
That anguish, for she felt her hour draw on,

[1] It has been thought right to insert this here. It is the original draft of the *Hannah* in the English Eclogues, from which it differs considerably. See *Poems* in one volume, p. 152.
J. W. W.

And 'twas her only comfort now, to think
Upon the grave. "Poor girl!" her mother said,
"Thou hast suffered much!" "Ay, mother! there is none
Can tell what I have suffered!" she replied,
"But I shall soon be where the weary rest."
And she did rest her soon, for it pleased God
To take her to his mercy. R. S.

Tenderness.

TENDERNESS with golden locks, and the grey eye that, in the twilight hour, a darker lustre beams.

Priestesses in the Seam.

"IN the Seam, an isle by the coast of the French Bretagne, nine virgins consecrate to perpetual chastity, were priests of a famous oracle, remembered by Mela. His printed books have "*Gallicenas vocant*;" where that great critic Turneb reads, "*Galli zenas*" or "*lenas vocant.*" But White of Basingstoke will have it "*cenas,*" as interpreting their profession and religion, which was in an arbitrary metamorphosing themselves, charming the winds (as of later times the witches of Lapland and Finland) skill in predictions, more than natural medicine and such like; their kindness being in all chiefly to sailors." —SELDEN'S *Illustrations of* DRAYTON'S *Poly-Olbion. Song the First.*

St. David.

ST. DEWY, as the Welsh call him, was prognosticated above thirty years before his birth. "The translation of the archbishopric was also foretold in that of Merlin, 'Menevia shall put on the pall of Caerleon; and the preacher of Ireland shall wax dumb by an infant growing in the womb.' That was performed when St. Patrick, at presence of Melaria, then with child, suddenly lost use of his speech; but recovering it after some time, made prediction of Dewy's holiness."

"Reports of him affirm that he was uncle to King Arthur (Bale and others say, gotten upon Melaria, a nun, by Xantus, prince of Cardigan), and successor to Dubrice, archbishop of Caerleon, upon Usk."—Ibid. *Songs the Fourth and Fifth.*

Merlin.

"OF Merlin and his skill what region doth not hear?
The world shall still be full of Merlin everywhere.
A thousand lingering years his prophecies have run,
And scarcely shall have end till time itself be done.
Who of a British nymph was gotten, whilst she played
With a seducing spirit, which won the goodly maid:
As all Demetia through there was not found her peer,
Who being so much renowned for beauty far and near,
Great lords her liking sought, but still in vain they prov'd.
That spirit (to her unknown) this virgin only loved;
Which taking human shape, of such perfection seem'd,
As, all her suitors scorn'd, she only him esteem'd,
Who feigning for her sake that he was come from far,
And richly could endow, a lusty batchelor,
On her that prophet got, which from his mother's womb
Of things to come foretold until the general doom."

His mother was a nun, daughter to Pubidius, king of Mathraval, and called Matilda.—Ibid. *Song the Fifth.*

Mathraval.

"MATHRAVAL is five miles west of the Severn, it shows at present no remains of its ancient splendour, there being only a small farm house where the castle stood, whose

site occupied about two acres, guarded on one side by the steep over the river, on the other by a vast rampart of stone and earth and a deep fosse. A high keep at one corner. In Gwern Ddu, a wood over against it on the opposite side of the river, is a circular entrenchment, and in a field beyond a round mount."—GOUGH'S *Camden.*

Images.

DISTINCT shadows on the water in cloudy weather.

Earthy smell of moss.

Smell of the autumnal leaves.

Thin, misty, unreal appearance of the hills in a fine October morning.

The grass in an orchard gaily chequered with the sunshine falling between and through the trees.

A country house. No sound but the click of the clock. The hollyhock still in blossom. Oct. 29.

Morning. A grey cloud rising like a hill along the horizon.

Gray's Inn Hall in a November afternoon. A faint light through the unpainted part of the windows. The fire in the middle, equally in all parts affected by the air, flaming up bluely to a point, and often showering up sparks lost in the gloom above. Objects tremulous seen across the charcoal fire. Lower end of the roof beams strongly lighted. Above, all gloom. Add to this the trophied armour damp gleaming to the central fire, and it is the hall of chivalry.

Trees marked by their ramification in winter. Minute and many branchings of the elm. What tree is it that hangs down its globular seeds by a long thin stem?

The mist by its light tinge as it passes over the sun, marks its place.

Unwholesome green in trees, &c. in damp places.

I purposed epistolizing my attempt to visit Corfe Castle, and would preserve the images if ever leisure may occur to use them.

Early rising. Ilford—Evilford-bridge. Poole heath—no grass there. The little cottage with a field like an island of fertility; looking from thence down a little glen, in whose bottom flows a brook; the sea appears about 100 yards distant, breaking on a rough shore. The stones in this brook were some green, some of the brown yellow iron hue. The single rock in sight. Sand bank at Poole harbour mouth. Our separation. Breakfastless walk. View of Corfe. Branksey. Sturt's hideous house. Entry of the vessel from Newfoundland. Sand shower. Effect of wind in confusing the head. Rickman's bush shelter from a storm at the haven mouth.

Tom—I pray thee cherish it.
For it must never meet the common eye.

Were I a single being I would be a wanderer. Why?

Siege of Orleans.

MONSTRELLET writes it Clacedas, and Clasendas at his death.

"A une dicelles escarmouches fut occis ung tresvaillant Chevalier Anglois et renomme en armes nomme Messire Lancelot de Lisle.

"Allerent avecques elle assaillir la bataille de Saint Loup qui estoit moult fort, et avoit dedans de troys a quatre cens Angloys ou environ, lesquelz assez tost furent conquis et mors et prins et mis a grant mischief. Et ladicte fortificacion fut toute demolie et mise en feu et en flambe."

"Le Seigneur De Moulins et Le Bailly Deureux"—killed.

The forts were burnt as soon as taken, and when the English had fled "lesdictes bastilles et forteresses furent prestement arses et demolies jusques en terre, affin que nulles gens de guerre de quelconque pays quilz soient ne si peussent plus loger."—ff. 43.

Battle of Patay.

AT Patay, "les François moult de pres mirent pied a terre, et descendirent la plus grant partie de leur chevaulx."

"The Duke of Bedford, recovered a little from the astonishment into which the late singular events had thrown him, collected about 4000 men, and sent them to join the remains of the English army, now commanded by the brave Lord Talbot. When this reinforcement, conducted by Sir J. Fastolf, joined Lord Talbot, they formed an army which the French a few months before would not have dared to approach. The French commanders held a council of war, in which they consulted their oracle the M. of O., who cried out "In the name of God, let us fight the English, though they were suspended in the clouds." "But where," said they, "shall we find them." "March! march!" cried she, "and God will be your guide." She stood by the King's side, with her banner displayed, during the whole ceremony; and as soon as it was ended, she fell prostrate at his feet, embraced his knees, and with a flood of tears entreated his permission to return to her former station."—HENRY.

French Wars ruinous to the English.

"IN the last year of the victorious Henry V. there was not a sufficient number of gentlemen left in England to carry on the business of civil government.

"But if the victories of Henry V. were so fatal to the population of his country, the defeats and disasters of the succeeding reign were still more destructive. In the twenty-fifth year of this war, the instructions given to the Cardinal of Winchester, and other plenipotentiaries appointed to treat about a peace, authorize them to represent to those of France, "That there haan been moo men slayne in these wars for the title and chime of the coroune of France, of oon nacion and other, than ben at this daye in both landys, and so much Christiene blode shede, that it is to grete a sorow and an orrour to think or here it."—RYMER'S *Fœdera*, vol. 10, p. 724. HENRY.

Johanne la Pucelle.

"ET fut demande a Johanne la P. par aucuns des princes la estans quelle chose il estoit de faire et que bon luy sembloit a ordonner. Laquelle P. respondit quelle scavoit bien pour vray que leurs anciens ennemis les Anglois venoient pour eulx combattre. Disoit oultre que au nom de Dieu on allast hardiment contre eulx et que sans faille ilz seroient vaincus. Et ancuns luy demanderent ou on les trouveroit, et elle dist chevauchez hardiement on aura bon conduyt. Adonc tous gens darmes se mirent en battaille et en bonne ordonnance tirerent leur chemin ayans des plus expers hommes de guerre montez sur fleur de coursiers allant devant pour descouvrir leurs ennemys jusques au nombre de soixante ou quatre vingtz hommes darmes, et ainsi par certaine longue espace chevaucherent, et vindrent par ung jour de Samedy a une grant demye lieue pres dung gros villaige nomme Patay en laquelle marche les dessusditz coureurs Francois veirent de devant eulx partir ung cerf, lequel adressoit son chemin droit pour aller a la battaille des Anglois qui ja sestoient mis tous ensemble, cestass avoir iceulx venans de Paris dont dessus est faicte mencion, et les autres qui estoient partis de Boysiency, et des marches dorleans. Pour la venue duquel cerf qui se ferit comme dit est parmy icelle bataille fut desditz Anglois esleve ung tres grant cry et ne scavoyent pas encores que leurs ennemys fussent si pres deulx, pour lequel cry les dessusditz coureurs Francois furent acertainez que cestoient les Anglois." — MONST. 44.

Decrees against the Fugitives from the Maid.

IN RYMER'S *Fœdera* are two proclamations, one "Contra Capitaneos et Soldarios tergiversantes, incantationibus Puellæ terrificatos;" the other, "De fugitivis ab exercitu, quos terriculamenta Puellæ exanimaverant, arestandis."

Chinon.

CHINON is situated near where the Vienne loses itself in the Loire. Rabelais was born there.

Song on the Battle of Azincour.

" DEO gratias Anglia.
Redde pro victoriâ.

" Owre Kynge went forth to Normandy,
With grace and mytz of chyvalry;
The God for hym wrouzt marvlusly,
Wherefore Englonde may calle and cry,
Deo, &c.

" He sette a sege, the sothe to say,
To Harflue town, with royal array,
That toune he wan, and made a fray
That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.
Deo, &c.

" Than for sothe that Knyzt comely,
In Agincourt feld fauzt manly,
Thorow grace of God most myzty
He had bothe felde and victory.
Deo, &c.

" Then went owre Kynge, with all his oste,
Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frensche boste,
He spared for drede of leste ne moste
Till he come to Agincourt coste.
Deo, &c.

" There Dukys and Earlys, lorde and barone
Were take, and slayne, and that wel sone,
And some were ledde into Lundone,
With joye and merth, and grete renone.
Deo, &c.

" Now gracious God he save owre Kynge,
His peple, and all his well wyllinge;
Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge,
That we with merth may safely synge,
Deo, &c.

BURNEY.

Corwen.

" CORWEN is a small town on a vast rock at the foot of the Berwyn hills, and famous for being the rendezvous of the Welsh forces under Owen Glendwr, who from hence stopped the invasion of Henry II. 1166. The place of encampment is distinguished by a mound of earth, and the sites of tents from the church southward to the village of Cynwyd. On the south side of the church wall is cut a very rude cross, which is shown to strangers as the sword of Owen Glyndwr. Near the porch stands a pointed rude stone, called Carreg y big yn y fach newlyd, which it is pretended directed the founder to place the church there. The river Trystion bursting through the hills forms Rhaider Cynwyd, or the fall of Cynwyd. The Berwyn mountains are the east boundary of Corwen vale. Their highest tops are Cader Bronwen, or the White Breast, on which is a heap of stones surrounded by a pillar; and Cader Forwyn. Under their summits is said to run Fford Helen, or Helen's Way; and about them grows the Rubus Chamœmorus, cloud berry, or knot berry, used in tarts." —GOUGH'S *Camden.*

Plinlimon and Severn:—Mathraval, Pennant Melangle, and St. Monacella.

" PLINLIMON, where it bounds Montgomeryshire, on that side pours forth the Severn. Immediately after its rise it forms so many meanders, that one would often think it was running back, though it is all the while advancing, or rather slowly wandering through this country."

Mathraval is upon the Warnway.

" In Pennant Melangle church was the tomb of St. Monacella who protecting a hare from the pursuit of Brocwell Yscythbrog, Prince of Powis, he gave her land to found a religious house, of which she became first Abbess. Her hard bed is shewn in the cleft of a neighbouring rock. Her tomb was in a little chapel, now the vestry, and her image is still to be seen in the churchyard; where is also that of Edward, eldest son of Owen Gwynedh, who was set aside from the succession on account of a broken nose, and flying here for safety, was slain not far off, at a place called Bwlch Croes Jorwerth. On his shield is inscribed 'Hic jacet Etward.'" —GOUGH'S *Camden.*

Victim to Apollo.

"At Terracina, in Italy, it was an impious and barbarous custom, on certain very solemn occasions, for a young man to make himself a voluntary sacrifice to Apollo, the tutelar deity of the city. After having been long caressed and pampered by the citizens, apparelled in rich gaudy ornaments, he offered sacrifice to Apollo, and running full speed from this ceremony, threw himself headlong from a precipice into the sea, and was swallowed up by the waves. Cæsarius, a holy deacon from Africa, happened once to be present at this tragical scene, and not being able to contain his zeal, spoke openly against so abominable a superstition. The priest of the idol caused him to be apprehended, and accused him before the governor, by whose sentence the holy deacon, together with a Christian priest named Lucian, was put into a sack and cast into the sea, the persecution of Dioclesian then raging, in 300."—*Lives of the Fathers*, &c. by Alban Butler. Dub. 1780.

Ejaculation.

"St. Malachy used in his walks to send up short inflamed ejaculations from the bow of his heart," says S. Bernard, "which was always bent."—Ibid.

St. Wenefride

"This name, in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, signifies winner or procurer of peace; but in the British, fair countenance. Thus St. Winfrid called himself Boniface in foreign countries.[1] Her father, whose name was Thevith, was very rich, and one of the prime nobility in the country, being son to Eluith, the chief magistrate, and second man in the kingdom of North Wales, next to the King. Her virtuous parents desired above all things to breed her up in the fear of God, and to preserve her soul untainted amidst the corrupt air of the world. About that time St. Beuno, a holy priest and monk, who is said to have been uncle to our saint by the mother, having founded certain religious houses in other places, came and settled in that neighbourhood. Thevith rejoiced at his arrival, gave him a spot of ground free from all burden or tribute, to build a church on, and recommended his daughter to be instructed by him in Christian piety. When the holy priest preached to the people, Wenefride was placed at his feet, and her tender soul eagerly imbibed his heavenly doctrine, and was wonderfully affected with the great truths which he delivered, or rather which God addressed to her by his mouth. The love of the sovereign and infinite good growing daily in her heart, her affections were quite weaned from all the things of this world; and it was her earnest desire to consecrate her virginity by vow to God, and instead of an earthly bridegroom, to choose Jesus Christ for her spouse. Her parents readily gave their consent, shedding tears of joy and thanking God for her holy resolution. She first made a private vow of virginity in the hands of S. Beuno, and some time after received the religious veil from him, with certain other pious virgins, in whose company she served God in a small nunnery which her father had built for her, under the direction of S. Beuno, near Holy Well. After this, S. Beuno returned to the first monastery which he had built at Clynog Vaur, about forty miles distant, and there soon after slept in our Lord. After the death of S. Beuno, S. Wenefrede left Holy Well, and after putting herself for a short time under the direction St. Daifer, entered the nunnery of Gutherin in Denbighshire, under the direction of a very holy abbot, called Elerius, who governed there a double monastery. After the death of the Abbess Theonia, S. Wenefrede was chosen

[1] "Winfrid, an obtainer of concord, or a winpeace. Winifrid an Englishman was by means of Charles the Great unto Pope Gregory the Second, made Archbishop of Mayence, and of the said Pope named Boniface.

"Winnefrede; the name of a woman all one in signification." Verstegan.

J. W. W.

to succeed her. Caradoc, son of Alain, prince of that country, being violently fallen in love with her, gave so far way to his brutish passion for her, that finding it impossible to extort her consent to marry him, or gratify his desires, in his rage he one day pursued her, and cut off her head, as she was flying from him to take refuge in the church which St. Beuno had built at Holy Well. Robert of Shrewsbury and some others add, that Caradoc was swallowed up by the earth upon the spot; that in the place where the head fell, the wonderful well which is seen there sprang up, with pebble stones and large parts of the rock in the bottom stained with red streaks, and with moss growing on the sides under the water, which renders a sweet, fragrant smell; and that the martyr was raised to life by the prayers of St. Beuno, and bore ever after the mark of her martyrdom by a red circle on the skin of her neck."—Ibid. p. 112.

Saint Aignan.

"Sainct Aignan nasquit a Vienne en Dauphine, de parens riches, nobles, et Chretiens, et fut frere de S. Leonian, pere d'un grand nombre de Moynes. La chair, le monde, et le diable luy livrerent en la fleur de son age de furieux assauts, pour lesquels repousser, il delibera de quitter le monde, et s'enrooler sous les enseignes de la Croix, bastissant luy-mesme un petit Hermitage hors la ville; ou il vescut quelque temps, chery et caressé de Dieu, mais mesprise et mocque de ses concitoyens, qui ne pouvoient gouter une maniere de vie si austere: car il prioit sans cesse, jeusnoit estroittement, portoit sur son corps une tres-rude cilice.

"Ayant ainsi passe quelques annees, il fut inspire de Dieu d'aller a Orleans. Ses rares et singulieres vertus donnerent incontinent une odeur si souefue[1] en tous les endroits de la ville, que chacun et particulierement S. Euvertre, admira son humilite, sa patience, son austerite, et pardessus tout son incroyable charite, de sorte que n'en pouvant rencontre un plus digne, il le nomma son successeur. Les Grands de la ville ne s'y accordans pas, en porterent deux des meilleures familles contre luy. S. Euvertre procura une assemblee generale, pour montrer que son election venoit du Ciel, que Dieu des son Eternite l'avoit ainsi arreste, et que la seule vertu du venerable A. l'y avoit induit; et pour plus les en assurer, il fit une proposition qui fut trouvee bonne de toute l'assemblee; c'est que l'on mist sur un autel les noms de ceux qu'ils desiroient, avec celuy de S. A: et apres avoir employe la nuict en prieres, et celebre le saincte Messe, 'nous envoyerons (dit il) un enfant prendre les billets, celuy qu'il tirera le premier, sera instale en mon lieu. Si cela ne vous suffit, nous prendrons le Psaultier, et le livre des Evangiles, pour voir si tout ne se rapporte pas.' Cet advis estant generalement receu, l'on passa le nuict en oraison, et apres la Messe, que celebre S. E. l'on prend un petit enfant qui ne pouvoit encore parler, pour aller a l'autel. Le premier billet qu'il tira, fut celuy S. A. au grand estonnement de toute l'assistance, distinctement par trois fois le proclama Evesque. On ouvre le Psaultier, on l'on trouva de prime abord ce verset, 'Bien heureux est celuy que vous avez eleu et etably, il demeurera en vostre maison.' Et au livre des Evangiles, on y rencontra ces paroles. 'Tu es Pierre, et sur cette Pierre je bastiray mon Eglise!' Et pour fermer entierement l'election, afin que chacun n'en doutast plus, S. E. fit ouvrir l'Apocalypse,[1] ou l'on trouva: 'Personne ne peut mettre un autre fondement que celuy deja pose.' A ces miracles si manifestes personne n'osa resister, voyant palpablement la volonté divine, tellement que S. E. la sacra aussi tost.

"Apres la mort donc de S. E. S. A. prit

[1] I find "souef, suavis," in Menage.—It is evidently the same in signification.
J. W. W.

[1] The verse occurs in 1 *Cor.*, iii. M.
J. W. W.

la charge de l'Eglise d'Orleans, en laquelle il se comporta si dignement, que comme un vigilant Jardinier, il arrache de tout son diocese les herbes dommageables, et y en planta de bonnes ; prechant d'un zele nompareil, visitant les malades, assistant les vefues, defendant les orphelins, secourant les pauvres et particulierement les prisonniers, desquels il avoit grand soin. Le Colonel Agrapin n'ayant point voulu a sa requeste relacher ceux qu'il tenoit, allant a l'Eglise une pierre tomba sur sa tete, qui le blesse si fort que l'on n'en pouvoit etancher le sang, et n'en attendoit on que la mort. Cette affliction desilla ses yeux, et le faisant souvenir de son injuste refus, protesta d'accorder la requeste du Sainct, lequel par le signe de la Croix luy restitua sa premiere sante : et de la est provenu le privilege qu'ont ses successeurs Eveques, de delivrer les prisonniers le jour de leur entree. Faisant agrandir une Eglise que S. E. avoit batie, le Maitre Masson tombe du faiste en bas, et se froisse tellement les membres, qu'il en tiroit a la fin S. A. y accourut, fit le signe de la Croix sur luy, et le rendit sain.

" En ce temps le cruel Attila sortit des Mers, resolu de s'emparer des Gaules. Le saint prelat prevoyant que cette nuee viendroit fondre a Orleans, s'en va a Arles pour s'aboucher avec Œtius, Lieutenant General de l'Empereur Justinian (!) a luy demander secours, et comme une grande fontaine arrouse les terres par lesquelles elle passe, ainsi en son chemin il laissa des marques de son heureux voyage, guerissant en beaucoup de lieux grand nombre de malades. Entr'autres estant loge une nuict en la maison de S. Mammert qui avoit perdu la parole, et alloit rendre l'esprit, et ayant prie le long de cette nuict, il le guerit sur le matin, tant du corps de de l'ame : car S. M. se voue depuis a Dieu, se separa de sa femme par son consentement et fut Archivesque de Vienne. A son retour la ville fut incontinent assiegee, Attila fermant toutes les issues, et battant jour et nuict la muraille et avoit il deja partage le butin de la ville, et fait amas de beaucoup de chariots.[1] Comme les citoyens effrayez eurent recours a leur prelat, luy, sans se soucier, pour le salut des siens, sortit de la ville et parla a Attila. Mais ne l'ayant pu flechir, il se mit en prieres, fit faire des Processions, et porter par les rues les reliques des saints. Un Prestre s'en estant mocque, disant, que cela n'avoit de rien profite aux autres villes, tomba roide mort sur la place, portant par ce moyen la peine de son insolente temerite. Apres toutes ces choses, il commanda aux habitans de voir si le secours n'arrivoit point ; ayant ete respondu que non, il se remet en prieres, et puis leur fait mesme commandement : mais n'appercevant point encore de secours, pour le troisieme fois il se prosterna a terre, les yeux et l'esprit vers le Ciel. Se sentant exauce, il fait monter a la guerite et luy rapporte-t-on que l'on ne voyoit rien si non une grosse nuee de poussiere ; il asseure que c'etoit le secours d'Œtius et de Teudo Roy des Goths, lesquels tardans a se montrer a l'armee d'Attilla, S. A. fut divinement transporte en leur camp, et les advertit que tout estoit perdu, s'ils attendoient au lendemain. Ils parurent aussi-tost, et forcerent Attila de lever si hâtivement le siege, que plusieurs des siens se noyerent dans la Loire, d'autres s'entretuerent avec regret d'avoir perdu le ville : et non contens de cette victoire, le poursuiverent si vivement avec le R. Meronec, que se vint joindre a eux, qu'ils le defirent en bataille rangee pres de Châlons, jonchant la campagne de 180,000 cadavres. On ne peut rapporter la joye qu'eurent lors ceux d'Orleans, ny l'estime qu'ils firent de leur sainct prelat, l'appellant Mur de France, Protecteur de leur ville, et vray Pere de tous les Citoyens ; lesquels furent tous conservez, exceptez quelques incredules, qui tombans entres les mains de l'ennemy, furent traittez avec cruaute. En

[1] From here is quoted in the notes to *Joan of Arc*, fifth book, p. 37, on the lines,

" St. Aignan's shrine
Was throng'd with suppliants, the general voice
Call'd on St. Aignan's name again to save
His people, as of yore," &c. J. W. W.

cette mesme annee Dieu le combla encore d'une nouvelle faveur ; car comme pour les ravages des armees la famine fut extreme, par ses prieres la terre devint si fertile en bleds, vins, et autres provisions, que par tout son Diocese l'on ne ressentoit plus les pertes de la guerre."

Two years after, on November 17, " il passa de cette vie laborieuse en une pleine de repos." He has a Church dedicated to him at Orleans ; and on June 14, the day he delivered the city, a festival.

From *Le nouveau parterre des fleurs des vies des Saints. Par* PERE RIBADENEIRA *de la Compagnie de Jesus ;* M. ANDRE DU VAL *Docteur et Professeur du Roy en Theologie, et par* JEAN BAUDOIN *Historiographe du Roy.* Lyons, 1666.

Aberfraw.[1]

" ABERFRAW Palace is succeeded by a barn, in which are stones of better workmanship than usual in such buildings. Here was kept a copy of the ancient code of laws. Near it are frequently found the Glain Naidr, or Druid glass rings. Of these the vulgar opinion in Cornwall and most parts of Wales is, that they are produced by snakes joining their heads together and hissing, which forms a kind of bubble like a ring about the head of one of them, which the rest by continual hissing blow on till it comes off at the tail, when it immediately hardens and resembles a glass ring. Whoever found it was to prosper in all his undertakings. These rings are called Glain Nadroedh or Gemmæ Anguinæ.

Pliny says, " a great number of snakes in summer rolling together form themselves into a kind of mass with the saliva of their mouths and froth of their bodies, and produce what is called the anguinum or snake's egg. The Druids say, this by their hissing is borne up into the air, and must be caught in a mantle before it reaches the earth. The person who catches it must escape on horseback, for the snakes will pursue him till they are stopped by a river. The proof of it is, if it floats against the stream even when set in gold. It must be caught in a certain period of the moon.

" On a little hill near Holyhead is a round chapel of St. Fraid, of which the people can give no account, except that human bodies and stone coffins have been dug up in it within memory, and it is still walled round for burial. About one quarter of a mile north of it on the hill overlooking Holyhead are the remains of a double Cromlech in the same direction as the rest, and seeming to have been considerable. It is called *Trechen Tre rechthre.* Tradition says that a very profligate debauchè, owner of the adjoining farms of Trergow and Pentros, committed great excesses at these stones with his mistresses, and at last in a fit of rage murdered them there. Under the mountain that overhangs the town (Holyhead), and is properly called the Head, is a large cavern in the rock, supported by natural pillars, called the Parliament Houses, accessible by boats, and the tide flows into it. On its top is Caer Twr, a circular stone wall without mortar, surrounding its summit ten feet with a wall, probably a pharos. Several other like fortifications appear on the tops of the hills on the coast in this island. In the Church of Llanedan a reliquary of very ordinary grit stone with a roof-like cover, the celebrated Maen Mordhwyd, or stone of the thigh, is now chained to the church walls, having defied the orders of Hugh Lupus to cast it into the sea, whence it returned to its usual place.

" Llandyfrydog is remarkable for an accident that befel Hugh Earl of Shrewsbury, in one of his invasions here ; his dogs put in the Church one night run mad, and the Earl himself died miserably in less than a month after."—GOUGH's *Camden.*

[1] ——— " Like the lights
Which there upon Aberfraw's royal walls
Are waving with the wind." *Madoc,* I. i.
J. W. W.

Winifred's Well.

"At the bottom of St. Winifred's well are several round stones with red spots, a kind of Jungermania moss, odoriferous, which they pretend stained with her blood, and others on which grows a long odoriferous Bissus Iolithus, called her hair."—Gough's *Camden.*

Love of God.

"The soul of one who serves God," said St. John of the Cross, "always swims in joy, always keeps holyday, is always in her palace of jubilation, ever singing with fresh ardour and fresh pleasure a new song of joy and love.

"Perfect love of God (said he) makes death welcome and most sweet to a soul. They who love thus, die with burning ardours and impetuous flights, through the vehemence of their desires of mounting up to their beloved. The rivers of love in the heart, now swell almost beyond all bounds, being just going to enter the ocean of love. So vast and so serene are they that they seem even now calm seas, and the soul overflows with torrents of joy, upon the point of entering into the full possession of God. She seems already to behold that glory, and all things in her seem already turned into love, seeing there remains no other preparation than a thin web, the prison of the body being already broken."[1]

Irish at Rouen.

"With the English (at the siege of Roan) 1600 Irish Kernes were enrolled, from the Prior of Kilmainham, able men, but almost naked; their arms were targets, darts, and swords, their horses little and bare, no saddle, yet never the less nimble, on which upon every advantage they plaied with the French, in spoiling the country, rifeling the houses, and carrying away children with their baggage, upon their cowes backs."—Speed, p. 638.

Arrows.

"The tempests of arrowes still whisling in the aire sparkled fire in their fals from the helmets of the French, and with their steeled heads, rang manie thousands their knels that doleful day."—Speed. At *Azincour.*

Pomp of an Army.

"And surely the beauty and honourable horrour of both the armies, no heart can judge of, unless the eye had seene it, the banners, ensigns, and pennons streaming in the ayre, the glistering of armours, the varietie of colours, the motion of plumes, the forrests of lances, and the thickets of shorter weapons, made so great and goodlie a show."—Speed, p. 632.

Paul the Hermit.

A. C. 350. "Dans la Basse-Thebaide, il y avoit un jeune homme, nomme Paul, que son père et sa mère avoient laissé, à l'age de 15 ans, héritier d'un grand patrimoine; il avoit une sœur mariée, et demeuroit avec elle. Son caractère étoit doux et sensible, son esprit cultivé et reflechi; il étoit savant dans les lettres Grecques et Egyptiennes, aimoit l'étude et la retraite; et pénétré des grandes vérités de la religion, il trouvoit le bonheur dans la pratique des vertus qu'elle prescrit. La persécution l'obligea à chercher un asyle dans des montagnes désertes; il avoit alors 23 ans. Paul, attendant la fin de la persécution, s'affectionna au genre de vie solitaire qu'il avoit embrassé par nécessité: la crainte le conduisit dans un desert, l'inclination l'y fixa. Il s'avançoit chaque jour dans les montagnes, et ne s'arretoit que lorsque la fatigue l'obligeoit à prendre quelque repos. Si la contemplation de la nature a des charmes pour un philosophe, quelle impression vive

[1] This is from his "*Flamma Vivi Amoris.*" As both paragraphs occur in Butler's Lives of the Saints, no doubt the extracts are to be referred to that work. See under November 24.
J. W. W.

et profonde ne doit-elle pas faire sur un homme pénétré de l'idée sublime de l'Etre Suprême qui a tout crée? Sans doute un Saint ne peut regarder les merveilles de l'Univers qu'avec les transports de l'enthousiasme! Avec quel respect et quel attendrissement ne doit-il pas considérer les ouvrages de Dieu! Les cieux, la terre, les vastes mers, tout lui parle de Dieu, et tout lui prouve sa sagesse et sa puissance. Paul, après avoir erré long-temps, rencontra une montagne de roche au pied de laquelle étoit une spacieuse caverne; il y entra, et trouva une espèce de grand sallon, sans toît, ombragé d'un majestueux palmier, et traversé par une fontaine d'une eau pure et transparente, formant un ruisseau qui s'alloit perdre dans les campagnes, et dont le murmure invitoit à cette réverie vague, délassement paisible et délicieux d'un esprit fatigué par une longue et profonde méditation. Ce fut dans cette retraite agréable que Paul fixa sa demeure; ce fut là que, depouillé de toutes les frivoles passions humaines, oublié des hommes, mais priant pour eux, seul, sans société, mais ayant Dieu pour témoin de ses pensées, pour objet de son amour et de ses espérances, il connut le vérité, et le bonheur qu'elle seule peut procurer. Il mourut âgé de 113 ans."—*Annales de la Vertu*, p. 119.

Lines to M. C.[1]

"MARY! remember YOU!—poor proof it were
Of friendliest recollection, did I say
How from the ready smile and courtly tones
And worthless forms of cold civility
My heart has turn'd, and thought of you, and wish'd
That I were far from all the hollow train,
Seated by your fire side. But when I say,
As true it is,—for blessed be my God!
The phrase of flattery never yet defiled
My honest tongue;—that at the evening hour
When we do think upon our absent friends,
Your image is before us; that whene'er
With the first glow I read my finish'd song
And feel it good, I wish for your applause.
This sure might prove that I remember you,
Tho' far away, and mingling with a world
Ah! *how* unlike!—and when amid that world
My soul grows sick, and Fancy shadows out
Some blessed solitude where all is peace,
And life might be the foretaste of the joys
The good must meet in heaven, then by our home,
Beside our quiet home, I seem to see
A little dwelling, whose white, woodbined, walls
Look comfort, and I think that it is yours."

Bristol. Nov. 6, 1797.

Chant for the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, extracted from a MS. at Amiens, written about 1250. BURNEY'S *History of Music.*

"BON Chrestien que Dieu conquist
En lon battaille, ou son fil mist,
Oiez le leehion con vous list,
Que Jhesus le fil Sirac fist.
Sainte Eglise partie en prie,
Et en cette feste laissist,
De Saint Jehan que Dieu eslit,
Le cousin germain Jhesus Crist,
Qui paroles et fais escript.
Lectio libri sapientiæ.
Jhesus nostre boins avoes
Sapience Dieu est nome.

"It is easy to suppose," says the ABBE LE BEUF, "that the design of those who established such chants in some of the Churches of France, was to distinguish festivals and holy times, by the ornaments and graces with which they were sung."

[1] The reader will call to mind the beautiful lines addressed to Mary. *Poems*, p. 130. One volume.

"MARY! ten chequer'd years have past
Since we beheld each other last;
Yet, Mary, I remember thee,
Nor canst thou have forgotten me," &c.
J. W. W.

French Musical Instruments.[1]

"THE instrument which most frequently served for an accompaniment to the harp, and which disputed the preeminence with it in the early times of music in France, was the viol; and indeed, when reduced to four strings, and stript of the frets with which viols of all kinds seem to have been furnished till the sixteenth century, it still holds the first place among treble instruments under the denomination of violin.

"The viol played with a bow, and wholly different from the Vielle, whose tones are produced by the friction of a wheel, which indeed performs the part of a bow, was very early in favour with the inhabitants of France.—BURNEY.

Charles convinced by the Maid.

"CHARLES thought proper to desire the Maid to give him some unquestionable proofs of her being the messenger of God, as he might then entirely confide in her advice, and follow her instructions. Joan answered, 'Sire, if I can discover to you your thoughts which you confided to God alone, will you firmly believe that I am his messenger?' Charles said he would. She then asked him if he remembered that some months before, in the chapel of his castle of Loches, he privately and alone humbly begged three gifts from heaven? The king remembered very well his having made requests to God, which he had not since revealed even to his confessor, and said that he would no longer doubt of Joan's divine legation, if she could tell him what those intreaties were.

"'Your first suit was, then,' replied Joan, 'that if you were not the true heir to the crown of France, God would please to deprive you of the courage and desire of continuing a war, in order to possess it, which had already caused so much bloodshed and misery throughout the kingdom. Your second prayer was, that if the great troubles and misfortunes which the poor inhabitants of France have lately underwent, were the punishment of any sins by you committed, that he would please to relieve the people of France, that you might alone be punished, and make expiation, either by death, or any torment he would please to inflict. Your third desire was, that if the sins of the people were the cause of their sufferings, he would be pleased in his divine mercy to grant them pardon, and deliver them from the pains and miseries which they have been labouring under already above twelve years.' Charles knowing the truth of all she said, was now firmly persuaded that she was a divine messenger."

Extracted from the Annals of Normandy, by JOHN NAGEREL, *Canon and Archdeacon of the Church of Notre Dame at Rouen*, in the Lady's Magazine for 1780.

Fairy Tree at Dompre.[1]

"BEING asked whether she had ever seen any fairies, she answered no; but that one of her godmothers pretended to have seen some at the fairy tree, near the village of Dompre."—RAPIN, from PASQUIER.

The Maid foretold by a Nun.

"CHARLES being informed that Joan of Arc was coming, declared that Maria d'Avignon, a nun, had formerly told him Heaven would arm one of her sex in defence of France."—RAPIN.

Fort London.

FORT London was built upon the ruins of the church of the Augustines.

[1] This is used up in the notes to *Joan of Arc*, fifth book, p. 37, on the line,

"No more the merry viol's note was heard."

J. W. W.

[1] "There is a fountain in the forest called The fountain of the fairies." &c.

Joan of Arc. First book, p. 12.

The Maid fettered.

"On her appearance in court, she complained that irons had been put on her legs, on which the bishop reminded her that she often attempted to escape from prison."—NAGERAL.

The Maid throws herself from a Tower.

"SHE was charged with throwing herself headlong from the tower, in order to kill herself, whilst she was prisoner at Beaurevoir. She confessed the fact, but said her design was not to kill herself, but make her escape."—RAPIN

Her favourite Saints.

ST. CATHERINE and St. Margaret were her favourite saints.

Franquet d'Arras.

UPON being charged with putting to death Franquet d'Arras, her prisoner, she replied he was a known robber, and condemned to die by the bailiff of Senlis.

Paul the Hermit.

PAUL the Hermit clothed himself with the leaves of the palm, eat the fruits, and drank of the spring beside it.

Duty of Insurrection.

"ALORS il y a justice, il y a nécessité que les plus intrépides, les plus capables de se dévouer, ceux qui se croient pourvus au premier degré d'energie, de chaleur et de force, de ces vertus généreuses sous la garde desquelles a été remis le dépôt d'une constitution populaire que tous les Français vraiment libres n'ont jamais oubliée; il y a alors justice et nécessité que ceux là, convaincus d'ailleurs que l'inspiration de leur propre cœur, ou celle de la liberté elle-même, qui leur fait entendre plus fortement a tout entreprendre; il y a justice et nécessité que d'eux-mêmes ils s'investissent de la dictature de l'instruction, qu'ils en prennent l'initiative, qu'ils revêtent le glorieux titre de conjurés pour la liberté, qu'ils s'érigent en magistrats sauveurs de leur concitoyens."—BABOEUF.

Scripture Extracts.

"FOR strong is his right hand that bendeth the bow, his arrows that he shooteth are sharp, and shall not miss when they begin to be shot into the ends of the world." 2 *Esdras*, xvi. 13.

"The trees shall give fruit, and who shall gather them?

"The grapes shall ripen, and who shall tread them? for all places shall be desolate of men."—2 *Esdras*, xvi. 25, 26.

"O my people, hear my word: make you ready to the battle, and in those evils be even as pilgrims upon the earth."—2 *Esdras*, xvi. 40.

"And the angel that was sent unto me—said,—Thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the Most High?

"Then said I, Yea, my Lord. And he answered me and said, I am sent to show thee three ways, and to set forth three similitudes before thee;

"Whereof if thou canst declare me one, I will show thee also the way that thou desirest to see, and I shall show thee from whence the wicked heart cometh.

"And I said, Tell on, my Lord. Then said he unto me, Go thy way, weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past."—2 *Esdras* iv. 1—5.

But if the Most High grant thee to live, thou shalt see after the third trumpet, that the sun shall suddenly shine again in the night, and the moon thrice in the day.

And blood shall drop out of the wood, and the stone shall give his voice, and the people shall be troubled.

"And even he shall rule whom they look not for that dwell upon the earth, and the fowls shall take their flight away together."—2 *Esdras*, v. 4—6.

"Let go from thee mortal thoughts, cast away the burdens of man, put off now the weak nature,

"And set aside the thoughts that are most heavy unto thee, and haste thee to flee from these times."—2 *Esdras*, xiv. 14, 15.

"Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments: wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper? wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherously?

"Thou hast planted them, yea, they have taken root: they grow, yea, they bring forth fruit."—*Jer.* xii. 1, 2.

"How long shall the land mourn, and the herbs of every field wither, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein?"—*Jer.* xii. 4.

"Yea, the hind also calved in the field, and forsook it, because there was no grass.

"And the wild asses did stand in the high places; they snuffed up the wind like dragons; their eyes did fail, because there was no grass."—*Jer.* xiv. 5, 6.

Siege of Orleans from Daniel.

"Nous avons une lettre de Gui de Laval écrite à Madame de Laval sa mère, et à Madame de Vitré son aieule, signée de lui et de deux autres de ses frères, où, après avoir rapporté de cette fille diverses choses extraordinaires dont il avoit été témoin, il ajoute ces paroles: et semble chose toute divine de son fait, et de la voir, et de l'ouir."—P. DANIEL.

AT the attack of a *Boulevard* near the Tournelles, "on avoit préparé de quoi y résister, des feux d'artifice, de l'eau bouillante, des pierres d'une grosseur extraordinaire pour faire rouler sur les assaillans. L'ordre dans la defense fut admirable, et le courage égal. Il n'y eut pas jusqu' aux femmes qui n'y fussent employées. C'étoient elles, qui durant l'assaut fournissoient les feux d'artifice, et charroient les pierres sur le pont, nonobstant celles que les ennemis faisoient voler de toutes parts. Il y eut même de ces femmes qui se mêlérent parmi les soldats, et qui combatterent la lance à la main sur la brèche. Le sire Chapelle mourut de ses blessures le lendemain de l'assaut."

Among those who threw themselves into Orleans, Daniel mentions, "Giresme Chevalier de Rhodes, Coarase Gentilhomme Gascon, Chapelle Gentilhomme de Beausse, gens de valeur et de réputation dans la guerre."

"Le principaux étoient le Comte de Suffolc, les Seigneurs Talbot, de Scale, Fastol, et un nommé Glacidas ou Clacidas, dont le mérite suppléant à la naissance, l'avoit fait parvenir aux premières charges de l'armée."

Of the forts he says, "Il y en avoit trois principales, une à la porte de Saint Privé, qu'*ils* nommoient Paris: la seconde au lieu appellé les douze Pairs, qu'ils nommérent Londres; et la troisième en un endroit appellé le Pressoir, qu'ils nommérent Rouen. Ils s'emparerent de l'isle appellé Charlemagne, qu'ils fortifierent, et où ils firent un pont de communication, pour joindre le camp de la Sologne avec le camp de la Beausse.

L'artillerie étoit très bien servie; et un canonnier Lorrain appellé communément Maitre Jean, s'y distingua par son adresse; car quoique cet art fût alors encore très informe, ce Canonnier ne manquoit pas un de ceux sur lesquels il tiroit. Il y eut suspension d'armes le jour de Noel; et ce jour là les assiégés en etant priés par les Anglois, leur envoyérent des Musiciens et des Joueurs d'instrumens pour célébrer la fête sur une de leurs Bastilles; mais la fête ne fut pas plutôt passée, que les hostilités recommencérent."—Ibid.

Oath of Fastolf.[1]

"I PRAY you sende me worde who darre be so hardy to keck agen you in my ryght.

[1] See Paston Letters. Note on the line "Fastolfe, all fierce and haughty as he was." *Joan of Arc.* Book x. p. 74. J. W. W.

And sey hem on my half that they shall be qwyt as ferre as law and reason wolle.

"And yff they wolle not dredde ne obbey that, then they shall be quyt by Blacberd or Whyteberd, that ys to sey, by God or the Devyll."—FASTOLF.—Original letters written under H. VI. and R. III. edited by John Fenn.

Vision of the Maid in the Chapel.

"HANC virginem, contigit pascendo pecora in sacello quodam vilissimo, ad declinandam pluviam obdormire; quo in tempore visa est se in somnis a Deo qui se illi ostenderat admoneri.

"Hæc igitur Janna Pulcella virgo, cum magnam gloriam in armis esset adepta, et regnum Francorum magnâ ex parte deperditum, e manibus Anglorum pugnando eripuisset; in suâ florenti ætate constituta, non solum se morituram, sed et genus suæ mortis cunctis prædixit."—JACOBUS BERGOMENSIS *de claris mul.* edited by Jo. RAVISIUS TEXTOR. Paris, 1521.

Breaking her Sword.

"CONSECRATO Rege redintegratum est belligerandi desiderium à Janâ subtristi, quod ensem, quem tantoperè amabat, fregisset quando paulo violentius, terrendi tantum gratiâ, quasdam impudicas fœminas quateret, quas procul a castris esse antea edixerat."—STEPHANUS FORCATULUS.—Quoted in Heroinæ nobilissimæ Joannæ Dare Lotharinga Vulgo Aureliansis Puelle Historia. Authore Joanne Hordal. ser. ducis Loth. Consiliario, &c. Ponti-Mussi. 1612.

Boat like an Eagle.

"Aux rayons mourans de la lumière pâle,
Tous les yeux étonnez virent sur l'onde égale
Un spacieux Esquif en Aigle façonné,
Et dont le mast superbe est de Lis couronné:
L'art qui de la nature heureusement se jouë,
Mit la queuë à la pouppe, et la teste à la prouë.
Le jaune éclat des Lis dont son corps est semé
Jusque sous les flots même est en plumes formé,
Et le mobile azur de ses voiles tremblantes
Figure à tous les yeux des ailes tremoussantes;
On croit le voir voler, tant la rame et le vent
S'accordent à mouvoir cet oyseau decevant."
CHARLEMAGNE DE COURTIN.[1]

Vision in the Chapel.

BONFINIUS, lib 8 decadis, "Joanna Gellica Puella dum oves pascit, tempestate coacta in proximum sacellum confugit, ibi obdormiens liberandæ Galliæ mandatum divinitus accepit."—HORDAL.

St. Cæcilia.

"DIEBUS ac noctibus (divo Ambrosio teste) à divinis colloquiis orationeq; minimè cessabat: ita ut etiam angelum suum, suiq; corporis et propositi custodem, sæpius videre et alloqui commeruerit. Proposuerat quidem Cæcilia virgo, in primis divino afflata spiritu, quâdam suæ mentis integritate, superato omni carnis aculeo, constantissimo pectore omninò corpus suum a contagione hominis in mortem usque servare. A parentibus itaq; aliquamdiu ante, Valeriano cuidam nobilissimo Patritio, acriq; juveni Romano desponsata fuit C. virgo. Ex more sunt dilatæ nuptiæ. Eratq; ipsa C. quâdam incomparabili pulchritudine, ob venustatem formæ plurimum diligenda, inerat et ingenium peregregium, ac sermo blandus et disertus, modestissimusq. Cumq; tardius nuptiæ Cæciliæ irent in votum, ardentissimus juvenis à parentibus conjugium instantissimè expostulare cæpit. Ç. vero, ut præmissum est, ad carnem subtus cilicio induebatur, desuper autem vestibus auro contextis tegebatur; nec ut optabat amorem sui cordis in deum indiciis evidentibus poterat

[1] Did the serpent of Urgenda produce Chapelain's dragon and this eagle?

aperire. Quid multa? venit dies in quâ thalamus collocatus est; et cantantibus organis, illa in corde suo soli domino hymnum decantabat, dicens, 'Fiat cor meum et corpus meum domine immaculatum, ut non confundar.' Et biduanis ac triduanis jejuniis orans, commendabat domino quod timebat. Invitabat angelos precibus, lacrymisq; interpellabat apostolos, et sancta agmina omnia Christo famulantia exorabat, ut suis eam deprecationibus adjuvarent, suamq; domino pudicitiam commendarent. Sed cum hæc agerentur, venit nox in quâ suscepit unà cum sponso suo secreta cubilis silentia. Et ut erat ingenio celebri vegeta, sermoneq; diserto, his sermonibus suavissimis sponsum alloquitur. 'O dulcissime atq; amantissime juvenis, est secretum quod tibi confitear; si modo tu juratus, asseras totâ illud observantiâ custodire.' V. illico jurat, se illud nullâ ratione, nullâ necessitate detegere. Tunc illa ait, 'Angelum Dei habeo amatorem, qui nimio zelo custodit corpus meum. Hic si vel leviter senserit, quod tu me polluto amore contingas, statim contra te furorem suum exagitabit, et amittes florem tuæ gratissimæ juventutis. Si autem cognoverit, quod me sincero et immaculato amore diligas, et virginitatem meam integram et illibatam custodias, ita quoque diliget te sicut et me, et ostendet tibi gratiam suam.' Ejus igitur verbis suavissimis et sapientissimis, ac Dei nutu permotus V. sponsus, illico dixit, 'Rectè piè ac sanctè dicis. Sed si vis ut credam sermonibus tuis, ostende mihi ipsum angelum. Et si verè probavero quod angelus Dei sit, confestim quod hortatis faciam. Si autem virum alium diligis, te et illum interficiam.' Tunc beata C. dixit, 'Si consiliis meis promittis te acquiescere, et permittas te purificari fonte perenni, et credas unum deum esse in cælis, vivum et verum, poteris eum videre.' Dicit ei V. 'Et quis erit qui me purificet, ut ego angelum videam?' respondit ei C. 'Est Senior qui novit purificare homines, ut mereantur videre angelos.' Dicit ei V. 'Et ego ubi hunc inveniam senem?' respondit C. 'Ibis in tertium ab urbe miliarium, viâ quæ Appia nuncupatur: illic nonnullos pauperes à transeuntibus auxilium expostulantes invenies, de quibus mihi semper magna cura extitit; eisdem meam in primis ex nomine meo dabis salutationem, dicens, C. me ad vos misit, ut sanctum senem Urbanum mihi ostendatis, quia ad illum habeo secreta quæ perferam. Hunc tu dum videris, indicabis quæ inter nos sunt commentata. Is dum te purificaverit etiam vestimentis candidissimis te induet. Cum quibus mox ut hoc cubiculum intraveris indutus, angelum sanctum etiam tui amatorem effectum, invenies; qui omnia quæ ob eo poposceris tibi donabit.' Tunc V. accedens omnia quæ eadem C. prædixerit invenit. Qui Cæciliæ verba Urbano latitanti in sepulchris referens, gaudio magno exhilaratus, genibus in terrâ prostratus, manibus expansis cum lacrymis dixit. 'Domine J. C. pastor bone, seminator casti consilii, suscipe seminum fructus, quos in C. famulâ tuâ seminasti. Domine J. C. pastor bone, C famula tua, quasi apis mellifera tibi deservit. Nam sponsum quem quasi leonem ferocem accepit, ad te quasi agnum mansuetissimum destinavit. Iste huc nisi credidisset minimè venisset. Aperi igitur mi domine cordis ejus januam tuâ gratiâ, ut te creatorem suum cognoscens, diabolo et idolis ejus renuntiet.' Hæc et his similia sancto episcopo orante, è vestigio ante ipsos senior indutus niveis vestibus apparuit, qui in manibus tenebat librum aureis literis scriptum. Quem videns V. mox nimio tremore correptus, in terram quasi exanimis cecidit. Quem senior elevans blandis sermonibus dixit, 'Fili tolle et lege hujus codicis textum et crede, ut purificatus merearis videre sanctum angelum quem tibi sponsa tua C. repromisit.' Scripturæ autem verba hæc erant, Unus deus, una fides, unum baptisma, unus deus et pater omnium, qui est super omnia et in omnibus nobis. Senior autem interrogans V. expostulavit an adhuc in fide hæsitaret, cui ille, magnâ voce exclamans, inquit, 'Nil est profectò sub cœlo verius quod credi queat.' Tum pontifex U. V. de fidei regulâ edoctum, baptizatumq; ac candidis vestimentis indutum, lætum ad

C. remisit. Reversus igitur V. C. orantem intra cubiculum invenit, et juxta eam angelum domini stantem, pennis fulgentibus alas habentem, flammeoq; aspectu radiantem, ac duas coronas aureas gestantem. Quique unam C. alteram vero V. dedit, inquiens, 'Istas coronas mundo corde et immaculato corpore custodite, quia eas de paradiso Dei vobis attuli. Et hoc vobis erit signum, quia ab aliis videri minime poterunt, nisi quibus castitas ita placuerit, sicut et vobis probatum est placuisse.'"—J. P. BERGOMENSIS.

She suffered martyrdom under Severus.

Prophecy that the Queen of Sweden shall talk Greek, &c.

AFTER some hundred lines of prophetical panegyric upon Christina of Sweden, SCUDERY proceeds:

" On l'entendra parler le langage d'Atique,
Langage tout ensemble, et doux et magnifique,
En termes aussi beaux, enchantant les esprits,
Que si dans le Lycée elle l'avoit apris.
On l'entendra parler le langage d'Auguste,
Aussi facilement, aussi bien, aussi juste,
Que si le grand Virgile, ou le grand Ciceron
Avoient repassé l'eau de leur faux Acheron.
On l'entendra parler le langage de France,
Avec tant de justesse, avec tant d'élégance,
Avec tant d'ornemens que ses plus grands autheurs
Seront ses envieux, ou ses adorateurs.
On l'entendra parler le langage d'Espagne,
Avec la gravité qui toujours l'accompagne,
Et comme si le Tage et sa superbe cour
Avoient reçeu l'honneur de luy donner le jour.
On l'entendra parler cette langue polie,
Dont alors usera la fameuse Italie,
Mais avec tant de grace et de facilité.
Qu'on en verra le Tybre, et l'Arne épouventé,
On l'entendra parler tous ces autres langages,
Dont les peuples du Nord parlent sur leur rivages." ALARIC.

St. Margaret.

OF St. Margaret I find recorded by BERGOMENSIS, that she called the Pagan Præfect an impudent dog; that she was thrown into a dungeon where a horrible dragon swallowed her; that she crossed herself, upon which the dragon immediately burst and she came out safe, and that she saw the Devil standing in the corner like a black man, and seized him and threw him down.

St. Petronilla.

ST. PETRONILLA was daughter of the Apostle Peter. The exceeding beauty of the maid alarmed the Apostle, and he suffered her to be very ill, till she could not rise from her bed for weakness. It chanced that some disciples visited him, and one of them called Titus asked him why, as he cured so many persons miraculously, he did not cure his daughter. Peter replied that it was better not; but reflecting that they might suppose it was for want of the power, he said, "Rise Petronilla, and wait upon us," and the maiden rose and waited upon them as in health. And when she had finished waiting upon them, Peter said, "Go to bed again, Petronilla," and her debility returned.—BERGOMENSIS.

Speech of the Maid to the Children.

" Hæc ubi dicta refert, oculis post terga reflexis
Despicit ingentem turbæ puerilis acervum;
Infremuere artus, lacrymisq; effatur obortis,
O claram pubem, o longe melioribus annis
Servandos juvenes, quos non manet ista parentum
Pauperies, plenæ o fruituros munere pacis,
Quæ vobis olim nostro sata sanguine surget:

Evocor in pugnam; dubio sed murmure lævum
Nescio quid mentem circunstrepit; haud mihi tanto
Curarum, postquàm patrio de limine veni,
Incubuit moles, si mens præsaga sinistros
Nuntiet eventus, si vel me occumbere leto
Sors velit, hostilisve manus sub vincula duci,
Huic animæ impertite preces o chara juventus!
Cernite quod vestrâ pro libertate puellam
Non pudet armatâ toties confligere dextrâ.
Nostra Caledonias sic terrent signa cohortes,
Ut me jamdudum rapido devoverit igni
Bethfortus, pactoq; suos exasperet auro,
In nostrum caput, ut captam vel funere mersam
Aspiciant Angli, atq; animos formidine solvant.
Haud tamen à cœpto desistam munere, donec
Segreget à castris qui me Deus arma cogit
Sumere, et usque sequar dominum quocunq; vacantem."

VALERANDUS VARANIUS.

Allain Blanchard.

"CAUTUM est de duobus tamen antistitis urbis, videlicet illo vicario, qui contra regem excommunicationis sententiam temerariè tulerat, ut scilicet in vinculis regi plectendus daretur, qui post urbis deditionem, ut dictum est, in tenebris et carcere miserè vitam finivit, et alio quodam Alano Blaunchard, qui statim dedito Rothomago cruci est affixus."—TITUS LIVIUS' *Foro-Juliensis.*

Etymology of Francus.

"ADONC Francus, qui seul maistre commande,
En se bravant au milieu de la bande,
Voulant sa main d'une lance charger,
D'Astyanax en Francus fit changer
Son premier nom, en signe de vaillance,
Et des soldats fut nommé Porte-lance,
Phere-enchos, nom des peuples vaincus
Mal prononce et dit depuis *Francus:*
Lance qui fut à nos François commune
Depuis le temps que la bonne Fortune
Fit aborder en Gaule ce Troyen
Pour y fonder le mur Parisien."

LA FRANCIADE.

Royal Privilege of purchasing a Prisoner in France.

"JE trouve que ce fut une coustume ancienne en France, que toutesfois et quantes que la rançon de guerre excedoit dix mille livres, le prisonnier appartenoit au Roy, en payant par luy les dix mille livres au maistre du prisonnier, pour le moins le tiré-je d'un passage qui me semble à ce propos fort notable. Quand Jeanne la Pucelle fut prise devant Compeigne par le Bastard de Vendosme, qui en saisit Messire Jean de Luxembourg, l'un des principaux favoris du Duc de Bourgougne, l'Evesque de Beauvais les interpella de la mettre *entre ses* mains, a fin de luy faire et parfaire son procés, comme ayant esté prise en et au dedans de son diocese. Pour les inviter à ce faire il dit que le Roy Henry offroit de bailler a J. de Lux. 6000 livres, et assignes au Bast. de V. 300 livres de rente de son estat. Qui n'estoit point peu de recompense à l'un et à l'autre, en esgard à la pauvreté et disette qui estoit provenüe de la longueur des guerres: puis il adjouste dedans l'acte de sommation ces mots; et où par la maniere avant dite, ne vueillent, on soient contens d'obtemper à ce que dessus combien que la prise d'icelle femme ne soit semblable à la prise du roy Princes, ou autres de grand estat, lesquels toutefois se prisent estoient, ou aucun de tel estat, fut Roy, le Dauphin, ou autres princes, le Roy les pourroit, s'il vouloit, selon le droict usance et coustume de France avoir moyennant 10,000 livres, le dit Evesque et requiert les dessusdits au nom que dessus que ladite Pucelle luy soit delivree en baillant seureté de ladite somme de dix mil francs, pour toutes choses quelconque."—*Des Recherches de la France*, D'ESTIENNE PASQUIER, 4to. Paris, 1611

Tale of Charlemagne and his Mistress.

"François Petrarque, fort renommé entre les Poëtes Italiens, discourant en une epistre son voyage de France et de l'Allemaigne, nous raconte que passant par la ville d'Aix, il apprit de quelques Prestres une histoire prodigieuse qu' ils tenoient de main en main pour tres veritable. Qui estoit que Charles le Grand apres avoir conquesté plusieurs pays, s'esperdit de telle façon en l'amour d'une simple femme, que mettant tout honneur et reputation en arriere, il oublia non seulement les affaires de son royaume, mais aussi le soing de sa propre personne, au grand desplaisir de chacun; estant seulement ententif à courtiser ceste Dame: laquelle par bonheur commença à s'aliter d'une grosse maladies qui luy apporta la mort. Dont les Princes, et grands Seigneurs fort resjouis, esperans que par ceste mort, Charles reprendroit comme devant et ses esprits et les affaires du royaume en main: toutesfois il se trouva tellement infatué de cest amour, qu'encores cherissoit-il ce cadaver, l'embrassant, baisant, accolant de la mesme façon que devant, et au lieu de prester l'oreille aux legations qui luy survenoient, il l'entretenoit de mille beyes,[1] comme s'il eust esté plain de vie. Ce corps commençoit deja non seulement à mal sentir, mais aussi se tournoit en putrefaction, et neantmoins n'y avoit aucun de ses favoris qui luy en osast parler: dont advint que l'Archevesque Turpin mieux advisé que les autres, pourpensa que telle chose ne pouvoit estre advenuë sans quelque sorcellerie. An moyen dequoy espiant un jour l'heure que le Roy s'estoit absenté de la chambre commença de foüiller le corps de toutes parts, finalement trouva dans sa bouche au dessous de sa langue un anneau qu'il luy osta. Le jour mesme Charlemaigne retournant sur ses premieres brisees, se trouva fort estonné de voir une carcasse ainsi puante. Parquoy, comme s'il se fust resveillé d'un profond sommeil, commanda que l'on l'ensevelist promptement. Ce qui fut fait; mais en contr' eschange de ceste folie, il tourna tous ses pensemens vers l'Archevesque porteur de cest anneau, ne pouvant estre de là en avant sans luy, et le suivant en tous les endroits. Quoy voyant ce sage Prelat, et craignant que cest anneau ne tombast en mains de quelque autre, le jetta dans un lac prochain de la ville. Depuis lequel temps on dit que ce Roy se trouve si espris de l'amour du lieu, qu'il ne desempara la ville d'Aix, où il bastit un Palais, et un Monastere, en l'un desquels il parfit le reste de ses jours, et en l'autre voulut estre ensevely, ordonnant par son testament que tous les Empereurs de Rome eussent à se faire sacrer premierement en ce lieu."—Pasquier.

Christening of Clovis.

"Les Prestres vont devant, accompagnant la croix,
Et tout l'air retentit d'harmonieuses voix.
De suite apres le dais, en deux files égales,
Marchent d'un grave pas les Princesses royales.
Le Peuple les admire, et s'épand à l'entour,
Et de confuses voix benit cet heureux jour.
Les festons ornez d'or, parent les portes doubles;
Le passage est pressé, plein d'agréables troubles.
Les murs sont revestus de longs tapis divers,
De sable et de rameaux les pavez sont couverts.
On void de lieux en lieux, dans les places publiques,
De grands arcs de triomphe, et de larges portiques,
Où les combats du Roy, de rang sont figurez,
Dans un bel ordre égal de cartouches dorez.
Enfin la belle pompe arrive aux portes amples.

[1] I suppose this refers to the phrase "repaître de *bayes* quelqu'un." See *Le Duchat* apud Menage in v. who quotes from the *Romaunt of the Rose.*

"*Ah fierg vous bayes*
à ce qui ne peut advenir."

J. W. W.

De ce temple fameux, le plus heureux des temples,
Qui vid laver l'erreur des antiques François,
Et garde encor le droit de sacrer tous nos Roys.
Clovis tourne ses yeux vers ses troupes vaillantes,
Et fait entendre aux chefs ces paroles charmantes.
Mes compagnons, dit il, mon heur est imparfait,
Si vous ne faites tous le serment que j'ay fait.
Je m'en vay dans ce temple à Christ voüer mon ame,
Qu'icy de vostre Roy l'exemple vous enflamme.
Vostre ardeur m'a toûjours suivy dans les combas,
Quand je gagne le ciel, ne m'abandonnez pas.
Quittons, genereux Francs, toute Idole profane,
Jupiter, et Mercure, et Pallas, et Diane.
Qu'à jamais tous ces noms soient bannis de nos cœurs,
Pour suivre le seul Dieu qui nous a fait vainqueurs.
Alors paroist[1] Lisois, qui devant tous s'avance,
Nous te suivrons par tout, ô gloire de la France,
Dit il haussant sa voix. Nous quittons les faux Dieux
Jadis hommes mortels, et peu dignes de cieux.
Nous croyons d'un seul Dieu l'éternelle puissance,
Et Christ qui d'une Vierge en terre prit naissance.
Tous reprennent soudain, nous quittons les faux Dieux,
Nous te suivons en terre, et te suivrons aux cieux.
Ces mots sont repetez de mille voix ensemble,
Du temple resonnant toute la voûte en tremble,
Et la foule Chrestienne, émeuë en mesme temps,
De joye épand des pleurs, et des cris éclatans.
Clovis avec Remy s'avance vers le temple.
On y void tous les Francs entrer à son exemple.
Aussi-tost à genoux ils reverent la Croix.
Tous adorent le Verbe, et de cœur et de voix.
Remy commence[2] un chant, les prestes le secondent,
Cent voix benissent Dieu, les orgues leur repondent."

Clovis, ou La France Chrestienne par DESMARESTS.

[1] Tout cecy est de l'histoire.

[2] S. Remy commenca le Te Deum.

Letters conveyed by Pilgrims.

WE see in one of the original letters published by Fenn, how little intercourse was kept up between one part of the kingdom and another; no opportunity perhaps having occurred of sending a letter from Norwich to London, unless at the time of the fair. Another thing strikes us, which is, the use that pilgrims were of in conveying intelligence.

Fastolf.

HENRY WINDSOR gives a bad character of Fastolf, "hit is not unknoon that cruell and vengible he hath byn ever, and for the moste parte with aute pite and mercy. I can no more but *vade et corripe eum*, for truly he cannot bryng about his matiers in this word (world) for the word is not for hym. I suppose it wolnot chaunge yetts be likelenes, but I beseche you, sir, help not to amend hym onely, but every other man yf ye kno any mo mysse disposed."—FENN.

IN 1455 the government were indebted to Fastolf, £4083 15*s.* 7½*d.* for costs and charges during his services in France, "whereof the sayd F. hiderto hath had nouther payement nor assignacion."

Epitaph by Bellay.

"Quas potius decuit nostro te inferre sepulchro
Petronilla, tibi spargimus has lacrimas.
Spargimus has lacrimas, mœsti monumenta parentis,
Et tibi pro thalamo sternimus hunc tumulum.
Sperabam genitor tædas præferre jugales,
Et titulo patris jungere nomen avi.
Heu gener est Orcus, quique, O dulcissima, per te
Se sperabat avum, desinit esse pater."

Joachimi Bellai.

Translation.

"I WEEP upon thy grave—thy grave, my child!
Who should'st have wept on mine! we deck thy tomb,
This! for the bridal bed! Thy parents thought
To see thy marriage day; thy father hoped
From thee the grandsire's name. Alas, my child,
Death has espoused thee now; and he who hoped,
Mary! O dearest yet! the grandsire's name
From thee, has ceas'd to be a father now."

R. S.

Greek Epitaph translated.

"Beneath in holy sleep Nicander lies,
O traveller! say not that the good man dies."

I have translated this from memory, and believe the name is changed.[1] January 14, 1798.

Epitaph.

"The quiet virtues of domestic life
Were his who lies below; therefore his paths
Were paths of pleasantness, and in that hour
When all the perishable joys of earth
Desert the desolate heart, he had the hope,
The sure and certain hope, of joy in heaven."

Epitaph.

"The tenant of this grave was one who lived
Remembering God, and in the hour of death
Faith was his comforter. O you who read,
Remember your Creator and your Judge,
And live in fear that you may die in hope."

R. S.

Lambs-Conduit Street,
January 1, 1798.

A bad Action of Henry the Fourth.

1599. "In the country of Mayne was seen a peasant named Francis Trouillu, aged thirty-five years, who had a horn growing upon his head, which began to appear when he was but seven years old. It was shaped almost like that of a ram, only the wreathings were not spiral but strait, and the end bowed inwards towards the cranium. The fore part of his head was bald, his beard red, and in tufts, such as painters bestow upon satyrs. He retired to the woods to hide this monstrous deformity, and wrought in the coal pits. The Mareschal de Laverdin going one day a hunting, his servants spying this fellow, who fled, ran after him, and he not uncovering himself to salute their master, they tore off his cap, and so discovered his horn. The M. sent him to the King, who bestowed him upon somebody that made money by shewing him to the people. This poor fellow took it so much to heart to be thus bear-led about, and his shame exposed to the laughter and censures of all the world, that he soon after died."—Mezeray. Henry IV.

[1] The original, ascribed to Callimachus is as follows,

Τῦδε Σάων ὁ Δίκωνος, Ἀκάνθιος, ἱερὸν ὕπνον
κοιμᾶται· θνήσκειν μὴ λέγε τὸς ἀγαθούς.

J. W. W.

Philip Augustus reconciled to his Queen.

"PHILIP AUGUSTUS had put away his wife Gelberge, sister to the King of Denmark, and in her place married Mary, the daughter of the Duke of Moravia. The King of Denmark pursued vehemently in the court of Rome, for the honour of his sister thus rejected. Philip, not able to avoid the decision of the cause, and yet resolute not to receive Gelberge, prepares his advocates to show the reasons which had moved him to put her away. The cause was to be pleaded before the Pope's legate in the great hall of the Bishop's palace at Paris; thither they run of all sides. In this great and solemn assembly, Philip's advocates pleaded wonderfully well for him against his wife, but no man appeared for her. As the cryer had demanded three times if there were any one to speak for Gelberge, and that silence should be held for a consent, behold a young man unknowne steps forth of the press, and demanded audience. It was granted him with great attention. King Philip assenting, every man's ears were open to hear this advocate, but especially Philip's, who was touched and ravished with the free and plain discourse of truth which he heard from the mouth of this new advocate, so as they might perceive him to change countenance. After this young man had ended his discourse, he returns into the press again, and was never seen more, neither could they learn what he was, who had sent him, nor whence he came. The judges were amazed, and the cause was remitted to the council. Philip, without any stay in court, goes to horse, and rides presently to Bois de Vincennes, whither he had confined Gelberge; having embraced her he receives her into favour, and passed the rest of his days with her in nuptial love." —DE SERRES. Philip II. 1193. Pontanus calls her Ingeburga.

Custom on the Isle of Man.

"THE women of this countrie, (Isle of Man,) whensoever they goe out of their doores, gird themselves about with the winding sheet that they purpose to be buried in, to shew themselves mindful of their mortalitie. Such of them as are at any time condemned to die, are sowed within a sack, and flung from a rock into the sea."—*A Prospect of the most famous Parts of the World.* 1646.

Half-christened Irish.

"IN some corners of Connaught, the people leave the right armes of their infants male unchristened (as they terme it) to the end that at any time afterwards, they might give a more deadly and ungracious blow when they strike; which things doe not onely show how palpably they are carried away by traditious obscurities, but do also intimate how full their hearts be of inveterate revenge."—Ibid.

Cypresses.

"THE duration of the cypress is equalled only by that of the oak; they are seldom seen in forests. In cemeteries and the environs of palaces, six feet is a circumference not uncommon, with a height proportioned to a pyramidal shape."—DALLAWAY'S *Travels.*

Turkish Fountains.

"THE frequent fountains, all built by useful piety, are placed at certain distances, and measure plains which seem to widen as we advance. In those situations, if not picturesque, they are characteristic, and highly so, when connected with the shade of an umbrageous plane tree. It was interesting to pass one of these at mid-day, and to remark the devout Mussulman, after his ablutions, prostrating himself on his carpet, and repeating in a still voice those addresses to the Deity which are prescribed by his prophet."—Ibid.

Enchantment of Irish Coward.

"At their first onset the wilde Irish uttered the word Pharroh with great acclamation, and he that did not was taken into the ayre and carryed into the vale of Kerry, where transformed (as they did beleeve) he remained untill he was hunted with hounds from thence to his home."—*Quære?* [1]

Images.

Feb. 16. The earliest buds on the elm, giving a reddishness to the boughs.

Feb. 26. The beech preserves its leaves.

The motion of the river reflected upon the arch of the bridge, rolling in waves of checquered light.

Feb. 28. Withey bed red.

We think the mists of the morning hide some beauty from us. At night we dread the precipices that they may conceal. Such is the difference between youth and age!

The flame in passing through brass bars becomes green.

March 3. Bright green of the ivy. Dark appearance of the yew trees in the wood.

Ruined dwelling house, why more melancholy than the ruins of the castle, convent, and palace.

Clattering of the ivy leaves against the tree trunk.

A church seen at night—its solemn massiness.

The buds of the elder appear in circular tufts.

Whiteness of a shower swept by the wind.

Large buds of the horse chesnut terminating each branch.

April 19. White blossoms of the thorn like snow, without one green bud.

Condensation of vapour over the waters.

Not a bud visible on the mulberry tree.

April 22.

Irish Coward.

"Some of the wilde Irish perswade themselves, that he who in the barbarous acclamation and outcry of the souldiers, which they use with great forcing and straining of their voyces, when they joyne battell, doth not showte and make a noise as the rest doe, is suddenly caught from the ground, and carried as it were flying in the ayre, into some desert vallies, where he feedeth upon grasse, drinketh water, hath some use of reason, but not of speech, is ignorant of the present condition he stands in, whether good or bad, yet at length shall be brought to his own home, being caught with the helpe of hounds and hunters."—*Quære?*

Mule Monsters.

"Africa every year produceth some strange creature before not heard of, peradventure not extant. For so Pliny thinks, that for want of water, creatures of all kindes at sometimes of the yeere gather to those few rivers that are to quench their thirst; and then the males promiscuously enforcing the females of every speeies which comes next him, produceth this variety of forms, and would be a grace to Africa, were it not so full of danger to the inhabitants, which, as Salust reports, die more by beasts than by diseases."—*Quære?*

Apparition of Offa.

"Not farre from Bedford sometime stood a chappell upon the banke of Ouse, wherein (as Florilegus affirmeth) the body of Offa, the great Mercian King, was interred, but by the overswelling of that river was borne downe, and swallowed up; whose tombe of lead (as it were some phantasticall thing) appeared often to them that seeke it not;

[1] I suppose these extracts to be taken from the book above quoted, *A Prospect*, &c. but I have not the means of verifying the *Quære's*. In a note to *Joan of Arc*, Southey tells us the first part of the book wants a title. It was printed for William Humble, in Pope's Head Place, 1646.—J. W. W.

but to them that seeke it (saith Rossc) it is invisible."—*Quære?*

Streams of Glamorganshire.

"GLAMORGANSHIRE—upon whose hills you may behold whole herds of cattle feeding, and from whose rocks most cleare springing waters thorow the vallies trickling, which sportingly doe passe with a most pleasant sound, and did not a little revive my wearied spirits among those vast mountains; whose infancie at first admitted an easie step over, but growne unto strength more boldly forbade me such passage, and with a more sterne countenance held on their journey unto the British seas. Tave among these is accounted for a chief."—*Quære?*

Strange Cavern.

"BUT things of strange note are these, by the report of Giraldus, who affirmeth, that in a rock or cliff upon the sea side and Iland Barry, lying near the S. E. point of this countie, is heard out of a little chinke the noise as it were of smithes at their worke, one whiles the blowing of bellowes to increase the heat, then the stroakes of the hammer, and sound of the anvile; sometimes the noise of the grindstone in grinding of iron tooles, then the hissing sparks of steel-gads,[1] as they flie from their beating, with the puffing noise of flames in a furnace." Whether this is the place whereof Clemens Alexandrinus speaketh, I determine not, where in his writings he hath these words, "they that have recorded histories (saith he) doe say that in the Ile of Britaine, there is a certaine hole or cave under the bottome of an hill, and on the top thereof a gaping chink, into the which when the winde is gathered and tossed to and fro in the wombe or concavitie thereof, there is heard above a sound of cymbals, for the wind being driven backe from *his* hole, is forced to make a loud sound at *her* vent."—*Quære?*

Mysterious Inscription.

"UPON the same shore, on the top of a hill called Minyd-Margan, is erected a monument inscribed with a strange character, and as strange a conceit held thereof by the by-dwellers whose opinions are possessed that if any man reade the same he shall shortly after die."—*Quære?*

Welsh Town destroyed by Lightning, and Welsh Floating Island.

"JUST over against the river Conway, where it issueth into the sea, there sometimes stood an ancient city named Diganwey, which many years agoe was consumed by lightning, and so made utterly desolate. Touching those two other miracles, famoused by Giraldus and Gervasius, that on these high hills there are two pooles called the Meares, the one of which produceth great store of fish, but all having onely one eye; and in the other there is a moveable iland, which as soon as a man treadeth thereon, it forthwith floateth a great way off, whereby the Welsh are said to have often scaped and deluded their enemies assailing them; these matters are out of my creed, and yet I thinke the reader would rather beleeve them, than to goe to see whether they be so or no."—*Quære?*

Noah's Ark.

"ON Mount Ararat (called Lubar, or the descending place) is an abbey of St. Gregorie's monks. These monkes, if any list to beleeve them, say that there remaineth yet some part of the arke, kept by angels; which, if any seeke to ascend, carrie them backe as farre in the night, as they have climbed in the day."—PURCHAS.

[1] "And with a gad of steel will write these words." *Tit. Andron.* iv. 1. See NARES' *Gloss.* in v.—J. W. W.

Extracts.

" Hunc ferus Æetes, Scythiam Phasinque rigentem [vina
Qui colit, heu magni Solis pudor! hospita
Inter, et attonitæ mactat sollemnia mensæ,
Nil nostri divumque memor."
V. Flaccus. I. 43.

This is sublime pride, but not in character.

" Tu sola animos mentemque peruris
Gloria! te viridem videt immunemq; senectæ
Phasidis in ripa stantem, juvenesq; vocantem." Ibid. v. 77.

" Ite viri mecum; dubiisq; evincite rebus
Quæ meminisse juvet, nostrisq; nepotibus instent. Ibid. v 248.

" Te parvus lituos et bella loquentem
Miretur, sub te puerilia tela magistro
Venator ferat, et nostram festinet ad hastam." Ibid. v. 268.

" Agnoscit Acastum
Horrentem jaculis, et parmæ luce coruscum."
Ibid. v. 486.

In the tempest.

" Magnanimus spectat pharetras et inutile robur
Amphitryoniades." Ibid. v. 635.

" Sed cœli patiens, cum prima per altum
Vela dedit, potui quæ tantum ferre dolorem."
Ibid. v. 765.

" Vivio hasta la postrera edad, en que muy viejo troco la vida con la muerte. Fallecio el cuerpo, pero su fama ha durado, y durara por todos los años, y siglos."—Mariana.

" Jam cœperat
Tarantarare cornicen, baubant canes,
Nemora rebaubant, territi sudant suis
Lepores in antris, in suis vulpeculæ
Dolo refertos codices vólvunt suos,
Asperginemq; concoquunt suam vafræ;
Sed apri, sed atri dentibus vacant lupi,
Vacant parandis in canina vulnera."
Pia Hilaria.

" Magne pater Divum, sævos punire Tyrannos
Haud aliâ ratione velis, cum dira libido
Moverit ingenium ferventi tincta veneno,
Virtutem videant, intabescantq; relictâ.
Anne magis Siculi gemuerunt æra juvenci,
Et magis auratis pendens laquearibus ensis
Purpureas subter cervices terruit, ' Imus,
Imus præcipites,' quam si sibi dicat, et intus
Palleat infelix, quod proxima nesciat uxor."
Persius. III. 35, &c.

" Quin damus id superis, de magnâ quod dare lance
Non possit magni Messalæ lippa propago:
Compositum jus fasque animo, sanctosq; recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto,
Hæc cedo ut admoveam templis, et farre litabo." Ibid. II. 71, &c.

Suicide of the Spanish Tyrannicide.

" Lucio Pison, Pretor de la España Citerior, con imposiciones nuevas, y muy graves, que inventò, alborotò los animos de los naturales, de suerte, que se conjuraron y hermanaron contra el. Llegò el negocio a que un labrador Termestino en aquellos campos le dio la muerte. Quiso salvarse despues de tan gran hazaña; pero fue descubierto por el cavallo que dexò cansado; hallado y puesto a question de tormento, no pudieron hazer que se descubriesse los compañeros de aquella conjuracion, dado que no negava tenerlos. Y sin embargo, por rezelarse que la fuerça del dolor no le hiziesse blandear, el dia siguiente, sacado para de nuevo atormentarle, se escapo entre las manos a los que le llevavan, y con la cabeça dio en una peña tan gran golpe, que rindio el alma. Tanto pudo en un rustico la fee del secreto, y la amistad. Esto sucedio en Espana el año veinte y seis de Christo."—Mariana.

Spaniard swallowed up like Amphiaraus.

" El enemigo (Almançor, Capitan de Abderrahman Rey de Cordova) tenia sus reales

cerca de la villa de Lara. No vinieron luego a las manos. El Conde (Fernan Gonçalez) cierto dia salio por su recreacion a caça, y en seguimiento de un javali se aparto de la gente que le acompañava En el monte cerca de alli un hermita de obra antigua, se via cubierta de yedra, y un altar con nombre del Apostol San Pedro. Un hombre santo, llamado Pelagio o Pelayo, con dos compañeros, deseo de vida sossegada, avia escogido aquel lugar para su morada. La subida era agria, el camino estrecho, la fiera acosada, como à sagrado, se acogia a la hermita. El Conde movido de la devocion del lugar, no le quiso herir, y puesto de rodillas, pedia con grande humildad el ayuda de Dios. Vino luego Pelayo, hizo su mesura al Conde. El por ser ya tarde, hizo alli noche; y cenado que ovo lo poco que le dieron, la passo en oracion y lagrimas. Con el Sol le aviso Pelayo su huesped, del sucesso de la guerra. Que saldria con la vitoria, y en señal desto, antes de la pelea se veria un estraño caso. Bolvio con tanto alegre a los suyos, que estavan cuydadosos de su salud; declaro todo lo que passava. Encendieronse los animos de los soldados a la pelea, que estavan atemorizados. Ordenaron sus hazes para pelear. Al punto que querian acometer, un Cavallero, que algunos llaman Pero Gonçalez de la Puente de Fitero, dio de espuelas al cavallo para adelantarse. Abriose la tierra y tragole, sin que pareciesse mas. Alborotose la gente, espantada de aquel milagro. Avisoles el Conde, que aquella era la señal de la vitoria que le diera el Hermitaño que si la tierra no los sufria, menos los sufririan los contrarios."—Ibid. A. D. 950

GARCI FERNANDEZ *murders his adulterous Wife, and marries the Servant who betrayed her.*[1]

" GARCI FERNANDEZ (Conde de Castilla) se dize caso con dos mugeres; la una se llamo Argentina, de cuya apostura se enamoro al tiempo que su padre, nombre noble, y Frances de nacion, la traia en romeria, juntamente con su madre, a Santiago. Seis años despues, estando el Conde su marido enfermo en la cama, o por aborrecimiento que le tenia, o con deseo de la patria, se bolvio a Francia con cierto Frances que ternava de la misma romeria. El C. recobrada la salud, y dexando en el govierno de su estado a Egidio, y a Fernando, hombres principales, en trage disfrazado se fue a aquella parte de Francia donde entendia que Argentina morava. Tenia Argentina una antenada llamada Sancha, que (como suele acontecer) estava mal con su madrasta. Esta con esperança que le dieron de casar con el C. o por liviandad, como muger le dio entrada en la casa. Mato el C. en la cama a Argentina y al adultero, y con tanto, llevo a la dicha Sancha consigo a España. Hizieronse las bodas de los dos, con grande aparato y regozijo en Burgos."—Ibid. A. D. 982.

Good Genius fighting.

" ACONTECIO en aquella batalla (cerca de Santistevan de Gormaz, a la ribera del rio Duero 982) una cosa digna de memoria. Fernan Antolinez, hombre noble y muy devoto, oia missa al tiempo que se dio señal de acometer, costumbre ordinaria suya antes de la pelea; por no dexarla començada, se quedo en el templo quando se toco à la arma. Esta piedad quan agradable fuesse a Dios, se entendiò por un milagro. Estavase primero en la Iglesia, despues escondido en su casa, temia no le afrentassen como a cobarde. En tanto, otro a el semejante, es a saber, su Angel bueno, peleava entre los primeros tan valientemente, que la vitoria de aquel dia se atribuyo en gran parte al valor de il dicho Antolinez. Confirmaron el milagro las señales de los golpes, y las manchas de la sangre que se hallaron frescas en sus armas y cavallo. Assi publicado el caso, y sabido lo que passava, quedo mas conocida la inocencia y esfuerço de Antolinez."—Ibid.

[1] See Poems in one volume, GARCI FERNANDEZ, p. 441.
" In an evil day, and an hour of woe,
Did Garci Fernandez wed, &c." —J. W. W.

I believe the story, but not the miracle. Antolinez had a friend who served him in time, and was secret.

Christian Princess married to the Moor Obeydalla.

"Obeydalla, hijo de Almahadio, con ayuda de sus parcialidades, se hizo rey de Toledo. Otros le llaman Abdalla, y afirman, que tuvo por muger a Doña Teresa, con voluntad de Don Alonso su hermano, rey de Leon, gran desorden y mengua notable. Lo que pretendia con aquel casamiento era, que las fuerças del uno y del otro reyno quedassen mas firmes con aquella aliança. Demas, que se presentava ocasion de ensanchar la Religion Christiana, si el Moro se bautizava, segun lo mostrava querer hazer. Con esto engañada la donzella, fue llevada Toledo, celebraronse las bodas con grande aparato, con juegos, y regozijos y combites, que duro hasta gran parte de la noche. Quitadas las meses, la donzella fue llevada a reposar. Vino el Moro encendido en su apetito carnal. Ella, afuera, dize, tan grave maldad, tanta torpeza. Una de dos causas has de hazer, o tu con los tuyos te bautiza, y con tanto goza de nuestro amor: si esto no hazes no me toques. De otra manera, teme la vengança de los hombres, que no dissimularan nuestra afrenta, y tu engaño, y la de Dios que buelve por la honestidad sin duda, y castidad de los Christianos. De la una, y de la otra parte te apercibo seras castigado. Mira que la luxuria, peste blanda, no te lleve a despeñar. Esto dixo ella. Las orejas del Moro, con la fuerça del apetito desenfrenado, estavan cerradas, hizole fuerça contra su voluntad. Siguiose la divina vengança, que de repente le sobrevino una grave dolencia. Entendio lo que era, y la causa de su mal. Embio a Doña Teresa en casa de su hermano, con grandes dones que le dio. Ella se hizo Monja en el monasterio de San Pelagio de Leon, en que passo lo restante de la vida en obras pias, y de devocion, con que se consolava de la afrenta recibida."—Ibid. A.D. 1005.

Palencia, why rebuilt.

"A lo ultimo de su vida hizo el Rey (Sancho) que se reedificasse la Ciudad de Palencia por una ocasion muy grande. Estava de años atras por tierra, a causa de las guerras, solo quedavan algunos paredones, montones de piedras, y rastros de los edificios que alli ovo antiguamente: demas desto, un templo muy viejo, y grossero, con advocacion de San Antolin. El Rey Don Sancho, quando no tenia en que entender; a costumbrava acuparse en caça, por no parecer que no hazia nada; demas, que el exercicio de monteria es à proposito para la salud, y para hazerse los hombros diestros en las armas. Sucedio cierto dia, que en aquellos lugares fue en seguimiento de un javali, tanto que llegò hasta el mismo templo, à que la fiera se recogiò, por servir en quella soledad de albergo y morada de fieras. El Rey sin tener respeto a la santidad y devocion del lugar, pretendia con el venablo herille, sin mirar que estava cerca del Altar, quando acaso echò de ver que el braço de repente se le avia entumecido, y faltadole das fuercas: Entendio que era castigo de Dios, por el poco respeto que tuvo al lugar santo; y movido deste escrupulo y temor, invocò con humildad la ayuda de San Antolin, pidio perdon de la culpa que por ignorancia cometiera. Oyò el Santo sus clamores, sentio a la hora que el braço bolvio en su primera fuerça y vigor. Movido otrosi del milagro, acordo desmontar el bosque, y los matorrales, a proposito de edificar de nuevo la Ciudad, levantar las murallas, y las casas particulares. Lo mismo se hizo del Templo, que le fabricaron magnificamente con su Obispo, para el govierno y cuydado de aquella nueva Ciudad."—Ibid. A.D. 1032.

One good effect of Ancestry.

When the Moorish king (1285) was asked why he raised the siege of Xeres so precipitately for fear of King Sancho, "respondio, Yo fui el primero que entronicà y honrè la familia y linage de Barrameda con titulo

y magestad Real: mi enemigo trae descendencia de mas de quarenta Reyes, cuya memoria tiene gran fuerça y en el combate a mi pusiera temor y espanto, à el diera atrevimiento y esfuerço, si llegaramos a las manos."—Ibid.

A Servant burnt voluntarily with her Mistress.

After the battle of Naxara, Peter the Cruel had D. Urraca de Osorio burnt alive at Seville, "execucion en que sucedio un caso notable. En la laguna propia en que oy esta plantada una grande alameda, armaron la hoguera una doncella de aquella señora por nombre Isabel Davalos natural de Ubeda, luego que se prendio el fuego, se metio en el para tenella las faldas, porque no se descompusiesse, y se quemò juntamente con su ama. Hazaña memorable, señalada lealtad! conque grandemente se acrecento el odio y aborrecimiento que de atras al Rey teniam."—Ibid.

[*It faded on the crowing of the Cock.* Hamlet.]

In the beginning of the night (say the Jews) God causeth all the gates of heaven to be shut, and the angels stay at them in silence, and sendeth evil spirits into the world, which hurt all they meet; but after midnight they are commanded to open the same. This command and call is heard of the cocks, and therefore they clap their wings and crow to awaken men, and then the evil spirits lose their power of hurting, and in this respect the wise men have ordained them a thanksgiving to be said at cock-crowing: "Blessed art thou O God, Lord of the whole world, who hast given understanding to the cock."—Purchas.

From Battinelli.

I, dearest niece, first of our family
Fled from the treacherous waves and storms of life,
Nor ever could fair skies and flattering gales
Tempt me again to trust the dangerous sea.
Still does the tempest beat the little bark
That bore me here, nor mid so deep a night
See I one star whose friendly ray may save
The mariner. Make you then for the port;
Toil for this holy haven! Innocence
And virtue will assist; beloved! here
Is comfort, and the end of every ill.
And I have hope that we shall one day here
Beside the altar hang our broken sails,
And smile together at the distant storm.

Sentences.

Any fellow can find water by digging for it; but they are gifted persons who, while they are walking, can point out the hidden spring.

He has no more ideas of poetry than a snail of a fine prospect.

It is with turnpike roads as with governments: the worse the road, the heavier the tolls; the worse the government, the more oppressive the taxes.

"Puellæ Aurelianensis causa adversariis orationibus disceptata. Auctore Jacobo Jolio. Parisiis, 1609."

These declamations, of which some are metrical, were spoken by the author's pupils. They were unreadably dull.

It is not always he who reads the most that knows the most: The butterfly sucks as many flowers as the bee.

Extracts.

"Auxerat hora metus; jam se vertentis Olympi
Ut faciem, raptosq; simul montesq; locosq;
Ex oculis, circumq; graves videre tenebras;
Ipsa quies rerum, mundiq; silentia terrent,
Astraq; et effusis stellatus crinibus æther.
Ac velut ignotâ captus regione viarum,
Noctivagum qui carpit iter, non aure quiescit

Non oculis, noctisq; metus niger auget utrimque
Campus, et occurrens umbris majoribus arbor
Haud aliter trepidare viri."—V. Flac. II. v. 38.

"Jam brevis, et telo volucri non utilis aer."—Ibid. II. v. 524.

"When I see the most enchanting beauties that earth can show me, I yet think there is something far more glorious; methinks I see a kind of higher perfection peeping through the frailty of a face."—Owen Feltham.

"Our knowledge doth but show us our ignorance. Our most studious scrutiny is but a discovery of what we cannot know. We see the effect, but cannot guess at the cause. Learning is like a river, whose head being far in the land, is, at first rising, little and easily viewed: but still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank, not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees and the beauties of various flowers. But still the farther you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis, till at last it unwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean: there you see more water, but no shore, no end of that liquid vastness."—Ibid.

"*Marguerite.* Look in my face.
Guise. I do.
M. Nay, in my eyes.
G. I view 'em as I would the setting sun,
Were I to die at midnight."
Lee, *Massacre of Paris.*

"The people——
They are like flags growing on muddy banks,
Whose weak thin heads blown with one blast of wind,
They all will shake and bend themselves one way."—Goff's *Orestes.*

A good comparison badly expressed.

"Nox erat, et leni canebant æquora sulco."—V. Flac. III. v. 32.

"Dat pictas auro atque ardentes murice vestes,
Quas rapuit telis festina vocantibus austris
Hypsipyle."—Ibid. III. v. 340.

"Quippe nec in ventos, nec in ultima solvimur ossa;
Ira manet, duratq; dolor; cum deinde tremendi
Ad solium venêre Jovis, questuq; nefandam
Edocuere necem, patet ollis janua leti,
Atq; iterum remeare licet; comes una sororum
Additur, et pariter terras atq; æquora lustrant:
Quisque suos sontes, inimicaq pectora pœnis
Implicat, et variâ meritos formidine pulsant."—Ibid. III. v. 383.

"*Hannibal.* How would the slaves have quaked, had they but seen
The fights of Trebid, or of Thrasimene,
Or dreadful Cannæ?
Where the tired sisters bit the Roman looms,
As if their hands were tir'd with cutting dooms.

Bomilcar. Where fourscore valiant senators were kill'd,
The blood of seventy thousand soldiers spill'd;
And great Æmilius' death our conquest swell'd.

Hannibal. When all with crimson slaughter covered o'er,
We urged our horses through a flood of gore;
Whilst from the battlements of heaven's high wall,
Each god looked down and shook his awful head,
Mourning to see so many thousands fall,
And then look'd pale to see us look so red.

Maherbal. That was a time worthy severest fate,
When victory on hills of heroes sate,
And turned her eyes, all bloodshot, on the fray,
And laughed and clapt her wings, and blest the day."—Lee's *Sophonisba.*

Nothing can excel the sublimity of the last three lines, or the absurdity of all the rest.

"THE happiest man is but a wretched thing,
That steals poor comfort from comparison."
YOUNG'S *Busiris.*

"YOUR bright helm
Struck a distinguished terror through the field;
The distant legions trembling as it blazed."

"HIS tall white plume, which, like a high-wrought foam,
Floated on the tempestuous stream of fight,
Shewed where he swept the field."—Ibid.

"FERRAU gli rispose in due parole,
Che farà quel che deve, e quel che suole."
Orlando Innamorato.

"I AM compelled to suffer ornaments;
To put on all the shining guilt of dress;
When 'tis almost a crime that I still live!"

"JUST now I met him, at my sight he started,
Then with such ardent eyes he wandered o'er me,
And gazed with such malignity of love,—
Sending his soul out to me in a look
So fiercely kind, I trembled."—*Busiris.*

"ACCIO che voi diman, piacendo a Dio,
Che sara Marte a vintidui d'Aprile.
Partir possiate."
Italia Liberata. Trissino, l. 2.

"SEMPRE sempre l'avea davanti agli occhi,
Rammemorando ogni suo minim' atto,
Ed ogni suo costume, e sempre avendo
Dentr' alle orecchie il suo parlar soave."
Ibid. l. 3.

"COL triplice nemico in campo aperto
Pugnar sovente, e riportar la palma:
Vincer se stessi, e far, che premio certo
Sia l'opra sempre al forte oprar dell' alma,
Far, che nel corpo incrudelir sia merto,
Far, che fuora in tempesta, e dentro in calma
Stiansi lo spirto, e in quel, che à sensi spiace,
Trovi conforto, e compiacenza, e pace.

"Ruvide vesti, e breve sonno, e vitto
Usar semplice e parco, e parchi accenti,
Aitar l'oppresso, e consolar l'afflitto,
E insegnar, come Dio s'ami, e paventi,
E qual torto sentiero, e qual sia dritto,
E quai dietro al piacer vengan tormenti
Son di questi di Dio servi ed amici
L'opre men belle, e i piu volgari offici."
Filicaia.

Moorish Princesses converted.

A.D. 1050. "POR este tiempo dos hijas de dos Reyes Moros se tornaron Christianas, y se bautizaron. La una fue Casilda, hija de Almenon, Rey de Toledo: la otra Zayda, hija del Rey Benabet de Sevilla. La ocasion de hazerse Christianas fue deste manera. Casilda era muy piadosa y compassiva de los cautivos Christianos que tenian aherrojados en casa de su padre, de su grande necessidad y miseria. Acudiales secretamente con el regalo y sustento que podia. Su padre avisado de lo que passava, y mal enojado por el caso, acecho a su hija. Encontrò la una vez que llevava la comida para aquellos pobres; alterado preguntola lo que llevava? respondio ella que rosas, y abierta la falda las mostro a su padre, por averse en ellas convertido la vianda. Este milagro tan claro fue ocasion que la donzella se quisiesse tornar Christiana, que de esta suerte suele Dios pagar las obras de piedad que con los pobres se hazen; y fruto de la misericordia suele ser el conocimiento de la verdad. Padecia esta donzella fluxo de sangre. Avisaronla, fuesse por revelacion, o de otra manera, que si quèria sanar de aquella adolescencia tan grande, se bañasse en el lago de San Vicente, que esta en tierra de Briniesca. Su padre, que era amigo de los Christianos, por el deseo que tenia de ver sana a su hija, le embio al Rey D. Fernando, para que la hiziesse curar. Cobro en ella

en breve la salud, con bañarse en aquel lago; despues recibio el bautismo, segun que lo tenia pensado, y en reconocimiento de tales mercedes, olvidada de su patria, en un hermita que hizo edificar junto al lago, passo muchos años santamente. En vida y en muerte fue esclarecida con milagros que Dios obrò por su intercession; la Iglesia pone en el numero de los Santos que reynan con Christo en el cielo, y en muchas Iglesias de España se le haze fiesta a quinze de Abril. La Zayda, quier fuesse por el exemplo de Santa Casilda, o por otra ocasion se movio a hazerse Christiana; en especial, que en sueños le aparecio S. Isidoro, y con dulces y amorosas palabras le persuadio pusiesse en execucion con brevedad aquel santo proposito. Dio ella parte deste negocio al Rey su padre; el estava perplexo, sin saber que partido debria tomar. Por una parte no podia resistir a los ruegos de su hija, por otra temia la indignacion de los suyos, si le dava licencia para que se bautizasse. Acordo finalmente comunicar el negocio con D. Alonso, hijo del Rey D. Fernando. Concertaron, que con muestra de dar guerra a los Moros, hiziesse con golpe de gente entrada en tierra de Sevilla, y con esto cautivasse a la Zayda, que estaria de proposito puesta en cierto pueblo que para este efecto señalaron. Sucedio todo como lo tenian trazado: que los Moros no entendieron la traza, y la Zayda llevada a Leon, fue instruyda en las cosas que pertenece saber a un buen Christiano. Bautizada se llamo D. Isabel. Los mas testificam que esta señora adelante caso con el mismo. D. Alonso, en sazon quæ era ya Rey de Castilla. D. Pelayo el de Oviedo dize, que no fue su muger, sino su amiga." —MARIANA.

De la Peña de los Enamorados.[1]

"UN moço Christiano estava cautivo en Granada. Sus partes y diligencia eran tales, su buen termino y cortesia, que su amo hazia mucha confiança del dentro y fuera de su casa. Una hija suya al tanto se le aficionò, y puso en el los ojos. Pero como quier que ella fuesse casadera, y el moço esclavo, no podian passar adelante como deseavan: ca el amor mal se puede encubrir, y temian si el padre della, y amo del, lo sabia, pagarian con las cabeças. Acordaron de huir a tierra de Christianos, resolucion que al moço venia mejor, por bolver a los suyos, que a ella por desterrarse de su patria: si ya no la movia el deseo de hazerse Christiana, lo que yo no creo. Tomaron su camino con todo secreto, hasta llegar al peñasco ya dicho, en que la moça cansada se puso a reposar. En esto vieron assomar a su padre con gente de acavallo, que venia en su seguimiento. Que podian hazer, o a que parte bolverse? que consejo tomar? mentirosas las esperanças de los hombres y miserables sus intentos. Acudieron a lo que solo les quedava de encumbrer aquel peñol, trepando por aquellos riscos, que era reparo assaz flaco. El padre con un semblante sañudo los mando abaxar: amenaçava les sino obedecian de executar en ellos una muerte muy cruel. Los que acompañavan al padre los amonestavan lo mismo, pues solo les restava aquella esperança de alcançar perdon de la misericordia de su padre, con hazer lo que les mandava, y echarsele a los pies. No quisieron venir en esto. Los Moros puestos apie acometieron a subir el peñasco: pero el moço les defendio la subida con galgas, piedras y palos, y todo lo demas que le venia a la mano, y le servia de armas en aquella desesperacion. El padre visto esto, hizo venir de un pueblo alli cerca vallesteros para que de lexos los flechassen. Ellos vista su perdicion, acordaron con su muerte librarse de los denuestos y tormentos mayores que temian. Las palabras que en este trance se dixeron, no ay para que relatarlas. Finalmente abraçados entresi fuertemente, se echaron del peñal abaxo, por aquella parte en que los mirava su cruel y sañudo padre. Desta manera espiraron antes de llegar a lo baxo, con lastima de los presentes, y aun

[1] See Poems in one vol. p. 440.
"The maiden through the favouring night
From Grenada took her flight," &c.
The Lover's Rock.—J. W. W.

con lagrimas de algunos y que se movian con aquel triste espectaculo de aquellos moços desgraciados, y a pesar del padre, como estavan, los enterraron en aquel mismo lugar; constancia que se empleara mejor en otra hazaña, y les fuera bien contada la muerte, si la padecieran por la virtud y en defensa de la verdadera religion, y no por satisfacer a sus apetitos desenfrenados."—Ibid.

Aloadin's *Paradise.*

"Betweene Orpha and Caramit (in Mesopotamia, now Diarbeth) was the Paradise of Aladeules, where he had a fortresse, destroyed by Selim. Men, by a potion brought into a sleep, were brought into this supposed Paradise, where, at their waking, they were presented with all sensual pleasures of musicke, damosells, dainties, &c. which after, having had some taste of another sleepie drink, came again to themselves, and then did Aladeules tell them, that he could bring whom he pleased to Paradise, the place where they had bin, and if they would commit such murders, or haughty attempts, it should be theirs. A dangerous devise. Zelim the Turke destroyed the place."

"In the N. E. parts of Persia there was an old man named Aloadin, a Mahumetan, which had inclosed a goodly valley situate betweene two hilles, and furnished it with all variety which Nature and Art could yeeld, as fruits, pictures, rilles of milk, wine, honey, water, pallaces, and beautifull damosells richly attired, and called it Paradise. To this was no passage but by an impregnable castle: and daily preaching the pleasures of this Paradise to the youth which he kept in his court, sometimes would minister a sleepy drinke to some of them, and then conveigh them thither, where being entertained with these pleasures four or five days, they supposed themselves rapt into Paradise; and then being again cast into a trance by the said drink, he caused them to be carried forth, and then would examine them of what they had seene, and by this delusion would make them resolute for any enterprize which he should appoint them, as to murther any prince his enemy. For they feared not death, in hope of their Mahumetical Paradise. But Haolon or Ulan, after three years' siege, destroyed him and this his Foole's Paradise. About A. D. 1200. —Purchas. So also Maundeville, p. 336, and Marco Polo, Harris's Col. p. 599.

Inhabitants of Jupiter.

"There appeared to me a bald head, but only the upper part thereof, which was bony; and I was told that such an appearance is seen by those who are to die within a year, and that they instantly prepare themselves. The inhabitants of that earth (Jupiter) do not fear death, except on this account, that they leave their conjugal partner, their children, or parents, for they know that they shall live after death, and that in dying they do not quit life, because they go to Heaven; wherefore they do not call it dying, but being Heaven-made. Such amongst them as have lived in true conjugal love, and have taken such care of their children as becometh parents, do not die of diseases, but in tranquillity, as in sleep; and thus they emigrate from the world to heaven. The age to which the inhabitants live is, on an average, about thirty years, estimated according to years on our earth. It is by the providence of the Lord that they die at so early an age, lest their numbers should increase beyond what that earth is capable of supporting; and whereas when they have fulfilled those years, they do not suffer themselves to be guided by spirits and angels, like those who are not so far advanced in age, therefore spirits and angels seldom attend them when arrived at their thirtieth year. They come to maturity also sooner than on our earth; even in the first flower of youth they connect themselves in marriage, and then it is their chief delight to love the partner of such connection and to take care of their children. Other delights they indeed call delights but respectively external."—Swedenborg, *concerning the Earths in our Solar System.*

Journey of the Jews after Death.

"JACOB desired to be buried in Canaan, not in Egypt, for three causes (sayth R. SALOMON TARCHI), because he foresaw that of the dust of Egypt should be made lice; 2ndly, because the Israelites which die out of Canaan shall not rise againe without much pain of their rolling through the deep and hidden vaults of the earth; 3rdly, least the Ægyptians should make an idoll of him. For the better understanding hereof, let us heare what is said out of the book Tanchum (an Exposition of the Pentateuch) concerning this subject. The Patriarchs (sayth he) desired to be buried in Canaan, because they which are there buried, shall first rise in the time of the Messias. And R. Hananiah sayth, that they which die out of Canaan must endure two deaths: and the same appeareth Jer. 20, where it is said Pashur should go into Babel and should there die, and there be buried. 'What?' quoth R. Simon, 'shall then all the just perish which die out of Canaan?' 'No; but God will make them Mechillos, that is, deep clifts and caves under the earth, by which they may pass into the land of promise, whither when they are come, God shall inspire into them the breath of life, that they may rise again, as it is written (Ezek. xxxvii. 12), 'I will open your graves, and cause you to come out of your sepulchres,' &c. The like is written in their Targum, or Chaldæan interpretation of the Canticles: when thy dead shall rise, Mount Olivet shall cleave asunder, and the Israelites which have been dead shall come out of the same, and they which have died in strange lands, coming thither by holes under the earth, shall come forth. 'And for this cause, I myself,' sayth our author, 'have heard the Jews say, that sometimes some of the wealthiest and devoutest among them goe into the land of Canaan, that their bodies may there sleep, and so be freed from this miserable passage under so many deep seas and rough mountains.'"—PURCHAS.

Sabbath of the Damned.

"THEY begin their sabbath thus soon and end it also later than the just time, in commiseration of the purgatory souls, which begin and end with them this sabbath's rest, being the whole week besides tormented in that fire. Judas himself, in honour of the Christian sabbath, obtained like priviledge; witness S. Brandon in the legend (can you refuse him?) who found him cooling himself in the sea, sitting upon a stone which he had sometime removed out of a place where it was needlesse into the high way. So meritorious even in Judas is any even the least good work. There did Judas acquaint Brandon with this Sunday-refreshing of the hellish prisoners, and desired his holy company to scare away the Devils, when they should after Sunday evensong come to fetch him again, which for that time Brandon granted and performed."—Ibid.

The Bitterness of Death.

"THE Angel of Death," say the Rabbis, "holdeth his sword in his hand at the bed's head, having on the end thereof three drops of gall. The sick man spying this deadly Angel, openeth his mouth with fear, and then those drops fall in, of which one killeth him, the second maketh him pale, the third rotteth and putrifieth."—Ibid.

Possibly the expression to taste the bitterness of death may refer to this.[1]

ADAM'S *first Wife.*

"WHEN God had made Adam, and saw it was not good for him to be alone, he made him a woman of the earth like unto him, and called her Lilis. These disagreed for superiority. Lilis, made of the same mould, would not be underling, and Adam would not endure her his equal. Lilis seeing no hope of agreement, uttered that sacred word

[1] See 1 Sam. xv. 32, "Surely the bitterness of death is past."—*J. W. W.*

Jehovah, with the cabalistical interpretation thereof, and presently did fly into the air. Adam plaining his case, God sent three angels after her, Senoi, Sensenoi, Sanmangeleph, either to bring her back, or denounce unto her, that a hundred of her children should die in a day. These overtook her over the troublesome sea, where one day the Ægyptians should be drowned, and did their message to her. She refusing to obey, they threatened her drowning; but she besought them to let her alone, because she was created to vex and kill children on the eighth day if they were men; if women children, on the twentieth day. They nevertheless forcing her to go, Lilis swore to them, that whensoever she should find the name or figure of those angels written or painted on schedule, parchment, or any thing, she would do infants no harm, and that she would not refuse that punishment to lose a hundred children in a day: and accordingly a hundred of her children or young devils died in a day. And for this cause doe they write those names on a scroll of parchment, and hang them on their infants' necks. Thus far Ben Sira.

"In their chambers always is found such a picture, and the names of the Angels of Health (this office they ascribe to them) are written over the chamber door. In their book Brandspiegel, printed at Cracovia, 1597, is shewed the authority of this history, collected by their wise men out of those words, "Male and female created he them," compared with the forming of Eve of a rib in the next chapter; saying that Lilis, the former, was divorced from Adam for her pride, which she conceived because she was made of earth as well as he, and God gave him another, flesh of his flesh."—Ibid.

Stone that produces Water.

"At Costantynoble is the vesselle of ston, as it were of marbelle, that men clepen Enydros, that evermore droppeth watre, and fillethe himself everiche zeer, till that it go over above, withoufen that men take fro withinne."—*The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundevile.*

Images.

April 23. The blossoms swept from the fruit tree like a shower of snow.

The wood was in the shade, but a few tree tops peered into the slant beam. Their light heads rose like plumes of verdure.

The daw below sailed unseen, till the light fell upon his glossy wings. April 22, the Rocks.[1]

April 24. The brown young leaves of the walnut scarcely distinguishable from the boughs.

There is some tree, perhaps the aspin or dog-wood, whose large buds shine like silver, showing only the under part of the leaves.

In a wet day, I observed that the smoke rose brighter. On remarking this to Tom, he told me that in dull days the white flags were very bright; in clear weather, the dark colours shone most visibly.

May 14. The ash is still unfoliaged, except at the extremity of every spray, where its sharp young leaves spread in tufts like stars.

The oak still reddish with its opening buds.

May 18. The oak unfolds its leaves timorously; they droop and hang loosely.

I observed the motion of the corn most like the sparkling of a stream in the sun.

In Norfolk they call the flat country the Broads.[2] It presents a kind of ocean im-

[1] The Rocks, near Ucfield in Sussex. This was therefore written probably in 1796, when he again visited his friend, T. P. Lamb, Esq. at Mountsfield Lodge, near Rye. See Life and Correspondence, vol. 1, p. 290. Some very curious letters of this date are still in existence. J. W. W.

[2] I think this is a mistake. I certainly always heard the word used in the sense given by Forby in his *Vocabulary of East Anglia*, i. e. a lake formed by the expansion of a river in a flat country, in v.—J. W. W.

mensity, the same circular distance, the same bending down of the horizon.

From Filicaia.

"Italy! Italy! oh thou whom Fate
Gifted with beauty, an unhappy gift,
A deadly dower of infinite miseries,
Whose traces by the hand of Sorrow traced
Furrow thy front! oh that thou wert less fair,
Less beauteous, or more strong, that they who now
With feigned endearments of their love beguile
Thy life, might love thee less, or fear thee more.
Then should we not behold the hostile hosts
In armed squadrons rushing down thy Alps,
Nor Gallic herds upon the banks of Po,
Drinking the blood-stain'd waters. Italy!
We should not see thee, with a sword not thine,
Girt for the war, and from a foreign bow
Shooting thine arrows, when the war has ceased,
Victor or vanquish'd still to be a slave."

From Filicaia.

"Where is thine own right arm, O Italy?
Why dost thou use the stranger's? he who aids,
He who attacks thee are Barbarians both,
Now both thine enemies, both once thy slave.
Thus then it is that thou rememberest
Thine old illustrious empire! this thy faith,
Thy plighted faith to Valour! Go, divorce
That honour'd husband—go, and wed thyself
To Sloth! Adultress, amid blood and groans
And hissing arrows take thy sleep—sleep on
Till the sword wake thee, drowsy as thou art,
And naked in thy paramour's embrace,
Till the avenging sword awake and strike."

Barbarous Superstitions.

"The Patagonians regard the milky way as the hunting forest where departed souls delight themselves in hunting ostriches."—Falkner, p. 115.

"The Kamtshadales make of the rainbow a new garment for their aerial spirit, edged with fringes of red-coloured seal skin, and leather thongs of various gaudy dies. They explain the nature of storms by the shaking of the long and crisped hair of their aerial spirit."—Steller, p. 64.

"The Kopts break out into exultation at the appearance of an earthquake, as they imagine that heaven is opened, and that every celestial blessing is going to alight on the land of Egypt."—Pococke, vol. 1, p. 195.

"The Kamtshadales account for earthquakes by the driving of an infernal deity beneath the earth; the earth is shaken, they say, when the dog that draws the sledge of this infernal deity scratches his fleas or shakes off the snow from his hide."—Steller, p. 267.

"The Calmues hold the lightning to be the fire spit out of the mouth of a dragon, ridden and scourged by evil Dæmons, and the thunder they make to be his roarings."—Pallas, vol. 1, p. 343.

"Respecting storms, the people of Chili are of opinion that the departed souls are returning from their abode beyond the sea, to be able to assist their relations and friends. Accordingly, when it thunders over the mountains, they think that the souls of their forefathers are taken in an engagement with those of the Spaniards. The roaring of the winds they take to be the noise of horsemen attacking one another; the howling of the tempest for the beating of drums, and the claps of thunder for the discharge of muskets and cannons. When the wind drives the clouds towards the

possessions of the Spaniards, they rejoice that the souls of their forefathers have repulsed those of their enemies, and call out aloud to them to give them no quarter. When the contrary happens, they are troubled and dejected, and encourage the yielding souls to rally their forces and summon up the last remains of their strength."—VIDAURE, p. 122. *Meiner.*

"SOME of the pagan Arabs believed that of the blood near the dead person's brain was formed a bird named Hâmah, which once in a hundred years visited the sepulchre; though others say this bird is animated by the soul of him that is unjustly slain, and continually cries Oscûni, Oscûni, i. e. give me to drink, meaning of the murtherer's blood, till his death be revenged; and then it flies away."—SALE.

"Mohammed having hung up his arms on a tree, under which he was resting himself, and his companions being dispersed some distance from him, an Arab of the desart came up to him and drew his sword, saying, "Who hindreth me from killing thee?" to which Mohammed answered, "God!" and Gabriel beating the sword out of the Arab's hand, Mohammed took it up, and asked him the same question—"Who hindreth me from killing thee?" the Arab replied, "Nobody!" and immediately professed Mohammedism."—SALE.

The Love Language of Colours.

From AGUSTIN DE SALAZAR Y TORRES.

O SOVEREIGN beauty, you whose charms
All other charms surpass,
Whose lustre nought can imitate
Except your looking glass.

A choir of nymphs, the planets they
Who live but by your light,
For well we know the sun bestows
The borrowed rays of night.

A choir of graces they, for sure
That title they obtain,
If they are graces who attend
In Cytherea's train.

These nymphs by various colours now
Their various feelings tell,
For Cupid, though the boy be blind,
Can judge of colours well.

For faith and constancy they blend
With white the azure blue,
To show the tyranny of power
Alone the straw's pale hue.

A constant and an ardent love
In fiery tints is seen,
And hope, that makes affection sweet
Displays itself in green.

The mingled red and white display
A love triumphant there;
The copper's cankerous verdure speaks
Love, envy, and despair.

A faithful and devoted heart,
The girdle's circling white,
And thus a simple ribband speaks
A woman's heart aright.

The hue of burnish'd gold, so bright,
That emulates the flame,
The gay and gorgeous emblem shines
Of power and love and fame.

O sovereign beauty, you whose charms
To all superior shine!
Whatever colour pleases you,
That colour shall be mine.

May, 16, 1798.

[*Ancient London Pastimes.*]

"THE youths of this city also have used, on holidays, after evening prayer, at their masters' doors, to exercise their wasters[1] and bucklers, and the maidens, one of them playing on a timbrel, in sight of their masters and dames, to dance for garlands hanged athwart the streets. Which open pastimes in my youth being now suppressed, worser practises within doors are to be feared."—STOW.

[1] i. e. cudgels. See NARES' *Glossary* in v. who quotes this very passage from STOW's *London*.

J. W. W.

The Ten Tribes.

"In that same regioun ben the mountaynes of Caspye that men clepen Uber in the contree. Betwene tho mountaynes the Jews of ten lynages ben enclosed, that men clepen Gothe and Magothe, and their mowe not gon out on no side. There weren enclosed 22 kynges with hire peple, that duelleden betwene the mountaynes of Sythye. There Kyng Alisandre chacede hem betwene the mountaynes, and there he thoughte for to enclose hem thorghe werk of his men. But whan he saughe, that he myghte not don it, ne bryng it to an ende, he preyed to God of Nature, that he wolde parforme that that he had begonne. And alle were it so, that he was a Payneme and not worthi to ben herd, zit God of his grace closed the mountaynes togydre; so that thei dwellen there, alle faste ylokked and enclosed with highe mountaynes alle aboute, saf only on o syde; and on that syde is the see of Caspye. Now may sum men asken, sithe that the see is on that o syde wherfore go thei not out on the see syde, for to go where that hem lykethe? But to this questioun I schal answer, that see of Caspye gothe out be londe, undre the mountaynes and renneth be the desert at o syde of the contree; and aftre it strecchethe unto the endes of Persie. And all thoughe it be clept a see, it is no see, ne it touchethe to non other see, but it is a lake, the grettest of the world. And thoughe thei wolden putten him into that see, thei ne wysten never, where that thei scholde arryven, and also they conen no langage, but only hire owne, that no man knowethe but thei, and therefore mowe thei not gon out. And also zee schulle undirstonde, that the Jewes han no propre lond of hire owne for to dwellen in, in alle the world, but only that lond betwene the mountaynes. And zit thei zelden tribute for that lond to the Queen of Amazoine, the whiche makethe hem to ben kept in cloos fulle diligently, that thei schalle not gon out on no syde, but the cost of hire lond, for hire lond marchethe to tho mountaynes, and often it hathe befallen, that sume of the Jewes han gon up the mountaynes, and avaled[1] down to the valeyes; but gret nombre of folk ne may not do so, for the mountaynes ben so hye and so streght up, that thei moste abyde there, maugre hire myghte, for thei mowe not gon out, but be a littille issue, that was made be strengthe of men, and it lastethe wel a 4 grete myle; and aftre is there zit a lond alle desert, where men may fynde no watre, ne for dyggynge, ne for non other thing, wherfore men may not dwellen in that place: so is it fulle of dragounes, of serpentes and of other venymous bestes, that no man dar not passe, but zif it be strong wyntre. And that streyt passage, men clepen in that contree Clyron; and that is the passage that the Queene of Amazoine makethe to ben kept; and thoghe it happene, sum of hem, be fortune to gon out, thei conen no manner of langage but Ebrow, so that thei can not speke to the peple. And zit natheles, men seyn, thei schulle gon out in the tyme of Antecrist, and that thei schulle maken gret slaughtre of Cristene men, and therfore alle the Jewes, that dwellen in alle londes, lernen alle weys to speken Ebrew, in hope that whan the other Jewes schulle gon out, that thei may undirstonden hire speche, and to leden hem into Cristendom, for to destroye the Cristene peple. For the Jewes seyn that thei knowen wel, be hire prophecyes, that thei of Caspye schulle gon out and spreden thorghe out alle the world, and that the Cristene men schulle ben undre hire subjeccioun als longe as thei han ben in subjeccioun of hem. And zif that zee wil wyte how that thei schulle fynden hire weye, after that I have herd seye, I schalle telle you zou. In the time of Antecrist, a fox schalle make there his trayne, and mynen an

[1] i. e. descended. See MENAGE in v. *Avaller*. It is an old Anglo-Norman word made up from the Latin. Spenser and Chaucer both use it.

"Such a rain from heaven 'gan availe."

Troil. and Cress. Book iii.—J. W. W.

hole, where Kyng Alisandre leet make the zates;[1] and so longe he schalle mynen and perce the erthe til that he schalle passe thorghe, towardes that folke; and whan thei seen the fox, thei schulle have gret marveylle of him, because that thei saughe never suche a best; for of alle othere bestes thei han enclosed amonges them, saf only the fox, and thanne thei schullen chasen him and pursuen him so streyte, tille that he come to the same place that he came fro, and thanne thei schullen dyggen and mynen so strongly, tille that thei fynden the zates that Kyng Alisandre leet make of grete stones and passynge huge, wel symented and made stronge for the maystrie, and tho zates thei schulle breken, and so gon out, be fyndynge of that issue."—MAUNDEVILLE.

Province of Darkness.

"IN the kyngdom of Abcaz is a gret marvaylle; for a provynce of the contree, that hathe wel in circuyt 3 jorneyes, that men clepen Hanyson, is alle covered with derknesse, withouten ony brightnesse or light; so that no man may see ne here, ne no man dar entren in to hem. And natheles thei of the contree seyn, that som tyme men heren voys of folk, and hors nyzenge, and cokkes crowynge, and men witen wel, that men dwellen there; but thei knowe not what men, and thei seyn that the derknesse befelle be myracle of God; for a cursed Emperor of Persié that highte Saures, pursuede all Cristene men to destroye hem, and to compelle hem to make sacrifises to his ydoles; and rood with grete host, in alle that ever he myghte, for to confounde the Cristene men. And thanne in that contree, dwelleden manye gode Cristene men, the whiche laften hire godes, and wolde han fled in to Grece: and whan they weren in a playn that highte Megon, anon this cursed Emperor mett with hem with his hoost, for to have slain hem and hewen hem to peces. And anon the Cristene men kneleden to the grounde and made hire preyeres to God to sokoure hem, and anon a gret thikke clowde cam and covered the Emperor and alle his hoost, and so thei enduren in that manere, that thei ne mowe not gon out on no syde; and so schulle thei ever more abyden in darknesse tille the day of dome, be the myracle of God. Also zee schulle understonde that out of that lond of derknesse, gothe out a gret ryvere, that schewethe wel, that there ben folk dwellynge be many redy tokenes, but no man dar not entre in to it."—Ibid.

The Faery Falcon.

"IN the contree of litille Ermonye is an old castelle, that stont upon a rocke, the which is cleped the castelle of the sparrehawk, that is bezonde the cytee of Layays, beside the town of Pharsipee, that belongethe to the lordschepe of Cruk, that is a riche lord and a gode Cristene man: where men fynden a spare-hauk upon a perche righte fair, and righte wel made, and a fayre lady of Fayrye that kepethe it, and who that wil wake that sparhauk 3 dayes and 3 nyghtes (or 7) withouten companye and withouten sleep, that faire lady schal zeven him whan he hathe don, the first wyssche that he wil wyssche of erthely thinges, and that hath been proved often tymes. And o tyme befelle that a Kynge of Ermonye, that was a worthi knyght, and doughty man, and a noble prince woke that hauk som tyme, and at the ende of 7 days and 7 nyghtes, the lady cam to hym, and bad him wisschen, for he had wel disserved it; and he answered, that he was gret lord ynow, and wel in peece, and hadde ynowghe of worldly ricchesse, and therfore he wolde wisshe non other thing but the body of that faire lady, to have it at his wille; and sche answered hym, that he knew not what he asked, and

[1] It is hardly necessary to say that this is the old form for *gates*. It is a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon ȝ and y, as may be seen in the next extract, and is not said to be found except in MSS. written after the twelfth century.
J. W. W.

seyde that he was a fool to desire that he myghte not have; for sche seyde that he scholde not aske but erthely thing, for sche was non erthely thing, but a gostly thing; and the kyng seyde that he ne wolde asken non other thing." And the lady answerd, 'Sythe that I may not withdrawe zou fro zoure lewed corage, I schal zeve zou withouten wysschinge, and to alle hem that schulle com of zou. Sire kyng, zee schulle have werre, withouten pees, and alleweys to the 9th degree zee schulle ben in subjeccioun of zoure enemyes, and zee schulle ben nedy of alle godes.' And never sithen, nouther the Kyng of Ermonye, ne the contree weren never in pees, ne ther hadden never sithen plentee of godes; and thei han ben sithen alleweyes undre tribute of the Sarrazines. Also the sone of a pore man woke that hauke and wisshed that he myght cheve (*chevir*[1]) wel, and to ben happy to marchandise. And the lady graunted hym; and he became the most riche and the most famouse marchant that myghte ben on see or oner the; and he becam so riche, that he knew not the 1000 part of that he hadde; and he was wysere in wisschynge than was the Kyng. Also a knyght of the temple wooke there, and wysscheda purs everemore fulle of gold, and the lady graunted him. But sche seyde him, that he had asked the destruccioun of here ordre, for the trust and the affiance of that purs, and for the grete pryde, that thei scholde haven; and so it was. And therfore loke, he kepe him wel, that schalle wake; for zif he slepe, he is lost, that nevere man schalle seen him more."—Ibid. *from the History of Melusine, by John of Arras.*

Origin of the Rose.[2]

"Betwene the cytee and the chirche of Bethelem, is the felde Floridus, that is to seyne, the feld florisched; for als moche a a fayre mayden was blamed with wrong and selaundered, that sche hadde don fornycacioun, for whiche cause sche was demed to the dethe, and to be brent in that place, to the whiche sché was ladd. And as the fyre began to brenne aboute hire, sche made hire preyeres to oure Lord, that als wissely as sche was not gylty of that synne, that he wold helpe hire, and make it to be knowen to alle men, of his mercyfulle grace; and whanne sche hadde thus seyd, sche entred into the fuyer, and anon was the fuyr quenched and oute; and the brondes that weren brennynge, becomen white roseres, fulle of roses; and theise weren the first roseres and roses, bothe white and rede, that ever ony man saughe. And thus was this maiden saved be the grace of God."—Ibid.

Lady Grange.[3]

"The true story of this lady, which happened in this century, is as frightfully romantic as if it had been the fiction of a gloomy fancy. She was the wife of one of the lords of session in Scotland, a man of the very first blood of his country. For some mysterious reasons, which have never been discovered, she was seized and carried off in the dark, she knew not by whom, and by nightly journeys was conveyed to the Highland shores, from whence she was transported by sea to the remote rock of St. Kilda, where she remained amongst its few wild inhabitants, a forlorn prisoner, but had a constant supply of provisions, and a woman to wait on her. No inquiry was made after her, till she at last found means to convey a letter to a confidential friend, by the daughter

[1] "Ce mot est vieux, et signifie venir à bout de quelque personne, ou de quelque chose, et s'en rendre maître." Richelet, in v.—J. W. W.

[2] See poem, *The Rose*, p. 439.—J. W. W.

[3] For this strange history, see Sir Walter Scott's note in loc. (vol. iv. p. 246, Murray's edit.) "She had become privy to some of the Jacobite intrigues in which her husband, Lord Grange (brother of the Earl of Mar, and a Lord of Session,) and his family were engaged."
J. W. W.

of a catechist, who concealed it in a clue of yarn. Information being thus obtained at Edinburgh, a ship was sent to bring her off; but intelligence of this being received, she was conveyed to M'Leod's island of Herries, where she died."—Boswell.

Lane Buchanan says, "It was supposed a courier was despatched over land by her enemies, who had arrived at St. Kilda some time before the vessel. When the latter arrived, to their sad disappointment, they found the lady in her grave. Whether she died by the visitation of God, or the wickedness of man, will for ever remain a secret; as their whole address could not prevail on the minister and his wife, though brought to Edinburgh, to declare how it happened, as both were afraid of offending the great men of that country among whom they were forced to reside.

"A poor old woman told me," he adds, "that when she served her there, her whole time was devoted to weeping, and wrapping up letters round pieces of cork, bound up with yarn, and throwing them into the sea, to try if any favourable wave would waft them to some Christian, to inform some humane person where she resided, in expectation of carrying tidings to her friends at Edinburgh."

Lines found in the pocket book of Mr. Whiteside, *a Dissenting Minister of Yarmouth, reputed mad, who destroyed himself.*

"With toilsome steps I pass thro' life's dull road,
No pack-horse half so weary of his load;
And when this dirty journey shall conclude,
To what new realms is then my way pursued?
Say—does the pure-embodied spirit fly
To happier climes, and to a better sky?
Or, sinking, does it mix with kindred clay,
And sleep a whole eternity away?
Or, shall this form be once again renew'd,
With all its frailties and its hopes endued,
Acting once more on this detested stage
Passions of youth, infirmities of age?
I've read in Tully what the ancients thought,
And judged unprejudiced what moderns taught;
But no conviction from my reading springs,
I'm dubious in the most important things.
Yet one short moment will in full explain
What all philosophy has sought in vain;
Will tell me what no human wisdom knows,
Clear up each doubt, and terminate my woes.
Why, then, not hasten this decisive hour
Still in my view, and even in my power?
Why should I drag along this life I hate
Without one hope to mitigate the weight?
Why this mysterious being forced to exist,
When every joy is lost, and every hope dismist?
In chains of darkness wherefore should I stay,
And mourn in prison, while I keep the key?"

May-day in the Highlands.

"It was a custom, till of late years, among the inhabitants of whole districts in the north of Scotland, to extinguish all their fires on the evening of the last day of April. Early on the first day of May, some select persons met in a private place, and by turning with great rapidity an augre in a dry piece of wood, extracted what they called, Tein-Egin, the forced or elementary fire. Some active young men, one from each hamlet in the district, attended at a distance, and as soon as the forced fire was kindled, carried part of it, with great expedition and joy, to their respective villages. The people immediately assembled upon some rock or eminence, lighted the Bel-tein, and spent the day in mirth and festivity.

"The ceremonies used upon this occasion were founded upon opinions of which there is now no trace remaining in tradition. It is in vain to enquire why those ignorant persons who are addicted to this superstition, throw into the Bel-tein a portion of those things upon which they regale them-

selves on the first of May. Neither is there any reason assigned by them for decking branches of mountain ash[1] with wreaths of flowers and heath, which they carry with shouts and gestures of joy, in procession three times round the fire. These branches they afterwards deposit above the doors of their respective dwellings, where they remain till they give place to others in the succeeding year. Bel-tein is a composition of Bel, a rock, and Tein, fire. The first day of May is called La Bel Tein, or the day of the fire on the rock.

"We kindle, say the ancient Scots, the fire of the rock to welcome the sun after his travels behind the clouds and tempests of the dark[2] months; and it would be highly indecent not to honour him with titles of dignity when we meet him with joy on our hills." They call him then, An Lo, the day, and Solus Neav, the light of heaven.—MACPHERSON.

Pharos of Alexandria.

"MENARAT Eskanderiah est le Phare ou Fanal d'Alexandrie. Le Géographe Persien au climat 3e. parlant d'Alexandrie où ce climat commence, dit que dans cette ville qu' Alexandre fit bâtir sur le bord de la mer Mediterranée, ce grand Prince fit construire un Phare qui passe pour être une des merveilles du monde; dont la hauteur étoit de 180 coudées, au plus haut duquel il fit placer un miroir fait par art talismanique, par le moyen duquel la ville d'Alexandrie devoit toujours conserver sa grandeur et sa puissance, tant que cet ouvrage merveilleux subsisteroit.

"Quelques-uns ont écrit que les vaisseaux qui arrivoient dans ce port, se voyoient de fort loin dans ce miroir. Quoi qu'il en soit, il est fort célèbre parmi les orientaux. Les Persans appellent ce Phare, Le Miroir Alexandre. Ils disent que la fortune de la ville y étoit attachée, parceque c'étoit un Talisman."—D'HERBELOT.

[1] Clou-ăn-Beltein, the split branch of the fire on the rock.

[2] "The Armoricans and the Gael of North Britain, called the winter, and particularly the month of November, Mis-Du, or the black month."—LHUYD. *Archæ. Brit.*

Genova mia, &c.

"GENOVA mia, se con asciutto ciglio
Lacero e guasto il tuo bel corpo io miro,
Non e poca pieta d'ingrato figlio,
Ma ribello mi sembra agni sospiro.
La maesta di tue ruine ammiro,
Trofei della costanza, e del consiglio;
Ovunque io volgo il passo, o'l guard' io giro,
Incontro il tuo valor nel tuo periglio.
Piu val d'ogni vittoria un bel soffrire;
E contro ai fieri alta vendetta fai
Col vederti distrutta, e nol sentire.
Anzi girar la liberta mirai,
E baciar lieta ogni ruina, e dire
Ruine si, ma servitu non mai."

Del P. PASTORINI.

Ruins of Moseley.

TAYLOR, if through thy shatter'd fire-swart hall
Unbowed thou wanderest, and with tearless eye,
'Tis not that thou hast seen unmoved its fall,
But that thou feel'st it were a crime to sigh.
Remain it so thy trophy, until all
Thy virtue in its danger shall descry.
To suffer well is more than victory.
From such to suffer is the patriot's call.
Soon will Desertion's ivy wreaths intrude
Where Hospitality's fresh garlands lay,
But long shall Freedom's awful form be view'd
Amid the mouldering monument to stray,
Transported kiss each stone, and proudly say
Ruin may come, but never Servitude."

WM. TAYLOR, Jun.

Vivea contento, &c.

Vivea contento alla capanna mia
In povertade industre, in dolce stento,
E perche al canto, ed al lavora intento
Qualche fama di me spander s'udia.
Vivea contento alla capanna mia.
Fatto percio superbo io mi nutria
D'un van desio d'abbandonar l'armento:
Fui negli alti palagi, e in un momento
Senza pregio restai, ne piu qual pria
Vivea contento alla capanna mia.
Degli anni miei perdendo il piu bel fiore,
Il viver lieto, e la virtu perdei;
L'ozio, la gola, e gli aggi ebber l'onore
Degli anni miei perdendo il piu bel fiore:
Scorno e dolore, i giorni tristi e rei
M' occupa al fine, e dico a tutte l'ore,
Ah! s'io pover vivea, or non avrei
Scorno e dolore, i giorni tristi e rei."

Ferdinando Passerini.

Translation.

I dwelt contented in my little cot,
Poor, but with all the peaceful comforts blest
That industry can give; my name was known
As one who laboured well, and well could sing.
I dwelt contented in my little cot.
So I grew vain, and cherish'd idle hopes
To quit my country toil. The princely domes
I sought, and in a moment found myself
Unknown, unnoted there, nor now, as once,
I dwelt contented in my humble cot.
Destroying the fair spring-tide of my life,
Virtue I lost, and lost the cheerful heart,
Sloth, and intemperance, and sorrow came,
Destroying the fair spring-tide of my life.
Contempt and grief, and sad and guilty days,
Came on at last, and every hour I think,
Ah! in my little cot I should not know
Contempt and grief, and sad and guilty days!

R. S.

Io grido, e gridero, finche mi senta
L'Adria, il Tebro, il Tirren, l'Arno, e'l Tesino,
E chi primo udira, scuota il vicino,
Ch' e periglio comun quel, che si tenta.
Non val, che Italia a' piedi altrui si penta,
E obbliando il valor, pianga il destino;
Troppo innamora il bel terren Latino,
E in disio di regnar pietate e spenta.
Invan con occhi molli, e guance smorte
Chiedi perdon; che il suo nemico audace
Non vuole il suo dolor, ma la sua morte.
Piaccia il soffrire a chi 'l pugnar non piace.
E stolto orgoglio in cosi debil sorte
Non voler guerra, e non soffrir la pace.

Carlo Maria Maggi.

Images.

Cry of the bittern, like the lowing of an ox, or as William Taylor says, a cow with a cough, three or four times successively.

Sunset, seen through a grove of firs.

What is the grass called with a pink blossom?

Evening sunshine on a hill field, seen through and over clustered trees.

Glitter of the poplar in wind and sunshine.

Green light of the evening sky where it last lingers.

July 6. In the College Green and at Redland the row of lime trees already begins to shed its leaves.

The afternoon was cloudy, the sky was partly clear over the channel, and the clouds in that part, though heavy, were white and brilliant. The water lay below, a sheet of white glory, whose boundary was only made visible by the less radiant line of shore and horizon.

July 15. It has been a showery afternoon, over Kingsweston the clouds lie heavy, yet hazy, a faint yellow tinge over their base; their summits like distant snow in sunshine. A heavier mass of dark cloud lies nearer, spreading to the left, and falling in rain at Clevedon. At its nearer verge beams the white glory of the sun, and the sky still nearer is varied with the waviness of clouds dazzling white, and dark spots and the clear

sky visible through their openings. A few minutes since, the slant rays shot down, now the sun itself is just seen, and a haziness overspreads the heavier cloud, and the distance of cloud is less distinct. Now all is settled in one deepening cloud, and the distance is melted into a faint yellow spread, the sunbeams sloping down it, and this light is momently diminished by the spreading cloud.

Subjects for Idylls.

From what William Taylor has told me of the Idylls of Gessner and Voss, and the translation he has shown me of one by Goethe, I am tempted to introduce them here. Surely I also can seize the fit objects of common life, and place them in the right point of view.

A village wedding. The feelings that I and poor Edmund Seward[1] experienced in Bedfordshire that evening; even the scenery will excellently suit. A hamlet well embowered in elms amid a flat country: the evening clear: the distant bells. The traveller and a woman, a poor married woman.

The visit from Oxford to Godstow. This I will try in hexameters.

A ruined mansion-house,[2]—rather going to ruin. An old man breaking stones on the road (or some such hard labour) must be the other speaker, who remembered its old master. Or would it not be well to make this like the fine old house at Stowey, being modernised by a young heir—the yew trees cut down—the casement windows altered—the porch and its jessamine destroyed? and old hospitality, and old fashions, and old benevolence, all gone together?

The funeral of a young man, the last of his family.[3] A fine young man, the victim of a public school and a university. The old steward to relate it.

A woman going to see her son, lying in a hospital after having been wounded by the French stinkpots.[4]

A ruined cottage.[5] Its story not to be told in dialogue. A mother and her daughter once dwelling there. The girl a street-walker now—the mother dying at the workhouse.

The vices of the poor should not be kept out of sight when their miseries are exposed. I think an eclogue may be made upon an industrious woman afflicted with a drunken bad husband.

The ruined cottage has matter for a best poem. The path overgrown—the holyhock blooming amid weeds. It shall be related to a friend whom I have purposely led there in an evening walk. She may be described as when a girl the May Queen. The idle fellows standing on the bridge in the way to church would look up from the water as she passed, and bid her good to-morrow. Something may be said on the strange want of conscience in the libertine.

Ballads.

The murderer made to touch the dead man's face. No blood follows—no miracle to criminate. He is left alone with the body. The dead man then lifts up his head, and looks at him. They find him mad when they return.

There dwells a maniac in a castle, its lord. One female dwells with him, young and beautiful. Her he had married; another he had seduced. On his wedding day, a raven, by his repeated flights about the hall window, disturbed the guests. They go to

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[1] Southey's early friend. See the beautiful lines to his memory, "The Dead Friend." *Poems*, in one volume, p. 131. For the "Wedding," see *English Eclogues*, p. 158.—J. W. W.

[2] See *English Eclogues*, "The Old Mansion House," p. 149.

[3] Ibid. p. 155.

[4] See "The Sailor's Mother," p. 152.
"It was no ball, Sir, but some cursed thing
Which bursts and burns, that hurt him. Something, Sir,
They do not use on board our English ships,
It is so wicked." J. W. W.

[5] Ibid. p. 156.

see on what he was fixed, and find the corpse of the forsaken one. He drinks and drinks, to drown his agonies, till he enters the bridal chamber; then he thinks he sees her spirit by the bridal bed, and screams, and becomes a madman—a maniac. The wife alone remains with him. She does her duty.

One of the Welsh superstitions is, that if a murdered person has been secretly buried, his grave may be discovered by a lambent blue flame, which hovers over it till the body is discovered.

The Primitive Monks.

"Here they in the desarts hoped to find rocks and stocks, yea, beasts themselves, more kind than men had been to them. What would hide and heat, cover and keep warm, served them for cloathes, not placing (as their successors in after ages) any holinesse in their habit, folded up in the affected fashion thereof. As for their food, the grasse was their cloath, the ground their table, herbs and roots their diet wild fruits and berries their dainties, hunger their sauce, their nails their knives, their hands their cups, the next well their wine cellar. But what their bill of fare wanted in cheer, it had in grace, their life being constantly spent in prayer, reading, musing, and such like pious employments. They turned solitarinesse itself into society, and cleaving themselves asunder by the divine art of meditation, did make of one two or more, opposing, answering, moderating in their own bosoms, and busy in themselves with variety of heavenly recreations. It would do one good even but to think of their goodness, and at the rebound and second hand to meditate on their meditations. For if ever poverty was to be envied, it was here; and I appeal to the moderate men of these times, whether in the heighth of these wofull warres, they have not sometimes wisht (not out of passionate distemper, but serious recollection of themselves) some such private place to retire unto, where, out of the noise of this clamorous world, they might have reposed themselves, and served God with more quiet."—FULLER'S *Church History*.

Bells no effectual Charm against Lightning.

"THE frequent firing of abbey churches by lightning confuteth the proud motto commonly written on the bells in their steeples, wherein each bell intituled itself to a sixfold efficacy.

Funera plango,	Men's death I tell By dolefull knell.
Fulgura } frango, Fulmina }	Lightning and thunder I break asunder.
Sabbata pango,	On sabbath all To church I call.
Excito lentos,	The sleepy head I raise from bed.
Dissipo ventos,	The winds so fierce I doe disperse.
Paco cruentos,	Men's cruell rage I doe asswage.

Whereas it plainly appears that these abbey steeples, though quilted with bells almost cap-a-pee, were not of proof against the sword of God's lightning. Yea, generally when the heavens in tempests did strike fire, the steeples of abbeys proved often their tynder, whose frequent burning portended their final destruction."—Ibid.

Statues in Dhahi.

"LA Tradition fabuleuse des Orientaux porte, qu'il y a dans l'isle de Dhahi des statues semblables à celles des Isles fortunées, lesquelles ayant les mains élevées, semblent faire signe aux voyageurs, comme pour leur dire, Retournez sur vos pas; car il n'y a plus d'habitations en allant plus avant."—D'HERBELOT.

[*Californian Paradise.*]

"SOME of the southern Californians placed their Paradise in the middle of the seas,

where the elect enjoy a coolness that they can never meet with in their burning sands; and they supposed Hell to be in the hollow of the mountains."—PEROUSE.

Piango di gioja, &c.

" PIANGO di gioja, se 'l Divin rigore
Amabilmente mi flagella, e pace
Tal sento in me, che ogni altro ben mi spiace,
E per dolcezza mi si schianta il core.
Tal chi d'un finto comico dolore
Ode il racconto, in lagrime si sface,
E piange piu, quanto l'udir piu piace
E fa il piacer, la doglia sua maggiore.
Or mentre un lieto e dolce pianto io verso,
L'usato arbitrio del tacer m'invola
Forza occulta, ed esclamo al Ciel converso,
Spirti celesti, se la gioja sola
Voi fai nel gaudio entrar, me con diverso
Maggior portento anco il dolor consola."
FILICAIA.

Qual Madre, &c.

" QUAL Madre i figli con pietoso affetto
Mira, e d'amor si strugge a lor davante,
E un bacia in fronte, e l'un si stringe al petto,
Uno tien su i ginocchi, un sulle piante;
E mentre a gli atti, a i gemiti, all' aspetto
Lor voglie intende si diverse, e tante,
A questi un guardo, a quei dispensa un detto.
E se ride, o s'adira, e sempre amante.
Tal per noi Provvidenza alta infinita
Veglia, e questi conforta, e quei provede
E tutti ascolta, e porge a tutti aita,
E se niega talor grazia, o mercede,
O niega sol, perche a pregar ne invita,
O negar finge, e nel negar concede."
FILICAIA.

Translation.

" SEE how the mother views with transport sweet
Her children crowding round. One to her breast
She clasps, another on her knee will rest;
For one she finds a footstool at her feet.
She in their lisping words, their anxious eyes,
Their gestures, every varying wish can read,
And if she smiles, or with a frown denies,
The frown, the smile, alike from love proceed.
Even so the all-wise Providence beholds
The children of the earth, and hears their prayers,
Supplies their wants, consoles them in their cares,
And grants the boons they pray for, or withholds,
That other prayers may make more earnest trial,
Or grants a blessing even in denial."
R. S.

Santa Maria Maddalena, piangente nella Grotta di Marsilia.

" ANTRO, in cui visse incognito il rigore
Di lei, che tanto erro, pianse poi tanto,
Di lei, cui letto il suol, bevanda il pianto,
Cibo il cordoglio fu, gioja il dolore.
Antro dall' onda di quel sacro umore
Piu, che da gli anni logorato e infranto;
E voi silenzi alpestri, che d'un santo
Orror m'empiete, e mi parlate al core:
Io col guardo v'ascolto, e udir mi sembra
Ch' ella qui giunse, e qui ritenne il passo,
E qui poso le affiticate membra;
E risponder vorria, ma'l pianto, ahi lasso!
M'abbonda si, che 'l volto mio rassembra
Per doglia un fiume, e per stupore un sasso."
FILICAIA.

Adites.

" THE tribe of Ad were descended from Ad, the son of Aws or Uz, the son of Aram, the son of Sem, the son of Noah, who after the confusion of tongues, settled in Al Ahkâf, or the Winding Sands[1] in the province

[1] See *Thalaba*, where part of this material is used up.

" O'er all the Winding Sands
The tents of Ad were pitch'd;

of Hadramaut, where his posterity greatly multiplyed. Their first king was Shedâd, the son of Ad, of whom the eastern writers deliver many fabulous things, particularly that he finished the magnificent city his father had begun, wherein he built a fine palace, adorned with delicious gardens, to embellish which he spared neither cost nor labour, proposing thereby to create in his subjects a superstitious veneration of himself as a god. This garden or paradise was called the garden of Irem, and is mentioned in the [1]Koran, and often alluded to by the oriental writers. The city, they tell us, is still standing in the desarts of Aden, being preserved by Providence as a monument of divine justice, though it be invisible, unless very rarely, when God permits it to be seen, a favour one Colabah pretended to have received in the reign of the Khalif Moâwiyah, who sending for him to know the truth of the matter, Colabah related his whole adventure; that as he was seeking a camel he had lost, he found himself on a sudden at the gates of this city, and entering it, saw not one inhabitant, at which being terrified, he stayed no longer than to take with him some fine stones which he shewed the Khalif."—Sale.

The note says, "Ad left two sons, Sheddâd and Sheddîd, who reigned jointly after his decease, and extended their power over the greater part of the world. But Sheddîd dying, his brother became sole monarch; who having heard of the celestial paradise, made a garden in imitation thereof in the desarts of Aden, and called it Irem, after the name of his great-grandfather: when it was finished, he set out with a great attendance to take a view of it; but when they were come within a day's journey of the place, they were all destroyed by a terrible noise from heaven.

"They say Pharaoh used to tie those he had a mind to punish, by the hands and feet to four stakes fixed in the ground, and so tormented them."

A fine poem might be made upon this story. A female Arabian, blameless and miserable, finds herself in this city; she meets one inhabitant, who had been so much better than his countrymen, that when they were destroyed and thrown into hell, he was left alone, a wretched man. And every full moon Azrael appeared to him to know if he were willing to die, and the wretched man, though death was his hourly wish, yet durst not die. The angel comes again,—she falls prostrate before him, and as a reward he drops the drops of bitterness from his sword, but the drops of death are sweet to her, and she expires with a smile. The Adite then takes courage, and blesses God, and dies.

The descendants of Ad in process of time falling from the worship of the true God into idolatry, God sent the prophet Hûd (who is generally agreed to be Heber) to preach to and reclaim them. But they refusing to acknowledge his mission, or to obey him, God sent a hot and suffocating wind, which blew seven nights and eight days together, and entering at their nostrils, past through their bodies, and destroyed them all, a very few only excepted, who had believed in Hûd, and retired with him to another place. Schedad is also called Iram Ben Omad.

Happy Al Ahkâf then,
For many and brave were his sons,
His daughters were many and fair."—i. 19.
J. W. W.

[1] "Hast thou not considered how thy Lord dealt with Ad, the people of Irem, adorned with lofty buildings, the like whereof hath not been erected in the land? and with Thamud; who hewed the rocks in the valley into houses? and with Pharaoh, the contriver of the stakes, who had behaved insolently in the earth, and multiplied corruptions therein?"—*Koran*, ch. 89. *The day break.*

Le Prophete Houd.

"Dieu le destina pour prêcher à ce peuple l'unité de son essence, et pour le detourner du culte des Idoles. Ces Idoles

etoient Sakiah, qu'ils invoquoient pour avoir de la pluie: Hafedhah, à qui ils recouroient pour etre preservés de mauvaises rencontres pendant leurs voyages: Razecah, qu'ils croyoient leur fournir les choses necessaires à la vie; et Salemah qu'ils imploroient pour le recouvrement de la santé, quand ils étoient malades. Ces Adites habitoient dans l'Arabie Heureuse en une contrée nommée Aheaf, mot qui signifie en Arabe des collines de sable. Houd précha inutilement à ce peuple pendant plusieurs années, jusqu'à ce que Dieu enfin se lassa de les attendre à penitence.

" La premiere punition que Dieu leur envoya, fut une famine de trois ans consecutifs, pendant lesquels le ciel fut fermé pour eux. Cette famine jointe à beaucoup d'autres maux qu'elle causa, emporta une grande partie de ce peuple, qui etoit le plus fort, le plus riche, et le plus puissant de toute l'Arabie.

" Les Adites se voyant reduits à une telle extremité, et ne recevant aucun secours de leurs fausses Divinités, resolurent de faire un pelerinage en un lieu de la Province de Hegiaz, ou est située presentement la Mecque. Il s'elevoit pour lors en ce lieu une colline de sable rouge, autour de laquelle on voyoit toujours un grand concours de divers peuples; et toutes ces nations, tant fideles qu' infidelles, croyoient obtenir de Dieu, en le visitant avec devotion, tout ce qu'elles lui demandoient concernant les besoins et les necessités de la vie.

" Les Adites ayant donc resolu d'entreprendre ce voyage religieux, choisirent 70 hommes, à la tete desquels ils mirent Mortadh et Kil, les deux plus considerables personnages du pays, pour s'acquitter au nom de tout le peuple de ce devoir, et obtenir du ciel par ce moyen, la pluie sans laquelle tout etoit perdu chez eux. Ces gens etant partis, arriverent aupres de Moavie, qui regnoit pour lors dans la Province de Hegiaz, et en furent tres-bien reçus. Ils lui exposerent le sujet de leur voyage, et lui demanderent la permission d'aller faire leurs devotions à la colline rouge, pour obtenir de la pluye. Morthad qui etoit le plus sage de cette troupe, et qui avoit été persuadé par les predications du P. Houd, remontroit souvent à ses compagnons, qu'il etoit inutile d'aller faire des prieres en ce lieu-la, si auparavant on n'adheroit aux verites que le P. Houd leur prêchoit, et si l'on ne faisoit une serieuse penitence de leur peche d'incredulité. Car comment voulez-vous, leur disoit-il, que Dieu repande sur nous la pluie abondante de sa misericorde, si nous refusons d'ecouter la voix de celui qu'il a envoye pour nous instruire?

" Kil, qui etoit des plus obstinés dans son erreur, et par consequent des plus contraires au Prophete, entendant les discours de son collegue, pria aussi-tot le Roi Moavie de retenir prisonnier Mortadh, pendant que lui et les siens iroient faire leurs prieres sur la colline. Moavie se rendit à ses instances, et retenant celui ci prisonnier, permit aux autres poursuivre leur voyage, et d'accomplir leur vœu.

" Kil demeuré seul chef de ces fourvoyés, etant arrivé avec les siens sur le lieu, fit ainsi sa priere: Seigneur, donnez au peuple d'Ad de la pluye telle qu'il vous plaira; et il ne l'eut pas plutot achevée, qu'il parut trois nuées au ciel, l'une blanche, l'autre rouge, et la troisieme noire; en meme temps on entendit retentir du ciel ces paroles, Choisis laquelle tu veux de ces trois. Kil choisit la noire, qu'il croyoit la plus chargée et la plus abondante en eau dont ils avoient une extreme besoin; et apres avoir fait ce choix, il quitta aussi-tot cet endroit, pour prendre la route de son pays, se flattant du succès heureux qu'avoit eu son voyage.

" Aussi-tot que Kil fut arrivé dans la vallée de Magaith, une des contrées du pays des Adites, il donna part à ses compatriotes de la reponse favorable qu'il avoit reçue, et de la nuée qui devoit arroser bientot toutes leurs terres: ces peuples insenses sortirent tous de leurs habitations pour la recevoir; mais cette nuée, qui n'etoit grosse que de la vengeance divine, ne produisit qu'un vent tresfroid et tres violent que les Arabes appellent Sarsar, lequel soufflant pendant 7 nuits

et 7 jours entiers, extermina tous les Infideles du pays, et ne laissa en vie que le P. Houd avec ceux qui l'avoient écouté, et embrassé la foi."—D'HERBELOT.

Huc respicit Atthar in Pendnameh
" Qui mandatum potentiæ suæ dedit vento.
Ut supplicium meritum populo Adi daret."
Pæseos Asiat. Com.

Mahommedan Purgatory.[1]

" ARAF, un lieu qui est entre le paradis et l'enfer des Mahometans."

Some deem it merely a veil of separation, some a strong wall; others hold it to be "un purgatoire, dans lequel demeurent ceux d'entre les Fideles, dont les bonnes et les mechantes actions sont dans une telle egalité, qu'ils n'ont pas assez merité pour entrer en Paradis, ni assez demerité pour etre condamnes au feu de l'Enfer, ils voyent de ce lieu la gloire des bien heureux, ils les felicitent de leur bonheur; mais le desir ardent qu'ils ont de se joindre à eux, leur tient lieu d'une grande peine.

" Mais enfin au jour du Jugement universel, lorsque tous les hommes, avant que d'etre jugés, seront cités pour rendre hommage à leur Createur, ceux qui sont enfermes dans ce lieu, se prosterneront devant la face du Seigneur en l'adorant; et par cet acte de religion qui leur tiendra lieu de merite, le nombre de leurs bonnes œuvres vevant à surpasser celui des mauvaises, ils entreront dans la gloire.

"Saadi dit, touchant ce lieu nommé Araf, qu'il paroit un enfer aux bienheureux, et un paradis aux damnés."—D'HERBELOT.

[1] — " Hath not Allah made
Al Araf in his wisdom? where the sight
Of heaven may kindle in the penitent
The strong and purifying fire of hope,
Till, at the Day of Judgment, he shall see
The Mercy-Gates unfold."—*Thalaba*, xii. 34.
J. W. W.

The Wise Man's Remarks on the Palace.

" LAMAI, dans ses opuscules, rapporte qu'un grand prince qu'il ne nomme point, ayant fait batir un superbe palais, voulut le faire voir à tous les gens d'esprit et de bon goût de la ville; il les convia pour cet effet à un grand festin qu'il leur avoit fait preparer, et leur demanda apres le repas s'ils avoient connoissance de quelque bâtiment plus magnifique, et plus parfait dans l'architecture, dans les ornements ou dans les meubles. Un chacun des conviés se contenta de lui temoigner son admiration, et de lui donner des louanges, à la reserve d'un seul, lequel menant une vie plus retirée et plus austere, etoit du nombre de ceux que les Arabes appellent en leur langue Zahed.

" Cet homme parla fort librement au prince, et lui dit; Je trouve un grand defaut dans ce batiment, qui consiste en ce que les fondements n'en sont pas bons, ni les murs assez forts; de sorte qu'Azrael y pourra penetrer de tous cotés, et le Sarsar[2] y passera aisement. Et comme on lui montroit des lambris azurés et dorés du meme palais, dont l'ouvrage merveilleux surpassoit encore la richesse de la matiere, il dit, il y a ici encore une fort grande incommodité; c'est qu'on ne peut point bien juger de ces ouvrages, à moins que l'on ne soit couché à la renverse; voulant signifier par cette maniere de parler, que l'on ne connoissoit jamais bien ces choses qu'au lit de la mort, d'ou l'on en decouvroit seulement alors la vanité.

" Le discours du Zahed donna le courage à un philosophe, de dire au meme prince; vous avez employé beaucoup de temps à batir ce palais de boue et de corruption, que vous voyez cependant avoir si peu de solidité; quand vous l'auriez élevé jusqu'au ciel, ne savez-vous pas qu'il sera reduit un jour en poussiere? Le temps qui vous donne ici deux jours de repos que vous employez

[2] " The walls are weak, the building ill secure.
Azrael can enter in!
The Sarsar can pierce through,
The Icy Wind of Death."
Thalaba, i. 36.—J. W. W.

si mal, s'envolera bientot comme une fleche emportée par le vent des vicissitudes ordinaires du monde, sans que vous puissiez jamais le recouvrer."—Ibid.

Account of a Suicide.

Joseph had once a fellow-servant who destroyed himself. The night previous to his suicide he alarmed the family, and when they were up, said there were robbers in the house. The spayed bitch howled at him strangely, and ran round him; in the morning he was found hanging. He was coachman, and it was remarkable that one horse, though perfectly docile to every other person, would never permit him to touch it, but flung and reared, and even wept at his approach.

His wife said he often alarmed her at night by saying, "The robin was come! he heard the robin, and must go!" then he would go to the hayloft and lie there. Was this insanity, or the delirium of guilt?—*June* 27, 1798. *Martin Hall, Westbury.*

Oriental Maxims.

"Je crains Dieu, et apres Dieu, je ne crains que celui qui ne le craint pas."

"Il n'y a point d'asyle d'une sûreté plus grande que la crainte de Dieu."

"L'orphelin n'est pas celui qui a perdu son père, mais celui qui n'a ni science, ni bonne éducation."

"Lorsque l'âme est prête à partir, qu'importe de mourir sur le trone, ou de mourir *sur la* poussiere?"

"Qui a perdu la pudeur, a le cœur mort."

"Lisez les poésies, c'est une marque de bonnes inclinations."

"Le meilleur remède dans les afflictions est de se remettre à la volonté de Dieu."

"Si vous entendez dire à quelqu'un qu'une montagne a changé de place, vous pouvez le croire; mais si l'on vous dit qu'un homme a changé de mœurs, n'en croyez rien, car il retournera toujours à son naturel."

Pelican.[1]

"The pelican makes choice of dry and desert places to lay her eggs. When her young are hatched, she is obliged to bring water to them from great distances. To enable her to perform this necessary office, nature has provided her with a large sac, which extends from the top of the under mandible of her bill to the throat, and holds as much water as will supply her brood for several days. This water she pours into the nest to cool her young, to allay their thirst, and to teach them to swim. Lions, tigers, and other rapacious animals resort to these nests, drink the water, and are said not to injure the young."—Smellie's *Philosophy of Natural History.*

Harût and Marût.

"The angels expressing their surprize at the wickedness of the sons of Adam, after prophets had been sent to them with divine commissions, God bid them chuse two out of their own number to be sent down to be judges on earth. Whereupon they pitched upon Harût and Marût, who exercised their office with integrity for some time, till Zohara, or the planet Venus, descended and appeared before them in the shape of a beautiful woman, bringing a complaint against her husband. As soon as they saw her, they fell in love with her, and endeavoured to prevail on her to satisfy their desires, but she flew up again to heaven, whither the two angels also returned, but were not admitted. However, on the intercession of a certain pious man, they were allowed to chuse whether they would be punished in this life, or in the other; whereupon they chose the former, and now suffer punishment accordingly in Babel, where they are to remain till the day of judgment. They add, that if a man has a fancy to learn magic, he may

[1] "A desert pelican had built her nest
In that deep solitude," &c.—*Thalaba*, v. i.
J. W. W.

44775

go to them and hear their voice, but cannot see them."—SALE.

I have somewhere seen this story in a better form, as that the woman was only a woman,[1] and demanded as the price of her acquiescence to be taught the cabalistical name of God, on pronouncing which she ascended into heaven.

The concluding part of the story is a noble ground-work.

Jewish Ideas of Messiah.

"E por que tendo o Messias ja vindo, segundo esta opiniaõ ha mais de 1632 annos, ainda em tantos annos nenhum Judeo vio a o seu Messias: dizem huns que anda desconhecido perigrinando pelolmundo. Outros que esta as portas de Roma na companhia de muytos pobres pedindo esmola. Outros, que esta escondido nos montes Caspios, & com tal cautela, que se algum Judeo o quizer irla buscar, o rio Sabatino lho impede, por que chegando algum Judeo as suas margens, converte as suas aguas em pedras, lancando hum tal chuveyro de pedradas sobre os pobres Judeos, que ou haõ de ficar alli mortos; ou se haõ de retirar deixando a o seu Messias la dentro no seu encanto. Outros considerando que os montes Caspios estaõ muyto pertos, & esta fabula do rio Sabbatino se convencia de ridicula, appelaram para o Paraiso, dizendo que la esta o Messias entretido na companhia de Moyses & Elias, para que quando for tempo, Deos o mande libertar a os Judeos."—*Sermam do Auto da Fe*, 1705. *Pelo, Arcebisp. de Cranganor.*

Arabian Scenery.

"I NOW, for the first time, observed an appearance with which I was singularly struck, but which became afterwards familiar to me. An Arab, whom I saw approaching at a distance, upon a camel, appeared to move through the air, with the gigantic bulk of a tower; although he was travelling along the sand like ourselves. Several travellers mention this error of vision, which is owing to a peculiar refraction produced in these torrid climates, by vapours differing greatly in their nature from those which fill the air in temperate regions."—NIEBUHR.

The translator remarks "we have all observed how greatly objects are magnified when seen through mist."

"WE passed two of those vallies so common in Arabia which when heavy rains fall, are filled with water, and are then called wadi, or rivers, although perfectly dry at other times of the year."—Ibid.

"THE only vegetables by which the sandy and barren country is enlivened are a few date trees. Houses scattered among groves of date trees, and inhabited only in the season when the dates are gathered.

"We came to a large village called El Mahad, standing in a beautiful valley which receives the waters that fall from Mount Kema. In the rainy season these waters form a river, which spreads into several branches, and fertilizes the adjacent lands, like the Nile.

"The coffee trees were all in flower at Bulgosa, and exhaled an exquisitely agreeable perfume.

"We observed a running stream; its channel is very broad, but as no rain had for a long time fallen, the stream covered the breadth of twenty or twenty-four feet. In this place it runs with a considerable current, but in Tamama it spreads into a shallow lake, and is lost among the sands. We now drew nearer to the river, of which a branch was dry, and having its channel filled with reeds growing to the height of twenty feet, served as a line of road, which was agreeably shaded by the reeds."—Ibid.

[1] Southey adopted this form in *Thalaba*.

"At the length
A woman came before them; beautiful
Zohara was, as yonder evening star."—iv. 9.
J. W. W.

"Hum ribeiro, que com suas correntes e claras agoas fazia os coraçoes alegres a quem os assi nã tinha."—Palmeirim.

"Huma dona, que em sua presença representava ser pessoa de merecimento, tendo tal aparencia e autoridade que obrigava todo homem a tratala com mais acatamento do que suas obras mereciam."—Ibid.

"Her speech, like lovers watch'd, was kind and low."—Gondibert.

"Famine, plague, and time
Are enemies enough to human life,
None need o'ercharge death's quiver with a crime."

"Who on their urged patience can prevail,
Whose expectation is provok'd with fear?"

"Slow seems their speed whose thoughts before them run." Ibid.

"Wealth is the conjurer's devil,
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him."—Herbert.

"Make not thy sport abuses, for the fly
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby."

"Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes
Error a fault."

"Kneeling ne'er spoilt silk stocking."

"The Sundays of man's life
Threaded together on Times string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious king."

"My thoughts are all a case of knives
Wounding my heart." Ibid.

The British Church.

"Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face
When she doth write."——Ibid.

"The wanton lover in a curious strain
Can praise his fairest fair,
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curle o'er again.

"Lord hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That every part
Hath got a tongue."

"Wilt thou defer
To succour me
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb
Says 'come.'" Ibid.

Quaintologia!

"Whose musk-cat verse
Voids nought but flowers."—Cleveland.

The motto for James Douglas's new method of cutting for the stone is "Citò, tutè, jucundé!"

That reverend and faithfull Minister of the word, Dr. Sibs, late preacher unto the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn, and Master of Katharine Hall in Cambridge, published a 4to volume of sermons on the 4, 5, and 6 chapters of Solomon's Song, 1648, entitled "Bowels Opened."

"Comenzò la niña (S. Clara) de tierna edad à *resplandecer en la noche del mundo*."—Al Villegas.

Charles the Warlike.

1477. Charles the Warlike, Duke of Burgundy, was defeated and slain by the Swiss and Germans at Nancy. "Being overthrown by a great troop of lanciers, and not able to be relieved of his followers, for

that they were prisoners. He had three wounds, the one on the head, the other in the thigh, and the third in the fundament. The Bourguignons would not believe that he was slain, but that he was fled into Germanie, and that he had vowed to do seven years penance. There were some among the Bourguignons which sold jewels, horses, and other things to be paid when he should return; and at Burchselles, in the diocesse of Spierre, in Germany, a poore man begging, they thought him to be the Duke, who did penance: every man desired to see him, and he received good alms."—GRIMESTONE'S *History of the Netherlands.*

This was the Duke defeated at Murat.[1]

Welsh Churchyards.

"SHE views
The heapy church-yards, where should peaceful sleep
The relics of the dead.
What mouldering bones unhous'd above the soil!
The sire dislodged by burial of his son!
The child by her that bare it! rudely thrown
To light of day.—
Within thy region, Cambria! never shock'd
Beholds the visitant of churchyard scenes
Sights so inhuman. There green turf and flowers
Cover the once and ever-loved remains
Of kindred and of friends, flowers, weekly shed,
And watered with soft tears. No lengthened time
Effaces their remembrance from the mind,
No season from the spirit-soothing rite
The tender mourner ever can restrain."

BOOKER'S *Malvern.*

"IN a civilized country one would naturally suppose that a decent attention were paid to the places where are deposited the remains of departed friends; but throughout England in general, how shamefully is this pious and affectionate duty *neglected*! Our cemeteries, notwithstanding the awful purposes to which they are consecrated, are in almost every parish, either common thorough-fares, or constantly frequented by boys, where they pursue their different sports unmolested. In Wales these things are not suffered: such practices would justly be deemed a profanation. The graves in the church-yards there are neatly covered with turf, and in many places planted with evergreens. Every week some relative or friend visits the spot where sleep the objects of regard, to see that it has sustained no injury, and to scatter over it such flowers as may happen to be in bloom. The author and two other gentlemen, in a tour through Wales, had the satisfaction to witness this spirit-soothing ceremony: a decent-looking female was seen to perform it with every sign of tenderness and sensibility."

BOOKER.

The Passing Bell.

"THE passing bell was anciently rung for two purposes; one, to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing; the other, to drive away the evil spirits who stood at the bed's foot and about the house, ready to seize their prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage: but by the ringing of that bell (for Durandus informs us, evil spirits are much afraid of bells) they were kept aloof; and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or had what is by sportsmen called law. Hence, perhaps, exclusive of the additional labour, was occasioned the high price demanded for tolling the greatest bell of the church; for that being louder, the evil spirits must go farther off to be clear of its sound."—*Encyclopædia.*

Reservoir of Mareb.

"THE Sabeans had a reservoir or bason for water which was anciently famous and

[1] See infrà, p. 109.—J. W. W.

which I often heard talked of in Arabia; but nobody could give me an exact description of it, except one man of rank, who had been born at Mareb, and had always lived there. He told me, that the famous reservoir, called by the Arabs Sitte Mareb, was a narrow valley between two ranges of hills, and a day's journey in length. Six or seven small rivers meet in that valley, holding their course S. and S. W. and advancing from the territories of the Imam. Some of these rivers contain fishes, and their waters flow through the whole year; others are dry, except in the rainy season. The two ranges of hills which confine this valley, approach so near to each other upon the eastern end, that the intermediate space may be crossed in five or six minutes. To confine the waters in the rainy season, the entrance into the valley was here shut up by a high and thick wall; and at outlets, through which the water thus collected might be conveyed in the season of drought to water the neighbouring fields, three large flood-gates were formed in the wall, one above another. The wall was fifty feet high, and built of large hewn stones. Its ruins are still to be seen. But the waters, which it formerly used to confine, are now lost among the sands, after running only a short way. Thus was there nothing incredibly wonderful in the true account of the Sabean reservoir. Similar, although much smaller reservoirs, are formed at the roots of the mountains in many places through Yemen. Near Constantinople is a vale, the entrance into which is likewise shut up by a wall to confine the water, which is conveyed thence in aqueducts into the capital of the Ottoman empire.

"The tradition that the city of Mareb was destroyed by a deluge, occasioned by the sudden bursting of the wall, has entirely the air of a popular fable. It seems more probable that the wall, being neglected, fell gradually into disrepair when the kingdom of the Sabeans declined. But the ruin of the wall proved fatal to the city in a different way. The neighbouring fields, when no longer watered from the reservoir, became waste and barren, and the city was thus left without means of subsistence.

"Mareb was known to the ancients as the capital of the Sabeans by the name of Mariaba. In its neighbourhood are some ruins, which are pretended to be the remains of the palace of Queen Balkis."—NIEBUHR.

Devotement of the Arabs.

"THE Arabs have a singular way of displaying their courage in engagements, not unlike the devotement to the infernal gods among the ancients. A soldier willing to signalize his attachment to his master, binds up his leg to his thigh, and continues to fire away upon the enemy, till either they be routed, or he himself be slain upon the field of battle. I could take this only for a fable when it was first told me, but I was afterwards convinced of its truth, by a late instance in the case of a Schiech of Hasch-id-u Bekil, in the Imam's service, who devoted himself in this manner in a battle against his own countrymen. Six slaves charged muskets for him, which he continued to fire upon the enemy, till, being at last deserted by the Imam's troops, and even by his own servants, he was cut in pieces."—Ibid.

Sketches of Nature.

"WHY should the winter always be presented to our view, like chilling old age, muffled up in fur skin?"—*Stranger. Motto to December.*

THE moon bright ere the daylight is gone. The flaky clouds are dark, yet they appear not heavier. They look like the patches of vegetation on the sea sand.

The martins.—Their tails are forked; they flutter at their nests before they enter, showing their white bodies, and often rise up and hover there, then dart away on arrowy wing. Their notes are even musical sometimes. At evening, when looking from

the window, the murmuring of their young is pleasant—a placid sound, according with the quietness of all around.

July 20. Over the western hill it is like a sea of glory, the mist that terminates it graduates into clouds of illuminated darkness, the sun shines full forth. A mountainous ridge of cloud spreads southwards, their summits whitened.

July 22. I see the distant hills through the rainbow; and now it falls upon Pill[1] and its white church. The green predominates, and then the faint reddishness. *It travels with the clouds.* I first saw it tinging Walton Castle, and it has now passed completely over Pill.

A fine of dark cloud, a blue gray, the sun sinks behind it, the streaks above glowing, their remoter sides a brownish red.

July 23, nine o'clock. I never saw an evening sky more beautiful. It rains. The clouds are of the darkest gray; but through one long opening the sky appears of the clearest light, a yellow whiteness.

July 30. The with-weed, or white convolvulus, is now in blossom. Pestilent as it is in gardens, I cannot but like it, it so clothes the bush on which it seizes, and its white bell flower is so graceful.

I see fern growing amid the moss and ivy of an old wall. Greenness of the young ivy.

A fine red dwarf hollihock is now in blossom by the ruined cottage in the glen below K. Weston hill. A beautiful relic of cultivation among nettles and weeds.

The roots of the elms at Stapleton are prodigiously fine. They run into each other, and emboss the ground like some cathedral roof. Their long flutings near the ground look like the clusters of a Gothic column.

Night. The light-leaved poplars now dark as a cypress grove.

It has been a wet day: the clouds still hang heavy, though whitely shining in parts. The distant hill is a mass of dark blue.

A path but little frequented—the grass a darker green, not worn away.

[1] The names here shew us where Southey was at this time residing. Pill is a chapelry in the parish of Easton in Gordano, and Union of Bedminster, six miles from Bristol.—J. W. W.

Poem of Tarafat.

P. 8. "She smiles and displays her bright teeth rising from their dark-coloured basis, like a privet plant in full bloom, which pierces a bank of pure sand, moistened with dew."

42. "I shake the lash over my camel and she quickens her pace, while the sultry vapour rolls in waves over the burning cliffs."

64. "I see no difference between the tomb of the anxious miser gasping over his hoard, and the tomb of the libertine lost in the maze of voluptuousness. You behold the sepulchres of them both raised in two heaps of earth, on which are elevated two broad piles of solid marble, among the tombs closely connected."

101. "The muscles of our chargers quake as soon as they mingle in battle."

103. "Time will produce events of which thou canst have no idea; and he, to whom thou gavest no commission, will bring thee unexpected news."[2]—Moallakat.

Poem of Zohair.

The canal around the tent mentioned.

P. 41. "He made a fierce attack, nor feared the number of tents, where Death, the mother of vultures, had fixed her mansion."

59. "Experience has taught me the events of this day and yesterday; but as to the events of to-morrow, I confess my blindness."—Ibid.

Poem of Lebeid.

P. 11. "In the plains which now are naked a populous tribe once dwelt; but they decamped at early dawn, and nothing of

[2] This is the motto to the third book of *Thalaba*.—J. W. W.

them remains but the canals which encircled their tents, and the Thumaam plants with which they were repaired."

15. "They hastened their camels, till the sultry vapour gradually stole them from thy sight."

34. "They divide the waters of the full stream, whose banks are covered with the plants of Kolaam. Banks which a grove of reeds, part erect and part laid prostrate, overshades or clothes us with a mantle."

53. "When the flashes of the noon-tide vapour dance over the plain, and the sultry mist clothes the parched hills."

62. "On many a cold morning, when the freezing winds howl, and the hand of the North holds their reins, I turn aside their blast from the travellers whom I receive in my tent."

76. "To the cords of my tent approaches every needy matron."—Ibid.

Poem of Antara.

P. 29. "She turns her right side, as if she were in fear of some large headed screamer of the night."

70. "Then I knew with certainty, that, in so fierce a contest with them, many a heavy blow would make the perched birds of the brain fly quickly from every skull."—Ibid.

Poem of Amru.

P. 40. "Our dark javelins exquisitely wrought of Karthlaran reeds, slender and delicate."

79. "We have coats of mail that glitter like lightning, the plaits of which are seen in wrinkles above our belts. When at any time our heroes put them off, you may see their skin blackened with the pressure of the steel."

81. "The plaits of our hauberks resemble the surface of a pool, which the winds have ruffled in their course."

Poem of Hareth.

P. 64. "They surprised you not indeed by a sudden assault, but they advanced, and the sultry vapour of noon, through which you saw them, increased their magnitude."

74. "We thrust them before us till the muscles of their thighs were breeched in gore."

Run, Madoc's Brother's Death.

A. D. 1143. "Shortlie after died Run, the sonne of Prince Owen of North Wales, a faire and a goodlie yoong man, whose death when it came to his father's eares did so trouble him, that no kind of plesure could comfort his heavie hart, so that he led the night in teares and the day in heavinesse."—Powell's *History of Cambria.*

Character of Hoel.

A. D. 1145. "At this time Cadelh, Meredyth and Rees, the sons of Gruffyth ap Rees ap Theodor, did lead their powers against the castell of Gwys, which after they saw they could not win, they sent for Howel, the sonne of Owen Prince of North Wales, to their succour, who for his prowesse in the field and his discretion in consultation was counted the floure of chivalrie, whose presence also was thought onlie sufficient to overthrowe anie hold."—Ibid.

Cynetha.

"In the year 1151, O. Gwyneth tooke Cunetha, his brother Cadwalhon his sonne, and put out his eies and gelded him, least he should have children to inherit part of the land."—Ibid.

Owen Cyveilioc.

"Owen Cyveilioc married Wenlhian the daughter of O. Gwy."—Ibid.

Battle of Ceireoc.[1]

A. D. 1165. "The King gathered another armie of chosen men through all his dominions, as England, Normandie, Anjow, Gascoine and Gwyen, sending for succours from Flanders and Brytaine, and then returned towardes North Wales, minding utterlie to destroie all that had life in the land, and comming to Croes Oswalt, called Oswaldstree, incamped there. On the contrarie side, Prince Owen and his brother Cadwallader, with all the power of North Wales, and the Lord Rees with the power of South Wales, and O. Cyverl and the sonnes of Madoc ap Meredyth with the power of Powys, and the two sonnes of Madoc ap Ednerth with the people betwixt Wye and Seaverne, gathered themselves togither and came to Corwen in Edeyrneon, purposing to defend their countrie. But the King understanding that they were so nigh, being wonderfull desirous of battell, came to the river Ceireoc, and caused the woods to be hewen downe. Whereupon a number of the Welshmen understanding the passage, unknowing to their captaines, met with the King's ward, where were placed the piked men of all the armie, and there began a hote skirmish, where diverse worthie men were slaine on either side; but in the end the King wanne the passage, and came to the mountaine of Berwyn, where he laie in campe certaine daies, and so both the armies stood in awe each of other; for the King kept the open plaines, and was affraid to be intrapped in straits; but the Welshmen watched for the advantage of the place, and kept the King so straitlie, that neither forrage nor vietuall might come to his camp, neither durst anie souldiour stir abroad: and to augment their miseries, there fell such raine that the King's men could scant stand upon their feete upon those slipperie hilles. In the end, the King was compelled to returne home without his purpose, and that with great losse of men and munition besides his charges. Therefore in a great choler he caused the pledges cies, whom he had received long before that, to be put out: which were Rees and Cadwalhon the sonnes of Owen, and Cynwric and Meredyth the sonnes of Rees and other."—Ibid.

[1] "Dost thou not remember, brother,
How in that hot and unexpected charge
On Keiriog's bank, we gave the enemy
Their welcoming."
Madoc in Wales, part i. ii.—J. W. W.

Dogs know the Dog-killer.

"It is a common experience that dogs know the dog-killer; when as in times of infection some petty fellow is sent out to kill the dogs; and that though they have never seene him before, yet they will all come forth and barke and flie at him."—Lord Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum.*

Ladies drawn by Cows.

"Piacenza.—I observed in this town a notable peece of thriftiness used by the gentlewomen, who make no scruple to be carried to their country-houses near the town in coaches drawn by two cowes yoaked together. These will carry the Signora a pretty round trot unto her villa; they afford her also a dish of their milk, and after collation bring her home again at night without spending a penny."

The Voyage of Italy, by Rich. Lassels, Gent. who travelled through Italy five times, as tutor to several of the English nobility and gentry. Printed at Paris, 1670.

Battle of Montargis.

"I saw but one extraordinery thing in the rest of the way to Lyons, an old inscription in letters of gold, upon a wooden fabric, a mile before I came to Montargis, importing, that the English being encamped here, had been forced to raise their siege before Montargis, by reason of great raynes and sudden inundations. Some of the

French historians will have it, that it was the C. de Dunois that forced the English to raise the siege here; but I had rather believe publick inscriptions than private flattery, and it was more honourable for the English to be overcome by God than by men."—LASSELS.

Battle of Murat. Duke Charles the Warlike.

"MURAT.—I was told here that the Duke of Burgundy, seeing his army defeated, and himself environed on one side by the lake here, and on the other side by the enemies conquering army, chose rather to trust himself to the lake than to his enemies. Whereupon spurring his horse into the lake, one of his pages, to save himself also, leaped up behind him as he took water. The Duke, out of fear, either perceived him not at first, or dissembled it till he came to the other side of the lake, which is two miles broad. The stout horse tugged through with them both, and saved them both from drowning, but not both from death; for the Duke, seeing in what danger his page had put him, stabbed the page with his dagger. Poor Prince! thou mightest have given another offering of thanksgiving to God for thy escape than this!"—Ibid.

Crows—dutiful Children.

"IN Exameron it is said that the mildnes of the crow is wonderfull: for when the old crowes in age be both naked and bare of covering of fethers, then the young crowes hide and cover them with their fethers, and gather meate and feed them. And sometime when they waxe olde and feeble, then the young crowes underset them, and reare them up with their wings, and comfort them to use to fly, to bring the members that be diseased into state again."

From a book written by BARTHELMEW GLANTVILE, a Franciscan Frier, 1360. Translated by Stephan Batman, Professour in Divinitie.

Cock-roaches exorcised.

"WE found millions of cock-roaches in the bread room; it is necessary a man should have seen them with his own eyes, to have an idea of the number of these insects. These pests had so much infested the ship, that the holy father, who officiated as chaplain, was obliged to have recourse to exorcisms more than once."—*Journal of D. Francisco Antonio Maurelle, in the Fr. La Princesa*, 1781. *In* LA PEROUSE.

Death of Bertrand of Clesquin.

"BERTRAND of Clesquin died at the siege of the Castle of Rancon, near unto Puy in Auvergne; the besieged yielding afterwards, were forced to carry the keies of the castle upon the deceased body of the captain."—MONTAIGNE, book i. ch. 3.

Arabian Horses.[1]

"THE Arabian horses are divided into two great branches; the Kadischi, whose descent is unknown, and the Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. These last are reserved for riding solely, they are highly esteemed and consequently very dear. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's studs. However this may be they are fit to bear the greatest fatigues, and can pass whole days without food. They are also said to show uncommon courage against an enemy. It is even asserted, that when a horse of this race finds himself wounded and unable to bear his rider much longer, he retires from the fray, and conveys him to a place of security. If the rider falls upon the ground, his horse remains beside him, and neighs till assistance is brought. The Kochlani are neither large nor handsome but amazingly swift.

[1] This is quoted in the notes to *Thalaba*—"Lo! at his side a courser stood," &c.
Sixth Book.—J. W. W.

The whole race is divided into several families, each of which has its proper name. Some of these have a higher reputation than others on account of their more ancient and uncontaminated nobility."

NIEBUHR.

The Samiel.[1]

"THE Samiel prevails only on the confines of the great desert, where the agitation of the air forms a current for the vapours which are raised by the heat of the sun from that parched territory. The places the most exposed to this destructive wind are the banks of the Euphrates, and sometimes the environs of Mecca, when the north wind blows from the desert. The effects of the Samiel are instant suffocation to every living creature that happens to be within the sphere of its activity, and immediate putrefaction of the carcases of the dead. The Arabians discern its approach by an unusual redness in the air, and they say that they feel a smell of sulphur as it passes. The only means by which any person can preserve himself from suffering from the noxious blasts, is by throwing himself down with his face upon the earth, till this whirlwind of poisonous exhalations has blown over, which always moves at a certain height in the atmosphere. Instinct even teaches the brutes to incline their heads to the ground on these occasions."—NIEBUHR.

Arabian Atmosphere.

"A CLEAR sky seldom obscured by clouds renders storms very unfrequent in the plains. The air discharges its electric matter in globes of fire, and by the phenomena called shooting stars, which are not unfrequent and of considerable bulk. In the most arid tracts, near the sea, the dews are singularly copious. But notwithstanding this humidity, the air is so pure that the inhabitants sleep in the open air."—Ibid.

Arabian Birds, Beasts, and Plants.[2]

"ON the lofty hills of Arabia Petræa are rock-goats. The plains are stocked with gazelles, and this beautiful creature is so common that the Arabian poets draw from it many of their allusions and similitudes. In the sandy tracks are numbers of those little animals called jerboas, Pharaoh's rats, whose flesh the Arabians eat without any dislike.

"In places where there was water, we found a beautiful variety of the plover, and sometimes storks. The deserts are not without ostriches, which are called by the inhabitants Thar Edsjammel, the camel-bird.[3] A beautiful lapwing, called Hudhud, is also common on the shores of the Persian Gulph. Some Arabians have been pursuaded that the language of this bird may be understood, by a fabulous tradition. The vulture is very serviceable, clearing the earth of all carcases which corrupt very rapidly in hot countries. He also destroys the field-mice, which multiply so prodigiously in some provinces, that were it not for this assistance, the peasant might cease from the culture of the fields as absolutely vain. Their performance of these important services induced the ancient Egyptians to pay those birds divine honours; and even at present it is held unlawful to kill them in all the countries which they frequent.

The Samarman, or Samarmog,[4] is thought

[1] This is the *Shamyela*, or wind of Syria, or Simoom. See notes on *Thalaba*—

"The blast of the desert came;
Prostrate in prayer, the pious family
Felt not the simoom pass."

Book second.—J. W. W.

[2] The reader will find most of this imagery worked up in *Thalaba*.—J. W. W.

[3] "And in modern Greek Στρυθοκάμηλος."—POCOCKE.

[4] See notes to the third book of *Thalaba*—"And yonder birds our welcome visitants," &c.

J. W. W.

to be a native of Korasan, for it comes annually into Arabia, in pursuit of the swarms of locusts, of which it destroys incredible numbers. Mr. Forskal ranks it among the thrushes, and calls it Turdus Seleucus. The services done by this bird in countries exposed to the ravages of those insects, have given rise to several ridiculous and superstitious practices in Syria. It is thought to be attracted from Korasan by water, which is for this end brought from a distance with great ceremony, and preserved in a stone reservoir on the top of the tower of a mosque. When this water fails, the inhabitants of Mosul are in despair. But as this bird's instincts prompt it not only to feed on locusts, but to kill as many of them as possible, it naturally follows these insects in the course of their passage.

The Achjal is famous for two beautiful feathers with which the Highlanders adorn their bonnets, and to preserve which uninjured the bird it seems, leaves a hole in its nest.—Ibid.

"THE swarms of locusts darken the air, and appear at a distance like clouds of smoke; the noise they make in flying is frightful and stunning, like that of a waterfall.

"The Termite infests Arabia, it is there called Arda.

"In the sandy deserts grows a plant of a new genus named Moscharia by M. Forskal on account of its musky smell."—Ibid.

"CAYDBEJA, called by Sir C. Linnæus, Forskalea, in honour of Mr. F., grows in the driest places of the country. It has small feelers, with which it fixes itself so tenaciously upon stuffs and other smooth bodies that it is torn in pieces before it can be removed.

"The Volutella is a very extraordinary plant, being, properly a long slender thread, without root or leaves, which entwines itself about trees; it bears, however, a sort of flower, and berries which are eaten by children. The Merium Obesum, a sort of laurel-rose, is remarkable for a singular bulb, close to the earth, and of the size of a man's head, which forms all its trunk, and out of which the branches spring.

"The sandy plains are almost destitute of trees, only a few palms are scattered here and there.

"The Indian fig-tree is very common. The tamarind is equally useful and agreeable. It has a pulp of a vineous taste, of which a wholesome refreshing liquor is prepared. Its shade shelters houses from the torrid heat of the sun, and its fine figure greatly adorns the scenery of the country. The inhabitants are also fond of raising over their houses the shade of the Indian fig-tree.

"The Elcaya and Keura are two trees famous for their perfume; the former is common on the hills of Yemen, and the women steep its fruit in water, which they use for washing and perfuming the head. the second bears some resemblance to the palm, and produces flowers of a rich and delicious smell. These flowers are sold at a high price, as the Keura is rather a scarce plant. But one little knot, if preserved in a cool place, will long continue to diffuse its odours through a whole apartment.

"There are several trees or shrubs of the genus Mimosa. One of these trees droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade. This mute hospitality has so endeared this tree to the Arabians, that the injuring or cutting of it down is strictly prohibited. Another of these, Mimosa Selam, produces splendid flowers, of a beautiful red colour,[1] with which the Arabians crown their heads on the days of their festivity. The leaves of another, Mimosa Orfæta, preserve camel's

[1] "That with such pride she tricked
Her glossy tresses, and on holy-day
Wreathed the red flower-crown round
Their waves of glossy jet?"
Thalaba, Book third.—J. W. W.

milk from becoming sour, so that it retains all its sweetness for several days.

"The Indian fig tree grows to a great age, the new shoots from the branches of the primary stem continuing to nourish the top of the tree, even after the parent stock is entirely decayed.

"Of pumpkins and melons several sorts grow naturally in the woods, and serve for feeding camels. But the proper melons are planted in the fields, where a great variety of them is to be found, and in such abundance, that the Arabians of all ranks use them, for some part of the year, as their principal article of food. They afford a very agreeable liquor. When the fruit is nearly ripe, a hole is pierced into the pulp; this hole is then stopped with wax,[1] and the melon left upon the stalk; within a few days the pulp is, in consequence of this process, converted into a delicious liquor."—Ibid.

Black Stone of the Kaba.

"In the Kaba is the famous black stone, said to have been brought by the angel Gabriel in order to the construction of that edifice. It was at first of a bright white colour, so as even to dazzle the eyes at the distance of four days' journey; but it wept so long and so abundantly for the sins of mankind, that it became at length opaque, and at last absolutely black."—Ibid.

Well of Zemzem.

"Hagar, when banished by her master, set Ismael down while she should find some water to quench his thirst. Returning after an unsuccessful search, she was surprised to see a spring bursting up between the child's legs. That spring is the present well of Zemzem."—Ibid.

[1] "Whither is gone the boy?
He had pierced the Melon's pulp,
And closed with wax the wound," &c.
Thalaba, Second Book.—J. W. W.

Exposure of Prince Edwin.

A. D. 938. A certain court lord, enemy to Prince Edwin, the king's brother, accused the young prince of being concerned in Alfred's conspiracy. The king too readily gave ear to this accusation. He was easily induced to believe that a prince in whose favour the conspiracy was formed, was not innocent. It may be too, he was not sorry to find him guilty, as it gave him an opportunity to despatch him out of the way. However, he would not put him to death publicly, but ordered him to be exposed to the fury of the waves, in a vessel without sails or rudder. The young prince went on board, protesting his innocence; but finding the king inexorable, he cast himself headlong into the sea. His esquire, who was put on board with him, remained, and was driven on shore at a place called Whitsand, on the coast of Picardy. Athelstan repented, and built Middleton, now called Melton Abbey, in Dorsetshire."[2]—Rapin.

Arabian Hospitality.

"With the Arabs either a round skin[3] is laid on the ground for a small company, or large coarse woollen cloths for a great number spread all over the room, and about ten dishes repeated six or seven times over laid round at a great feast, and whole sheep and lambs boiled and roasted in the middle. When one company has done, another sits round, even to the meanest, till all is consumed. And an Arab prince will often dine in the street before his door, and call to all that pass, even beggars, in the usual expression, Bisimillah, that is in the name of God; who come and sit down, and when they have done, give their Hamdellilah,

[2] See Speed's remark, "He built the two monasteries of Midleton and Michelnesse, as for the most part such seed-plots were ever sown in the furrows of blood." P. 340.—J. W. W.

[3] "Before the tent they spread the skin," &c. Ibid.—J. W. W.

that is, God be praised; for the Arabs are great levellers, put every body on a footing with them; and it is by such generosity and hospitality that they maintain their interest." —POCOCKE.

Palm Tree.

"THE palm or date tree is of great use in this country (Egypt); and deserves a particular description. For three or four years no body of a tree appears above ground, but they are as in our green-houses. If the top is cut off, with the boughs coming from it, either then or afterwards, the young bud and the ends of the tender boughs united together at top, are a delicate food, something like chesnuts, but much finer, and is sold very dear. This tree being so fruitful, they rarely cut off the top, unless the tree is blown down; though I have been told, that part of it may be cut away without hurting the tree. The boughs are of a grain like cane; and when the tree grows larger, a great number of stringy fibres seem to stretch out from the boughs on each side, which cross one another in such a manner that they take out from between the boughs a sort of bark like close net-work; and this they spin out with the hand, and with it make cords of all sizes, which are mostly used in Egypt. They also make of it a sort of brush for cloaths. Of the leaves they make mattresses, baskets, and brooms; and of the branches all sorts of cage-work, square baskets for packing, that serve for many uses instead of boxes; and the ends of the boughs that grow next to the trunk, being beaten like flax, the fibres separate, and being tied together at the narrow end they serve for brooms. These boughs do not fall off of themselves in many years, even after they are dead, as they die after five or six years; but, as they are of great use, they commonly cut them off every year (unless such as are at a great distance from any town or village), leaving the ends of them on the tree, which strengthen it much; and when after many years they drop off, the tree is weakened by it, and very often is broke down by the wind; the diameter of the tree being little more than a foot, and not above eight or nine inches when the ends of the boughs drop off; and if the tree is weak towards the bottom they raise a mound of earth round, and it shoots out abundance of small roots along the side of the tree, which increase its bulk so that the earth being removed, the tree is better able to resist the wind. The palm-tree grows very high in one stem, and is not of a proportionable bulk; it has this peculiarity that the heart of the tree is the softest and least durable part, the outer parts being the most solid; so that they generally use the trees entire on the tops of their houses, or divide them only into two parts. A sort of bough shoots out, and bears the fruit in a kind of sheath, which opens as it grows. The male bears a large bunch something like millet, which is full of a white flower, and unless the young fruit of the female is impregnated with it, the fruit is good for naught; and to secure it, they tie a piece of this fruit of the male to every bearing branch of the female. The fruit of the date, when fresh, eats well roasted, and also prepared as a sweet-meat: it is esteemed of a hot nature, and as it comes in during the winter, being ripe in November, Providence seems to have designed it as a warm food, during the cold season, to comfort the stomach, in a country where it has not given wine; it is proper to drink water with it as they do in these countries, and so it becomes a good corrective of that cold element."—POCOCKE.

Thebaic Palm.

"IN the upper parts of Egypt they have a palm tree called the Dome, the stem does not grow high, but there soon shoot out from it two branches, and from each of them two others, and so for four or five times each branch divides into two. The leaf is of a semicircular figure, about three feet diameter, and is very beautiful. The

fruit is oval, about three inches long and two wide. The flesh on it is about a quarter of an inch thick; but it is dry and husky, having *something* of the taste of ginger-bread; they therefore make holes in it and *moisten it with water*. Under this there is a shell, and within that a large kernel which is hollow within; so that, making a hole through it when it is green, it serves for a snuff-box, and turned when dry makes very fine beads that have a polish like marble. They are much used by the Turks, who bring them from Mecca. I have called it the Thebaic palm."—POCOCKE.

Indians of Chili.

"THE Indians of Chili are no longer those Americans who were inspired with terror by European weapons. The increase of horses, which are now dispersed through the interior of the immense deserts of America, and that of oxen and sheep which has also been very great, have converted these people into a nation of Arabs, comparable in every respect to those that inhabit the deserts of Arabia. Constantly on horseback, they consider an excursion of 200 leagues as a very short journey. They march, accompanied by their flocks and herds, feed upon their flesh and milk, and sometimes upon their blood;[1] and cover themselves with their skins, of which they make helmets, cuirasses and bucklers. Hence it appears that the introduction of two domestic animals has had a decisive influence upon the manners of all the tribes which inhabit the country from St. Jago to the Straits of Mogellan. All their old customs are laid aside; they no longer feed on the same fruits, nor wear the same dress; but have a more striking resemblance to the Tartars, or to the inhabitants of the banks of the Red Sea, than to their ancestors who lived two centuries ago."—LA PEROUSE.

[1] I have been assured that they sometimes bleed their oxen and horses, and drink their blood.

Port des Français.

"PORT des Français, on the north-west coast of America. The Bay is perhaps the most extraordinary place in the world. To form a conception of it, let us suppose a bason of water, of a depth in the middle that could not be *fathomed*, bordered by peaked mountains of an excessive height, covered with snow, without a blade of grass upon this immense collection of rocks condemned by Nature to perpetual sterility. I never saw a breath of air ruffle the surface of this water; it is never troubled but by the fall of enormous pieces of ice, which continually detach themselves from five different glaciers, and which, in falling, make a noise that resounds far in the mountains. The air is in this place so very calm, and the silence so profound, that the mere voice of a man may be heard half a league off, as well as the noise of some sea-birds which lay their eggs in the cavities of these rocks."—PEROUSE.

Duty of a Conqueror.

"C'EST à un Conquérant à réparer une partie des maux qu'il a fait. Je définis ainsi le droit de conquête: un droit nécessaire, légitime, et malheureux, qui laisse toujours à payer une dette immense, pour s'acquitter envers la nature humaine."—MONTESQUIEU, lib. 10, ch. 4.

Copy of a Letter from a Farmer's Daughter, 1798.[1]

"DEAR MISS,

"The energy of the races prompts me to assure you that my request is forbidden, the idea of which I had awkwardly nourished, notwithstanding my propensity to reserve. Mr. T. will be there. Let me with confidence assure you that him and

[1] I think this queer letter is given in ESPRIELLA'S *Letters*, but I cannot immediately light upon the reference.—J. W. W.

brothers will be very happy to meet you and brothers. Us girls cannot go for reasons. The attention of the cows claims our assistance in the evening. Unalterably yours.

Raisciac and his Son.

"In the wars which King Ferdinand made against the widow of John, King of Hungary, about Buda, a man-at-arms was particularly noted of all men for so much as in a certain skirmish he had shewed exceeding prowess of his body; and though unknown, being slain, was highly commended and much bemoaned of all; but yet of none so greatly as of a German lord called Raisciac, as he that was amazed at so rare vertue. His body being recovered and had off, this lord, led by a common curiositie, drew neere unto it, to see who it might be, and having caused him to be disarmed, perceived him to be his own sonne; which known did greatly augment the compassion of all the camp; he only, without framing word, or closing his eyes, but earnestly viewing the dead body of his son stood still upright, till the vehemencie of his sad sorrow, having suppressed and choaked his vital spirits, felld him stark dead to the ground."—MONTAIGNE, b. 1. ch. 2.

Charles, Duke of Burgundy.

"CAROLUS Pugnax, that great Duke of Burgundy, made H. Holland, late Duke of Exeter, exiled, runne after his horse like a lackey, and would take no notice of him." COMINES. BURTON'S *Anat. of Melancholy.*

Massacre of Saint Bartholomew.

"SUR le quai du Louvre au bas d'une fenêtre dont la vue donne sur la rivière, on a mis une inscription relative au massacre de la Saint Barthélemi. C'est de cette fenêtre que l'infâme Charles IX. d'exécrable mémoire, a tiré sur le peuple avec une carabine.' L'histoire dit que ce meurtrier tirait par la fenêtre de sa chambre sur ses malheureux sujets, qui pour éviter le massacre cherchaient à traverser la Seine à la nage." —*Fragments sur Paris, par* MEYER. *Traduits de l'allemand, par* DUMOURIEZ.

Master of Merry Disports.

"IN the feast of Christmas there was in the king's house, wheresoever he was lodged, a lord of misrule, or master of merry disports; and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honour or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal. Among the which the Maior of London and either of the Sheriffs, had their several Lords of Misrule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholders. These lords beginning their rule at Allhallond Eve, continued the same till the morrow after the feast of the Purification, commonly called Candlemas-day. In all which space, there were fine and subtle disguisings, masks and mummeries, with playing at cards for counters nails and points, more for pastimes than for gain." —STOW'S *Survey.*

Christmas Evergreens.

"AGAINST the feast of Christmas, every man's house, as also their parish churches, were decked with holm, ivie, bays, and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green. The conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished. Among the which I read that in the year 1444, by tempest of thunder and lightning, on the 1st of February, at night, Paul's steeple was fired, but with great labour quenched; and towards the morning of Candlemas-day, at the Leaden-hall, in Cornhill, a standard-tree being set up in the midst of the pavement, fast in the ground, nailed full of holme and ivie, for disport of Christmas to the people, *was* uptorn and cast down by

the malignant spirit as was thought, and the stones of the pavement all about were cast in the streets and into divers houses, so that the people were sore agast at the great tempests."

Easter Tree.

"In the week before Easter, had ye great shows made, for the fetching in of a twisted tree or with, as they termed it, out of the woods, into the king's house; and the like into every man's house of honour or worship."

May Day.[1]

"In the month of May, namely on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise of birds, praising God in their kind.

"And for more notable example hereof Edw. Hall hath noted, that King Henry VIII. as in the 3rd of his reign and divers other years, so namely in the 7th of his reign, on May-day in the morning, with Queen Catharine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode a maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill; where as they passed by the way they espied a company of tall yeomen clothed all in green, with green hoods, and with bows and arrows to the number of 200. One being their chieftain was called Robin Hood, who required the King and all his company to stay and see his men shoot, whereunto the King granting, Robin Hood whistled and all the 200 archers shot off, loosing all at once. And when he whistled again, they likewise shot again. Their arrows whistled by craft of the head so that the noise was strange and loud, which greatly delighted the King, Queen, and their company. Moreover this Robin Hood desired the King and Queen with their retinue to enter the green wood, where in arbours made with boughs and decked with flowers, they were set and served plentifully with venison and wine by Robin Hood and his men to their great contentment, and had other pageants and pastimes, as ye may read in my said author.

"I find also that, in the month of May, the citizens of London, of all estates, lightly in every parish, or sometime two or three parishes joining together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shews, with good archers, morice dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long; and towards the evening they had stage plays and bonefires in the streets."—Ibid.

Festival Bonfires.

"In the months of June and July, on the vigils of festival days, and on the same festival days in the evenings after the sunsetting, there were usually made bonefires in the streets, every man bestowing wood or labour towards them. The wealthier sort also before their doors, near to the said bonefires would set out tables on the vigils, furnished with sweet bread and good drink, and on the festival days with meat and drink plentifully; whereunto they would invite their neighbours and passengers also to sit and be merry with them in great familiarity, praising God for his benefits bestowed on them, these were called bonefires, as well of good amity amongst neighbours, that being before at controversie, were there by the labour of others reconciled, and made of bitter enemies loving friends; as also for the virtue that a great fire hath, to purge the infection of the air."—Ibid.

Vigil of St. John Baptist, &c.

"On the vigil of St. John Baptist, and on Saint Peter and Paul the Apostles, every

[1] See some striking remarks in ESPRIELLA'S *Letters*, Letter xiii. vol. i. p. 147, third edit.
J. W. W.

man's door being shadowed with green birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, orpin, white lillies, and such like, garnished upon with beautiful flowers, had also lamps of glass, with oil burning in them all the night. Some hung out branches of iron curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps lighted at once, which made a goodly shew." —Ibid.

Midsummer Watch.

"BESIDES the standing watches, all in bright harness, in every ward and street in this city and suburbs, there was also a marching watch, that passed thro the principal streets thereof; to wit, from the little conduit by Pauls gate, through West Cheap, by the Stocks, through Cornhill, by Leaden Hall to Aldgate; then back down Fen Church street and by Grasse Church, about Grasse Church conduit, and up Grasse Church street into Cornhill, and through into West Cheap again, and so broke up. The whole way ordered for this marching watch extended to 3200 Taylor's Yards of a size, for the furniture whereof with lights, there were appointed 700 cressets, 500 of them being found by the companies, the other 200 by the chamber of London. Besides the which lights, every constable in London, in number more than 240 had his cresset; the charge of every cresset was in light 2*s.* 4*d.* and every cresset had two men, one to bear or hold it, another to bear a bag with light and to serve it. So that the poor men pertaining to the cressets taking wages, besides that every one had a strawen hat with a badge painted, and his breakfast, amounted in number to almost 2000. The marching watch contained in number about 2000 men; part of them being old soldiers, of skill to be captains, lieutenants, serjeants, corporals, &c. Whifflers, drummers and fifes, standard and ensign bearers, demilaunces on great horses, gunners with hand guns or half hakes, archers in coats of white fustian, signed on the breast and back with the arms of the city; their bows bent in their hand with sheafs of arrows by their sides; pike men in bright corslets, burganets, &c. Halbards, the like the billmen in almain rivets,[1] and aprons of mail in great number.

"There were also divers pageants, morris dancers, constables, the one half which was 120 on St. Johns eve, the other half on St. Peters eve, in bright harness, some over gilt and every one a jornett[2] of scarlet thereupon and a chain of gold, his hench man following him, his minstrels before him and his cresset light passing by him, the waits of the city, the maiors officers, for his guard before him, all in a livery of woosted or sea jackets party-coloured; the maior himself well mounted on horseback, the sword bearer before him in fair armour, well mounted also, the maiors footmen and the like torch bearers about him; hench men twain upon great stirring horses following him. The sheriffs watches came one after the other in like order, but not so large in number as the maiors; for where the maior had besides his giant, three pageants, each of the sheriffs had besides *their giant but two pageants; each* their morris dance and one *hench man*, their officers in jackets of woosted, or sea party-coloured differing from the maiors and each from other, but having harnessed men a great many, &c.

"This Midsummer watch was thus accustomed yearly, time out of mind, until the year 1539, in which year on 8th May a great muster was made by the citizens at the Miles end, all in bright harness with coats of white silk or cloth and chains of gold, in three great battles to the number of 15,000; which passed through London to Westminster, and so through the Sanctuary,

[1] The reader will find many of these terms explained in Thom's edition of STOW's *Survey;* but he candidly confesses his ignorance of "almain rivets." It is easier to conjecture the meaning than to supply authority for it. J. W. W.

[2] "De l'Italien *giornata*. Et ce mot Italien signifie proprement une veste militaire pour un jour de bataille." MENAGE in v.—J. W. W.

and round about the Park of St. James, and returned home through Oldborn.

"King Henry then considering the great charges of the citizens for the furniture of this unusual muster forbad the marching watch provided for at Midsummer that year; which being once laid down, was not raised again till the year 1548, the 2nd of Edward VI. Sir John Gresham then being Maior, who caused the marching watch both on the eve of St. John Baptist and of St. Peter the Apostle, to be revived and set forth, in as comely order as it had been accustomed, which watch was also beautified by the number of more than 300 demilances and light horse men, prepared by the citizens to be sent into Scotland, for the rescue of the town of Haddington.

"This watch affording a great cavalcade and splendid show, brought abundance of all degrees together, and not a few of the lighter sort, such as rogues, pickpurses, quarrellers, whoremongers, and drunkards, which was found to have much inconvenience. Therefore in the year 1569, Sir Thomas Row, Maior, with the universal consent of the aldermen, agreed to lay it aside, for that year at least, and in the room thereof to have a substantial standing watch for the safety and preservation of the city. The Maior himself also being at this time so weak that he could not go in his own person, the Recorder acquainted the Queen and council with this resolution. But it was signified back that the Queen disliked it, and that it was her pleasure to have a going watch. Whereupon the Maior sent the Recorder to Sir William Cecyll the secretary, earnestly desiring his interest with the Lords that this order might at least that year take place, and from henceforth it began to be laid aside.

"The like marching watch in this city hath not been used, though some attempts have been made thereunto, as in 1583 a book was drawn by a grave citizen,[1] and by him dedicated to Sir Thomas Pullison, then Lord Maior, and his brethren the Aldermen, containing the manner and order of a marching watch in the city upon the even accustomed, in commendations whereof, namely, in times of peace to be used, he hath words to this effect. The artificers of sundry sorts were thereby well set awork, none but rich men charged, poor men helped, old soldiers, trumpeters, drummers, fifes and ensign bearers, with such like men, meet for the princes service, kept in ure, wherein the safety and defence of every commonweal consisteth. Armour and weapons being yearly occupied in this wise, the citizens had of their own, readily prepared for any need; whereas by intermission hereof, armorers are out of work, soldiers out of ure, weapons overgrown with foulness, few or none good being provided," &c.—Ibid.

[1] Margin, John Mountgomery.

Bartholomew-tide Sports.

"In the month of August, about the feast of St. Bartholomew the apostle, before the Lord Maior, Aldermen and Sheriffs of London, placed in a large tent near unto Clerkenwell, of old time were divers days spent in the pastime of wrestling; where the officers of the city, namely, the sheriffs, sergeants, and yeomen, the porters of the King's beam or weigh house (now no such men) and other of the city were challengers of all men in the suburbs to wrestle for games appointed, and on other days before the said Maior, Aldermen and Sheriffs in Fensbury field to shoot the standard, broad arrow and flight, for games. But now of late years the wrestling is only practised on Bartholomew day in the afternoon; and the shooting some three or four days after in one afternoon and no more. What should I speak of the ancient daily exercises in the long bow by citizens of this city, now almost cleanly left off and forsaken? I overpass it, for by the means of closing in of common grounds, our archers for want of room to shoot abroad, creep into bowling alleys, and ordinary dicing houses, near

home, where they have room enough to hazard their money at unlawful games, where I leave them to take their pleasures."—Ibid.

This was one of the great uses of publick houses in former time, namely, for game and exercise, rather than for drinking excessively; but now of a long while the pleasure and pastime of these houses is chiefly fuddling and devouring vast quantities of wine and ale, and stout, and brandy.

Shrove Tuesday.

"EVERY year on Shrove Tuesday, the school boys do bring cocks of the game to their master, and all the forenoon they delight themselves in cock-fighting. After dinner all the youths go into the fields to play at the ball. The scholars of every school have their ball or bastion in their hands. The antient and wealthy men of the city come forth on horseback, to see the sport of the young men and to take part of the pleasure in beholding their agility."—FITZSTEPHEN *in* STOW.[1]

Lent Fridays.[2]

"EVERY Friday in Lent, a fresh company of young men comes into the field on horseback, and the best horsemen conduct the rest. Then march forth the citizens sons, and other young men with disarmed lances and shields, and there they practice feats of war. Many courtiers likewise when the King lyeth near, and attendants on noblemen do repair to these exercises, and while the hope of victory doth inflame their minds, they shew good proof how serviceable they would be in martial affairs."—Ibid.

[1] The reader will find these extracts subjoined to STOW's *Survey*.—J. W. W.

[2] So SOUTHEY has headed it from STOW; but in the original Latin of Stephanides, or Fitz-Stephen, it is "Singulis *diebus dominicis* in Quadragesimâ."—J. W. W.

Easter Water-tilts.

"IN Easter holydays, they fight battles on the water; a shield is hanged on a pole, fixed in the midst of the stream. A boat is prepared without oars, to be carried by violence of the water, and in the forepart thereof standeth a young man ready to give charge upon the shield with his lance; if so be he break his launce against the shield, and doth not fall, he is thought to have performed a worthy deed; if so be without breaking his launce he runneth strongly against the shield, down he falleth into the water, for the boat is violently forced with the tide. But on each side of the shield ride two boats, furnished with young men, which recover him that falleth, as soon as they may. Upon the bridge, wharfs and houses, by the river side, stand great numbers to see and laugh thereat."—Ibid.

Summer Holiday Evenings.

"In the holydays all the summer the youths are exercised in leaping, dancing, shooting, wresting, casting the stone, and practising their shields. The maidens trip with their timbrels, and dance as long as they can well see. In winter, every holyday, before dinner, the boars prepared for brawn are set to fight, or else bulls or bears are baited."—Ibid.

Whittington's Epitaph, St. Michaels, Ventrie Ward.

"UT fragrans Nardus
famâ fuit iste Richardus,
Albificans[1] villam
qui juste rexerat illam.
Flos mercatorum
Fundator presbyterorum.
Sic & egenorum,
testis sit cetus eorum.

[1] Anglicè Whittington, i. e. whiting-town.

Omnibus exemplum,
barathrum vincendo morosum.
Condidit hoc templum
Michaelis, quam speciosum!
Regia spes & pres:
divinis res rata turbis.
Pauperibus Pater extiterat
Major quater urbis,[1]
Martius hunc vicit,
En! annos gens tibi dicit.
Finiit ipse dies,
sis sibi Christe quies. Amen."

STOW.

St. Paul's Buck.

"SIR William Baud, knight the 3rd of Edward I., 1274, on Candlemas-day, granted to Harvey de Borham, Dean of Pauls, and to the chapter there, that in consideration of 22 acres of ground or land, by them granted within their manor of Westley, in Essex, to be inclosed into his park at Curingham, he would for ever, upon the feast day of the Conversion of Paul, in winter, give unto them a good doe, seasonable and sweet: and upon the feast of the Commemoration of St. Paul, in summer, a good buck, and offer the same at the high altar; the same to be spent among the canons residents. The doe to be brought by one man, at the hour of procession, and through the procession to the high altar; and the bringer to have nothing. The buck to be brought by all his meyney in like manner, and they to have paid unto them by the church 12 pence only, and no more to be required.

"Now what I have heard by report and have partly seen, it followeth: On the feast day of the Commemoration of St. Paul, the buck being brought up to the steps of the high altar in Pauls Church, at the hour of procession, the dean and chapter apparelled in coaps and vestments, with garlands of roses on their heads, they sent the body of the buck to baking, and had the head fixed on a pole, born before the cross in their procession, until they issued out at the west door, where the keeper that brought it blowed the death of the buck, and then the horners that were about the city presently answered him in like manner; for the which pains they had each man, of the dean and chapter, 4*d.* in money and their dinner. And the keeper that brought it, during his abode there, for that service, meat, drink, and lodging, at the dean and chapters charges, and 5*d.* in money at his going away, together with a loaf of bread, having the picture of St. Paul upon it.

"There was belonging to the church of St. Paul, for both the days, two special suits of vestments, the one imbroidered with bucks, the other with does."—*August* 16, 1798, *Hereford.*

Ostrich-eggs, how hatched.[1]

"WE read in an old Arabian manuscript that when the ostrich would hatch her eggs, she does not cover them as other fowls do, but both the male and female contribute to hatch them by the efficacy of their looks only;[2] and therefore when one has occasion to go to look for food, it advertises its companion by its cry, and the other never stirs during its absence, but remains with its eyes fixed upon the eggs, till the return of its mate, and then goes in its turn to look for food. And this care of theirs is so necessary, that it cannot be suspended for a moment; for if it should, their eggs would immediately become addle."—HARRIS's *Collect. of Voy.* P. VANSLEBE, *Relat. d'Egypte*, p. 103.

This is said to emblem the perpetual attention of the Creator to the universe.

[1] This epitaph is not in the copy of STOW before me. These lines are evidently defective. WEEVER, in his *Funeral Monuments*, calls it "crazed and imperfect," p. 407.—J. W. W.

[1] The note book which furnishes these extracts has been kindly lent to me by Mrs. Southey.—J. W. W.

[2] "Oh! even with such a look, as fables say,
The mother ostrich fixes on her egg," &c.
Thalaba, book iii. p. 24.—J. W. W.

Gladiators, why suppressed.

"UNDER the Emperor Honorius, when Prudentius, a Christian poet, had endeavoured to obtain the abolition of the gladiatorian spectacles, Telemachos, a hermit of the East, appeared in the amphitheatre. As soon as the combat had begun, he descended, with a dignified simplicity, inflamed by the spirit of benevolence and holy zeal, into the arena, and endeavoured to prevent the combatants from murdering each other. The spectators, enraged, rose and stoned him. Perhaps there may be some who will feel inclined to ridicule the simplicity of this dignified man, though had it been the act of a heathen philosopher, they would have admired and cited it as exemplary. Telemachos, however, was the last sacrifice to this accursed custom. Honorius was moved, forbad the games of the gladiators, and from that period they were entirely abolished.—STOLBERG'S *Travels.*

This S. has another name, Almachius.

Death of Ali's Sons celebrated.

"THE Persians observe a festival in memory of the death of Hassan and his brother, the sons of Hali, who were killed by Omar, near Bagdad. It begins on the 23rd of August, and lasts ten days, during which every square is adorned with lights, and a long banner or streamer, near which a Mullah or priest gets up into a pulpit to preach, and makes a most hideous noise. All the inhabitants of that quarter go to hear him, clad in red and blue silk gowns, as a token of sorrow. The women supply the Mullahs with sweatmeats and rose-water, to cool them when they are heated with preaching. On one of the ten days, they set a figure of straw, which they call Omar, on an ass, and after having led them about the town, they kill the poor ass, and set fire to the image. They are fully persuaded that during these ten days, the gates of heaven stand continually open, and that all Mussulmen, who happen to die at this season, go directly to heaven."—GEMELLI. BROUGHTON'S *Dict. of all Religions.*

Feast of Lights.

"HANUCA or Channuccah, the feast of lights, or feast of dedication, an anniversary festival among the Jews, in memory of Judas Maccabæus's repairing and dedicating anew the temple and altar, which had been plundered and prophaned by Antiochus Epiphanes. It was observed on 25th of the month Cisleu, and was continued eight days. On the first day they light one lamp, on the second, two, and so on to the eighth day, when they light eight lamps. The occasion of this is as follows. The enemies having prophaned the city and temple, were driven out by Jonathan and his sons. Upon his return, he found there was not oil enough left to light the lamps of the great branch for more than one night, but by a miracle it lasted eight."—BROUGHTON.

St. Peter ad Vincula.—Lammas Day.[1]

"THE first of August was celebrated in honour of Augustus, who on that day had been saluted with that name, and so given occasion to change the name of the month from Sextilis to August. Eudoxia, wife of Theodosius, having made a journey to Jerusalem, was there presented with the fetters which St. Peter had been loaded with in prison. These she presented to the Pope, who afterwards laid them up in a church built by Theodosius to the honour of St. Peter. She also obtained a decree of her husband, that the first of August should be kept holy in remembrance of St. Peter's bonds, thinking it unreasonable that a heathen emperor should have a holy day."—Ibid.

Certainly July and August ought to be christened.

[1] This day has another remarkable name, the GULE of August. See SPELMAN in v.—J. W. W.

"This day is called Lammas day, from a conceit the people had that St. Peter was patron of the lambs, because our Saviour said to him, 'Feed my lambs.' Upon which account they thought the mass of this day very beneficial to make their lambs thrive."—Ibid.

Egregori of the Book of Enoch.

"The Egregori, or watching angels, to the number of 200, having fallen in love with the daughters of men, on account of their excellent beauty, descended on the top of mount Hermon.[1] Their princes were twenty, Semiazas the chief. In the year of the world 170, they took themselves wives, and committed leudness with them till the flood, in which time the women bore to them three generations. The first was the giants; they begat the Nephilim, they the Eliud. Their chief taught them the force of poisonous roots and herbs. Azalzel, the art of working metals and precious stones, also of making swords, and other instruments of war. Pharmarus, charms and incantations. Chobabiel (astrology, Araciel), the signs of the earth. Sampsich, those of the sun. Sariel, those of the moon; and in like manner each of them revealed certain secrets to their wives and children. But impiety and all manner of corruption increasing upon the earth, the four archangels, by the command of God, bound the princes of those transgressors, and threw them into the abyss, there to remain till the day of judgement."—Ibid.

"The angel Raphael was commissioned to heal the earth of the wounds caused by the secrets these Egregori had revealed. Gabriel's charge was, to destroy the giants. Michael was commanded to bind Semiazas and his companions, and to lead them to the uttermost parts of the earth, where they were to be confined for seventy generations, till the consummation of all things, when they were to be thrown into the gulph of fire. Uriel was sent to Noah, to warn and instruct him."—Ibid.

[1] See Abp. Lawrence's edit. of the *Book of Enoch*, vii. 7. p. 6.—J. W. W.

River Dee, and Ceirioc.

"Dee, a river deep and swift;
It seems as it would rive the rocks alone,
Or undermine with force the craggie clift.
To Chester runs this river all along,
With gushing streame and roring water strong;
On both the sides are bankes and hilles good store,
And mightie stones that makes the river rore.
It flowes with winde, although no raine there bee,
And swelles like sea with waves and foaming flood;
A wonder sure, to see this river Dee
With winde alone to waxe so wyld and wood,
Make such a sturre as water would be mad,
And shewe such life as though some spreete it had.
A cause there is, a nature for the same,
To bring this flood in such straunge case and frame.[1]
And still on rocke the water runnes, you see,
A wondrous way, a thing full rare and straunge,
That rocke cannot the course of water chaunge.
For in the streame, huge stones and rocks remayne,
That backward might the flood of force constrayne."

Churchyard's *Worthines of Wales.*

He calls Ceirioc, Keeryock.

"A raging brooke when rayne or snowe is great."

[1] "There is a poole in Meryonethshiere of 3 myle long, rageth so by storm that it makes this river flowe."

Coracles.

The Coracles are still used in some parts of Wales.[1] "They are generally 5½ feet long, and 4 broad; their bottom is a little rounded, and their shape nearly oval. These boats are ribbed with light laths, or split twigs, in the manner of basket work, and are covered with a raw hide, or strong canvas, pitched in such a mode as to prevent their leaking. A seat crosses just above the centre, towards the broader end. They seldom weigh more than between 20 and 30 pounds. The men paddle them with one hand, while they fish with the other; and when their work is completed, they throw the coracles over their shoulders, and without difficulty return with them home.

"Riding through Abergwilly, we saw several of these phœnomena resting with their bottoms upwards, against the houses, and resembling the shells of so many enormous turtles; and indeed a traveller at the first view of a coracle on the shoulders of a fisherman, might fancy he saw a tortoise walking on his hinder legs."—Wyndham.

Old Woman of Berkeley.[2]

"A.D. 852. Circa dies istos, mulier quædam malefica, in villa quæ Berkeleia dicitur, degens, gulæ amatrix ac petulantiæ, flagitiis modum usque in senium & auguriis non ponens, usque ad mortem impudica permansit. Hæc die quâdam cum sederet ad prandium, cornicula quam pro delitiis pascebat, nescio quid garrire cœpit. Quo audito, mulieris cultellus de manu excidit, simul & facies pallescere cœpit, & emisso rugitu, Hodiè, inquit, accipiam grande incommodum, hodiéq; ad sulcum ultimum, meum pervenit aratrum. Quo dicto, nuncius doloris intravit. Muliere verò percunctata ad quid veniret, Affero, inquit, tibi filii tui obitum, & totius familiæ ejus ex subita ruina interitum. Hoc quoque dolore mulier permota, lecto protinus decubuit, graviter infirmata. Sentiensq; morbum subrepere ad vitalia, liberos quos habuit superstites, monachum videlicet & monacham per Epistolam invitavit. Advenientes autem voce singultiente alloquitur. Ego, inquit, o pueri, meo miserabili fato dæmoniacis semper artibus inservivi. Ego omnium vitiorum sentina, ego illecebrarum omnium fui magistra. Erat tamen mihi inter hæc mala, spes vestræ religionis, quæ meam solidaret animam desperatam, vos expectabam propugnatores contra dæmones, tutores contra sævissimos hostes. Nunc igitur quoniam ad finem vitæ perveni, rogo vos per materna ubera ut mea tentetis alleviare tormenta. Insuite me defunctam corio cervino, ac deinde in sarcophago lapideo supponite, operculumque ferro & plumbo constringite, ac demum lapidem tribus cathenis ferreis & fortissimis circundantes, clericos quinquaginta psalmorum cantores, & tot per tres dies presbyteros missarum celebratores applicate, qui feroces lenigent adversariorum incursus. Ita si tribus noctibus securæ jacuero quarto die me infodite humo. Factumq; est ut præceperat illis. Sed, proh dolor! nil preces, nil lacrymæ nil demum valuere cathenæ. Primis enim duabus noctibus, cum chori psallentium corpori assistebant, advenientes dæmones ostium Ecclesiæ confregerunt ingenti obice clausum, extremasq; cathenas negotio levi dirumpunt. Media autem, quæ fortior erat, illibata manebat. Tertiâ autem nocte, circa gallicinium, strepitu hostium adventantium, omne monasterium visum est à fundamento moveri. Unus ergo dæmonum & vultu cæteris terribilior, & staturâ eminentior, januas Ecclesiæ impetu violento

[1] They are still commonly used on the Severn and the Wye. As a boy I could manage one dexterously in fishing, and have often carried it across my shoulders. Herodotus first mentions them, see Clio. c. 194. And it is curious that Captain Keppel ascended the Euphrates in just such another conveyance: See Travels, vol. i. p. 192. This note is used up in Madoc in Wales, xiii. p. 348.—J. W. W.

[2] I do not feel justified in omitting such extracts as this, though used up, like others, in Southey's works. See the ballad, p. 454.
J. W. W.

concussas in fragmenta dejecit. Direxerunt clerici cum laicis, metu steterunt omnium capilli & psalmorum concentus defecit. Dæmon ergo gestu ut videbatur arroganti ad sepulchrum accedens, & nomen mulieris modicum ingeminans, surgere imperavit. Quâ respondente, quod nequiret pro vinculis, Jam malo tuo, inquit, solveris; & protinus cathenam quæ cæterorum ferociam dæmonum deluserat, velut stuppeum vinculum rumpebat. Operculum etiam sepulchri pede depellens, mulierem palam omnibus ab ecclesiâ extraxit, ubi pro foribus niger equus superbè hinniens videbatur, uncis ferreis, & clavis undique confixus, super quem misera mulier projecta, ab oculis assistentium evanuit. Audiebantur tamen clamores per quatuor fere miliaria horribiles auxilium postulantes. Ista itaq; quæ retuli incredibilia non erunt, si legatur beati Gregorii dialogus, in quo refert, hominem in ecclesiâ sepultam à dæmonibus foras ejectum. Et apud Francos Carolus Martellus insignis vir fortitudinis, qui Saracenos Gallias ingressos, Hispaniam redire compulit, exactis vitæ suæ diebus, in Ecclesiâ beati Dionysii legitur fuisse sepultus. Sed quia patrimonia, cum decimis omnium fere Ecclesiarum Galliæ, pro stipendio commilitonum suorum mutilaverat, miserabiliter a malignis spiritibus de sepulchro corporaliter avulsus, usque in hodiernum diem nusquam comparuit."—*Flores Historiarum*, by MATTHEW OF WESTMINSTER.

The story of Guntram[1] is in this book, and it adds, that he applied the treasures so found to the uses of the Church.

St. Patrick's Purgatory.[2]

"MILES quidem Hoenus nomine qui multis annis sub Rege Stephano militaverat, licentiâ à rege impetratâ, profectus est in Hyberniam ad natale solum, ut parentes visitaret. Qui cum aliquandiu in regione illâ demoratus fuisset, cepit ad mentem reducere vitam suam adeò flagitiosam; quod ab ipsis cunabulis, incendiis semper vacaverat & rapinis, & quod magis dolebat, se ecclesiarum fuisse violatorem, & rerum ecclesiasticarum invasorem, præter multa enormia, quæ intrinsecus latebant peccata. Miles igitur pœnitentiâ ductus ad episcopum quendam illius regionis accessit; cui cum peccata sua devotus per ordinem detulisset, increpavit eum graviter Episcopus, asserens illum nimis divinam clementiam offendisse; unde miles multum contristatus, Deo condignam facere pœnitentiam cogitavit. Cum autem Ep. ut justum sibi videbatur, vellet ei injungere, pœnitentiam, miles respondit, Dum igitur ut asseris, factorem meum tam graviter offendi, pœnitentiam assumam. Omnibus pœnitentiis graviorem, & ut peccatorum meorum merear remissionem accipere, Purgatorium S. Patricii volo intrare. De hoc quoq; Purgatorio & ejus origine quod sequitur tradunt veteres historiæ Hybernenses.

"Magnus Patricius dum in Hybernià verbum Dei prædicaret, & multis ibi miraculorum signis choruscaret, bestiales illius patriæ homines, terrore infernalium tormentorum, ac Paradysi amore gaudiorum, à mortuis studuit revocare. Sed ipsi plano sermone affirmabant, se non conversuros ad Christum, nisi oculatâ fide prius conspicerent quæ promisit. Unde dum B. P. pro salute populi in jejuniis, vigiliis & orationibus positus, Dominum precaretur propensius, pius Dei filius apparens ei, duxit eum in locum desertum, & ostendit illi speluncam rotundam & obscuram intrinsecus, & dixit, Quisquis veraciter pœnitens & in fide constans, hanc speluncam ingressus fuerit, spatio unius diei ac noctis ab omnibus in eâ purgabitur peccatis, quibus in totâ vitâ suâ Deum offendit; atq; eam ingrediens, non solum tormenta malorum, sed si in Dei dilectione constanter perseveraverit, videbit & gaudia beatorum. Sic Domino dispa-

[1] See the story quoted in note to "The Vision of the Maid of Orleans," p. 76. J. W. W.

[2] See ballad, "St. Patrick's Purgatory," p. 425, where, in "Sir Owen," the reader will easily recognize "Hoenus."—J. W. W.

rente S. P. tam pro domini apparitione quam pro speluncæ ostensione lætus, sperabat miserum Hyberniæ populum se ad fidem Catholicam conversurum; et in loco illo confestim oratorium construens, speluncam quæ in cemiterio est, ante frontem ecclesiæ circumdedit, & januam cum seris apposuit, ne quis eam sine ejus licentiâ introiret. Canonicos regulares loco illo introduxit, & Priori ecclesiæ clavem custodiendam commisit, statuens ut quicunq; Purgatorium ingredi voluerit, ab episcopo loci licentiam habeat, & cum literis episcopi accedat ad Priorem, & ab eo instructus Purg. intret. Multi autem in diebus Patricii Purg. intraverunt, qui reversi, testati sunt se tormenta gravia pertulisse, & gaudia magna ibidem & inenarrabilia conspexisse.

"Milite itaq; supradicto, angustiosè nimis ab episcopo licentiam postulante Purg. experiendi, cum illum cognovisset Ep. inflexibilem, tradidit ei literas suas ad Priorem loci, mandans ut cum illo ageret, sicut fieri solet cum illis qui purgatorium ingredi deposcunt. Prior autem visis literis, militem in ecclesiam perduxit, ubi per dies quindecim orationibus devotus instabat; & illis sic diebus elapsis, manè Missâ à Priore celebratâ, sacrâ communione militem communivit, adductumque ad speluncæ introitum, aquâ eum benedictâ aspersit, & aperto ostio dixit, Ecce nunc intrabis in nomine Jesu Christi, & per concavitatem speluncæ tam diu ambulabis, donec in campum exiens, aviam[1] invenies artificiosissimè fabricatam, quam cum ingressus fueris, statim ex parte Dei nuntios habebis, qui tibi piè quod facies indicabunt. Vir autem ille virilem gerens animum, ad pugnam demonum audacter prorupit, atq; omnium se orationibus commendans, frontem suam vivificæ Crucis signo munivit, & intrepidus portam intravit; & ostio post eum obserato, Prior cum processione ecclesiam repetivit.

"Miles itaq; per speluncam audacter progrediens, lumen paulatim totius claritatis amisit, sed tandem parvo lumine apparente ad campum prædictum pervenit & aulam. Lux ibi non erat, nisi qualis in vesperâ hic habetur. Aula parietes non habebat, sed columnis erat per gyrum subnixa, ut claustrum solet monachorum: ingressusq; eam & intus sedens, oculos studiosè huc illucq; convertit, admirans illius pulchritudinem & structuram. Ubi cum paululum solus sedisset, ecce quindecim viri quasi religiosi & nuper rasi, albisq; vestibus induti, regiam intraverunt, & salutantes eum in nomine Dei consederunt. Tunc aliis tacentibus, unus loquebatur cum ipso, dicens, Benedictus sit Deus Omnip. qui bonum tibi propositum inspiravit, ut pro peccatis tuis Purg. hoc intrares. sed nisi te viriliter habeas, corpore & animâ simul peribis. Mox enim, ut hanc domum fuerimus egressi, multitudo aderit spirituum immundorum, qui tibi gravia inferentes tormenta, minabuntur inferre graviora. Promittent se ducturos te ad portam quâ intrasti, si te decipere possint ut revertaris: sed si tormentorum afflictione victus, vel minis territus, seu promissione deceptus, assensum eis præbueris, in corpore pariter & animâ peribis. Si vero fortis in fide, spem totam in Domino posueris, ut nec tormentis nec minis, nec promissionibus eorum adquieveris, sed corde integro eos contempseris, ab omnibus purgaberis delictis, & tormenta malorum videbis, & requiem similiter bonorum. Et quotiescunq; te cruciaverint invoca Dom. Jes. Christum, & per invocationem hujus nominis statim liberaberis à quocunq; tormento, in quo eris, tecum hic amplius esse non possumus sed Deo te Omnipotenti commendamus.

"Miles itaq; à viris solus relictus ad novi generis militiam se instruere cæpit. cumq; intrepidus pugnam dæmonum expectaret, subito cœpit circa domum tumultus audire, ac si omnes homines qui in mundo sunt, cum animalibus ac bestiis strepuissent, & post horridum sonum sequitur terribilior visus dæmonum; cœpit enim undiq; demonum deformium innumera multitudo in aulam irruere, & militem deridendo salutare. Alii homi-

[1] Neither SPELMAN nor DU CANGE explain the word, nor am I sure that they refer to it in the sense it is here used. See in v.—J. W. W.

nes, inquiunt, qui nobis serviunt, non nisi *post mortem ad nos* veniunt, sed tu nostram societatem, cui studiosè deservisti, in tantum honorare desideras, quod vivens corpus tuum decernis & animam commendare. Huc venisti ut pro peccatis tormenta sustineres? habebis nobiscum pressuras & dolores. Veruntamen pro eo quod nobis curiosè ministrâsti, *si reverti volueris ad portam quam intrasti*, te ducemus illæsum, ut gaudiens in mundo vivas & omne quod corpori tuo suave est, pœnitus non amittas. Hæc ideo dæmones dixerunt quia terrore eum & blanditiis decipere voluerunt. Sed miles Christi, nec terrore concutitur nec blandimento seducitur, dum æquo animo ita eos contempsit, quod tacitè sedens nec unum verbum respondit. At dæmones se contemni indignantes, rogum in aulâ ingentis incendii succenderunt, et manus militis pedesq; colligantes, in ignem eum projeeerunt, uncis ferreis huc illucq; per incendium detrahentes: & ille in ignem missus cum prius grave tormentum sensisset, nomen J. Christi invocavit dicens J. CHRISTE MISERERE MEI. Ad hoc quoque nomen incendium rogi ita extinctum est, ut nec totius rogi scintilla unica appareret; quod cernens miles in animo proposuit ut eos de cætero non formidaret, quos invocato Christi auxilio vinci conspexit.

"Relinquentes verò aulam dæmones, militem diutius per vastam regionem quandam detraxerunt. Nigra erat terra, & regio tenebrosa. Traxerunt eum dæmones illuc recto tramite, quo sol oritur in æstate, quo convertentes cœpit miles quasi vulgi totius orbis miseros ejulatos audire. Tandem à dæmonibus tractus, in campum pervenit longum & latum, miseriis ac dolore perplenum, cujus longitudo non potuit transvideri. Campus ille hominibus utriusq; sexûs & ætatis diversæ, nudis & in terrâ jacentibus ventribus deorsum versis, plenus erat, quorum corpora simul & membra clavis ferreis & ignitis in terram usque transfixis, miserabiliter torquebantur. Aliquando autem præ doloris angustiâ terram comedebant, clamantes & ejulantes, Parce, parce, Miserere, miserere; cum qui sui miseretur pœnitus non adesset. Dæmones etiam super miseros currentes, gravibus eos flagris cædebant, & militi dicebant, Hæc tormenta quæ vides sentiendo patieris, nisi nobis adquiescas, ut ad portam per quam intrâsti, revertaris, ad quam si volueris, pacificè deduceris. Sed ille ad mentem revocans qualiter ipsum Deus alibi liberavit, credere eis omninò contempsit. Tunc dæmones in terram eum prosternentes, ad modum aliorum configere conati sunt, sed invocato n. J. Christi, nihil amplius in loco illo, illi facere potuerunt. In alium campum militem trahentes dæmones, hanc ibi differentiam conspexit, quod sicut in campo superiori, homines afflicti ventres habuerunt deorsum versos, ita in hoc campo dorsa solo hærebant. Dracones autem ignei super quosdam sedentes & dentibus eos igneis corrodentes modo miserabili affligebant; aliorum quoq; colla, brachia & corpora serpentes igniti circumcingentes, deformibus rostris suis, eorum corda extrahere conabantur. Dæmones præterea super singulos cursitantes & flagris asperrimis cædentes, miseros graviter cruciabant, nec unquam à fletu & ejulatu afflicti cessabant. Inde trahentes militem dæmones in alium pœnalem campum, invenit ibi tantam utriusq; sexûs & ætatis diversæ multitudinem, ut totius orbis plenitudinem vincere crederetur. Alii ibi pendebant in flammis sulphureis, igneis cathenis per pedes & tibias immissis, & capitibus ad ima demissis, alii per manus & brachia, alii per capillos & capita. alii pendebant in flammis igneis in uncis ferreis & ignitis per oculos & nares, alii per aures & fauces, alii per testiculos & mamillas; nec inter fletus miseros universorum & ejulatus flagella dæmonum defuerunt. Cumq; militem hic sicut in aliis pœnis inimici torquere voluissent, nomen Christi invocavit & illæsus evasit.

"Ab illo pœnali loco, dæmones militem impellentes venerunt ad rotam quandam fer. & ig. cujus radii & canthi uncis fer. & ig. erant undiq; circumfixi: in quibus homines pendentes, à flamma tetri sulphureiq; incendii, quæ a terrâ surgebat, graviter urebantur. Hanc enim rotam dæ. tantâ agilitate impingebant vectibus quibusdam ferreis,

ut nullum omninò hominem ab alio possis discernere ; quia præ nimiâ cursus celeritate nihil nisi ignis incendium apparebat. Nec minori tormento vexebantur hi, qui verubus transfixi, ad ignem assati deguttabantur à dæmonibus, ex metallis liquefactis, vel fornacibus cremabantur, seu illi qui in sartaginibus frigebantur. Vidit præterea miles, trahentibus eum ministris tartareis, domum innumeris caldariis, plenumq; piceis sulphureisq; liquaminibus, ac diversis repletam bullientibus metallis, homines conditionis & utriusq; ætatis continentem, quorum quidam ex toto, quidam usq; supercilia & oculos, alii usque ad labia & colla, alii ad pectus usq; & fœmora, alii ad genua usq; & crura, alii manum unam vel pedem, alii ambas manus & pedes in caldariis tenebant, & omnes præ doloris angustiâ vociferabant ac miserabiliter ejulabant, & cum cœpissent dæm. militem cum aliis submergere, liberatus est Christi nomine invocato.

"Unde dæm. militem in montem excelsum impellentes, ostenderunt ei utriusq; sexûs homines & ætatis diversæ multitudinem copiosam, qui omnes nudi sedebant, & super digitos pedum curvati, & ad aquilonem conversi, quasi mortem perterriti expectabant; & ecce subitò ventus turbinis vehementis, ab aquilone veniens, ipsos omnes & cum eis militem arripuit, & in aliam montis partem, in flumen frigidum & fœtidum, flentes & vociferantes projecit, & cum de aquâ frigidissimâ surgere conarentur, Dæm. super aquam currentes, in ipso omnes flumine submerserunt, at miles Christi nomen invocavit, & confestim in aliâ se ripâ invenit. Tunc dæm. illum contra austrum trahentes & ostendentes flammam teterrimam & fœtore sulphureo plenam, de puteo quodam ascendentem, & homines nudos & quasi igneos, velut scintillas igneas in aerem sursum compellentem, & flammarum vi deficiente iterum in ignem & puteum relabi ; et dæ. militi dixerunt, Puteus iste flammivomus, introitus est inferni ubi nostrum habitaculum est, & quoniam nobis hucusq; studiosè servisti, his nobiscum sine fine manebis, & si hunc puteum ingressus fueris, in animâ pariter & corpore peribis ; sed tamen si adhuc nobis consentire volueris, ut revertaris ad portam quâ intrasti, illæsus redibis. Ille autem de Dei adjutorio confisus, qui eum toties liberaverat, eorum exhortationes contempsit. Tunc dæ. indignati projecerunt se in igneum puteum, & secum militem intruserunt, & quo miles in eo profundius descendit, eo latiorem puteum conspexit & pœnam in illo graviorem sensit. In puteo quoq; illo miles tantam angustiam sensit & miseriam, ut diu oblitus sit sui adjutoris. sed Deo tandem illum respiciente, nomen J. Christi invocavit & protinus vis flammæ eum in aerem sursum levavit, ubi in descensione putei aliquamdiu attonitus stetit. Sed ecce novi dæ. ex ore putei prorumpentes, dixerunt, Et tu qui hic stas, cui socii nostri, dixerunt hunc esse infernum, non ita fore scias ; nam consuetudinis nostræ est semper mentiri, ut quos decipere non possumus per verum, decipiamus per falsum, hic non est infernus, sed nunc te ad infernum ducimus.

"Trahentes igitur militem hostes novi, cum tumultu horrisono ad flumen quoddam fœtidum, latissimum, ac totum flammâ sulphureo incendio coopertum dæmonumq; multitudine repletum, dicentium ei, quod sub flumine illo esset infernus. Pons verò protendebatur ultra flumen, in quo tria quasi impossibilia videbantur : unum quod ita lubricus erat ut etiam si latus esset, nullus vel vix aliquis, in eo pedem figere posset. aliud quod adeo strictus erat, quod nullus in eo stare vel ambulare valebat : tertium quod ita altus est & à flumine remotus, quod horrendum erat deorsum aspicere. Oportet te inquiunt dæ. super pontem hunc ambulare, & ventus ille qui projecit alias, te flumen projiciet in istud, & confestim à sociis nostris qui in flumine sunt capieris, & in profundum inferni demergeris. Sed miles invocato n. J. Christi. pontem audacter ingressus cœpit pedetentim super pontem incedere, & quo amplius processit in eo, tanto viam largiorem invenit ; unde pontis latitudo in brevi ita crevit, ut viæ publicæ amplitudinem præferret. Porro dæ. conspicantes militem tam liberè super pontem

incedere, vocibus suis prophanis ita horridè aerem concusserunt, quod stridore illo magis erat attonitus quam illatione tormentorum quæ prius fuerat a dæmonibus perpessus. Alii hostes, qui sub ponte in flumine erant, uncos suos ferreos & ignitos projecerunt ad illum, sed militem tangere nequiverunt. & sic demum securè processit quia nihil sibi contrarium invenit.

"Miles itaq; invictus jam liber factus à vexatione Spirituum immundorum, vidit ante se murum altum & in aerem evectum, mirabilis & structuræ impreciabilis, in quo portam unam, sed tamen clausam cernebat. Hæc metallis ac pretiosis ornata lapidibus splendore admirabili radiabat. Ad quam cum miles appropinquaret, contra ipsum aquæ tantæ suavitatis odor ei occurrens exivit, ut viribus corporis resumptis, tormenta quæ pertulerat sibi in refrigerium verterentur. Egressa est autem contra eum venientem, cum crucibus, cereis,[1] & vexillis, ac velut palmarum aurearum ramis, tam ordinata processio, quod nunquam talis visa fuerat in hoc mundo. Sequebantur prædicta de omnibus ordinibus, utriusq; sexûs homines, quorum archiepiscopi alii, & episcopi & abbates, monachi & presbyteri, ac singulorum ecclesiæ graduum ministri, qui omnes sacris vestibus, & suis ordinibus congruis induti, militem cum jucundâ veneratione susceperunt, atq; cum concentu harmoniæ inauditæ infra portam secum feliciter conduxerunt. Finito itaq; concentu duo archiepiscopi cum eo loquentes benedixerunt Deum, qui tantâ constantiâ in tormentis per quæ transiit & quæ pertulit, ejus animam confirmavit. Illis igitur militem per patriam conducentibus, invenerunt & illi ostenderunt prata amœnissima, diversis floribus, fructibusq; & herbarum arborumq; multiformium decorata, ex quorum suavitatis odore, ut sibi visum est vivere potuisset. Nox illam aliquando non obnubulat, quia semper cœlesti quâdam claritate & ineffabili splendore coruscat. Tantam ibi hominum utriusque sexûs vidit multitudinem, quantam residuum sæculi credidit continere non posse. Chori choris per loca astiterunt ac dulcis harmoniæ concentu, Creatorem omnium laudaverunt. Alii quasi reges coronâ incedebant. Alii amictu aureo induti videbantur, nonnulli variis indumentis erant decorati, juxta quod unusquisq; in sæculo utebatur. Singuli de propriâ felicitate gaudebant, singuli de aliorum liberatione & gaudio exultebant. Omnes qui militem intuebantur, de ejus adventu Dominum benedicebant, & de ejus ereptione à mortuis congaudebant. Non æstum non frigus ibi aliquis sentiebat, nec quicquam quod offendere posset vel nocere, videbat.

"Tunc sancti pontifices qui militi patriam tam præclaram ostenderant, dixerunt ei, Quoniam misericordiâ Dei ad nos illæsus pervenisti, rationem à nobis audire debes, de singulis quæ vidisti. Patria hæc terrestris est Paradisus: unde pro peccatis suis ejectus est homo primus, hinc verò expulsus in miseriam illam projectus est in quâ homines moriuntur, ex cujus carne nos omnes propagati, et in peccato originali omnes nati, per fidem Dni. nst. J. Christi, quam in baptismate suscepimus, ad hunc Paradysum reversi sumus, & quoniam post fidei susceptionem, innumeris actualibus sumus implicati peccatis, non nisi per purgationem peccatorum & afflictionem pœnarum huc potuimus pervenire. Pœnitentiam enim quam ante mortem vel morientes suscepimus, & in sæculo non peregimus, in locis quæ vidisti pœnalibus, juxta modum & quantitatem culparum per tormenta restant luenda. Omnes enim qui hic sumus, in locis illis pœnalibus fuimus pro peccatis, & omnes quos in pœnis vidisti, præter eos qui infra os putei Infernalis existunt, ad hanc requiem pervenient, et tandem salvi fient. Omni namq; die inde aliqui purgati ad nos veniunt, quos in hanc requiem, sicut & fecimus te, introducimus venientes, nec nostrum aliquis novit quam diu hic moraturus sit. Per missas verò, psalmos, elemosynas, & orationes ecclesiæ generalis, & per specialia amicorum auxilia, aut purgandorum tor-

[1] See DU CANGE, under *Cereus Pasehalis.* J. W. W.

menta mitigantur, aut de ipsis supplieiis ad minora transferentur, donec penitus liberentur. Ecce ut vides hic in magna quiete sumus, sed nondum tamen ad supernam cœli læticiam ascendere sumus digni. Transibimus hinc post spatium à Deo singulis constitutum, in Paradysum cœlestem, sicut Deus providerit.

" Deinde præsules venerandi, militem in montem declivem ducentes jusserunt ut aspiceret sursum. Quo cum aspiceret, interrogabant cujusmodi coloris cœlum esset, respectu loci in quo stetit? Qui respondit, colore simile esse auri in fornace ardentis. Hoc inquiunt quod nunc vides introitus est cœli & cœlestis Paradysi; quando enim aliqui à nobis recedunt, hinc in cœlum ascendunt; & quamdiu hic manemus, quotidiè semel pascit nos cibo cœlesti Deus, & quali hic pascamur cibo, nobiscum senties jam gustando. Vix sermone finito, & ecce quasi radius flammæ ignis de cœlo descendens, patriam totam cooperuit, & quasi per radios super capita singulorum subsidens, flamma demum tota in eis intravit. Unde miles tantam dulcedinis in corde simul & corpore sensit suavitatem, quod vix intellexit utrum vivus an mortuus fuisset; sed horâ illâ in momento transivit. Sed miles libenter ibi mansisset, si ibi his deliciis frui licuisset. Sed post talia tantaq; jucunda ei tristia referuntur. Quoniam, inquiunt sancti præsules, et requiem beatorum, ut desiderâsti, & tormenta malorum nunc pro parte conspexisti, oportet te jam, ut per eam viam quâ veneras, revertaris. Si autem, quod absit, malè vixeris, amodò[1] ad sæculum reversus vidisti quanta te expectant tormenta; si verò benè vixeris & religiosè, securus esto, quia huc ad nos pervenies quando de corpore exibis. In isto quoque reditu quo nunc reverteris, nec dæmonum tormenta formidabis, quia dæ. ad te non audebunt accedere, nec tormenta te poterunt quæ vidisti, nocere. Tunc miles flens & ejulans ait, hinc discedere non valeo, quia valdè timeo ne per fragilitatem humanæ miseriæ aliquid delinquam, quod me impediat huc redire. Non, inquiunt, sicut tu vis erit, sed sicut ille qui et nos et te fecit voluerit, ita fiet. Mœrens igitur & lugens miles ab eis reducitur ad portam & eo contra voluntatem suam egresso, clauditur porta post ipsum.

" Miles igitur Oenus viâ quâ venerat, reversus ad aulam præfatam pervenit. Sed dæmones quos in ipso reditu suo vidit, quasi timentes eum fugerunt, & tormenta per quæ transiit, ei nocere nequiverunt, & confestim cum aulam intrasset, occurrunt ei quindecim viri supradicti glorificantes Deum qui tantam illi contulerat constantiam in tormentis. Oportet te, inquiunt militi, ut quantotius hinc ascendas, jam enim in patriâ tuâ clarescit aurora, & nisi portam Prior aperiens, te invenerit, de reditu tuo desperans, obseratâ portâ, ad ecclesiam revertetur. Sicq; miles benedictione perceptâ, ab eis ascendere festinavit, et horâ eâdem qua portam Prior aperuit miles ei festinus veniens obviavit. Quem cum Christi laudibus Prior suscipiens in ecclesiam perduxit, ubi cum per dies quindecim in oratione permansisset, signaculum crucis accepit, et in terram sanctam devotus proficiscens, sepulchrum Dni. cum locis aliis venerabilibus, in sanctâ contemplatione petivit. Et inde expleto laudabiliter peregrinationis voto, reversus, regem Stephanum Dominum suum adiit, consulturus, ut ejus consilio, in sanctæ religionis ordine reliquum vitæ suæ expleret, ac Regi Regum omnium de cætero militaret. Contigit autem eo tempore quod Gervasius Ludencis cœnobii Abbas, Rege Anglorum Stephano donante, locum ad Abbatiam construendam in Hybernià obtineret. Qui monachum suum nomine Gilebertum ad Regem direxit, ut ab eo locum susciperet, et ibi construeret Abbatiam. At Gilebertus ad Regem veniens, conquestus est nimis quod patriæ illius linguam non novit. Sed inquit Rex, bonum tibi interpretem Deo auxiliante inveniam, & vocato milite Oeno, jussit Rex ut cum Gileberto iret, & cum ipso in Hy-

[1] " Sicut etiam Græci dicunt *ἀπάρτι*, ita Latini, sed barbarè loquentes *amodò*, id est, ab hoc tempore." MARTINII *Lexicon* in v. *Modo*.
J. W. W.

bernia remaneret. Quod miles gratanter annuens cum dicto Gileberto remansit, & satis ei devotus ministrans, monachalem habitum suscipere voluit; quia servus esset quem Dns. præelegit. Transeuntes autem in Hyberniam Abbatiam construxerunt. Ubi miles Oenus interpres monachi, devotus extitit & in omnibus agendis minister fidelis. Quandocumq; vero monachus solus alicubi cum milite fuit, de statu purgatorii & pœnis mirabilibus quas viderat & experto didicerat curiosè ab eo quæsivit. At, ille qui nunquam audire potuit de purgatorio loqui quin prorumperet in fletum amarissimum, cœpit sub sigillo secreti amico, pro edificatione, ea quæ audierat, viderat & experimentis didicerat narrare, affirmans sese omnia corporeis oculis conspexisse. Hujus autem monachi industria & diligentia, hujus militis experientia redacta est in Scripturam, simul cum relatione episcoporum regionis & aliorum religiosorum, qui causâ justitiæ perhibuerunt testimonium veritati." —MATTHEW PARIS.

Vision of Thurcillus.

A.D. 1206. THURCILLUS, a poor man of Tidstude in the diocese of London, was accosted at his work by Julianus Hospitator, and told to hold himself in readiness to see his patron, St. James, that night. He went home, washed the head and feet of two poor female guests, whom his wife had received, then laid himself down in "stratu suo, quem seorsum ab uxore ob continentiam præparaverat." When all the family were asleep, Saint Julian came, and shaking the man, said, 'Lo! I am come as I promised, for it is time that we should go. Let thy body rest in the bed, for thy spirit only is about to depart with me, and lest the body should appear dead I will send into it a vital breath.'

So they went eastward, and when, they had reached the middle of the world entered a church, ample and grand, open like a cloister, and its roof supported only by three pillars. In the middle was something like a large Baptistery, whence a great flame ascended that burnt not, but illuminated the church and all around as with a perpetual noon-day splendour. This proceeded from the tithes of the righteous. Here St. James met him. The church was built by the intercession of the Virgin Mary, that all souls, when newly departed, might come there for their doom, untouched by the fiends. A wall was on the north side only. "In hâc ergo Basilicâ S. Mariæ quæ congregatio Animarum dicitur, multas vidi animas justorum ex omni parte candidas, vultusq; quasi adolescentium habentes. Extra murum aquilonalem eductus conspexi animas plurimas, muro vicinius astantes, maculis albis & nigris respersas, quarum quædam plus candoris quam nigredinis, quædam è contrario similitudinem præferebant. Illæ vero quæ candidiores erant muro vicinius adhærebant & quæ longius a muro distabant; nihil in se candoris habentes, ex omni parte deformes apparebant."

Near this wall was a cavity, the entrance of Hell, whence a most foul and fetid smoke arose into the faces of the souls, and Thurcillus was incommoded by the stink so that he coughed twice, and they who were near his body say that that coughed twice also at the same times; for this smoke proceeded from the tithes that were withheld, and Thurcillus had cheated the Church; so he confessed, repented, and was forgiven.

Eastward, the fire of Purgatory blazed between two walls, it terminated in a cold salt lake, from whence a bridge, covered with stakes and nails, led to the Mountain of Joys. On the mountain stood a magnificent church, large enough, as it appeared, to hold all the inhabitants of the earth; St. Nicolas superintends this purgatory, and in due time dismisses the souls; but they who attempt to pass the bridge unaided by their own alms, or the masses of their relatives and friends, are cut and lacerated dreadfully by the stakes and sharp iron, and what they catch at to save them pierces them, and they often fall and roll

over the fenterlooks to the bottom of the bridge again; but when at last they reach the church beyond, they remember not the torments they have passed.

"Beatus Paulus Apostolus, ad finem muri Septentrionalis residere cœpit, intrà Basilicam, & extrà murum ex opposito Apostoli, Diabolus cum suis satellitibus residebat. Puteus autem flammivomus, qui os erat putei gehennalis, secus pedes diaboli erumpebat. Quædam vero libra æquâ lance dependens affixa erat super murum inter Ap. & Diab. cujus pars media dependebat ante conspectum Diaboli extetius. Habebat itaq; Ap. duo pondera majus & minus, omnino nitida & quasi aurea, & D. similiter duo fuliginea & obscura. Accesserunt ergo animæ ex toto nigræ cum magno timore & trepidatione una post alteram, singulæ ponderationem operum suorum ibidem visuræ bonorum & malorum, nam pondera prædicta ponderabant singularum opera animarum, secundum quod fecerant bonum sive malum. Cum ergo statera se versus Ap. inclinaret, per suorum librationem ponderum, tollebat Ap. animam illam & introduxit eam per portam orientalem, quæ conjuncta erat Basilicæ in ignem Purgatorium, at illic crimina expiaret. Cum verò pars stateræ se ad diabolum inclinaret & præponderaret, mox ille cum satellibus suis animam miseram nimis ejulantem, patremq; suum ac matrem, qui eam ad æterna genuerant tormenta maledicentem, rapientes, cum multo cachinno, præcipitabant in foveam profundam & flammivomam quæ secus pedes diaboli librantis erat. De hujusmodi libratione bonorum & malorum, in Sanctrm. Patrm. scriptis sæpius reperitur.

Every Sunday the devils have their theatrical sport; the damned see them sitting on red hot seats, and they are made to exhibit their earthly follies and crimes; the proud man acted over his haughtiness and supercilious manner, and as he looked with satisfaction on his costly robes, they became garments of fire.

"Post hunc adductus est miles quidam qui vitam suam in cædibus innocentum & torneamentis peregerat & rapinis. Hic omnibus armis militaribus armatus, equo nigerrimo insidebat, qui piceam flammam cum fœtore & fumo per os & nares, cum ungeretur calearibus, in supplicium sui sessoris efflabat. Sella equi clavis igneis & prælongis erat undique præfixa. Lorica & galea, scutum & ocreæ ex toto flammantia nimio sui pondere militem graviter onerabant; sed non minori cruciatu eum medullitus exurebant.

The adulterer and adulteress act over again their loathed lewdness to the sport of the devils; then vent their mutual hatred by mangling each other.

There is little worth remarking in the remainder of the vision. Adam is rather finely imagined as beholding the events of the world with mingled grief and joy; his original garment[1] of glory gradually recovering its lustre as the number of the elect increases till it be fulfilled.—MATTHEW PARIS.

Disappearance of St. John.

"WHEN St. John was 99 yeare old, thenne cam our Lord with hys dyscyples to hym and said, come my frende to me, for it is tyme that thou come, ete and be fed atte my table with thy bretherne. Thenne Saynt John aroos up and said to our Lord Jhu. Cryst, that he had desired it longe tyme, and began to goo. Thenne said our Lord to hym, on Sonday next comyng thou shalt come to me. That Sonday the peple came alle to the chyrche, whiche was founded in hys name and consecrate on that one side of Ephesee; and fro mydnyght forth he ceassed not to preche to the people that they shold establysshe them and be stedfast in the Crysten faith and obeyssaunt to the commandemens of God.

"And after thys he said the masse, and howselyd and comuned the peple, and after that the messe was fynysshed he bade & dyde do make a pytte or a sepulture to fore

[1] See Third Series, p. 679.—J. W. W.

the aulter, and after that he had taken hys leve and comanded the peple to God, he descended doun into the pytte or sepulture, and helde up hys handes to heven and said, 'Swete Lord Jhesu Cryste I yelde me unto thy desyre and thanke the that thou hast vouchedsauf to calle me to the, yf it plaise the, receyve me for to be with my brethern, with whom thou hast sumoned me, opene to me the yate of the lyf permanable, and lede me to the feest of thy wel and best dressed metes. Thou art Cryst the sone of the lyvynge God, whyche by the comandement of ye Fader hast saved the world. To the I rendre and yelde grace and thankynges world wythouten ende, thou knowest wel that I have desired the withal my herte. After that he had made hys prayer moche amerously and piteously, anon cam upon hym grete clerenes and light, and so grete brightness that none myght see hym.

"And whan thys lyght and bryghtnes was goon and departed, ther was nothynge founde in the pytte or grave but manna, whiche cam spryngyng from under upwards, lyke as fonde in a fontayn or spryngynge welle where moche peple have ben deliverd of many diseases and sekenesses by the merytes and prayers of thys gloryous saynt. Somme saye and afferme that he deyed without payne of deth, and that he was in that clerenes born into heven body and sowle, whereof God knoweth the certaynte."—From *The Golden Legend.*

St. Agnes's Name explained.

"Agnes is said of agna, a lambe, for she was humble and debonayr as a lambe; or of agno, in Greke whyche is to saye debonayr and pyteous, for she was debonayr and mercyful; or Agnes of agnoscendo, for she knewe the waye of trouthe, and after thys Saynt Austyn saith, trouthe is opposed ayenst vanyte, falsenes and doublenes, for thyse thre thyngis were taken from her, for the trouthe that she had."—*Golden Legend.*

St. Patrick's Purgatory.

The Golden Legend varies the discovery of St. P.'s Purgatory. "Thenne by the commaundement of God Saynt Patryke made in therthe a grete circle with his staffe, and anone therthe after the quantyte of the cercle openyd and there appyered a grete pytte and a deep, and S. P. by the revelacion of God understood that there was a place of purgatorye, into whiche who somever entred therein he shold never have other penaunce ne fele none other payne, and there was shewed to hym that many shold entre whiche shold never retourne ne come ageyn, and they that shold retourne shold abyde but fro one morne to another and no more."

Standard of the Dragon.

"When Aurel. Ambros. the British king was in the way between life and death, there appeared a star of marvellous greatness and brightness, having only one beam, in which was seen a fiery substance after the similitude of a dragon, which Merlin expounded to signify Uther Pendragon, who after his brother's death, obtaining the crown, in remembrance of that star [1] 'jussit fabricari duos dracones ex auro, ad draconis similitudinem; quem ad radium stellæ inspexerat; qui ut mirâ arte fabricati fuerunt, obtulit unum in ecclesiâ primæ sedis Vuintoniæ, alterum vero sibi ad ferendum in prælio detinuit. Ab illo ergo, die vocatus est Uther pen dragon, quod Britannicâ linguâ caput draconis appellamus;' whom in like sort the Saxons called for the same cause, ꝺꞃak Heꞃeꝺ, and this dragon was used "pro vexillo per regem usque hodiè," as saith Mathew Westmonasteriensis,[2] who lived in the time of King Edward I., and this dragon, or not much unlike, is one of the regal supporters at present.

"When the Britons invited the Saxons, or ancient Westphalians, to their aid, Hen-

[1] Geff. Mon. [2] P. 180.

gist and Horsa, being their leaders, acknowledged none other ensigns[1] but "pullum[2] equinum atrum, quæ fuerunt vetustissima Saxoniæ arma;" not without a manifest allusion unto their name of Westphali, valen or phalen, or (as we in English have made it) foal, signifying a colt, and west, importing those who dwelt on the west side of the river Visurgis or Weser; which arms their kindred that remained in Germany changed into contrary colours, and their posterity, which encreased in England forsook for other different arms upon their first reducing unto Christianity. For I find that "in bello[3] apud Beorford in vexillo Æthelbaldi erat aureus draco," which is not unlikely to have been borrowed by imitation or challenged by conquest from the Britons."—HEARNE'S *Collection of Curious Discourses, from a paper by Mr. James Ley, on the antiquity of arms in England.*

This dragon was used by Edward III., when was it laid aside?

Three Ranks of Poets.

"THERE were three kinds of poets, the one was Prududd, the other was Teuluror, the third was Klerwr. All these three kinds had three several matters to treat of. The Prududd was to treat of lands, and praise of princes, nobles, and gentlemen, and had his circuit amongst them. And the Teuluror did treat of merry jests, and domestical pastimes and affairs, and had his circuit amongst the countrymen, and his reward according to his calling. And the Klerwr did treat of invective and rustical poetry, differing from the Prududd and Teuluror, and his circuit was amongst the yeomen of the country."—JONES *in* HEARNE'S *Collection.*

Royal Mode of Burial.

"WE must not forget the auncyent manner of the sepulture of kings in this realme, and how they have ben honored and adorned. The corps preciously embalmed hath been apparelled in royal robes or estate, a crowne and diadeame of pure gould put uppon his head, having gloves on his hands, howlding a septer and ball, with rings on his fingers, a coller of gould and precious stones round his neck, and the body girt with a sword, with sandalles on his leggs, and with spurrs of gould. All his atchevements of honor and arms caryed up and offered, and theyre tombe adorned therewith."—SIR WILLIAM DETHICK, *Garter, in* HEARNE'S *Collection.*

Noble Mode of Burial.

"IT doth appeare by the white booke in Guildhall, that before the tyme of K. Edward III. at the buriall of barons, one armed in the armour of the defunct, and mounted uppon a trapped horse, should carrye the banner, shield, and helmet of the defunct. About that tyme begane the use of Herses, composed all of wax candles,[4] which they by a Latin name called *Castra Doloris.*"—LEY, *in H.*

By Sir W. Dethick's paper, the custom appears to have continued much later:—"In the tyme of King Henry VIII. and in the third year of his reigne, I find that the Lord William Courteny had his majesty's gracious letters patents to be Earle of Devon; but he was not created. Neverthelesse the K. would that he should be enterred as an

[1] VERSTEGAN says that Hengistus was o "Angria in Westphalia, vulgarly of old time called *Westfielding*," and that his "wapen or armes was a leaping white horse, or Hengst, in a red field."—*Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, p. 120.—J. W. W.

[2] Albertus Crantzius de Saxonia.

[3] Mat. West. p. 273.

[4] "HERCE. *Tigilla fibulata.* Piéces de bois qui sont dans les Églises où l'on pose des chandeliers ou *des cierges*, quand on y veut mettre beaucoup de luminaires." RICHELET in v. DU CANGE explains it by "*Candelabrum Ecclesiasticum*;" and "*Castrum Doloris*" by "*Feretrum.*" I think that under the words "*Herse*" and "*Hearse*" there is some confusion in Todd's Johnson, Nares, and Richardson.—J. W. W.

earle, which was prepared in all sorts accustomed; and further, that Sir Edmund Carrewe, knt. was in compleat armor, and coming ryding into the church, alighted at the quier, and was conducted by two knights, having his axe in his hand, with the poynt downward, and the heralds going before him. In that sort he was delivered to the bishop, to whom he offered the axe, and then he was conveyed to the revestrie, &c."

A plague upon their &c.s, unless a man had Coke's talent at interpreting them.

Epitaphs on Richard I.

"To the glorie of K. Richard Cœur de Lion I have founde these:

'Hic Richarde jaces, sed Mors si cederit armis,
Victa timore tui, cederet ipsa tuis.'"

"Istius in morte perimit formica Leonem.
Pro dolor, in tanto funere mundus obit."

"An English poet, imitatinge the epitaphe made on Pompey and his children, whose bodyes were buried in diverse countreys, made these following of the glory of this one kinge divided in three places by his funerall.[1]

"Viscera Carceolum, corpus fons servat Ebraudi,
Et cor Rothomagum, magne Richarde tuum!
In tria dividitur unus qui plus fuit uno,
Non uno jaceat gloria tanta loco."

Camden *in H.*

[1] The annexed extract from Speed will explain the several names.

"Commanding further that when he was dead his bowels should be buried at *Charron*, among the rebellious *Poictouins*, as those who had only deserved his worst parts; but his heart to be interred at *Roan*, as the city which for her constant loyalty had merited the same; and his corps in the church of the nunnerie at *Font-Evsrard* in *Gascoigne*, at the feet of his father King Henry, to whom he had been some time disobedient."—*Great Britaine*, p. 529, folio.

J. W. W.

On Henry II.

For King Henry IInd. I find this:

"Rex Henricus eram, mihi plurima regna subegi,
Multipliciq; modo Duxq; Comesq; fui,
Cum satis ad votum non essent omnia terræ
Climata, terra modo sufficit octo pedum.
Qui legis hæc, pensa discrimina mortis, et in me
Humanæ speculum conditionis habe."

"Sufficit hic tumulus cui non sufficerat orbis,
Res brevis ampla mihi, cui fuit ampla brevis."

"But this one verse uppon his death comprised as much matter as many long lynes to the glorye of himself and his successor, King Richard I.

"Mira cano, sol occubuit, nox nulla sequuta."

Camden *in H.*

On Rhees ap Gyffydh.

For Rhees ap Gruffith ap Rhees ap Theodor, Prince of South Wales, renowned in his time, these funerall verses were made amongst other.[2]

"Nobile Cambrensis cecidit diadema decoris,
Hoc est, Rhesus obiit, Cambria tota gemit.
Subtrahitur, sed non moritur, quia semper habetur
Ipsius egregium nomen in orbe novum.
Hic tegitur, sed detegitur, quia fama perennis
Non sinit illustrem voce latere ducem:
Excessit probitate modum, sensu probitatem,
Eloquio sensum, moribus eloquium."

Camden.

On Richard I.

"At Font Everard, where Richard I. was enterred with a gilt image, were these six

[2] They are quoted to "Madoc in Wales," xii. p. 345.—J. W. W.

excellent verses written in golden letters, containing his greatest and most glorious atchievements; as his victory against the Sicilians, his conquering of Cyprus, the sinking of the great galeasse of the Saracens, the taking of their convoy, which in the East parts is called a Carvana, and the defending of Joppe in the Holy Land against them:

"Scribitur hoc tumulo, rex auree, laus tua, tota
Aurea, materiæ conveniente notâ.
Laus tua prima fuit Siculi, Cyprus altera, Dromo
Tertia, Carvana[1] quarta, suprema Jope.
Suppressi Siculi, Cyprus possundata, Dromo
Mersus, Carvana capta, retenta Jope."

But sharpe and satyrical was that one verse, which, by alluding, noted his taking the chalices from churches for his ransom, and place of his death which was called Chaluz:

"Christe tui calicis prædo, fit præda Caluzis."

"SAVARICUS, Bishop of Bath and Wells, a stirring prelate, which laboured most for the redeeming King Richard when he was captive in Austria, had this epitaph, for that he was alwayes gadding up and down the world, and had little rest:

"Hospes erat mundo per mundum semper eundo;
Sic suprema dies, fit tibi prima quies."

CAMDEN.

On King John.

THIS epitaph on King John proceeded, says Camden, from a viperous mind:

"Anglia sicut adhuc sordet fætore Johannis,
Sordida fædatur, fædante Johanne, gehenna."

On Richard II.

KING Richard II. had for his kingdom a tomb erected at Westminster by King Henry V., with this rude glosing epitaph:

"Prudens et mundus Richardus jure secundus,
Per fatum victus jacet hic sub marmore pictus;
Verax sermone fuit et plenus ratione:
Corpore procerus, animo prudens ut Homerus.
Ecclesiæ favit, elatos suppeditavit,
Quemvis prostravit regalia qui violavit,
Obruit hæreticos et eorum stravit amicos:
O clemens Christe tibi devotus fuit iste,
Votis Baptistæ salves quem protulit iste."

CAMDEN.

Talbot's Sword.

"TALBOT'S sword," says Camden, "was found in the river of Dordon, and sold by a pesant to an armourer of Burdeaux, with this inscription, but pardon the Latine, for it was not his, but his camping chaplain:

"Sum Talboti M.IIII.C.XLIII.
Pro vincere inimicos meos."

Viceroy's Epitaph.

"THIS was written for Don Pedro of Toledo, viceroy of Naples, wickedly," says Camden, "detorted out of the Scripture:

"Hic est
Qui propter nos et nostram salutem, descendit ad inferos."

Bishop Valentine.[1]

"BISHOP Valentine
Left us example to do deeds of charity;
To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit

[1] For the Galeasses, see Third Series, p. 309. *Dromo* is the Greek and Latin form of the word. See MARTINI *Lex.* in v. For the Caravan, see DU CANGE in v. *Caravanna*, and *Carvanus*.
J. W. W.

[2] It can hardly be necessary to refer the reader to Feb. 14, in BUTLER'S *Lives of the Saints*;—but it may be to refer him to Jan. 29, on St. Francis de Sales.—J. W. W.

The weak and sick, to entertain the poor,
And give the dead a Christian funeral;
These were the works of piety he did practise,
And bade us imitate; not look for lovers
Or handsome images to please our senses."

B. JONSON: *A Tale of a Tub.*

Wales, from the Polycronicon.

"ENGLYSHED by one Trevisa, vycarye of Barklye, from the Latin of dan Ranulph, monk of Chestre, symply emprynted newe, and sette in forme by me, Wynkin de Woorde."

"Wales now is called Wallia,
And somtyme it hete Cambria;
For Camber, Brutus sone,
Was prynce, and there dyde wone.
Then Wallia was to mene,
For Gwalaes the quene,
Kynge Ebrayens chylde,
Was wedded thyder mylde,
And of that lorde Gwalon,
Withdraweth of the sonn
And put to l. i. a.
And thou shalt fynde Wallia,
And though this londe
Be moche lesse than Englonde,
As good glebe is one as other,
In the doughter as in the moder."

"Of the commodytees of the londe of Wales:

"Though that londe be luyte,
It is fulle of corne and of fruyte,
And hath grete plente, I wys,
Of flesshe and eke of fyshe,
Of beestes tame and wylde,
Of horse, sheep, and oxen mylde;
Good londe for all seedes,
For corn, gras, and herbes that spredes.
There ben woodes and medes,
Herbes and floures there spredes.
There ben ryvers and welles,
Valeyes and also hylles.
Valeyes brynge forth flood,
And hylles metals good.
Cool groweth under londe,
And gras above at the honde.
There lyme is copyous,
And slattes for hous.
Hony and mylke whyte,
There is deynte and not lyte.
Of braket mete and ale,
Is grete plente in that vale;
And all that nedeth to the lyve
That londe bryngeth forth ryve.
But of grete rychesse to be drawe,
And close many in shorte sawe.
It is a corner small,
As though God fyrst of all
Made that londe so fele,
To be selere of all hele.
Wales is deled by
A water that hete twy,
North Wales from the southe
Twy deled in places full couthe;
The south hete Demecia,
And the other Venedocia.
The fyrst shotheth and arowes beres;
That other deleth all with speres.
In Wales how it be,
Were somtyme courters thre.
At Carmarthyn was that one,
And that other was in Mone,
The thyrde was in Powysy.
In Pengwern that now is Shrowsbury[1]
There were bysshops seven,
And now ben foure even,
Under Saxons all at the honde
Somtyme under prynces of the londe."

"Of maner and rytes of the Walshmen:

"The maner lyvynge of the londe
Is well dyverse from Englond
In mete and dryke and clotynge
And many other doyng.
They be cloteth wonder well
In a sherte and in a mantell.
A crysp breche well fayne
Bothe in wynde and in rayne.

[1] See BLAKEWAY'S *History of Shrewsbury*, vol. i. p. 5. He quotes Gir. Cambrensis, "Locus ubi nunc castrum Slopesburiæ situm est, olim Pengwern, i. e. caput alneti, vocabatur."—*Cambriæ Descriptio.*—J. W. W.

In this clothynge they be bolde
Though the weder by ryght colde.
Without shetes alwaye
Evermore in this araye
They goo fyght, pleye and lepe,
Stonde, sytte, lye and slepe.
Without surcot, gown, cote and kyrtell,
Without jopen, tabarde, clock or bel,
Without lace and chaplet that here lappes,
Without hode, hatte or cappes,
Thus arayd gon the segges
And alwaye with bare legges.
They kepe non other goynge
Though they mete with the kynge.
With arowes and short speres
They fyght with them that hem deres.
They fyght better yf they neden
Whan they go than whan they ryden.
In stede of castell and tour
They take wood and mareis for socour.
Whan they seen it is to doo
In fyghtynge they wole be a goo.
Gyldas sayth they ben varyable
In peas and not stable.
Yf men axe why it be
It is wonder for to see
Though men put out of londe
To put out other wolde fonde,
But all for nought at this stonde
For all many woodes ben at gronde.
And upon the see amonge
Ben castels buylded stronge.
The men maye dure longe *vil ete* (?)
And love well comune mete.
They can ete and ben murye
Without grete curye,
They ete brede colde and hote
Of barly and of ote;
Brode cakes rounde and thynne
As well semeth so grete kynne.
Selde they ete brede of whete,
And selde they done ones ete.
They have gruell to potage
And leke is kynde to companage,
Also butter mylke and chease
Ishape endlonge and corner wese,
Such messes they ete snell
And that maketh them drynke well.
Mete and ale that hath myght
Theron they spende daye and nyght;
Ever the reder is the wyne
They holde it the more fyne.
Whan they drynke at the ale
They telle many a lewde tale;
For whan drynke is an hondlynge
They ben full of janglyng:
At mete and after eke
Her solace is salte and leke.
The husbonde in his wyse
Telleth that a grete pryse
To gyve a caudron with grewelle
To them that sytten his mele
He deleth his mete at the mele
And gyveth every man his dele
And all the overpluse
He kepeth to his owne use.
Therfore they have woo
And mysshappes also,
They eten hote samon alway
All though physyke saye nay.
Her houses ben lowe with all
And made of gerdes small,
Not as in cytees nyghe
But fer esonder and not to hyghe.
Whan all is eaten at home
Then to theyr neyghbours wyll they rome
And ete what they may fynde and se
And then torne home aye.
They lyfe is ydell that they ledes
In brennynge slepynge and suche dedes.
Walshmen use with theyr myght
To weshe theyr gestes feet a nyght;
Yf he weshe theyr feet all and somme,
Then they knowe that they be welcome.
They lyve so easely in a route
That selde they bere purs about.
At theyr breche out and at home
They honge theyr money and combe,
It is wonder they be so hende
And hath a crak at the nether ende,
And without ony core
Make theyr wardroppe at the dore.
They have in grete maugery,
Harpe, tabour and pipe for mynstralcie.
They bere corps with sorowe grete
And blow lowde hornes of gheet.
They prayse fast troyan blode,
For therof came all theyr brode.

Neyghe kynde they wyll be
Though they passen an C. degre.
Above other men they wyll them dyght,
And worship prestes with theyr might,
As angels of heven ryght;
They worship servaunts of God almight.
Oft gyled was this brode
And yerned batall all for wode,
For Merlyns prophecye
And oft for sortelegye.
Best in maners of Brytons
For companye of Saxones
Ben torned to better ryght
That is knowen as clere as lyght.
They tyllen gardens felde and downes
And drawe them to good townes
They ryde armed as wole good
And go ihosed and ishood
And sytten fayre at theyr mele
And slepe in beddes fayre and fele,
So they seme now in mynde
More Englyshe than Walshe kynde.
Yf men axe why they nowe doo so,
More than they wonte to do,
They lyven in more pees
Bycause of theyr ryches.
For they catell slake
Yf they used oft wrake
Drede of losse of theyr gode
Make them now styll of mode.
All in one it is brought
Have nothynge & drede nought.
The poete sayth a sawe of preef,
The foteman singeth before the theef[1]
And is bolder on the waye
Than the horsman ryche and gaye."

"Of the mervaylles and wonders of Wales.

"There is a pooll at Brechnok
Therein of fyssche is many a flok
Oft he chaungeth his hewe on top
And bereth above a gardyn crop.
Oft tyme howe it be
Shap of hous there shalt thou se.
Whan the pooll is frore it is wonder
Of the noyse that is there under.
Yf the prynce of the londe hote
Byrdes synge well mery note
As meryly as they can
And syngen for none other man."

[1] The allusion is to Juvenal's line,
"*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*"
Sat. x. 22.
I should state here that it would encumber the page too much to explain all the antiquated words of this extract.—J. W. W.

Wind-guarded Cavern.

"In the countree aboute Wynchestre is a denne or a cave, out of that cave bloweth alway a stronge wynde so that no man maye endure to stand before that denne or cave."—*Polychronycon.*

St. Magnus' Dance.

"Anno gratiæ 1012: Cum in villâ quâdam Saxoniæ nomen Colewiz, in quâ est Ecclesia beati Magni martyris, in vigiliâ dominicæ nativitatis parochia convenisset, ut obsequiis interesset divinis, presbyter nomine Robertus, de more primam missam solenniter inchoavit, et ecce 12 viri cum tribus fœminis in cœmiterio choreas ducentes, et seculares cantilenas perstrepentes, adeò presbyterum impediebant, ut ipse cantantium tumultus, inter sacrosancta solemnia altius resonaret. Cantus eorum talis erat; 'Equitabat homo per sylvam frondosam, ducebat sibi Meswindam formosam, quid stamus, cur non imus?' Denique cum à Roberto presbytero mandatum haberent, ut tacerent, et ipsi silere contempsissent, imprecatus est presbyter iratus, dicens, placeat Deo et S. Magno ut ita cantantes permaneatis usque ad annum evolutum. Quid ergo? verba sacerdotis pondus adeò habuerunt ut Azo ejusdem presbyteri filius, sororem suam quæ Ava dicebatur, cum aliis cantantem, per brachium arripiens ut eam abstraheret, cum recedere non potuit, brachium à corpore avulsit, sed inde gutta sanguinis non exivit. Ipsa itaq; per totum annum cum cæteris permansit, et choreas ducens cantavit.

Pluvia super illos non cecidit, non frigus, non calor, non fames, non sitis, nec lassitudo illos affecit. Indumenta eorum vel calceamenta non sunt attrita, sed quasi vecordes jugiter cantaverunt. Prius ad genua, ac demum usque ad femora in terram dimersi fuerunt. Tandem evoluto anno, Herebertus Coloniensis Archiep. à nodo quo manus eorum ligabantur absolvit, et ante altare S. M. Magni reconciliavit. Filia presbyteri cum aliis duobus, continuò spiritum exhalavit. Cæteri tribus diebus et noctibus dormierunt, aliqui postea obierunt, quidam verò pœnam, membrorum suorum tremore prodiderunt."—MAT. *of Westminster.*

Eagle of Snowdon.

"IN montanis de Eryri aquila fabulosa frequentat, quæ quâlibet quintâ feriâ lapidi cuidam insidens fatali, ut interemptorum cadavere famem satiet, bellum eodem die fertur expectare; lapidemq; prædictum cui consuevit insidere, jam prope rostrum purgando pariter et exacuendo perforâsse."—GIRALDUS *Cambrensis.*

Descent of Elidore.

"PARUM autem ante hæc nostra tempora accidit his in partibus," (near Abertawe), "res memoratu non indigna, quam sibi contigisse præsbyter Elidorus constantissimè referebat. Cum enim puerilis innocentiæ duodecimum jam ageret annum, quoniam ut ait Salomon radix literarum amara est, quanquam fructus sit dulcis; puer literis addictus, ut disciplinam subterfugeret et verbera crebra præceptoris, in concavâ fluvii cujusdam ripâ se fugitivus occultavit; cumq; ibidem bis sole revoluto jejunus continuè jam latitasset, apparuerunt ei homunculi duo, staturæ quasi pigmeæ, dicentes, Si nobiscum venire volueris, in terram ludis et deliciis plenam te ducemus. Annuens ille surgensque secutus est per viam primò subterraneam et tenebrosam usque in terram pulcherrimam, fluviis et pratis, silvis et planis distinctissimam, obscuram tamen, et aperto solari lumine non illustratam.

"Erant ibi dies omnes quasi nebulosi, et noctes lunæ stellarumq; absentiâ teterrimæ. Adductus est puer ad regem, eiq; coram regni curiâ præsentatus, quem cum diu cum admiratione cunctorum rex intuitus esset, tandem eum filio suo, quem puerum habebat, tradens assignavit. Erant autem homines staturæ minimæ, sed pro quantitatis captu valdè compositæ; flavi omnes et luxuriante capillo, muliebriter per humeros comâ demissâ. Equos habebant suæ competentes modicitati, leporariis in quantitate conformes. Nec carne vescebantur, nec pisce, lacteis plerunque cibariis utentes, et in pultis modum quasi croco confectis. Juramenta[1] eis nulla; nihil enim adeò ut mendacia detestabantur. Quoties de superiori hemisphærio revertebantur, ambitiones nostras, infidelitates et inconstantias expuebant. Cultus eis religionis palam nullus; *veritatis* solum, ut videbatur, amatores præcipui et cultores.

"Solebat autem puer ille ad nostrum hemisphærium pluries ascendere; interdum per viam quâ venerat, interdum per aliam: primo cum aliis, et postea per se, solumq; matri suæ se committebat; patriæ modum, gentisq; naturam et statum ei declarans. Monitus igitur à matre ut auri, quo abundabat regio munus ei quandoque referret, pilam auream, quâ regis filius ludere consueverat, ab ipso rapiens ludo, per viam solitam, ad matrem deproperans, cursim asportavit, et cum ad ostium domus paternæ, populi tamen illius non absque sequelâ jam pervenisset, intrare festinavit, pes hæsit in limine, et sic intrà tectum cadenti, matre ibidem sedente, pilam è manu elapsam duo pigmæi è vestigio sequentes arripuêre, exeundo in puerum sputa, contemptus et derisiones emittentes. Ipse

[1] "It hath been observed of the old Cornish language, that it afforded no forms of oaths, no phrases to swear in." HALES *of Eaton*, vol. ii. p. 152.—J. W. W.

vero resurgens ad seq; reversus, mirâ facti confunditur erubescentiâ, et matris plurimum consilia devovens ac detestans, cum viâ redire pararet, quam assueverat, ad aquæ descensum hypogeumq; meatum cum pervenisset, aditus ei jam nullus apparuit, cum tamen per anni ferè spacium inter aquæ prædictæ ripas viam inutilis explorator inquireret. Sed quoniam ea quæ ratio non mitigat temporis interdum morâ mitescunt, et diuturnitas sola laxatos hebetat plerumq; dolores, siquidem malis multis finis de tempore venit, demum tamen ab amicis et matre præcipuè vix revocatus sibiq; restitutus et literis denuo datus, tandem processu dierum in sacerdotii gradum est promotus."—Gir. *Camb.*

Welsh Beavers.[1]

"Inter universos Cambriæ seu etiam Loegriæ fluvios, solus hic, (Teivi) castores habet."—Ibid.

Welsh Lances.

"Sunt autem his in partibus (Ardudwy) lanceæ longissimæ. Sicut enim arcu prævalet Sudwallia, sic lanceis prævalet Venedotia: adeò ut ictum hâc lanceâ cominus datum ferrea loricæ tricatura minimè sustineat."—Ibid.

Bardsey.[2]

"Jacet autem extra Lhyn insula modica quam monachi inhabitant religiosissimi, quos Cælibes vel Colideos vocant. Hæc autem insula vel ab aeris salubritate quam ex Hiberniæ confinio sortitur: vel potiusa liquo ex miraculo ex Sanctorum meritis, hoc mirandum habet, quod in eâ seniores præmoriuntur, quia morbi in eâ rarissimi; et rarò vel nunquam hic nusquam moritur, nisi longâ senectute confectus. Hæc insula *En hli* Cambrice vocatur, et lingua Saxonicâ Berdesey; et in eâ ut fertur infinita sanctorum sepulta sunt corpora."—Ibid.

Animal Fidelity.

"In hâc eâdem silvâ de Coleshulle interfecto juvene quodam Cambrensi per exercitum prædicti regis (Hen. 2.) transeunte, leporarius ejusdem inventus est per octo ferè dies absque cibo domini cadaver non deserusse, sed illud à canibus, lupis et avibus prorsus indemne fideliter et admirandâ in bruto dilectione conservâsse."—Ibid.

Owen Cyveilioc excommunicated.

"Oenum de Cavelioc quia solus inter Walliæ principes Archipræsuli cum populo suo non occurrerat, excommunicavimus. Oenus iste præ aliis Cambriæ principibus et linguæ dicacis extiterat et in terræ suæ moderamine ingenii perspicacis."—Ibid.

St. Patrick's Purgatory.

"Est lacus in partibus Ultoniæ continens insulam bipartitam, cujus pars altera probatæ religionis Ecclesiam habens, spectabilis valdè est et amœna, Angelorum visitatione Sanctorumq; loci illius visibili frequentiâ incomparabiliter illustrata. Pars altera hispida nimis et horribilis, solis dæmoniis dicitur assignata, quæ ut visibilibus cacodæmonum turbis et pompis ferè semper manet exposita. Pars ista novem in se foveas habet.—Hic autem locus Purgatorium Patricii ab incolis vocatur."—Ibid.

St. Patrick's Horn.

"Vidimus in Gwallia, Hibernensem bajulum (mendicum) quendam, cornu quoddam

[1] See *Madoc in Wales*, xii. p. 345. Drayton alludes also to the Beavers of the Towy. See *Polyolbion*.—J. W. W.

[2] "To Bardsey was the Lord of Ocean bound;
Bardsey, the holy islet, on whose soil
Did many a chief and many a saint repose."
Madoc in Wales, xiii. p. 347.—J. W. W.

æneum, quod S. Patricii fuisse dicebat, pro reliquiis in collo gestantem. dicebat autem ob reverentiam Sancti illius, neminem ausum hoc sonare. Cum igitur, Hibernico more, circumstanti populo cornu porrigeret osculandum, sacerdos quidam Bernardus nomine, de manibus ejus illud arripuit, et oris apponens angulo, aeremq; impellens sonare cæpit, qui et eâdem horâ multis astantibus, ore quidem aure tenus paralyticè retorto, duplici passione percussus est. Cum enim torrentis eloquii prius extitisset, et delatoris linguam detractor habuisset; sermonis cujuslibet statim amisit usum."—Ibid.

King Henry III.'s Perjury.

1260. Rex quia juraverat cum Edwardo primogenito suo et Baronagio provisiones Oxonienses se inviolabiliter servaturum, et pœnitiverat eum jam jurâsse taliter, metuens quodammodò notam perjurii misit ad Papam secretò, rogans, ut ab hoc se juramento absolveret, quod facillimè impetravit."—*Contin. of* Mat. Paris.

Monastic Life.

"Altissima enim est professio vestra. Cælos transit, par Angelis est, Angelicæ similis puritati. Non enim solùm vovistis omnem sanctitatem, sed omnis sanctitatis perfectionem, et omnis consummationis finem. Non est vestrum circà communia præcepta languere, neque hoc solum attendere quod præcipiat Deus, sed quid velit, probantes quæ sit volùntas Dei bona et beneplacens et perfecta. Aliorum est enim Deo servire, vestrum adhærere; aliorum est Deum credere, scire, amare, revereri; vestrum est sapere, intelligere cognoscere, frui.

* * * * * *

Cum quo enim Deus est, nunquam minus solus est quam cum solus est. Tunc enim liberè fruitur gaudio suo; tunc ipse suus est sibi, ad fruendum Deo in se et se in Deo; tunc in luce veritatis, in sereno mundi cordis ultrò patet sibi pura conscientia, et liberè se infundit affecta de Deo memoria: et vel illuminatur intellectus et bono suo fruitur affectus, vel seipsum deflet humanæ fragilitatis defectus. Propter hoc, secundum formam propositi vestri habitantes in cælis potius quam in cellis, excluso à vobis toto seculo, totos vos inclusistis cum Deo. Cellæ siquidem et cæli habitatio cognatæ sunt, quia sicut cælum et cella ad invicem videntur aliquem habere cognationem nominis, sic et pietatis. A cælando enim cælum et cella nomen habere videntur, et quod cælatur in cælis hoc et in cellis; quod geritur in cælis hoc et in cellis. quidnam est hoc? vacare Deo, frui Deo. Quod cum secundum ordinem piè et fideliter celebratur in cellis, audeo dicere, sancti Angeli Dei cellas habent pro cælis, et æquè delectantur in cellis. ac in cælis. Nam cum in cellâ jugiter cælestia actitatur, cælum cellæ et sacramenti similitudine, et pietatis affectu, et similis operis effectu proximum efficitur; nec jam spiritui oranti, vel etiam à corpore exeunti, à cellâ in cælum longa vel difficilis via invenitur."—Divi Bernardi *de Vitâ Solitariâ ad fratres de Monte Dei.*

Arnald of Brescia.

"Arnaldum loquor de Brixia, qui utinam tam sanæ esset doctrinæ, quam districtæ est vitæ. Et si vultis scire, homo est neque manducans neque bibens, solo cum diabolo esuriens et sitiens sanguinem animarum. * * Nescio an melius salubriusve in tanto discrimine rerum egere valeatis, quam juxta Apostoli monitum (1 Cor. 5.) auferre malum ex vobis, quamquam amicus sponsi ligare potius quam fugare curabit, ne jam discurrere et eo nocere plus possit. Hoc enim dominus Papa dum adhuc esset apud nos, ob mala quæ de illo audiebat fieri, scribendo mandavit, sed non fuit qui faceret bonum. Denique si capi vulpes pusillas demolientes vineam scriptura salubriter monet, (Cant. 2.) num multò magis lupus magnus et ferus religandus est, ne Christi irrumpat ovilia, oves mactet et perdat?"—Bernardi *Epist. ad Episcopum Constantiensem.*

A merciful hint from a saint to a bishop.

Purgatory.

"Hæretici non credunt ignem purgatorium restare post mortem, sed statim animam solutam à corpore, vel ad requiem transire, vel ad damnationem. Quærant ergo ab eo qui dixit, quoddam peccatum esse, quod neque in hoc sæculo, neque in futuro remittetur, cur hoc dixerit, si nulla manet in futura remissio purgatione peccati?"—St. Bernard.

Zisca's Stratagem.

"Upon a certain time his enemies set upon him in a rough place, where no battell could be fought but on foot only, whereupon when his enemies were lighted from their horses, Zisca commanded the women which customably followed the host, to cast their kerchiefes upon the ground, wherein the horsemen were intangled by their spurres, and were slaine before they could unloose their feet."—*Historie of the Church, by* Master Patrick Symson, *late Minister at Striveling in Scotland.* 1634.

St. Theresa.

"I have seen some of the works of St. Theresa, wrote with her own hand; the character is legible, large, and indifferently fair. Donna Beatrix Carillo, who is her kinswoman's niece, keeps them very choicely. It was she that shewed them to me. They consist of a collection of letters. I do not believe they were ever printed. There is a great deal of perfection in them, and throughout may be discovered a certain air of chearfulness and sweetness of nature, which sufficiently declares the character of that great saint."—Countess Danois' *Letters from Spain.*

Eagle made young.

"Austen saith, and Plinie also, that in age the eagle hath darknesse and dimnesse in eien, and hevinesse in wings, and against this disadvantage she is taught by kinde to seeke a well of springing water, and then she flyeth up into the aire as farre as she may, till she be full hot by heat of the aire and by travaile of flight, and so then by heate the pores be opened, and the feathers chafed, and she falleth sideinglye into the well and there the feathers be chaunged and the dimnesse of her eien is wiped away and purged, and she taketh againe her might and strength."

This will explain a passage in the Jerusalem Conquistada.

Rainbow and Glow-worm's Effects.

"Where the rainbow toucheth the tree, no caterpillars will hang on the leaves; where the glow-worm creepeth in the night, no adder will go in the day."—John Lilly, *Epilogue to Campaspe.*

Mexican Gods.[1]

"Ometeuctli and Omecihuatl.—The former was a god and the latter a goddess, who dwelt in a magnificent city in heaven, abounding with delights, and there watched over the world, and gave to mortals their wishes; Ometeuctli to men, and Omecihuatl to women. They had a tradition that this goddess having had many children in heaven, was delivered of a knife of flint; upon which her children in a rage threw it to the earth, from which, when it fell, sprung sixteen hundred heroes; who, knowing their high origin, and having no servants, all mankind having perished in a general calamity, agreed to send an embassy to their mother, to intreat her to grant them power to create men to serve them. The mother answered, that if they had had more exalted sentiments, they would have made themselves worthy to live with her eternally

[1] See *Madoc in Aztlan*, ix. p. 378, where other extracts are given in the notes from Torquemada, Clavigero, &c.—J. W. W.

in heaven: but since they chose to abide upon the earth, she desired them to go to Mictlanteuctli, god of hell, and ask of him one of the bones of the men that had died; to sprinkle this with their own blood, and from it they would have a man and a woman, who would afterwards multiply. At the same time she warned them to be upon their guard against Mictlanteuctli, who after giving the bone might suddenly repent. With these instructions from his mother, Xolotl, one of the heroes, went to hell, and after obtaining what he sought, began to run towards the upper surface of the earth, upon which Mictlanteuctli enraged, pursued him, and being unable to come up with him, returned to hell. Xolotl in his precipitate flight stumbled, and falling, broke the bone into unequal pieces. Gathering them up again, he continued his flight till he arrived at the place where his brothers awaited him; when they put the fragments into a vessel, and sprinkled them with their blood, which they drew from different parts of their bodies. Upon the fourth day they beheld a boy, and continuing to sprinkle with blood for three days more, a girl was likewise formed. They were both consigned to the care of Xolotl, to be brought up, who fed them with the milk of the thistle. In that way they believed the recovery of mankind was effected at that time. Thence took its rise, as they affirmed, the practice of drawing blood from different parts of the body so common among these nations, and they believed the differences in the stature of men to have been occasioned by the inequality of the pieces of the bone."

"TONATRICLI and MEZTLI, names of the sun and moon, both deified by these nations. They said, that after the recovery and multiplication of mankind, each of the above-mentioned heroes or demigods had among the men his servants and adherents; and that there being no sun, the one that had been having come to an end, the heroes assembled in Teotihuacan, around a great fire, and said to the men, that the first of them that should throw themself into the fire would have the glory to become a sun. Forthwith one of the men, more intrepid than the rest, called Nanahuaztin, threw himself into the flames and descended to hell. In the interval, while they all remained expecting the event, the heroes made wagers with the quails, locusts, and other animals, about the place of the sky where the sun would first appear; and the animals being mistaken in their conjectures, were immediately sacrificed. At length the sun arose in that quarter which from that time forward was called the Levant; but he had scarcely risen above the horizon, when he stopped, which the heroes perceiving, sent to desire him to continue his course. The sun replied, that he would not, until he should see them all put to death. The heroes were no less enraged than terrified by that answer; upon which one of them named Citli, taking his bow and three arrows, shot one at the sun; but the sun saved himself by stooping. Citli aimed two other arrows, but in vain. The sun, enraged, turned back the last arrow, and fixed it in the forehead of Citli, who instantly expired. The rest, intimidated by the fate of their brother, and unable to cope with the sun, resolved to die by the hands of Xolotl; who, after killing all his brothers, put an end to his own life. The heroes before they died left their cloaths to their servants; and since the conquest of these countries by the Spaniards, certain ancient garments have been found, which were preserved by the Indians with extraordinary veneration, under a belief that they had them by inheritance from those ancient heroes. The men were affected with great melancholy upon losing their masters, but Tezcatlipoca commanded one of them to go to the house of the sun, and from thence to bring music to celebrate his festival; he told him that for his journey, which was to be by sea, he would prepare a bridge of whales and tortoises, and desired him to sing always as he went a song which he gave him. This, the Mexicans said, was the origin of the music and danc-

ing with which they celebrated the festivals of their gods. They ascribed the daily sacrifice which they made of quails to the sun, to that which the heroes made of those birds; and the barbarous sacrifices of human victims, so common afterwards in these countries, they ascribed to the example of Xolotl with his brethren.

"They told a similar fable of the origin of the moon. Tezcoziztecal, another of those who assembled in Teotihuacan, following the example of Nanahuatzin, threw himself into the fire; but the flames being somewhat less fierce, he turned out less bright, and was transformed into the moon."

"TEZCATLIPOCA.—This was the greatest god adored in these countries, after the invisible God, or Supreme Being. His name means Shining Mirror, from one that was affixed to his image. He was the God of Providence, the soul of the world, the creator of heaven and earth, and master of all things. They represented him always young, to denote that no length of years ever diminished his power. They believed that he rewarded with various benefits the just, and punished the wicked with diseases and other afflictions. They placed stone seats in the corners of the streets, for that god to rest upon when he chose it, and upon which no person was ever allowed to sit down. Some said that he had descended from heaven by a rope made of spiders' webs, and had persecuted and driven from these countries the grand priest of Tula Quetzalcoatl. His principal image was of teotl, divine stone, which is a black shining stone, like black marble, and was richly dressed. It had golden ear-rings, and from the under lip hung a crystal tube, within which was a green feather, or a turquoise stone, which at first sight appeared to be a gem. His hair was tied with a golden string, from the end of which hung an ear of the same metal, with the appearance of ascending smoke painted on it, by which they intended to represent the prayers of the distressed. The whole breast was covered with massy gold. He had bracelets of gold upon both his arms, an emerald in the navel, and in his left hand a golden fan, set round with beautiful feathers, and polished like a mirror, in which they imagined he saw every thing that happened in the world. At other times, to denote his justice, they represented him sitting on a bench covered with a red cloth, upon which were drawn the figures of skulls and other bones of the dead: upon his left arm a shield with four arrows, and his right lifted in the attitude of throwing a spear; his body dyed black, and his head crowned with quail feathers."

"HUITZILOPOCHTLI, or Mexitli, was the God of War; the deity the most honoured by the Mexicans, and their chief protector. Of this god some said he was a pure spirit, others that he was born of a woman, but without the assistance of a man, and described his birth in the following manner. There lived, said they, in Coatepec, a place near to the ancient city of Tula, a woman called Coatlicue, mother of the Ceutzonhuiznahuis, who was extremely devoted to the worship of the gods. One day as she was employed, according to her usual custom, in walking in the temple, she beheld, descending in the air, a ball made of various feathers. She seized it, and kept it in her bosom, intending afterwards to employ the feathers in decoration of the altar; but when she wanted it after her walk was at an end, she could not find it, at which she was extremely surprised, and her wonder was very greatly increased when she began to perceive from that moment that she was pregnant. Her pregnancy advanced till it was discovered by her children, who, although they could not themselves suspect their mother's virtue, yet fearing the disgrace she would suffer upon her delivery, determined to prevent it by putting her to death. They could not take their resolution so secretly as to conceal it from their mother, who, while she was in deep affliction at the thoughts of dying by her own children, heard an unexpected voice issue

from her womb, saying, 'Be not afraid, mother, for I shall save you, with the greatest honour to yourself and glory to me.' Her hard-hearted sons, guided and encouraged by their sister Cojolxauhqui, who had been the most keenly bent upon the deed, were now just upon the point of executing their purpose, when Huitzilopochtli was born with a shield in his left hand, a spear in his right, and a crest of green feathers on his head; his left leg adorned with feathers, and his face, arms, and thighs streaked with blue lines. As soon as he came into the world, he displayed a twisted pine, and commanded one of his soldiers called Tochancalqui, to fell with it Cojolxauhqui, as the one who had been the most guilty; and he himself attacked the rest with so much fury, that, in spite of their efforts, their arms or their intreaties, he killed them all, plundered their houses, and presented the spoils to his mother. Mankind were so terrified by this event, that from that time they called him Tetzahuitl, terror, and Tetzauhteotl, terrible god.[1]

"His statue was of gigantic size, in the posture of a man seated on a blue coloured bench, from the four corners of which issued four huge snakes. His forehead was blue, but his face was covered with a golden mask, while another of the same kind covered the back of his head. Upon his head he carried a beautiful crest, shaped like the beak of a bird; upon his neck a collar, consisting of ten figures of the human heart; in his right hand a large blue twisted club; in his left a shield, on which appeared five balls of feathers, disposed in the form of a cross, and from the upper part of the shield rose a golden flag with four arrows, which the Mexicans pretended to have been sent to them from heaven to perform those glorious actions which we have seen in their history. His body was girt with a large golden snake, and adorned with various lesser figures of animals, made of gold and precious stones, which ornaments and insignia had each their peculiar meaning. They never deliberated upon making war without imploring the protection of this god with prayers and sacrifices, and offered up a greater number of human victims to him than to any other of the gods."

[1] "Mexitli, woman-born, who from the womb,
Child of no mortal sire, leapt terrible,
The armed avenger of his mother's fame."
Madoc in Aztlan, ix. p. 378.—J. W. W.

The Thirteen Rarities of Britain.

"Dyrnwyn, i. e. white handle, the sword of Ryzerc the generous, which, when drawn out of the sheath, would become a flame from the handle to its point.

"Len Arthur, Arthur's veil, in Cornwall, whoever wore it would see every body, and nobody see him,

"The coat of Padarn, which would fit a noble, but one of mean birth it would not.

"The mantle of Tegau would not fit an unchaste woman, nor cover her; but it would cover a chaste one to the ground.

"The knife of Lawvrodez, which would serve twenty-four persons round the different tables.

"The dish of Ryzerc the scholar, whatever might be desired upon it would be found ready dressed.

"The chessboard of Gwenzolan, the tables of silver, and the men of gold, and they would play of themselves when the dice were thrown.

"The whetstone of Tudeno, which would sharpen the weapon of the brave, and blunt the coward's.

"The horn of Brân, the liquor desired would be found in it.

"The halter of Cludno, the horse that should be desired would be found in it.

"The cauldron of Dyrnoc, in which the meat of a coward would never be done enough, but that of the hero would be ready instantly.

"The car of Morgan Mwynvawr, whoever went in it would be instantly in whatever place he desired.

"The Barged (what is that?) of Gwyzno. If the provision of one person was put in it,

the provision of an hundred men would be found therein when opened.

Given me by William Owen.

The Deaf Serpent.

"A SERPENT, whiche that aspidis
Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,
That he the stone noblest of all
The whiche that men carbuncle call,
Bereth in his heed above on high,
For whiche whan that a man by slight,
The stone to wynne, and him to dante,
With his carecte him wolde enchante.
Anone as he perceiveth that,
He leyth downe his one ear all plat
Unto the ground, and halt it fast;
And eke that other eare als faste
He [1]shoppeth with his taille so sore,
That he the wordes, lasse or more,
Of his enchantement ne hereth.
And in this wise himselfe he skiereth,
So that he hath the wordes wayved,
And thus his eare is nought deceived."

GOWER.

DOES not "the deaf adder, that heareth not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely," allude to some snake that cannot be enticed by music, as they catch them in Egypt? and hence this ingenious mode of stopping his ears.—R. S.

"QUETZALCOATL. This was among the Mexicans, and all the other nations of Anahuac, the god of the air. He was said to have been once high priest of Tula. They figured him tall, big, and of a fair complexion, with an open forehead, large eyes, long black hair, and a thick beard. From a love of decency, he wore always a long robe; he was so rich that he had palaces of silver and precious stones; he was thought to possess the greatest industry, and to have invented the art of melting metals and cutting gems. He was supposed to have had the most profound wisdom, which he displayed in the laws which he left to mankind; and above all, to have had the most rigid and exemplary manners. Whenever he intended to promulgate a law in his kingdom, he ordered a crier to the top of the mountain Izatzitepec (the hill of shouting), near the city of Tula, whose voice was heard at the distance of three hundred miles. In his time, the corn grew so strong that a single ear was a load for a man; gourds were as long as a man's body: it was unnecessary to die cotton, for it grew naturally of all colours, and all other fruits and seeds were in the same abundance, and of extraordinary size. Then, too, there was an incredible number of beautiful and sweet-singing birds. All his subjects were rich, and to sum up all in one word, the Mexicans imagined as much happiness under the priesthood of Quetzalcoatl, as the Greeks did under the reign of Saturn, whom this Mexican god likewise resembled in the exile which he suffered. Amidst all this prosperity, Tezcatlipoca, I know not for what reason, wishing to drive him from that country, appeared to him in the form of an old man, and told him that it was the will of the gods that he should be taken to the kingdom of Tlapalla. At the same time, he offered him a beverage, which Quetzalcoatl readily accepted, in hopes of obtaining that immortality after which he aspired. He had no sooner drank it, than he felt himself so strongly inclined to go to Tlapalla, that he set out immediately, accompanied by many of his subjects, who on the way entertained him with music. Near the city of Quauhtillan, he felled a tree with stones, which remained fixed in the trunk; and near Tlalnepantla, he laid his hand upon a stone, and left an impression, which the Mexicans shewed the Spaniards after the conquest. Upon his arrival at Cholula, the citizens detained him, and made him take upon him the government of their city. Besides the decency

[1] Qy. stoppeth? [Quoted to *Thalaba*, ixth Book, p. 286.—J. W. W.]

[2] Claudian in Ruf. p. 29. [This reference is to lib. i. v. 209, &c.—J. W. W.]

and sweetness of his manners, the aversion he shewed to all kinds of cruelty, insomuch that he could not bear to hear the very mention of war, added much to the affection entertained for him by the inhabitants of Cholula. To him they said they owed their knowledge of melting metals, their laws by which they were ever afterwards governed, the rites and ceremonies of their religion, and even, as some affirmed, the arrangement of their seasons and calendar.

"After being twenty years in Cholula, he resolved to pursue his journey to the imaginary kingdom of Tlapalla, carrying along with him four noble and virtuous youths. In the maritime province of Coatzacoalco, he dismissed them, and desired them to assure the Cholulans that he would return to comfort and direct them. The Cholulans, out of respect to their beloved Quetzalcoatl, put the reins of government into the hands of those young men. Some people said that he suddenly disappeared, others that he died upon that coast; but however it might be, Quetzalcoatl was consecrated as a god. Barren women offered up their prayers to him, in order to become fruitful.—Quetzalcoatl, they said, cleared the way for the god of water, because in these countries rain is generally preceded by wind."

When Cortes came "the shippes they held opinion was the god of the ayre called Quezalcoualt, whiche came with the temples on his backe, for they dayly looked for him."—*Conq. of the Weast India.*

Tlaloc.[1]

"TLALOC, otherwise Tlalocateuctli, master of paradise, was the god of water. They called him fertilizer of the earth, and protector of their temporal goods. They believed he resided upon the highest mountains, where the clouds are generally formed, such as those of Tlaloc, Tlascala, and Toluca, whither they often went to implore his protection. The ancients also believed that in all the high mountains there resided other gods, subaltern to Tlaloc. They all went under the same name, and were revered not only as gods of water, but also as the gods of mountains. The image of Tlaloc was painted blue and green, to express the different colours that are observed in water. He held in his hand a rod of gold, of an undulated and pointed form, by which they intended to denote the lightning.

"In the inner part of the greater temple of Mexico, there was a particular place where they supposed that on a certain day of the year all the children which had been sacrificed to Tlaloc, came, and invisibly assisted at the ceremony."

Aiauh.

"AIAUH is one of the names of the water goddess, the companion of Tlaloc. The Tlascalans called her Matlalcueje, that is, clothed in a green robe; and they gave the same name to the highest mountain of Tlascala, on whose summit are formed those stormy clouds which generally burst over the city of Angelopoli. To that summit the Tlascalans ascended to perform their sacrifices, and offer up their prayers."

St. John.

"IF it were worth while to unravel the fable of the caldron of oil, perhaps it might appear to be an African tale that rose out of a confusion of the names of the island. The Phœnicians, Syrians, and Jews used to call the island Batmos, which signified turpentine, gum exuding from pines and other trees, for which this and the other islands of the Cyclades were famous. The resinous juices called turpentines are obtained from some trees by incision, and received into bats or vats, in trenches, and afterwards freed from their impurities by

[1] For *Tlaloc* and *Aiauh*, see the xiith section of Madoc in Aztlan, p. 385.—J. W. W.

straining, boiling, distilling, and so on. The process is not always favourable to the health of such as are engaged in it. How easy to an African lip, a confusion of terms, as bat, bath, botmon, botamo, abotim, balneum, and so on; and how natural to an enthusiast, a confusion of coppers, persecutions, and the miracle of escaping unhurt."—ROBINSON. *Hist. of Baptism.*

Christian Symbols.

"A LILLY on a tomb denotes a virgin or a confessor, and a palm-branch signifies a martyr."—ROBINSON.

Peruvian Bark.

"THERE is a famous tree known in several provinces of South America under the name of *quina-quina*, and in the province of Maynas, on the banks of the river Marannon, under that of Tatchi. A fragrant resin distills from the trunk by means of an incision. The seeds, called by the Spaniards *Pepitas de quina-quina*, have the form of beans, or of flat almonds, and are enclosed in a kind of doubled leaf, between which and the leaf is found a little of the same resin that distills from the tree. Their chief use is to make fumigations, which are reputed cordial and wholesome, but their reputation is much less now than formerly.

"This tree grows plentifully in several provinces of high Peru. The natives make rolls or masses of the resin, which they sell at Potosi and Chucuisaca, where they serve not only to fumigate or perfume with, but also for several other uses in physic, sometimes under the form of a plaster, sometimes under that of a compound oil made from the resin. This substance is supposed to promote perspiration, strengthen the nerves, and to restore the motion of the joints in gouty people, by barely carrying in the hand, and continually handling it.

"The stalk is triangular, furrowed, and pithy, emitting branches alternately, with a leafy wing running along every angle, like a three-edged sword blade, terminating here and there in a rounded form. These wings are thick, and curiously veined. When steeped in hot water, in order to expand them, they become covered all over with a white powdery substance."—*Trans. of the Linnæan Soc.* vol. 3.

New England Fasts and Thanksgivings.

"THERE is one distinguishing characteristic in the religious character of the New Englanders which we must not omit mentioning; and that is the custom of annually celebrating fasts and thanksgivings. In the spring, the governors of the several New England States, except Rhode Island, issue their proclamations, appointing a day to be religiously observed in fasting, humiliation, and prayer, throughout their respective States, in which the predominating vices, that particularly call for humiliation, are enumerated. In autumn, after harvest, that gladsome era in the husbandman's life, the governors again issue their proclamations, appointing a day of public thanksgiving, enumerating the public blessings received in the course of the foregoing year. This pious custom originated with their venerable ancestors, the first settlers of New England, and has been handed down through the successive generations of their posterity. A custom so rational, and so happily calculated to cherish in the minds of the people a sense of their dependence on the Great Benefactor of the world for all their blessings, it is hoped will ever be preserved."—WINTERBOTHAM.

Du Guesclin.

"BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN had been alwayes a most valiant knight, and one highly renowned in all histories. After he had performed many worthy enterprizes ever to his fame and honour, he maried with a beautifull lady, named Tiphania, descended of a

noble family. After which mariage, he growing to leave and discontinue his former exercise of armes, as he sate discoursing with his lady, she gently began to blame and reprove him, declaring that, before their mariage, hee followed the warres, wherein he had atchieved the cheifest reputation, and that it neyther suted with the nature nor duty of a true gentleman to lose the least repute of honour wonne before, by over much affecting a new-made choise. As for me, quoth she, who ought to shine by the bright radiance of your fame, I shall account myselfe too low dejected if you give over a course so well begun, and lose your spirits in doating love, wer it to one more worthy than myselfe.

"These wordes did so neerely touch the knight, that hee began againe to follow armes, wherein he carried himselfe so valiantly, that they did well and worthily attribute it to him, to stand as a stout rampier for France, in the very sharpest times of warre, and evermore made a meere barre of his body, against the hottest invasions of the English. By vertue of his valour, king Charles V. having reconquered most part of those territories, whiche had been insulted on in the reigne of the preceding kings, alwayes helde head against that valiant Edward surnamed the Black Prince, and Prince of Wales, and disappointed all his hopes. It was he that re-established Henry II. king of Castille, in his kingdom, in despight of all the armies and English forces. Hee was also made Constable of France by king Charles V., who helde him in such endeared affection for his valour, that having bestowed great gifts on him in his life time, after his death he did him so much honour, as to let him be buried at S. Denis, at the feete of the same tombe which this king had prepared there for himselfe."—*Treasury of An. and Mo. Times.*

Arabian Vipers.

"ÆLIANUS avoucheth, that those vipers which breed in the provinces of Arabia, although they do bite, yet their biting is not venomous, because they doe feede on the baulme tree, and sleepe under the shadow thereof."—*Treasury, &c.*

Reason for Wearing Spectacles.

"I HAVE heard of a great lord in Spaine, that would alwaies eate cherries with his spectacles on his nose, onely to make them seeme the bigger and more nourishing."

Ibid.

St. Patrick's Purgatory.

"QUÆ quidem Trophonii fabula mihi adeo videtur similis ei, quæ de Patricii antro, quod est in Hybernià, fertur, ut altera ex alterâ nata credi possit. Tametsi non desunt etiam hodiè permulti, qui descendant, sed prius triduano evicti jejunio, ne capita sana ingrediantur. Qui descenderunt aiunt sibi ridendi libidinem, in omni vitâ ademptam."—ERASMUS.

John the Baptist.

"WHEN John was about thirty years of age, in obedience to the heavenly call, he entered on his ministry, by quitting the hill country, and going down by the wilderness to the plains of Jordan, by proclaiming the kingdom of God, the near advent of the Messiah, and the necessity of preparing to receive him by laying aside sin and superstition, and by an exercise of universal justice; and lastly, by identifying the person of Jesus as the Messiah. He distributed various rules of righteousness among the different classes that attended his ministry. He said to soldiers, *Do violence to no man;* he exhorted publicans to avoid *exaction;* and he taught the people benevolence, *Let him that hath two coats impart to him that hath none;* and he directed all to Jesus as Master and Lord, in manifesting whom his ministry was to cease. His dress was plain,

his diet abstemious, and his whole deportment grave, serious, and severe.

"It is uncertain by what means John obtained an interview with Herod, but, certain it is, he reproved him for living in adultery with Herodias his brother Philip's wife, and his language was that of a man who well understood civil government, for he considered law as supreme in a state, and told the king, *it is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife.* Herodias was extremely displeased with John for his honest freedom, and determined to destroy him, but though she prevailed on the king to imprison him, yet she could not persuade him to put him to death. Two great obstacles opposed her design. Herod himself was shocked at the thought, for he had observed John, was convinced of his piety and love of justice, he had received pleasure in hearing him, and had done many things which John had advised him to do, and as there is a dignity in innocence, the qualities of the man had struck him with an awe so deep and solemn that, tyrant as he was, he could not think of taking away the life of John. Herod also dreaded the resentment of the public, for he knew *the multitude held John as a prophet.* Herodias, therefore, waited for a favourable opportunity to surprise the king into the perpetration of a crime, which neither justice nor policy could approve, and such an one she found on the king's birth-day. The story is at large in the gospel. Dreadful is the condition of a country where any one man is above controul, and can do what this absolute king did! whether he felt, or only pretended to feel, great sorrow, the fact was the same, *he sent an executioner, and commanded the head* of the prophet *to be brought,* and John was assassinated in the prison.

"The murder did not sit easy on the recollection of Herod, for, soon after, when he heard of the fame of Jesus, his conscience exclaimed, it is John whom I beheaded, he is risen from the dead! Certainly John the Baptist will rise from the dead, and Herod the tetrarch must meet him before an impartial judge, who will reward or punish each according to the deeds done in the body. In the present case, the judge hath declared the character of John. *John was a burning and a shining light. Among them that are born of women, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist.*

"Jesus speaking of the ill treatment of John, implies that posterity would do his character justice; and true it is the children of wisdom have justified John. But mankind have entertained, according to their various prejudices, very different opinions of that in which his work consisted. The Jews praise his rectitude, and pity his fate, for John was their countryman, and they hated Herod.[1] The Arabians celebrate his abstemiousness, and say Providence avenged his death.[2] The Catholics have invented a thousand fables, and placed to his account the origin of monachism, and the working of miracles. They have put him among their gods, consecrated waters, built baptisteries and temples to his honour, assigned him a day in the calendar, called themselves by his name, collected his pretended relics, adorned them with silver and gold and jewellery, and wholly overlooked that which made John the greatest that had been born of women.[3] How deplorable is it, that in the seventeenth century, in the enlightened kingdom of France, such a man as Du Fresne, of extensive literature, of amiable manners, an instructor of all Europe in matters of antiquity, should disgrace his pen by publishing a treatise to

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"[1] Joseph Gorion. l. 5. cap. 45. Ganz Tzemach David. i. xxv. 2. Herodes Johannem sacerdotem maximum, eo quod ipsum redarguisset occidit gladio, cum multis aliis sapientibus Israel, &c."

"[2] Koran, chap. 3, ch. 17, note 6. Joh. Henric. Hottingeri Historia Oriental. ex variis Orientalis. monument. collecta. Tiguri. 1651. cap. 3. Muhammedis geneal. p. 86. 96. Beidhavi. Zamhaschari, Kesseus, &c. D'Herbelot. Bibl. Jahia Ben Zacharia."

"[3] Baron. Annal. — Acta Sanct. — Paciaudi Antiq. Christ."

prove that his native city of Amiens was in possession of that precious relic the head of St. John the Baptist, found at Jerusalem, carried to Constantinople, discovered again in the city of Emesa, then transported to Comana, carried again to Constantinople, where the French found it when they took the city, and whence they conveyed it to Amiens, where it is now enshrined in all the odour of saintship."[1]—ROBINSON'S *Hist. Baptism.*

Education of Chivalry.

"REMONTONS jusqu à l'enfance de celui que l'on destinoit à devenir Chevalier. Dès qu'il avoit atteint l'âge de sept ans, on le retiroit des mains des femmes, pour le confier aux hommes. Une éducation mâle et robuste le préparoit de bonne heure aux travaux de la guerre, dont la profession étoit la même que celle de la Chevalerie. Au défaut des secours paternels, une infinité de Cours de Princes et de châteaux offroient des écoles toujours ouvertes, où la jeune Noblesse recevoit les premières leçons du métier qu'elle devoit embrasser; et même des hospices où la générosité des Seigneurs fournissoit abondamment à tous ses besoins. Cette ressource étoit la seule, dans ces siècles malheureux, où la puissance et la libéralité des Souverains, également restreintes, n'avoient point encore ouvert une route plus noble et plus utile, pour quiconque vouloit se dévouer à la défense et à la gloire de leur état et de leur couronne. S'attacher à quelque illustre Chevalier n'avoit rien, dans ce temps-là, qui pût avilir, ni dégrader: c'étoit rendre service pour service; et l'on ne connoissoit point les raffinemens d'une délicatesse plus subtile que judicieuse, qui auroit refusé de rendre à celui qui vouloit généreusement tenir lieu de père, les services qu'un père doit attendre de son fils. Si l'on trouve que je fais aux siècles dont je parle plus d'honneur qu'ils ne méritent, en leur attribuant des idées si saines et des sentimens si vertueux, on peut chercher dans la vanité des mêmes siècles la source de cet usage: mais il faudra, du moins, avouer que la vanité concouroit alors au bien public, et qu'elle imitoit la vertu."—*Mémoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie, par* SAINTE-PALAYE.

Palace Pomp of the Barons.

"L'ESPÈCE d'indépendance dont avoient joui les hauts Barons, au commencement de la troisième race, et l'état de leurs Maisons, composées des mêmes officiers que celle du Roi, furent pour leurs successeurs comme des titres qui les mettoient en droit d'imiter, par le faste de ce qu'ils appelloient leur Cour, la splendeur et la magnificence qui n'appartenoient qu'à la dignité Royale. D'autres Seigneurs subalternes, par une espèce de contagion trop ordinaire dans tous les siècles, en cherchant de plus en plus à se rapprocher de ceux-ci, s'efforcoient également d'élever l'état de leurs maisons. On trouvoit dans un château, dans un monastère, des offices semblables à ceux de la cour d'un Souverain; et comme le Roi commettoit ces offices aux Princes de son sang, les Seigneurs distribuoient aussi de pareilles dignités à leurs parens; qui de leur côté regardoient ces places sous le même point de vûe, et trouvoient, en les acceptant, de quoi satisfaire la vanité dont ils se repaissoient."

Ibid.

Pages.

"LES premières places que l'on donnoit à remplir aux jeunes gens qui sortoient de l'enfance, étoient celles de Pages, Varlets ou Damoiseaux; noms quelquefois communs aux ecuyers. Les fonctions de ces Pages étoient les services ordinaires des domestiques auprès de la personne de leur maître et de leur maîtresse; ils les accompagnoient

[1] "F. Traité historique du chef de S. Jean Baptiste, avec des preuves et des remarques par Charles du Fresne, Sr. du Cange. Paris, Cramoisy. 1665."

à la chasse, dans leurs voyages, dans leurs visites ou promenades, faisoient leurs messages, et même les servoient à table, et leur versoient à boire."—Ibid.

L'Amour de Dieu et des Dames.

"Les premières leçons qu'on leur donnoit regardoient principalement *l'amour de Dieu et des Dames*, c'est à dire, la religion et la galanterie. Si l'on en croit la chronique de Jean de Saintré, c'étoit ordinairement les Dames qui se chargeoient du soin de leur apprendre, en même tems, leur catéchisme et l'art d'aimer. Mais autant la dévotion qu'on leur inspiroit étoit accompagnée de puérilités et de superstitions, autant l'amour des Dames, qu'on leur recommandoit, étoit-il rempli de raffinement et de fanatisme. Il semble qu'on ne pouvoit, dans ces siècles ignorans et grossiers, présenter aux hommes la religion sous une forme assez matérielle pour la mettre à leur portée; ni leur donner, en même temps, une idée de l'amour assez pure, assez métaphysique, pour prévenir les excès dont étoit capable une Nation qui conservoit par-tout le caractère impétueux qu'elle montroit à la guerre.

"Pour mettre le jeune novice en état de pratiquer ces bizarres leçons de galanterie, on lui faisoit de bonne heure faire choix de quelqu'une des plus nobles, des plus belles et des plus vertueuses Dames des Cours qu'il fréquentoit; c'étoit elle à qui, comme à l'Etre souverain, il rapportoit tous ses sentimens, toutes ses pensées et toutes ses actions. Cet amour, aussi indulgent que la religion de ce temps-là, se prêtoit et s'accommodoit à d'autres passions moins pures et moins honnêtes."—Ibid.

The Amusements of the Pages.

"Les jeux mêmes, qui faisoient partie de l'amusement des élèves contribuoient encore à leur instruction. Le goût naturel à leur âge, d'imiter tout ce qu'ils voyoient faire aux personnes d'un âge plus avancé, les portoit à lancer comme eux la pierre ou le dard, à défendre un passage que d'autres essayoient de forcer; et faisant de leurs *chaperons* des casques ou des *bacinets*, ils se disputoient la prise de quelque place; ils prenoient un avant-goût des différentes espèces de Tournois, et commençoient à se former aux noble exercices des Ecuyers et des Chevaliers."—Ibid.

Ceremony on quitting Pagehood.

"Avant que de passer de l'état de Page à celui d'Ecuyer, la religion avoit introduit une espèce de cérémonie dont le but étoit d'apprendre aux jeunes gens l'usage qu'ils devoient faire de l'épée, qui pour la première fois leur étoit remise entre les mains. Le jeune Gentilhomme, nouvellement *sorti hors de Page*, étoit présenté à l'autel par son père et sa mère, qui chacun un cierge à la main alloient à l'offrande. Le Prêtre célébrant prenoit de dessus l'autel une épée et une ceinture, sur laquelle il faisoit plusieurs bénédictions, et l'attachoit au côté du jeune Gentilhomme qui alors commençoit à la porter."—Ibid.

Blackbird and Woodlark

The blackbird is a solitary bird, frequenting woods and thickets, chiefly of evergreens, such as pines, firs, &c. especially where there are perennial springs, which afford it both shelter and subsistence. They begin to warble earlier than any other birds, and their most obvious character is timorousness.

The woodlark sings during the night.

R. S.

Ladders blackened.

"At the attempt to surprise Geneva 1602, the ladders on which the scalade was

to be performed were blackened, to prevent their being perceived."—*Universal History.*

Philip Duke of Milan.

"PHILIP succeeded to the dukedom of Milan . . . . upon the murder of his brother John Maria. He married Beatrix, widow of Facino. Philip, at this time, was scarcely twenty years of age, and she was about thirty-eight, but possessed of all the remains of her husband's authority, as well as wealth. The disproportion there was between their ages had disgusted Philip so much, that he had abstained from her bed. It does not appear that the lady resented this provocation in any indecent, or indeed passionate manner; and she had even submitted to serve him in the most menial offices. Unfortunately for her, she entertained as an attendant one Orombelli, a young man accomplished in the arts of music, dancing, and the other embellishments that are most acceptable at a court. Philip considering her life as an obstacle to his pleasure, accused her of criminal conversation with this youth; and though nothing could be worse founded than the charge, certain enchanted utensils were pretended to be found under her bed. Upon this villainous pretext the duchess was seized and confined prisoner in the Castle of Binasco. The youth was imprisoned at the same time; and, according to common report, both of them were put to the torture. Whatever might be in this, it is certain that he was tortured; and unable to withstand the force of the pain, he confessed the criminality, for which both of them were condemned to death, after being confronted with each other. On this occasion the Duchess shewed an invincible constancy. She reproached Orombelli with his weakness, in yielding to tortures to confess a falsehood; and in the most solemn and affecting manner she called God to witness for her innocency, only she implored his pardon for having yielded to the Archbishop of Milan in persuading her to so unequal a match. She declared she never had resented the Duke's abstaining from her bed, and she mentioned the great fortune and acquisitions she had brought Philip, concluding that she the less regretted her death, because she had preserved her innocence. Having finished the pathetic declaration, Orombelli was put to death before her eyes, and she followed him with the most heroic constancy. By the accounts of all historians she was a woman of a very exalted character, and no reproach remains upon her memory, but the inequality of her match with Philip. The young man was so perfectly conscious of his own innocence, that he might have escaped when she was made prisoner, but instead of that he came as usual to court, and declared he knew nothing of the matter, though his friends told him of his danger. Soon after the execution of the Duchess, the Duke brought to his court a young Milanese lady, whom he had ravished some time before."—Ibid.

Murderers of Malcolm.

A.D. 94. "MALCOLM king of Scots died by the hands of robbers. In the churchyard of Glamis stands a carved stone, referring to the circumstances of this assassination. A centaur and a wolf denote the barbarity of the conspirators, while two fishes express the fate of these murtherers. While they tried to escape, the snow misled them; they wandered to the lake of Forfar, the ice broke, and they all perished miserably. Many antique weapons lately found in draining that lake confirm this account, and near these there were found brass pots and pans, probably part of the plunder of Malcolm's palace."—PENNANT. *Andrews.*

The Form used at the Funeral of the Greek Emperors.

"AFTER the body had lain in state, and had received the salutes of the patricians,

the senators, and the great officers, the Master of the Ceremonies cried aloud, 'Be gone, O Emperor, the King of kings, the Lord of lords demands you.' On which the attendants raised the body and carried it to the church of the Apostles, where the High Chamberlain with his own hands put on its shroud, and lowered it into the imperial tomb."—CODINUS. *Andrews.*

St. Romuald.[1]

"1006. ST. ROMUALD founded the Camaldules in Italy. He fled from Spain, because the Spaniards, to make sure of his relics, were going to murder him."—ST. FOIX. *Andrews.*

Bloody Soil near Battle.

"EXPECT not here I should insert what William of Newbury writeth, that not far from Battail Abby, in the place where so great a slaughter of the Englishmen was made, after any shower, presently sweateth forth very fresh blood out of the earth, as if the evidence thereof did plainly declare the voice of blood there shed, and crieth still from the earth unto the Lord."—FULLER.

St. Keyne's Well.[2]

"I KNOW not whether it be worth the reporting, that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neots, a well arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees, withy, oak, elm, and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported vertue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby."—Ibid.

Wars in Wales.

"I AM much affected with the ingenuity of an English nobleman, who following the camp of King Henry III. in these parts (Carnarvonshire), wrote home to his friends, about the end of September, 1245, the naked truth indeed, as followeth; 'We lie in our tents watching, fasting, praying and freezing. We watch for fear of the Welshmen, who are wont to invade us in the night; we fast for want of meat, for the half-peny loaf is worth five pence; we pray to God to send us home speedily; we freeze for want of winter garments, having nothing but thin linen betwixt us and the wind."—Ibid.

Temple of Quetzalcoatl.

"THE temple of Quetzalcoatl differed from the rest in form, it being round, the others all quadrangular. The door of this sanctuary was the mouth of an enormous serpent of stone, armed with fangs. Some Spaniards, tempted by curiosity to go into that diabolical temple, afterwards confessed the horror which they felt upon entering it."

Mexican Funerals.

"As soon as any person died, certain masters of funeral ceremonies were called, who were generally men advanced in years. They cut a number of pieces of paper, with which they dressed the dead body, and took a glass of water with which they sprinkled the head. They then drest it in a habit suitable to the rank, the wealth, and the circumstances attending the death of the party. If the deceased had been a warrior, they clothed him in the habit of Huitzilopochtli.

"With the habit they gave the dead a jug of water, which was to serve, on the journey to the other world, and also at successive different times, different pieces of paper, mentioning the use of each. On consigning the first piece to the dead, they said, 'By means of this you will pass, without danger, between the two mountains which fight against each other.' With the

[1] See the Ballad, p. 436.—J. W. W.
[2] Ibid. p. 446.—J. W. W.

second they said, 'By means of this you will walk without obstruction along the road which is defended by the great serpent.' With the third, 'By this you will go securely through the place where there is the crocodile Xochitonal.' The fourth was a safe passport through the eight deserts; the fifth through the eight hills; and the sixth was given in order to pass without hurt through the sharp wind; for they pretended that it was necessary to pass a place called Itzehecajan, where a wind blew so violently as to tear up rocks, and so sharp, that it cut like a knife; on which account they burned all the habits which the deceased had worn during life, their arms and some household goods, in order that the heat of this fire might defend them from the cold of that terrible wind. One of the chief and most ridiculous ceremonies at funerals was the killing a techichi, a domestic quadruped, resembling a little dog, to accompany the deceased in their journey to the other world. They fixed a string about its neck, believing that necessary to enable it to pass the deep river of Chiuhnahuapan, or New Waters. They buried the techichi, or burned it along with the body of its master, according to the kind of death of which he died. While the masters of the ceremonies were lighting up the fire in which the body was to be burned, the other priests kept singing in a melancholy strain. After burning the body, they gathered the ashes in an earthen pot, amongst which, according to the circumstances of the deceased, they put a gem of more or less value, which they said would serve him in place of a heart in the other world. They buried this earthen pot in a deep ditch, and fourscore days after made oblations of bread and wine over it.

"They were firmly persuaded, that without such a guide as the techichi, it would be impossible to get through some dangerous ways which led to the other world."

St. Michael's Chair.[1]

"A CONVENT of Gilbertine Cistertian nuns stood on St. Michael's Mount. On one corner of the battlements of the tower above is a stone niche, called St. Michael's Chair, which gives all women that venture to sit in it the superiority over their husbands."—CAMDEN.

Con, the son of the Sun.

"AMONG the inhabitants of the New World a common and generall received opinion was embraced with them, that, at the beginning of the world, from the Septentrionall, or Northern parts, there came a man called Con or Conon, who had no bones in his whole body, and therefore went verie quicke and lightly, much shortening the wayes, abasing the hills and mountaines, and raising the lowe-layd vallies onelie with his word and will, and named himselfe to be the sonne of the sunne.

"This man filled the earth with men and women, which he produced, giving unto them divers fruites, and other things necessary for humane life. But, by a displeasure he received from them, hee converted the earth, which hee before had freely given them, into a drie and barren sand, and tooke away the raine also, that it should never more showre downe, nor moisture any place. Yet as pittying their misery, he left them rivers only, to the end that they might conserve themselves, in watering the grounds by theyr owne paine and labour.

"At length came one Pachamo, who was likewise sonne both to the sunne and moone, and, having expelled or banished Conon, converted those men into cattes, and afterward created other men. The people tooke this man to be a god, and so he was generally reputed, untill the Christians came into those countries, having erected a very good temple unto him, neare to Lima, it beeing the most renowned in all those lands:

[1] See the Ballad, p. 431.—J. W. W.

because of extraordinary devotion there used, in regard of oracles and answeres which divells gave to priests and sacrificers there dwelling in divers places."—*Treasurie*, &c.

Henry Holland.

"HENRY, Duke of Exeter, though he had married the sister of Edward IV. was reduced to such want as to be seen begging his bread in rags and barefoot in Flanders. After the battle of Barnet, where he fought bravely against Edward IV. he was not to be found till his body was cast upon the coast of Kent, as if he had been shipwreckt."—CAMDEN.

Hankford's Oak.

"IN Monkley Church, Devonshire, is a monument for Sir William Hankford, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, of whom the Devonshire historians pretend that he was the person who imprisoned Prince Henry, son of Henry IV. and that fearing his displeasure when King, he retired to his seat here, and charging the keeper of his park to kill any man in his night walk that would not tell him who he was, he went into the park under those circumstances, and was killed. A tree near which this accident is said to have happened is still called Hankford's oak."—GOUGH.

Turkish Astronomy.

"FROM the mufti to the peasant it is generally believed that there are seven heavens, from which the earth is immoveably suspended by a large chain; that the sun is an immense ball of fire, at least as big as a whole Ottoman province, formed for the sole purpose of giving light and heat to the earth; that eclipses of the moon are occasioned by a great dragon attempting to devour that luminary; that the fixed stars hang by chains from the highest heaven. These absurdities are, in part, supported by the testimony of the Koran."—ETON's *Survey of the Turkish Empire.*

A Succubus.

"IN Germanie," said LUTHER, "was heretofore a noble familie, which were born of a Succubus, and fell out thus:

"A gentleman had a fair young wife which died, and was also buried. Not long after the gentleman and his servant lying together in one chamber, his dead wife in the night time approached into the chamber, and leaned herself upon the gentleman's bed, like as if shee had been desirous to speak with him. The servant, seeing the same two or three nights one after another, asked his master whether he knew that every night a woman in white apparel came unto his bed. The gentleman said, 'No: I sleep soundly,' said he, 'and see nothing.' When night approached, the gentleman considering the same, laie waking in bed. Then the woman appeared unto him and came hard to his bed side. The gentleman demanded who she was? Shee answered, 'I am your wife." Hee said, 'My wife is dead and buried.' Shee said, 'True; by reason of your swearing and sins I died; but if you would take mee again, and would also abstain from swearing one particular oath, which commonly you use, then would I bee your wife again.' Hee said, 'I am content to perform what you desire.' Whereupon his dead wife remained with him, ruled his hous, laie with him, ate and drank with him, and had children together. Now it fell out, that on a time the gentleman had guests, and his wife after supper was to fetch out of his chest som banquetting stuff: shee staying somewhat long, her husband, forgetting himself, was moved thereby to swear his accustomed oath; whereupon the woman vanished that instant. Now seeing shee returned not again, they went up into the chamber to see what was becom of her. There they found the gown which shee wore, half lying within the chest and half without. But shee was never seen afterwards.

"The Prince Elector of Saxon, John Frederick, having received advertisement of this strange accident, sent thereupon presently unto me," said Luther, "to have my opinion what I held of that woman and of the children which were begotten and born of these two persons: whereupon I wrote to his highness, that in my opinion neither that woman, nor those children were not right human creatures, but divels."—Dr. Martin Luther's *Divine Discourses at his Table, &c.* translated by Captain Henrie Bell. 1652.

The Nix.

"The Divel casteth before the eies a blaze or a mist, and so deceiveth people, insomuch that one thinketh hee lieth by a right woman, and yet is no such matter. But inasmuch as children or divels are conceived in such sort, the same are very horrible and fearful examples in that Satan can plague and so torment people as to beget children. Like unto this is it also with that which they call the Nix in the water, who draweth people unto him, as maids and virgins, of whom hee begetteth divels children."—Ibid.

Killcrops.

"The Divel can also steal children away, as sometimes children within the space of six weeks after their birth are lost, and other children or changelings laid in their places. Of the Saxons they were called Killcrops.

"Eight years since," said Luther, "at Dessaw, I did see and touch such a changed child, which was twelve years of age, hee had his eies and all members like another childe. Hee did nothing but feed, and would eat as much as two clowns or threshers were able to eat. When one touched it, then it cried out; when anie evil happened in the hous then it laughed and was joiful; but when all went well, then it cried and was very sad. I told the Prince of Anhalt, if I were Prince of that countrie, so would I venture homicidium thereon, and would throw it into the river Moldaw. I admonished the people dwelling in that place devoutly to pray to God to take away the divel; the same was don accordingly, and the second year after the changeling died."—Ibid.

"In Saxonia, near unto Halberstad, was a man that also had a Killcrop, who sucked the mother and five other women drie, and besides devoured very much. This man was advised that hee should in his pilgrimage at Halberstad make a promise of the Killcrop to the Virgin Marie, and should cause him there to be rockd. This advice the man followed, and carried the changeling thither in a basket; but going over a river, being upon the bridge, another divel that was below in the river called, and said 'Killcrop! Killcrop!' Then the childe in the basket, which never before spake one word, answered 'Ho! ho!' The divel in the water asked further, 'Whither art thou going!' the child in the basket said, 'I am going towards Halberstad to our loving mother, to be rocked.' The man being much affrighted thereat, threw the childe with the basket over the bridge into the water; whereupon the two divels flew away together, and cried 'Ho! ho! ha!' tumbling themselves one over another, and so vanished.

"Such changelings and Killcrops," said Luther, "supponit Satan in locum verorum filiorum;' for the divel hath this power, that hee changeth children, and in stead thereof laieth divels in the cradles, which prosper not, only they feed and suck: but such changelings live not above eighteen or nineteen years. One of these more fowleth itself in the excrements than ten other children do, so that the parents are much therewith disquieted, and the mothers in such sort are sucked out, that afterwards they are able to give suck no more. Such changelings," said Luther, "are also baptized, in regard that they cannot bee known the first year, but are known onely by sucking the mothers drie."

Queen Christina.

"La reine Christine, en quittant la couronne pour se livrer plus entièrement aux gens de lettres, ressemble à cette femme qui se fit arracher deux belles dents pour plaire à son amant, qui se disoit toujours épris de son âme seule, et inaccessible à tous ses charmes extérieurs; mais sa maitresse étant moins belle, il ne l'aima plus."—Madame Necker.

Drums of Captives' Skins.

"In some provinces they flead the captives taken in war, and with their skins covered their drums, thinking with the sound of them to affright their enemies;[1] for their opinion was, that when their kindred heard the rumbling noise of those drums, they would be immediately seized with fear and put to flight."—Garcilasso.

Parents eat.

"What was most abominable above all, was a custom amongst some Indians to eat the flesh of their parents, so soon as they were dead, accounting it a part of their respect and duty to bury and intomb them within their own entrails, which they boiled or roasted according to the quantity; if the body was lean and extenuated, they boiled the flesh to make it the more tender; and if it were gross and fleshy, then it was roasted: and for the bones, they buried them with some ceremony, either in the holes of rocks, or the hollow trees."—Ibid.

The Inca Royal Bounty.

"In process of time the Inca, willing to enlarge the privileges of his people, gave them permission to bore their ears, though not so wide as the Incas."—Ibid.

[1] See anecdote of Zisca, third series, p. 381. This extract is quoted to the lines,

"He stript the skin, and formed of it a drum,
Whose sound affrighted armies."

Madoc in Aztlan, xiii. p. 389.—J. W. W.

Peruvian Ideas of the Moon.

"When they observed the moon begin to grow dark in her eclipse, they said she was sick; and when she was totally obscured, that she was dead; and then they feared lest she should fall from heaven, and overwhelm and kill them, and that the world should be entirely dissolved. With these apprehensions, so soon as the moon entered into eclipse, they sounded their trumpets and cornets, beat their kettles, symbals, and all the instruments which could make noise and sound; they tied their dogs in strings, and beat them till they cried and howled; saying that with their voices they called upon the moon, who having received certain services from them, was very inclinable to hearken to their call, and that all these varieties of sounds together served to rouse and awaken her, being fallen into a drowsiness and slumber which her sickness had caused; and then they made their children cry and call 'Mama Quilla,' or, 'Mother Moon, do not dye, lest we all perish."—Ibid.

"Concerning the spots in the moon, they conceived another fable more ridiculous than the former, and may be compared with that which the more refined ancients framed of Diana, and that the moon was a huntress, though this seems more bestial and absurd, for they feignd that a certain fox, seeing the moon so beautiful, fell enamoured of her, and that his love gave him wings, with which he ascended heaven, and being ready to embrace the moon, she closed and clung so close to the fox, that ever since that time the spots have appeared in the brightness of her body."—Ibid.

Of the Sun.

"When they saw the sun set within the sea, as they may every night observe to the westward from the coast of Peru, they fansied that the waters were parted by the force of his fire and heat; and that being a good swimmer, he plunged himself into the waves,

and dived quite thro the sea, to appear next morning in the east."—Ibid.

Of Thunder.

"One of their fables is, that the Maker of all things hath placed in heaven a virgin, the daughter of a king, holding a bucket of water in her hand, for refreshment of the earth when occasion requires; and that sometimes her brother knocking upon this bucket, causes thunder and lightning to proceed from it; these noises they say are effects of the violent nature of man, but hail and rain and snow, falling with less noise and impetuosity, are more agreeable to the gentle nature of a woman. On this tale the following poem is preserved:

"Pulchra Nympha,
Frater tuus
Urnam tuam
Nunc infringit,
Cujus ictus
Tonat, fulget,
Fulminatque.
Sed tu Nympha
Tuam lympham
Fundens pluis,
Interdumque
Grandinem seu
Nivem mittis.
Mundi factor
Pacha camac[1]
Viracocha
Ad hoc munus
Te sufficit
Et præfecit."

The original metre is preserved in these verses.—Ibid.

Five Suns.

"The Indians of Culhua did beleeve that the gods had made the world they knew not how: and that since the creation four sunnes were past, and that the fift and last is the sunne which now giveth light unto the world.

"The first sunne (forsooth) perished by water, and all living creatures therewith. The second fell from heaven, and with the fall slew all living creatures, and then were many giants in the country. The third sunne was consumed by fire: and the fourth by tempest of aire and winde; and then mankinde perished not, but was turned into apes. Yet when that fourth sun perishd, all was turnd into darkness, and so continued five and twenty years: and at the fifteenth yeere God did form one man and woman, who brought forth children, and at the end of other ten years appeared this fift sunne newly borne, which after their reckoning is now in this year 1612, 918 years since. Three days after this sun appeared, they held that all the gods did die, and that these which since they worship, were born in process of time."—Purchas.

Omens of Charles I.'s Fate.

"The bust of King Charles I. carved by Barnini, as it was brought in a boat upon the Thames, a strange bird, the like whereof the bargemen had never seen, drop'd a drop of blood, or blood like upon it, which left a stain not to be wiped off."—Aubrey.

"Colonel Sharington Talbot was at Nottingham when King Charles I. did set up his standard upon the top of the tower there. He told me, that the first night the wind blew it so, that it hung down almost horizontal, which some did take to be an ill omen."—Ibid.

"The day that the Long Parliament began, 1641, the sceptre fell out of the figure of King Charles in wood, in Sir [2]— Trenchard's hall at Wullich in Dorset, as they were at dinner in the parlour."—Ibid.

[1] On referring to the *Commentarios Reales*, I find the words "*Pacha Camac*" are omitted here. The Spanish interpretation is, "*El Dios que le anima.*" See libro ii. tom. i. p. 54. Ed. Lisboa, 1609.—J. W. W.

[2] In the edition of Aubrey's *Miscellanies* now before me, 8vo. 1784, "Thomas" is the sirname. J. W. W.

Omen of Protector Somerset's Fate.

"THERE is a tradition which I have heard from persons of honour, that as the Protector Seymour and his dutchess were walking in the gallery at Sheen, in Surrey, both of them did see a hand with a bloody sword come out of the wall. He was afterwards beheaded."—Ibid.

Ominous Fly of Fire.

"THE Lady Viscountess Maidstone told me she saw as it were a fly of fire fly round about her in the dark, half an hour before her lord died. He was killed at sea; and the like before her mother-in-law, the Countess of Winchelsea, died. She was then with child."—Ibid.

Corps' Candles.[1]

"WHEN any Christian is drowned in the river Dee, there will appear over the water where the corps is, a light, by which means they do find the body. And it is therefore called the holy Dee."—Ibid.

King Arthur's Cave.

"ONE of the legends of Arthur's posthumous fame is, that there is in Merlin's hill a cave, the mouth of which many have seen at a distance; but when they approached the place where they supposed it to be situated, they have not been able to find it. Once indeed a venerable stranger enquired for the hill, and having by his skill in magic walked directly to the cavern, he came to a narrow passage, which was obstructed by a wheel in perpetual motion, placed there by the art of Merlin. The stranger attentively surveyed the machine for a short time; took a book from his bosom, read out of it a few words, unintelligible to those who watched his motions, and then touched the wheel with his wand. Immediately it stood still, and the stranger passed beyond it. When he returned, he read another sentence from his book, and the wheel resumed its motion. He then told the wondering people that he had been to view King Arthur and his knights of the round table, who were laid asleep in that cave by the enchantments of Merlin. At a set time the magician would rouse them from their sleep, when they would rush forth, drive out the Saxons, and institute a Shiboleth to distinguish the genuine descendants of the ancient Britons, over whom King Arthur would reign with transcendant dignity and splendour. The stranger departed, and no one from that day has been able to find the entrance of the cave."—MRS. MORGAN'S *Tour to Milford Haven.*

Merlin's Hill is by Caermarthen.

Herb of Orpheus.

"UPON the mountain Pangæus grows an herb which is called the harp, upon this occasion. The women that tore Orpheus in pieces, cast his limbs into the river Hebrus, and his head being changed, the whole body was turned into the shape of a drâgon. But as for his harp, such was the will of Apollo, it remained in the same form, and from the streaming blood grew up the herb which was called the harp, which during the solemnity of the sacrifices to Bacchus, sends forth a sound like that of a harp when played upon. At which time the natives being covered with the skins of young hinds, and waving their thyrsuses in their hands, sing a hymn, of which these are part of the words,

"And then shalt thou be wise,
When Folly does thy brain surprise."

As Clitonymus reports in his third book of tragical relations."—PLUTARCH.

Herb that Starves Tigers.

"IN the Ganges grows an herb resembling bugloss, which the natives bruise and keep

[1] The reader should refer to the whole Letter on the *Canhwyllan Cyrph*, or Corps-Candles in Wales. It is addressed to Mr. Baxter. See p. 231 of the Miscellanies.—J. W. W.

the juice very charily. With this juice in the dead of the night they go and besprinkle the tiger's dens, the vertue of which is such that the tigers not being able to stir forth by reason of the strong scent of the juice, are starved to death."—Ibid.

Flower and Herb that hate Step-Mothers.

"Upon the mountain Myenus, near the river Lycormas, grows a flower called the white violet, which if you do but name the word stepdame, presently dies away.

On the mountain Brixaba near the Tanais grows an herb by the barbarians called Phryxa, not unlike our common rue, which if the son of a former mother have it in his possession, he can never be injured by his step-dame. It chiefly grows near the place which is called Boreas's den, and being gathered, is colder than snow. But if any step-dame be forming a design against her son-in-law, it sets itself on fire, and sends forth a bright flame. By which means they who are thus warned, avoid the danger they are in."—Ibid.

Reed that discovers Guilt.

"In the river Phasis grows a reed which is called Leucophyllus, or the reed with the white leaf. This reed is found at the dawning of the morning light, at what time the sacrifices are offered to Hecate, and this too, by the divine inspiration of Pan at the beginning of the spring, when they who are troubled with jealous heads gather this reed and strew it in their wives' chambers to keep them chaste. And the nature of the reed is such, that if any wild extravagant person happens to come rashly in drink into the room where it lies, he presently becomes deprived of his rational thoughts, and immediately confesses whatever he has wickedly done and intended to do. At what time, they that are present to hear him lay hold of him, sow him up in a sack, and throw him into a hole, called The Little Mouth of the Wicked, which is round like the mouth of a well; which after thirty days empties the body into the lake Mœotis, that is full of worms, where of a sudden the body is seized and torn to pieces by several vultures unseen before, nor is it known from whence they come."—Ibid.

Midwives' Magic.

"A very singular belief prevailed not many years ago in these parts (about Langholme in Scotland); nothing less than that the midwives had power of transferring part of the primæval curse bestowed on our great first mother, from the good wife to her husband. I saw the reputed offspring of such a labour, who kindly came into the world without giving her mother the least uneasiness, while the poor husband was roaring with agony in his uncouth and unnatural pains."—Pennant's *Hebrides.*

Flamborough Head.

"The vast height of the precipices, and the amazing grandeur of the caverns which open on the north side, giving wide and solemn admission, through most exalted arches, into the body of the mountain; together with the gradual decline of light, the deep silence of the place unless interrupted by the striking of the oar, the collision of a swelling wave against the sides, or the loud flutter of the pigeons affrighted from their nests in the distant roof, afford pleasures of scenery which such formations as this alone can yield. These also are wonderfully diversified; in some parts the caverns penetrate far, and end in darkness, in others are pervious, and give a romantic passage by another opening, equally superb. Many of the rocks are insulated, of a pyramidal form, and soar to a great height. The bases of most are solid, but in some pierced through and arched. All are covered with the dung of the innumerable flocks of migratory

birds, which resort here annually to breed, and fill every little projection, every hole which will give them leave to rest. Multitudes were swimming about; others swarmed in the air, and stunned us with the variety of their croaks and screams. Kittiwakes and herring-gulls, guillemots and black guillemots, auks, puffins, shags and corvorants are among the species which resort hither. The notes of all sea-fowl are most harsh and inharmonious. I have have often rested under rocks like these, attentive to the various sounds over my head; which, mixed with the deep roar of the waves slowly swelling and retiring from the vast caverns beneath, have produced a fine effect. The sharp voice of the gulls, the frequent chatter of the guillemots, the loud notes of the auks, the scream of the herons, together with the deep periodical croak of the corvorants, which serves as a bass to the rest, have often furnished me with a concert, which, joined to the wild scenery surrounding me, afforded in an high degree that species of pleasure which results from the novelty and the gloomy majesty of the entertainment."—PENNANT'S *Arctic Zoology*.

Northern Lights.

"THEY are the constant attendants of the clear evenings in all these northern islands, and prove great reliefs amidst the gloom of the long winter nights. They commonly appear at twilight, near the horizon, of a dun colour, approaching to yellow; sometimes continuing in that state for several hours without any sensible motion; after which they break out into streams of stronger lights, spreading into columns, and altering slowly into ten thousand different shapes, varying their colours from all the tints of yellow to the obscurest russet. They often cover the whole hemisphere, and then make the most brilliant appearance. Their motions at these times are most amazingly quick; and they astonish the spectator with the rapid change of their form. They break out in places where none were seen before, skimming briskly along the heavens; are suddenly extinguished, and leave behind an uniform dusky tract. This again is brilliantly illuminated in the same manner, and as suddenly left a dull blank. In certain nights they assume the appearance of vast columns, on one side of the deepest yellow, on the other declining away till it becomes undistinguished from the sky. They have generally a strong tremulous motion from end to end which continues till the whole vanishes. In a word, we who only see the extremities of these northern phenomena, have but a faint idea of their splendour and their motions. According to the state of the atmosphere they differ in colours; they often put on the colour of blood, and make a most dreadful appearance. The rustic sages become prophetic, and terrify the gazing spectators with the dread of war, pestilence, and famine.

"About the Icy Sea. The Aurora Borealis is as common here as in Europe, and usually exhibits similar variations; one species regularly appears between the north-east and east, like a luminous rainbow, with numbers of columns of light radiating from it: beneath the arch is a darkness, through which the stars appear with some brilliancy. This species is thought by the natives to be a forerunner of storms. There is another kind, which begins with certain insulated rays from the north, and others from the north-east; they augment little by little, till they fill the whole sky, and form a splendour of colours rich as gold, rubies, and emeralds, but the attendant phænomena strike the beholders with horrors, for they crackle, sparkle, hiss, make a whistling sound, and a noise even equal to artificial fireworks. The idea of an electrical cause is so strongly impressed by this description, that there can remain no doubt of the origin of these appearances. The inhabitants say, on this occasion, it is a troop of men furiously mad which are passing by. Every

animal is struck with terror; even the dogs of the hunters are seized with such dread, that they will fall on the ground and become immoveable till the cause is over."—Ibid.

All Souls' Day.

"It is a custom at Naples on All Souls' Day, to throw open the charnel houses, lighted up with torches, and decked out with all the flowery pageantry of May-day; crowds follow crowds through these vaults to behold the coffins, nay, the bodies of their friends and relations. The floors are divided into beds like a garden, and under these heaps of earth the corpses are laid in regular succession. The place is perfectly dry, for the soil is rather a pounded stone than earth, and parches up the flesh completely in a twelvemonth; when that period is elapsed the body is taken up, dressed in a religious habit and fixed like a statue in a niche: many retain a horrid resemblance to what they were when animated, and some shew strong marks of agony in their distorted features."—SWINBURNE.

"It was customary at Salerno, till a provincial synod held in the 15th Century condemned and abolished the practice, on the eve of All Souls to provide a sumptuous entertainment and beds in every house, that the souls from purgatory might come, make merry, and afterwards take a nap. During the whole night, the house was abandoned by its inhabitants, and that family was looked upon as accursed by Heaven, on whose table the smallest remnant of victuals was to be seen the next morning when the proprietor returned. This dreaded event seldom, if ever befell them, for the expected feast drew together all the thieves in the country, who went from house to house, revelling without control, and carrying off what they had not time to consume, while the master of the house was on his knees in the cold church."—Ibid.

Pausanias Ghost-haunted.

"PAUSANIAS, in the heat of his lust, sent for Cleonice, a free-born virgin of Byzantium, with an intention to have enjoyed her; but when she came, out of a strange sort of jealousy and provocation, for which he could give no reason, stabbed her. This murder was attended with frightful visions, insomuch that his repose in the night was not only interrupted with the appearance of her shape, but still he thought he heard her uttering these lines:

'To execution go, the gods are just,
And rarely pardon murder join'd with lust.'

After this, the apparition still haunting him, he sailed to Psycopompeion, in Heraclea, and by propitiations, charms, and dirges, called up the ghost of the damsel; which, appearing before him, told him in few words that he should be free from all his affrights and molestations upon his return to Lacedæmon; where he was no sooner arrived but he died."—PLUTARCH. *Concerning such whom God is slow to punish.*

Pausanias says, he went to Phigalea, to the Arcadian avocators of souls.

Effects of a Demigod's death.

"DEMETRIUS related that about Britain there were many small and desolate islands, some of which were called the Isles of dæmons and demy gods; and that he himself, at the command of the emperor, sailed to the nearest of those places for curiosity sake, where he found few inhabitants, but that they were all esteemed by the Britons as sacred and divine. Not long after he was arrived there, he said, the air and the weather were very foul and tempestuous, and there followed a terrible storm of wind and thunder; which at length ceasing, he says, the inhabitants told him that one of the demons or demy-gods was deceased. For as a lamp, says he, while 'tis lighted, offends nobody with its scent, but when 'tis

extinguished it sends out such a scent as is nauseous to everybody; so these great souls, whilst they shine, are mild and gracious, without being troublesome to any body; but when they draw to an end, they cause great storms and tempests, and not seldom infect the air with contagious distempers. They say, farther, that Saturn is detained prisoner in one of those islands, where he keeps fast asleep in chains, and that he has several of those dæmons for his valets and attendants."—PLUTARCH. *Why the Oracles cease.*

War-engine.

"WHEN Archidamus the son of Agesilaus, beheld a dart to be shot from an engine, newly brought out of Sicily, he cried out, O Hercules! the valour of man is at an end.—Ibid.

Sleeping Naked.

"IN 1387, William of Wykeham visited the priory of Selborne. Among other complaints, he says, 'it has been evidently proved to him that some of the canons, living dissolutely after the flesh, and not after the spirit, sleep naked in their beds without their breeches and shirts,' 'absque femoralibus et camisiis,' he enjoins that these culprits shall be punished by severe fasting, especially if they shall be found to be faulty a third time; and threatens the prior and sub-prior with suspension if they do not correct this enormity.

"The rule of not sleeping naked was enjoined the Knights Templars, who also were subject to the rules of St. Augustine."—GURTLERI, *Hist. Templariorum.*

"He also forbids them foppish ornaments, and the affectation of appearing like beaux with garments edged with costly furs, with fringed gloves, and silken girdles trimmed with gold and silver."—WHITE'S *Antiquities of Selborne.*

Charles of Burgundy.

"Credulity proceeds from a man's own integrity; a vice more honest than safe, the overthrow and death of the great Duke of Burgundy, who committed a maine part of his army to an earle whom he had formerly strucken."—SANDY'S *Ovid.*

Gualbertus' Beech.

"MABILLON tells us in his *Itinerary*, of the old Beech at Villambrosa, to be still flourishing, and greener than any of the rest, under whose umbrage the famous Eremit Gualbertus had his cell."—EVELYN'S *Silva.*

"WHILE we condemn the beech timber, we must not omit to praise the mast, which fats our swine and deer, and hath in some families even supported men with bread.[1] Chios endured a memorable siege by the benefit of this mast; and in some part of France they now grind the Buck[2] in mills; it affords a sweet oil which the poor people eat most willingly. But there is yet another benefit which this tree presents us—that its very leaves, being gathered about the fall, and somewhat before they are frost-bitten, afford the best and easiest mattresses in the world to lay under our quilts instead of straw; because, besides their tenderness and loose lying together, they continue sweet for seven or eight years long, before which time straw becomes musty and hard. They are thus used by divers persons of quality in Dauphiné; and in Switzerland I have sometimes lain on them to my great refreshment. So as of this tree it may properly be said—

'The wood's an house; the leaves a bed;"
Silva domus, cubilia frondes."—*Juvenal.*
Ibid.

[1] Φαγὸς ἀ φαγεῖν.

[2] That is, the "mast." Camden derives Buckinghamshire from the *Bóc*, i. e. the Beech tree. It is pure Anglo-Saxon.—J. W. W.

Jefr we Jame.

"The most celebrated work of Ali is intituled Jefr we Jame; it is written upon parchment in mysterious characters intermixed with figures, wherein are couched all the grand events that are to happen from the beginning of Muslemanism to the end of the world. This parchment is deposited in the hands of those of his family, and even to this time nobody has decyphered it in any sort of manner but Jaafer Sadek, for, as for the entire explication of it, that is reserved for the twelfth Imam, who is surnamed by way of excellence the Mohdi, or grand director."—Ockley, *H. of the Saracens.*"

Egyptian Almanack.

"The Abbé Pluche, in his History of the Heavens, maintains, and I believe with reason, that the Egyptian grotesque figures, for example, a man with a dog's head, &c. were a sort of almanacks indicating the time of the increase of the Nile, &c. As the French have now in their almanack, opposite to every day in the year, a plant, an animal, or an instrument of husbandry, it would if engraved resemble not a little an Egyptian almanack. It is curious to observe how very ancient fashions and practices are revived."—Mac Laurin. *Lord Dreghorn.*

Holidays originally humane.

"Linget in his Annales Politiques, vol. 2, p. 180, after approving very much of the abolition of several holidays which had recently taken place (in 1770), maintains that no blame can attach to those who introduced a great number of holidays; their motive, he says, was humanity, not superstition; for at that time, the common people were serfs, 'adscripti glebæ,' whose labour was entirely for the benefit of the master, who gave them little more than bare maintenance. It certainly was, therefore, humane to diminish the number of working days at that time; but now that the common people are free, it is necessary to increase them, as they have in general even by industry little enough to support themselves."—Ibid.

Seasons altered.

"It is long since many, of whom I am one, have maintained, that the seasons are altered; that it is not so hot now in summer as when we were boys. Others laugh at this, and say that the supposed alteration proceeds from an alteration in ourselves, from our having become older and consequently colder.

"In 1783 or 1784, in the course of a conversation I had with my brewer, who is very intelligent and eminent in his way, he maintained that an alteration had taken place. This observation he made from a variety of circumstances; the diminution of the number of swallows, the coldness that attends rain, the alteration in the hours of labour at the time of sowing barley, which a great many years ago was a work performed very early in the morning, on account of the intenseness of the heat after the sun had been up for some time. He added that for many years past he had found that the barley did not malt as formerly, and the period he fixed on was the year in which the earthquake at Lisbon happened.

"I was much surprised at this last observation, and did not pay much attention to it till last summer, when I happened to read Les Annales Politiques of Linguet, a very scarce book, which I was sure my brewer had never read; for there to my astonishment I found the very same opinion, with this additional fact, that in Champagne, where he was born, they have not been able since that earthquake to make the same wine. He says too that he has seen the title-deeds of several estates in Picardy, which proved that at that time they had a number of excellent vineyards, but that now no such crop can be reared there. He also attempts to account philosophically for that earthquake having such effects."—Ibid.

Murder of Fergus.[1]

"FERGUSIUS III. periit veneno ab uxore dato. Alii scribunt, cum uxor sæpe exprobrasset ei matrimonii contemptum, et pellicum greges, neque quicquam profecisset, tandem noctu dormientem ab eâ strangulatum. Quæstione de morte ejus habitâ cum amicorum plurimi insimularentur, nec quisquam ne in gravissimis quidem tormentis quicquam fateretur, mulier alioqui ferox tot innoxiorum capitum miserta in medium processit; ac è superiore loco cædem à se factam confessa, ne ad ludibrium superesset, pectus cultro transfodit: quod ejus factum variè pro cujusque ingenio est acceptum, ac perinde sermonibus celebratum."—BUCHANAN.

Dog-ribbed Indian Woman.

"ON the 11th January (1772) as some of my companions were hunting, they saw the track of a strange snow-shoe, which they followed; and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found that she understood their language, they brought her with them to the tents. On examination, she proved to be one of the Western Dog-ribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow Indians, in the summer of 1770; and in the following summer, when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she had eloped from them, with an intent to return to her own country; but the distance being so great, and having after she was taken prisoner been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which we found her, to protect her from the weather during the winter, and here she had resided from the first setting in of the fall.

"From her account of the moons past since her elopement, it appeared that she had been near seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had also killed two or three beavers, and some porcupines. That she did not seem to have been in want is evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered, and was in good health and condition; and I think one of the finest women, of a real Indian, that I have seen in any part of North America.

"The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood were truly admirable, and are great proofs that necessity is the real mother of invention. When the few deer sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her were all expended in making snares and sewing her clothing, she had nothing to supply their place but the sinews of the rabbits' legs and feet; these she twisted together for that purpose with great dexterity and success. The rabbits, &c. which she caught in those snares not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing for the winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing any thing that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much farther, as all her clothing, beside being calculated for real service, shewed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasing, though rather romantic appearance.

"Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines, like net-twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her; with this she intended to make a fishing-net as soon as the spring advanced. It is of the inner bark of willows

[1] See the "Wife of Fergus," a Mono-drama. *Poems*, p. 111.—J. W. W.

twisted in this manner that the Dog-ribbed Indians make their fishing nets.

"Five or six inches of an iron hoop made into a knife, and the shank of an arrow-head of iron, which served her as an awl, were all the metals this poor woman had with her when she eloped; and with these implements she had made herself complete snow-shoes, and several other useful articles.

"Her method of making a fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose than two hard sulphurous stones. These, by long friction and hard knocking produced a few sparks, which at length communicated to some touchwood; but as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the winter.

"When the Athapuscow Indians took this woman prisoner, they, according to the universal custom of those savages, surprised her and her party in the night, and killed every soul in the tent except herself and three other young women. Among those whom they killed were her father, mother, and husband; her young child, four or five months old, she concealed in a bundle of clothing, and took with her undiscovered in the night; but when she arrived at the place where the Athapuscow Indians had left their wives, which was not far distant, they began to examine her bundle, and finding the child, one of the women took it from her, and killed it on the spot.

"This last piece of barbarity gave her such a disgust to those Indians, that notwithstanding the man who took care of her treated her in every respect as his wife, and was, she said, remarkably kind to and even fond of her; so far was she from being able to reconcile herself to any of the tribe that she rather chose to expose herself to misery and want than live in ease and affluence among persons who had so cruelly murdered her infant. The poor woman's relation of this shocking story, which she delivered in a very affecting manner, only excited laughter among the savages of my party.

"The singularity of the circumstance, the comeliness of her person and her approved accomplishments, occasioned a strong contest between several of the Indians of my party who should have her for a wife; and the poor girl was actually won and lost at wrestling by near half a score different men the same evening. My guide, Matonabbee, who at that time had no less than seven wives, all women grown, besides a young girl of eleven or twelve years old, would have put in for the prize also, had not one of his wives made him ashamed of it, by telling him that he had already more wives than he could properly attend. This piece of satire, however true, proved fatal to the poor girl who dared to make so open a declaration; for the great man, Matonabbee, who would willingly have been thought equal to eight or ten men in every respect, took it as such an affront that he fell on her with both hands and feet, and bruised her to such a degree, that, after lingering some time she died."—HEARNE'S *Journey to the Northern Ocean.*

Trees, &c.

"THE trees are pine, larch, juniper, poplar, birch, and bush-willow, growing very high, and alder.

"Gooseberries spread along the ground like vines, the fruit most plentiful and best on the under branches, owing to the reflected heat from below, and the shelter. They thrive in stony and rocky ground, exposed to the sun. Cranberries. Heathberries grow close to the ground, a favourite food of many birds that migrate there in summer, particularly the grey goose.

"Dewater-berries best in swampy ground covered with moss. The plant is not very unlike the strawberry, but the leaves larger. Out of the centre of the plant shoots a single stalk, sometimes seven or eight inches high, and each plant only produces one berry, which at some distance resembles a strawberry; but not so conical. Some have three or four lobes, some nearly twenty. Currans

red and black, in moist not swampy ground, best in small vallies, between the rocks. Strawberries very fine, and raspberries best where the soil has been burnt. Blueberries on bushes which grow to eighteen inches or two feet, but generally much lower; a fine plum bloom. Hips in such quantities as to make the spots where they grow look quite red at a distance."—Ibid.

Birds.

"The brown fishing eagle. Snowy owl, a bird that follows the hunter all day long, and seizes the fowls he shoots. Ravens of richest black, tinged with purple and violet hues. The ruffed grouse. Delicate brown, varied prettily with black and white, hawk-like tail, of orange, barred with black, brown, and white, and often spread like a fan. A ruff of glossy black feathers, tinged with rich purple round the neck, which they can erect. In winter they are usually found perched on the pine branches, and easily taken. Their nests generally at the root of a tree, twelve or fourteen eggs. It is remarkable, and perhaps peculiar to these birds, that they clap their wings with such force, that at half a mile distance it resembles thunder. The sharp-tailed grouse dive through the snow. Red-breasted thrush, of sweet song. Larks. Sand martins. Bitterns. Pelicans. Swans."—Ibid.

[*Old Age the North-Indian's Misfortune.*]

"Old age is the greatest calamity that can befall a North Indian; for when he is past labour he is neglected and treated with great disrespect, even by his own children. They not only serve him last at meals, but generally give him the coarsest and worst of the victuals; and such of the skins as they do not choose to wear, are made up in the clumsiest manner into clothing for their aged parents; who, as they had, in all probability, treated their fathers and mothers with the same neglect, in their turns submitted patiently to their lot, even without a murmur, knowing it to be the common misfortune attendant on old age; so that they may be said to wait patiently for the melancholy hour when, being no longer capable of walking, they are to be left alone, to starve and perish for want. This, however shocking and unnatural it may appear, is so common that among those people one-half at least of the aged persons of both sexes absolutely die in this miserable condition."—Ibid.

[*North and South-Indians' Name for the Aurora Borealis.*]

"The North Indians call the Aurora Borealis Ed-thin, that is, deer; and when that meteor is very bright, they say that deer is plentiful in that part of the atmosphere; but they have never yet extended their ideas so far as to entertain hopes of tasting those celestial animals. Their ideas in this respect are founded on a principle one would not imagine. Experience has shown them that when a hairy deer-skin is briskly stroked with the hand in a dark night, it will emit many sparks of electrical fire, as the back of a cat will. The idea which the Southern Indians have of this meteor is equally romantic, though more pleasing, as they believe it to be the spirits of their departed friends dancing in the clouds; and when the Aurora Borealis is remarkably bright, at which time they vary most in colour, form, and situation, they say their deceased friends are very merry."

[*Fairies called Nant-e-na.*]

"They are very superstitious with respect to the existence of several kinds of fairies, called by them Nant-e-na, whom they frequently say they see, and who are supposed by them to inhabit the different elements of earth, sea, and air, according to their several qualities. To one or other of these fairies they usually attribute any change in their circumstances, either for the better or worse."—Ibid.

Animals.

Moose. Ermine. Varying hare. Porcupine. Beaver. Squirrel.—Ibid.

[*Beware of Wales.*]

The poem in Hakluyt's Collection, called the Libel of English Policie, says,

"Beware of Wales, Christ Jesu must us keepe
That it make not our childers childe to weepe."

[*Irish Gold and Silver Mines.*]

In the same poem mention is made of gold and silver mines in Ireland.

"Of silver and golde there is the oore,
Among the wilde Irish, though they be poore,
For they are rude, and can thereon no skill;
So that if we had their peace and good will
To myne and fine, and metal for to pure,
In wilde Irish might we finde the oure,
As in London saith a juellere,
Which brought from thence golde oore to us here,
Whereof was fyned mettal good and clene,
As they touch, no better could be seene."

St. Patrick's Purgatory.

"About the latter end of king James, the truth of the matter was discovered by the Earl of Cork and the Lord Chancellor, who, desirous to know the truth, sent some persons of quality to inquire exactly into it: who found that this miraculous cave descending down to the bottom of hell, was no other but a little cell digged out of the rocky ground, without any windows or holes, so as the door being shut, it was utterly dark, being of so little depth that a tall man could not stand upright in it; and of no greater capacity than to hold six or seven persons. Now when any desire to go this pilgrimage, he was kept fasting and watching by the fryers, and told wonderful stories, so that being thoroughly affrighted, and then put in, he came out in a few hours all amazed, and told strange stories of his going under ground, &c. To prevent this delusion for the future, the lords justices caused the fryers to depart, and laid the hole open and exposed to the air."—*Admirable Curiosities, Rarities, and Wonders in England, &c.*

[*The Irontones of Tucuman.*]

"The people of Tucuman, whom the Spaniards call Irontones, fix the bodies of the enemies they kill, in rows to the trunks of trees, for a terror, that the borderers may not dare to go over to hunt in their liberties."—F. Nicholas del Techo.

Hy Brasail, or, the Enchanted Island.

"Arran-More, the largest of the south isles of Arran, on the coast of Galway. Here several of the ancient Irish saints were buried, whence the island obtained the name of Arrannanoim. The inhabitants are still persuaded that in a clear day they can see from this coast Hy Brasail, or the inchanted island, the paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories."—*Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis.* Beauford's *Ancient Topography of Ireland.*

"The old Irish say great part of Ireland was swallowed by the sea, and that the sunken part often rises, and is to be seen on the horizon frequently from the northern coast. On the north west of the island, this part so appearing is called Tir-Hudi, or the city of Hud; that it contains a city which once possessed all the riches of the world, the key of which lies buried under some druidical monument."—*Collectanea*, No. 14. Int. p. 52. Vallancey.

When Mr. Burton went in search of the Ogham monument on Callan mountain, 1785,

"the common people could not be convinced that the search was made after an inscription, but after an enchanted key that lies with the interred hero Conane (the monument is called Conane's tomb), which when found will restore an enchanted city sunken on the neighbouring shore of the Atlantic sea, to its former splendour, and convert the hideous moory heights of Callan mountain into rich fruitful plains. Their imaginations are heated in this gloomy aweful wild, expecting also great riches whenever this city is discovered."—*Coll.* No. 14. Notes, p. 529.

THIS resurging part of the island is called O Breasal, or O Brazil. The royal island. Colonel Vallancey says it is evidently the lost city of Arabian story, visited by their fabulous prophet, Houd. He combines it with the remarks of Whitehurst upon the Giant's Causeway, and suspects it alludes to the lost Atlantis, which Whitehurst thinks perhaps existed there.

Is that very extraordinary phenomenon, seen from Sicily, ever seen on the Irish coast—the palace of Morjaine le Fay? If so, an actual apparition explains the tale.[1]

[*Le Capitaine Bourg-de-Bar.*]

"LES Anglois détenoient prisonnier en leur bastille un Capitaine François nommé le Bourg-de-Bar, lequel estoit enferré par les pieds d'un gros et pesant fer, tellement qu'il ne pouvoit aller, et estoit souvent visité par un Augustin Anglois Confesseur de Talbot, maistre dudit prisonnier. Le dit Augustin avoit accoustumé de luy donner à manger, et ledit de Talbot se fioit en luy de le bien garder comme son prisonnier, esperant d'en avoir une grosse finance, ou delivrance d'autres prisonniers. Donc quand cet Augustin vid les Anglois se retirer ainsi hastivement, il demeura avec ledit prisonnier en intention de le mener aprés ledit de Talbot son maistre, et le mena par dessous le bras, bien demy traict d'arc de distance, mais ils n'eussent jamais peu atteindre les Anglois. Lors iceluy Bourg voyant les Anglois s'en aller en grand desordre, reconnut bien qu'ils avoient du pire, si prit l'Augustin a bons poings, et luy dit qu'il n'iroit plus avant, et que s'il ne le portoit jusques a Orleans, il luy feroit où feroit faire desplaisir. Et combien qu'il y eut tousjours des Anglois y Francois qui escarmouchoient encore, toutesfois cet Augustin par force et contrainte le porta sur ses espaules jusques a Orleans." *Quære?* P. DANIEL.[1] 130.

[*The Maid and the Voice.*]

SAID the maid, "En nom Dieu je sçay bien ce que vous pensez, et voulez dire de la voix que j'ay ouye touchant vostre Sacre, et je le vous diray. Je me suis mise en oraison, en ma maniere accoustumée, je me complaignois, pour ce qu'on ne me vouloit pas croire de ce que je disois; et lors la voix me dit, 'Fille va, va, je seray a ton ayde, va!' Et quand cette voix me vient, je suis tant resjouye que merveilles. Et en disant lesdites paroles, elle levoit les yeux au ciel, en monstrant signe d'une grande exultation."—Ibid. 133.

[*Richemont's Humanity.*]

RICHEMONT, when he took Saint Severe, "Fit nourrir plus de cent enfans que les meres avoient laissez, les unes prises, et les autres enfuyes, et fit amener des chevres pour les allaiter."—Ibid. 372.

Dagobert's Soul fought for.

"ANSOALDE, revenant de son Ambassade de Sicile, aborde a une petite Ile, et en-

[1] SOUTHEY'S conjecture is quite correct. See notes on *Madoc* in Wales, xi. p. 342, where most of this is given.—J. W. W.

[1] See note on "*Joan of Arc*," p. 24, where it is said that "Richemont has left an honourable name, though he tied a prime minister up in a sack, and threw him into the river." P. DANIEL is the authority.—J. W. W.

tre en conversation avec un vieux Anachorete nomme Jean, et parlant des Gaules et du Roi Dagobert, Jean lui dit, qu'aiant été averti de prier Dieu pour l'Ame de ce Prince, il avoit vu, sur la mer, des Diables qui tenoient le Roi Dagobert lie sur un Esquif, et le menoient, en le battant, aux manoirs de Vulcain. Que Dagobert crioit, appellant a son secours S. Denis, S. Maurice, et S. Martin, les priant de le delivrer et de le conduire dans le sein d'Abraham. Ces Saints coururent apres les diables, leur arrachérent cette Ame, et l'emmenérent au Ciel, en chantant des versets des Pseaumes."

This legend is sculptured on the monument of Dagobert I. *Thresor des Antiquitez de la Couronne de France.* 1745.—T. 1, pl. 14.

Unction of Charles V. of France.

At the unction of Charles V. the twelve peers are represented each stretching out his right hand towards the king.

White Horse of Royalty, &c., French head-dress.

"The white horse was the mark of sovereignty. Margaret, daughter of James, king of Scotland, is represented on one when she entered Tours as the future Dauphiness. Her head-dress, and that of her female attendants, is the coëffure pointue, which was fashionable almost during two centuries. It is thus shaped. From the top falls a long white robe, hanging strait to the elbow, and there thrown over the arm. No hair is visible, nor any thing between the face and hat. Their waists are short, exactly as they should be to render the form most graceful, long sleeves, and the dresses long. A white handkerchief, or rather sash, crosses the shoulders, and meets upon the breast, under which the gown comes up, straight bordered above. The neck quite bare, and unornamented. 1436. These figures please me much."—T. 2. Planche, 156. See *Tran. of Commines.* p. 6, note upon the *Excess of Luxury.*

Thick Heads in Brazil.

"Blockheads and loggerheads are in request in Brasil, and helmets are of little use, every one having an artificialized naturall morion of his head; for the Brasilians' heads, some of them are as hard as the wood that growes in their country, for they cannot be broken, and they have them so hard that ours in comparison of theirs are like a pompion; and when they will injure any white man, they call him soft head, so that hard-head and block-head, termes of reproach with us, attributed to them would be taken for terms of honour and gentleman-like qualifications. This property they purchased by art, with going bare-headed, which is a certain way to attain unto the quality of a Brasilian chevalier, and to harden the tender head of any Priscian, beyond the fear of breaking, or needing the impertinent plaister of pedantic mountebanks.

"The Indians of Hispaniola, the skuls of their heads are so hard and thick, that the Spaniards agreed that the head of an Indian, although bare, was not to be struck, for fear of breaking their swords."—Bulwer's *Man Transformd, or The Artificiall Changeling.* 1654.

Dirty-headed Irish.

"To what use or purpose should that superfluous crop of hair serve? or what emolument it can bring, none can see, unlesse it be to breed lice and dandro,[1] after the manner of your Irish; who, as they are a nation estranged from any human excellency, scarce acknowledge any other use of their haire than to wipe their hands from the fat and dirt of their meales, and any other filth, for which cause they nourish long fealt locks, hanging down to their shoulders, which they are wont to use instead of napkins, to wipe their greasie fingers."—Bulwer.

[1] This is evidently the old form of "dandriff," i. e. scurf; from the Anglo-Saxon "*Tan,*" a tetter, and *Drop*, filth.—J. W. W.

Welsh Raggedness.

"Schyr Mawrice, alsua the Berclay
Fra the gret bataill held hys way,
With a gret rout of Walis men,
Quhareuir thai yeid men mycht thaim ken.
For thai wele ner all nakyt war,
Or lynnyn clathys had but mar."
The Bruce, book xiii. p. 417.

Pinkerton says, "this anecdote of the Welch in the fourteenth century is curious. They appeared naked even to Scotish peasants."

Chivalrous Speech.

The Douglas. "Lordings, he said, sen it is sua
That we haff chasyt on sic maner,
That we now cummyn ar sa ner,
That we may not eschew the fycht,
Bot giff we fouly tak the flycht;
Lat ilkane on his leman mene;
And how he mony tym has bene
In gret thrang and weill cummyn away;
Think we to do rycht sua to day."
Ibid. book xv. 346.

Heart of Bruce.

Douglas. "The Bruce's heart, that on his breast
Was hinging, in the field he kest.
Upon a penny-stone cast and more,
And said, NOW PASS THOU FORTH BEFORE
AS THOU WAS WONT IN FIELD TO BE
AND I SHALL FOLLOW OR ELSE DIE."
Ibid. xx.

Sun and Sea Worship.

"The Emperors of Peru extended at last their dominions beyond the bounds of their local superstition. They set out with their arms and mission from a country where the sun was very welcome, and imposed the worship of their father, the sun, on all the nations they subjugated, with great success as long as sun-worship held good. But at length they came to a people who, situated on a rocky coast in a sultry climate, could not in conscience submit to adore a being almost insupportable, and consequently odious to them; and durst propose to their conquerors to quit their irrational idolatry, and to worship with themselves their mother and goddess the sea, the inexhausted giver of good things."—*Letter from North America*, in a *Pocket of Prose and Verse*, being a Selection from the Literary Productions of Alexander Kellet.

Men Ornamented, not Women.

"A young man among the Indians is dressed with visible attention; a warrior is a furious beau, and a woman, the Asiatic, the European, the African *Doll*, is with them a neglected squat animal, whose hair is stroked over those glistening eyes it dares not uplift, and who seldom uses its aspen tongue,[1] and when it does, is scarcely loud enough to be heard. When we reproach the Indians on this account, they point to their animated woods, and tell us that they see not whence we have picked up a contrary practice; but that they themselves

[1] "After answering many of the lady's questions, he looked into the yard through the window very earnestly, where an aspen tree grew. The lady asked him, 'What he was looking at so earnestly?' He asked her, 'What tree she called that in the yard?' She said, 'It was a quaking asp.' He replied in broken English, 'Indian no call him quake asp.' 'What then?' asked the inquisitive hostess. 'Woman tongue, Woman tongue,' answered the sagacious warrior, 'never still, never still, always go.'"—Hunter's *Memoirs of his Captivity among the North American Indians*, p. 376.

I mentioned this soon after the publication of Hunter's book to a Welsh friend, who told me that the aspen poplar bore the same name among the Cymry,—"*Tafod y Merchen*," or *Woman's Tongue*. This was on the Conway, and I noted it down at the time; but I do not find it in Richard's Welsh Dictionary."—J. W. W.

have learnt their lesson from whatever moves around them, from the birds and the beasts, whose males are lavishly adorned in denudation of their females, from the gay plumage of the turky cock, and the ornament-loaded head of the stag."—KELLET.

The Plaint of an Old Indian.[1]

HE observes, "that in the happy days of youth, he was loved or feared by all; that he could tomahawk his enemy and could not miss his game; that every river was then an inn to him, and every squah he met a wife; but that now he was grown old, every one hated and scorned him; the deer bounded away from his erring aim, and the girls covered themselves repulsively at his approach; nor was he any longer permitted to paint and grace the glorious file of war:" and he concludes with ardent wishes, "that either nature had never disclosed him, or had gifted him with that power of renovation which seemed so improperly granted to the pernicious snake."—Ibid.

Two Tribes Fighting.

"SOME warriors of two tribes of American savages met accidently on the banks of a river, and found they were strangers to one another. One of the parties demands of the other, who they were and what about, and receives in answer their name, and that they were hunting of beavers; and being challenged in their turn, answered, that their name was immaterial, but that their business was to hunt men. We are men, was the immediate reply, go no further. They then put off by agreement to a small island in the river, destroyed their canoes on both sides, and fought till only a few of the beaver hunters remained alive, and but one of the man hunters, who was spared to carry to his nation an account, that he had met with a tribe who could hunt men better than his own."—Ibid.

Teraphim.[2]

"THE manner how the Teraphim were made is fondly conceited thus among the Rabbies. They killed a man that was a first born son, and wrung off his head, and seasoned it with salt and spices, and wrote upon a plate of gold, the name of an uncleane spirit, and put it under the head upon a wall, and lighted candles before it, and worshipped it."—GODWYN'S *Moses and Aaron.*

Defensive Fire.

1159. HENRY II. "destroied the strong castell of Gerberie, except one turret, which his souldiers could not take, by reason of the fire and smoke which staide and kept them from it."—HOLINSHED.

Henry the Second's Cruelty.

1165. HENRY in his attempt upon Wales "did justice on the sons of Rice or Rees, and also on the sonnes and daughters of other noble men that were his complices verie rigorouslie; causing the eies[3] of the young striplings to be pecked out of their heads, and their noses to be cut off or slit; and the eares of the yoong gentlewomen to be stuffed.

"But yet I find in other authors that in this journie King Henrie did not greatlie

[1] From this I suspect originated,—"The Old Chikkasah to his Grandson."—*Poems*, p. 134. J. W. W.

[2] Quoted in "Thalaba," Book II., 5, on the line—

"A teraph stood against the cavern side," &c.

Poems, p. 224.

[3] This is quoted to "Madoc in Wales," B. II.,

"David, seest thou never
Those eyeless spectres by thy bridal bed?" &c.

Poems, p. 317.—J. W. W.

prevaile against his enemies, but rather lost manie of his men of warre, both horssemen and footmen; for by his severe proceeding against them, he rather made them more eger to seek revenge, than quieted them in anie tumult."—Ibid.

Boar's Head.

"Upon the daie of young Henry's coronation, King Henry the father served his sonne at the table as sewer, bringing up the bore's head with trumpets before it, according to the manner."—Ibid.

Fresh Meat strange Diet for England. Quære?

"1172. In Ireland, evill diet in eating of fresh flesh and drinking of water, contrarie to the custome of the Englishmen, brought the flix and other diseases in the King's armie, so that manie died thereof, for Gravissimum est imperium consuetudinis." Ibid.

Henry the Second stript when Dead.

"1189. Immediately upon his death, those that were about him applied their market so busilie in catching and filching awaie things that laie readie for them, that the King's corps laie naked a long time, till a child covered the nether parts of his body with a short cloke, and then it seemed that his surname was fulfilled that he had from his childhood, which was Shortmantell, being so called, because he was the first who brought short clokes out of Anjou into England.—Ibid.

His Epitaph.

To the epitaph of Henry II. these concluding lines are in Holinshed, p. 27:

"Quod potes instanter operare bonum, quià mundus
Transit, et incautos mors inopina rapit."

To the other couplet this is affixed:

"Tumuli regis superscriptio brevis exornat."

Both are thus translated,

"Of late King Henrie was my name,
which conquerd manie a land,
And diverse dukedoms did possesse,
and earledoms held in hand.
And yet while all the earth could scarse
my greedie mind suffice,
Eight foot within the ground now serves,
wherein my carcase lies.
Now thou that readest this, note well
my force with force of death,
And let that serve to shew the state
of all that yeeldeth breath.
Doo good then here, foreslowe no time,
cast off all worldlie cares,
For brittle world full soone dooth faile,
and death dooth strike unwares."

Another.

"Small epitaph now serves to decke
this toome of statelie king:
And he who whilome thought whole earth
could scarse his mind content,
In little roome hath roome at large
that serves now life is spent."

The Lady Breuse.

"We read in an old historie of Flanders, written by one whose name is not knowne, but printed at Lions by Guillaume Rouille, 1562, that the Lady, wife to the Lord William de Breuse, presented upon a time unto the Queene of England a gift of four hundred kine and one bull, of colour all white, the eares excepted, which were red. Although this tale may seem incredible, yet if we shall consider that the said Breuse was a Lord Marcher, and had goodlie possessions in Wales and on the marshes, in which

countries the most part of the peoples substance consisteth in cattell, it may carrie with it the more likelihood of truth. Touching the death of the said ladie, he saith, that within eleven daies after she was committed to prison heere in England, in the castell of Windsor, she was found dead, sitting betwixt her sons legs, who likewise being dead, sate directlie up against a wall of the chamber, wherein they were kept with hard pitance. As the fame went they were famished to death. William de Breuse himself escaped into France. A.D. 1210.[1]"—Ibid.

Welsh Monk Hatred.

"THE first abbeie or frierie that is read to have beene erected there (in Wales) since the dissolution of the noble house of Bangor, which savoured not of Romish dregs, was the Twy Gwyn, which was builded in the yeare 1146. Afterwards these vermine swarmed like bees, or rather crawled like lice over all the land, and drew in with them their lowsie religion, tempered with I wot not how manie millions of abominations; having utterlie forgotten the lesson which Ambrosius Telesinus (Qy. Taliessin?) had taught them (who writ in the yeare 540, when the right Christian faith (which Joseph of Arimathea taught the ile of Avalon) reigned in this land, before the proud and bloodthirstie monke Augustine infected it with the poison of Romish errors) in a certeine ode, a part whereof are these few verses insuing.

"Gwae'r offeiriad byd,
Nys angreifftia gwyd,
Ac ny phregetha:
Gwae ny cheidw ey gail,
Ac ef yn vigail,
Ac nys areilia:
Gwae my theidw ey dheuaid,
Rhae bleidhie Rhiefeniaid,
Ai ffon grewppa."

Thus in English, almost word for word,

"Wo be to that preest yborne,
That will not cleanelie weed his corne
And preach his charge among:
Wo be to that shepheard, I saie,
That will not watch his fold alwaie
As to his office dooth belong:
Wo be to him that dooth not keepe
From ravening Romish wolves his sheepe
With staffe and weapon strong."—Ibid.

Grand Sergeanty Tenure of Brienston.

"BRIENSTON, in Dorsetshire, was held in Grand Sergeanty by a pretty odd jocular tenure; viz. by finding a man to go before the Kings army for forty days when he should make war in Scotland (some records say in Wales), bareheaded and barefooted, in his shirt and linnen drawers, holding in one hand a bow without a string, in the other an arrow without feathers."—GIBSON'S *Camden.*

This may be alluded to in Madoc.[2]

Arabian Animals.

"IN the places where we generally rested are found the jerboa, the tortoise, the lizard, and some serpents, but not in great number. There is also an immense quantity of snails attached to the thorny plants on which the camels feed. Near the few springs of water are found wild rabbits, and the track of the antelope and the ostrich are frequently discoverable."—BROWNE'S *Travels in Africa, Egypt, and Syria.*

Misjed.

"WE dismounted and seated ourselves, as is usual for strangers in this country, on a *misjed*, or place used for prayer, adjoining

[1] This story more properly attaches to Bramber Castle.—J. W. W.

[2] See "Madoc in Wales," B. II. — *Poems*, p. 317.—J. W. W.

the tomb of a *Marabût*, or holy person. In a short time the chiefs came to congratulate us on our arrival, with the grave but simple ceremony that is in general use among the Arabs. They then conducted us to an apartment, which, though not very commodious, was the best they were provided with."—Ibid.

King of the Crocodiles.

"The people at Isna in Upper Egypt have a superstition concerning crocodiles similar to that entertained in the West Indies; they say there is a king of them who resides near Isna, and who has ears but no tail; and he possesses an uncommon regal quality, that of doing no harm ('The king can do no wrong.') Some are bold enough to assert that they have seen him."—Ibid.

Camel.

The camel called ship of the land.

Camels for Souls.

"Ali affirmed that the pious, when they come forth from their sepulchres, shall find ready prepared for them white-winged camels, with saddels of gold. Here," says Sale, "are some footsteps of the doctrine of the ancient Arabians."

Lake Titicaca.

"Juvat de lacu Intiticacâ, falsò vulgò Titicacâ dicto, aliquid promere, qui in supernâ provinciâ Peruanâ Collao medius jacet. In hunc flumina plus decem, eaque satis ampla confluunt; exitum habet unum, eumque non valdè latum, sed, ut opinio est, profundissimum, quem neque ponte jungere profunditas et latitudo sinunt, neque tutò scaphis trajici rapidi infernè vortices patiuntur. Trajicitur tamen, miro ingenio et Indorum proprio; ponte prorsus junceo ipsi aquæ commisso, nullis fulcris nixo, sed in modum suberis ponte supernatante, ac præ levitate materiæ nunquam merso; est vero trajectio facillima et tutissima. Occupat lacus ipse circuitum bis mille quadringenta stadia; longus est ferè nongentâ, latus ubi maximè ducenta et viginti. Insulas habet olim habitatas et fertiles, nunc desertas, producit uberrimè junci genus, quod indigenæ Totoram vocant, cujus plurimus ipsis usus est; nam *et cibus* est suibus, jumentis, ipsisq; hominibus perjucundus, et domus et focus et vestis et navigium, et omnia penè vitæ humanæ subsidia una Totora Uris præstat, hoc enim accolarum est nomen. Ii adeò se ab hominum cæterorum consortio et opinione alienarunt, ut interrogati aliquando, qui sint, seriò responderint, se non homines esse, sed Uros, quod genus ab humano diversum esse sentirent. Urorum reperti sunt populi integri in medio lacu habitantium scaphis quibusdam junceis, quibus inequitant, simul connexis, et ex unâ aliquâ rupe aut stipite religatis. Unde interdum solventes totus populus subitò patriam mutat. Itaque aliquando conquisitus populus urorum hesternis sedibus commutatis, ac ne vestigio quidem relicto, facile vestigantium studium curamque irrisit."—Acosta *de Naturâ Novi Orbis.*

Trichomata-Parastasis, or, Athenian Wiggery, No. 119, *Bishopsgate-street-within, three*doors from the London Tavern.*

"Ross, by great labour and at vast expence, has exerted all the genius and abilities of the first artists in Europe, to complete his exhibition of ornamental hair in all its luxuriant varieties, and particularly the Sultana head dress, so much admired on the queen's birth-day.

"In this exhibition the elegance of nature and convenience of art are so combined, as at once to rival and ameliorate each other. The room is secluded from the view of im-

[1] See *Poems*, p. 437, for the Ballad.—J. W. W.

pertinent curiosity, where his fair patrons may uninterruptedly examine the effect of artificial tresses on Poupee of all complexions, and by a trial on themselves, blend the different tints with their own.

"Relying on public favour, he confidently invites the whole fashionable world to an exhibition of unexampled taste and excellence."—*Star, Thursday August* 1, 1799.

Mecca.

"Some latent motive, perhaps of superstition, must have impelled the founders of Mecca in the choice of a most unpromising situation. They erected their habitations of mud or stone, in a plain about two miles long and one mile broad, at the foot of three barren mountains: the soil is a rock; the water even of the holy well of Zemzem is bitter or brackish; the pastures are remote from the city, and grapes are transported above seventy miles from the gardens of Tayef."—Gibbon.

Abdol Motalleb.

"The grandfather of Mahomet was Abdol Motalleb, the son of Hashem, a wealthy and generous citizen, who relieved the distress of famine with the supplies of commerce. Mecca, which had been fed by the liberality of the father, was saved by the courage of the son. The kingdom of Yemen was subject to the Christian princes of Abyssinia: their vassal Abrahah was provoked by an insult to avenge the honour of the cross, and the holy city was invested by a train of elephants and an army of Africans. A treaty was proposed, and in the first audience, the grandfather of Mahomet demanded the restitution of his cattle: 'And why,' said Abrahah, 'do you not rather employ my clemency in favour of your temple, which I have threatened to destroy.' 'Because,' replied the intrepid chief, 'the cattle is my own: the Caaba belongs to the gods, and *they* will defend their house from injury and sacrilege.' The want of provisions, or the valour of the Koreish, compelled the Abyssinians to a disgraceful retreat; their discomfiture has been adorned with a miraculous flight of birds, who showered down stones on the heads of the infidels, and the deliverance was long commemorated by the æra of the elephant. The glory of Abdol Motalleb was crowned with domestic happiness; his life was prolonged to the age of 110 years, and he became the father of six daughters and thirteen sons. His best beloved, Abdallah, was the most beautiful and modest of the Arabian youth; and in the first night, when he consummated his marriage with Amina, of the noble race of the Zahrites, two hundred virgins are said to have expired of jealousy and despair. Mahomet, the only son of Abdallah and Amina, was born at Mecca, four years after the death of Justinian, and two months after the defeat of the Abyssinians, whose victory would have introduced into the Caaba the religion of the Christians."—Ibid. A.D. 569.

Flight of Mohammed.

"The Koreishites had long been jealous of the pre-eminence of the family of Hashem. Their malice was coloured with the pretence of religion: in the age of Job, the crime of impiety was punished by the Arabian magistrate, and Mahomet was guilty of deserting and denying the national deities. But so loose was the policy of Mecca, that the leaders of the Koreish, instead of accusing a criminal, were compelled to employ the measures of persuasion or violence. They repeatedly addressed Abu Taleb in the style of reproach and menace. 'Thy nephew reviles our religion; he accuses our wise forefathers of ignorance and folly; silence him quickly, lest he kindle tumult and discord in the city. If he persevere, we shall draw our swords against him and his adherents, and thou wilt be responsible for the blood of *thy* fellow-citizens.' The weight and

moderation of Abu Taleb eluded the violence of religious faction; the most helpless or timid of the disciples retired to Æthiopia, and the prophet withdrew himself to various places of strength in the town and country. As he was still supported by his family, the rest of the tribe of Koreish engaged themselves to renounce all intercourse with the children of Hashem, neither to buy nor sell, neither to marry nor to give in marriage, but to pursue them with implacable enmity, till they should deliver the person of Mahomet to the justice of the gods. The decree was suspended in the Caaba before the eyes of the nation; the messengers of the Koreish pursued the Musulman exiles in the heart of Africa: they besieged the prophet and his most faithful followers, intercepted their water, and inflamed their mutual animosity by the retaliation of injuries and insults. A doubtful truce restored the appearances of concord; till the death of Abu Taleb abandoned Mahomet to the power of his enemies, at the moment when he was deprived of his domestic comforts by the loss of his faithful and generous Cadijah.

"Abu Sophian, the chief of the branch of Ommiyah, succeeded to the principality of the republic of Mecca. A zealous votary of the idols, a mortal foe of the line of Hashem, he convened an assembly of the Koreishites and their allies, to decide the fate of the apostle. His imprisonment might provoke the despair of his enthusiasm; and the exile of an eloquent and popular fanatic would diffuse the mischief through the provinces of Arabia. His death was resolved; and they agreed that a sword from each tribe should be buried in his heart, to divide the guilt of his blood and baffle the vengeance of the Hashemites. An angel or a spy revealed their conspiracy, and flight was the only resource of Mahomet. At the dead of night, accompanied by his friend Abubeker, he silently escaped from his house: the assassins watched at the door, but they were deceived by the figure of Ali, who reposed on the bed, and was covered with the green vestment of the apostle. The Koreish respected the piety of the heroic youth; but some verses of Ali which are still extant, exhibit an interesting picture of his anxiety, his tenderness, and his religious confidence. Three days Mahomet and his companion were concealed in the cave of Thor, at the distance of a league from Mecca; and in the close of each evening, they received from the son and daughter of Abubeker a secret supply of intelligence and food. The diligence of the Koreish explored every haunt in the neighbourhood of the city; they arrived at the entrance of the cavern, but the providential deceit of a spider's web and a pigeon's nest is supposed to convince them that the place was solitary and inviolate. 'We are only two,' said the trembling Abubeker.' 'There is a third,' replied the prophet, 'it is God himself.'

"No sooner was the pursuit abated, than the two fugitives issued from the rock, and mounted their camels; on the road to Medina they were overtaken by the emissaries of the Koreish; they redeemed themselves with prayers and promises from their hands; in this eventful moment, the lance of an Arab might have changed the history of the world."—GIBBON.

Arrival at Medina.

"MEDINA, or the city known under the name of Yathreb, before it was sanctified by the throne of the Prophet, was divided between the tribes of the Charegites and the Awsites, whose hereditary feud was rekindled by the slightest provocations: two colonies of Jews, who boasted a sacerdotal race, were their humble allies, and without converting the Arabs, they introduced the taste of science and religion, which distinguished Medina as the City of the Book. Some of her noblest citizens, in a pilgrimage to the Caaba, were converted by the preaching of Mahomet; on their return they diffused the belief of God and his Prophet, and the new alliance was ratified by their deputies in two secret and nocturnal interviews

on a hill in the suburbs of Mecca. In the first, ten Charegites and two Awsites united in faith and love, protested in the name of their wives, their children, and their absent brethren, that they would for ever profess the creed and observe the precepts of the Koran. The second was a political association, the first vital spark of the empire of the Saracens. Seventy-three men and two women of Medina held a solemn conference with Mahomet, his kinsmen, and his disciples; and pledged themselves to each other by a mutual oath of fidelity. They promised in the name of the city, that if he should be banished, they would receive him as a confederate, obey him as a leader, and defend him to the last extremity, like their wives and children. 'But if you are recalled by your country,' they asked with a flattering anxiety, 'will you not abandon your new allies?' 'All things,' replied Mahomet with a smile, 'are now common between us; your blood is as my blood, your ruin as my ruin. We are bound to each other by the ties of honour and interest. I am your friend, and the enemy of your foes.' 'But if we are killed in your service, what,' exclaimed the deputies of Medina, 'will be our reward?' 'PARADISE,' replied the Prophet. 'Stretch forth thy hand.' He stretched it forth, and they reiterated the oath of allegiance and fidelity. Their treaty was ratified by the people, who unanimously embraced the profession of Islam; they rejoiced in the exile of the Apostle, but they trembled for his safety, and impatiently expected his arrival. After a perilous and rapid journey along the sea-coast, he halted at Koba, two miles from the city, and made his public entry into Medina, sixteen days after his flight from Mecca. Five hundred of the citizens advanced to meet him: he was hailed with acclamations of loyalty and devotion. Mahomet was mounted on a she camel, an umbrella shaded his head, and a turban was unfurled before him to supply the deficiency of a standard. His bravest disciples, who had been scattered by the storm, assembled round his person; and the equal, though various merit of the Moslems was distinguished by the names of Mohagerians and Ansars, the fugitives of Mecca and the auxiliaries of Medina. To eradicate the seeds of jealousy Mahomet judiciously coupled his principal followers with the rights and obligations of brethren, and when Ali found himself without a peer, the prophet tenderly declared that *he* would be the companion and brother of the noble youth. The expedient was crowned with success; the holy fraternity was respected in peace and war; and the two parties vied with each other in a generous emulation of courage and fidelity. Once only the concord was slightly ruffled by an accidental quarrel; a patriot of Medina arraigned the insolence of the strangers, but the hint of their expulsion was heard with abhorrence, and his own son most eagerly offered to lay at the Apostle's feet the head of his father." —GIBBON.

Nile.

"LE NIL—tantot fleuve tranquille, il suit lentement le cours que la nature et l'art lui ont tracé; tantot torrent impétueux, rougi des sables de l'Ethiopie, il se gonfle, franchit ses bords, domine sur les campagnes, et couvre de ses flots un espace de deux cents lieues."—SAVARY.

Lotus.[1]

"LE Lotus est une nymphée particulière à l'Egypte, qui croît dans les ruisseaux et au bord des lacs. Il y en a de deux espèces, l'une à fleur blanche, et l'autre à fleur bleuâtre. Le calice du lotus s'épanouit comme celui d'une large tulippe, et répand une odeur suave, approchante de celle du lis. La première espèce produit une racine ronde, semblable à une pomme de terre.

[1] The reader is referred to R. DUPPA'S *Illustrations of the Lotus of the Ancients, and Tamara of India.*—J. W. W.

Les habitans des bords du lac Menzale s'en nourrissent. Les ruisseaux des environs de Damiette sont couverts de cette fleur majestueuse, qui s'élève d'environ deux pieds au-dessus des eaux. Le lotus ne se trouve point sur les grands canaux du Nil, mais dans les ruisseaux qui traversent l'intérieur des terres."—Ibid.

Palm.

"Le superbe dattier dont la tête flexible se penche mollement comme celle d'une belle qui s'endort, est couronné de ses grappes pendantes."—*Dafard el Hadad.* Savary.

Sycamore Fig-tree of Egypt.[2]

"Le sycomore d'Egypte produit une figue qui croit sur le tronc de l'arbre, et non à l'extrémité des rameaux. On la mange, mais elle est un peu sèche. Cet arbre devient fort gros et très touffu. Rarement il s'élève droit. Ordinairement il se courbe et devient tortueux. Ses branches s'étendant horizontalement et fort loin donnent un bel ombrage. Sa feuille est découpée, et son bois imprégné d'un suc amer n'est point sujet à la piqûre des insectes. Le sycomore vit plusieurs siècles."—Savary.

He speaks of it as growing with palm trees on the sides of the Nile.

Delta Scenery.

"Une surface immense, sans montagne, sans colline, coupée de canaux innombrables et couverte de moissons; des sycomores touffus dont le bois indestructible protège la cabane de terre où le laboureur se retire l'hiver, car l'été il dort sous l'ombrage; des dattiers rassemblés en forêt, ou épars dans la plaine, couronnés au sommet de grappes énormes dont le fruit offre un aliment sucré et salutaire; des cassiers, dont les branches flexibles se parent de fleurs jaunes, et portent une silique connue dans la médecine; des orangers, des citronniers que le ciseau n'a point mutilés, et qui étendant leurs rameaux parfumés forment des voûtes impénétrable aux rayons du soleil: voilà les principaux arbres que l'on rencontre dans le Delta. L'hiver ne les dépouille point de leurs feuilles. Ils sont parés toute l'année comme aux jours du printemps."—Ibid.

Women Swimming.

"Les filles descendent du village pour laver leur linge et puiser de l'eau. Toutes font leur toilette. Leurs cruches et leurs vêtemens sont sur le rivage. Elles se frottent le corps avec le limon du Nil, s'y précipitent et se jouent parmi les ondes. Plusieurs sont venues à la nage autour de notre bateau en nous criant *ïa sidi at maïdi.* Seigneur, donne-moi un medin. Elles nagent avec beaucoup de grace. Leurs cheveux tressés flottent sur leurs épaules. Elles ont la peau fort brune, le teint hâlé, mais la plupart sont très-bien faites. La facilité avec laquelle elles se soutiennent contre la rapidité du courant, fait voir combien l'exercice donne de force et de souplesse aux personnes les plus délicates."—S.

Balm.

"Le bamier est une plante qui produit une gousse pyramidale, à plusieurs loges, couleur de citron, et remplie de grains musqués. Cuite avec de la viande, cette gousse offre une nourriture saine et d'un goût très-agréables. Les Egyptiens en font grand usage dans leurs ragoûts."

Indian Millet.

"Le dourra ou millet d'Inde, est une plante élevée à feuille de roseau. Il porte une panicule qui renferme beaucoup de grains dont les laboureurs font du pain."

[2] See Kitto's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, in v. *Shikmoth.*—J. W. W.

Islets of the Nile.

"Nous voguons entre des iles dont l'herbe est très-haute, et où l'on mène paître les buffles. Un berger assis sur le cou du premier de la troupe, descend dans le fleuve, fait claquer son fouet, et dirige la marche, tout le troupeau suit à la file, et nage en meuglant vèrs le lieu du pâturage. Ils vomissent l'onde de leurs larges naseaux. Ces animaux vivent dans le Nil pendant les chaleurs. Ils s'y plongent jusqu'aux épaules, et paissent l'herbe tendre le long de ses bords. Les femelles donnent en abondance un lait gras, avec lequel on fait d'excellent beurre."

Egyptian Groves.

"Les environs de Hellé offrent de spacieux enclos, où les orangers, les citrenniers, les grenadiers plantés sans ordre, croissent fort hauts et fort touffus. Leurs branches entrelacées forment de riants berceaux, au dessus desquels les sycomores et les palmiers élèvent leur feuillage d'un verd foncé. Des ruisseaux y coulent parmi des touffes de basilic[1] et de rosiers. Je ne puis vous exprimer combien il est doux. Lorsque le ciel est embrâsé des feux de la canicule, de respirer un air frais sous ces ombrages enchantés. C'est une volupté qui se sent mieux qu'on ne peut la décrire. L'odeur de la fleur d'orange mêlée aux suaves émanations des plantes balsamiques, réveille doucement les sens engourdis par la chaleur, et fait couler dans l'âme les plus agréables sensations.

Dirge of Ommia.

"Les Moals sont des chants élégiaques, où l'on pleure la mort d'un héros, ou les malheurs de l'amour. Abulfeda nous a conservé la fin d'un Moal chanté par Ommia sur le bord de la fosse où ses neveux avoient été jettés après la défaite de Beder.

"N'ai-je pas assez pleuré sur les nobles fils des Princes de la Mecque!

"A la vue de leurs os brisés, semblable à la tourterelle cachée dans la forêt profonde, j'ai rempli l'air de mes gémissemens.

"Mères infortunées, le front prosterné contre terre mêlez vos soupirs à mes pleurs. Et vous, femmes qui suivez les convois, chantez des hymnes funèbres entrecoupés de longs sanglots. Que sont devenus à Beder, les princes du peuple, les chefs des tribus?

"Le vieux et le jeune guerrier y sont couchés nuds et sans vie.

"Combien la Mecque aura changé de face!

"Ces plaines désolées, ces déserts sauvages, semblent eux-mêmes partager ma douleur."—Savary.

The Custom of Florida.

The first-born male is sacrificed there.

An European is settled and married among the Floridans; his child is to be sacrificed. There may be a struggle between superstition and maternal love in his wife. They escape together. Will this make a play?

Edwy.

Elgiva's sufferings. Dunstan and Priest villainy. Here also the after-story is the best.

The Conquest of Lisbon.
The Battle of Aljubarrōta.
Edmund Ironside.

The Destruction of the Dom Daniel.[1]

Thamama, the child whose mother perishes with the Adite in the garden of Irem,

[1] "Le basilic en Egypte croit trois fois aussi haut qu'en France, et forme des touffes agréables odoriférantes."

[1] This is the original sketch of the poem. For particulars the reader is referred to the Preface of the collected Edition. Dom, or Don-

is destined to destroy this nursery of evil magicians under the roots of the sea. The scene he there witnessed is well calculated to produce a complete self devotement to the service of God.

Cannot the Dom Danael be made to allegorize those systems that make the misery of mankind?

Previous to the great work, Thamama goes to the Simorg to learn his wisdom, and to Babel, where Hârut and Mârut suffer unseen.

It would be well to make Thamama's most painful obstacles arise from those domestic feelings which in another would be virtue.

He may destroy the palace of Aloadin.

Cannot the Province of Darkness be introduced here? and the situation of the ten tribes?

The simplicity of Arabian manners will contrast well with the magnificent machinery. We may also go to Persia, for the voluptuousness of nature.

Wealth, Power, and Priestcraft form the Trinity of Evil. Old Simorg-Anka gives him the philosophy of history.

Perhaps the death of Thamama should conclude the poem, as the only adequate reward. Besides, he must sacrifice so much as to make it the only desirable one.

Now I can see a little way. Book 1. The garden of Irem, and preparing his young mind. 2. An old Arab finds the lonely boy. His life, and growing love. He is summoned to his destination, first to the mountains of Kâf, where the Simorg exists, then to Hârut and Mârut.

Aloadin must be connected with the evil magicians: one who by voluptuous indulgences trains up devoted slaves. This is plain enough.

Oneiza, after he has left her on his mission, is thrown in his way by the Magicians. She must die. Then will the conclusion be thus.—He is told to ask his reward, and expresses resignation to the will of God, whose will is right. Then the Sansar, the icy wind of Death pervades him, and he is welcomed in Paradise by Oneiza's houri form.

The seal of Solomon and the buckler of Ben Giaour would be useful, but they have been made so trite. There will be much to avoid in this poem. Magnitude has been often mistaken for sublimity; and it will not be easy to find a new way of destroying an enchanter's den. Perhaps the knowledge of the ineffable name will be the best talisman.

Here the incident may be introduced of one about to commit a midnight murder, when a sudden light falls upon him. Will it not be best to make this happen to Thamama, when about to assassinate one of those whom it is his mission to destroy? Let it be Aloadin.

The perpetual wind which rushing out of a cavern renders it unenterable, may guard the entrance to the Domdanyel.

The account of Port des Français in Perouse's Voyage is a sublime picture, vol. 3, p. 254. Thamama may either find the descent from such a place; or it will be better to bring him there after he has lost Oneiza, and let him thence depart with some strange boatman, or without a boatman. Almost, I think, Cadman's ship might come for him.

He shall go without a talisman, and Hârut and Mârut may tell him that the just man needs none. From them he falls in with Aloadin, book 5. There let him find Oneiza, and dwell with her in the delightful realm of Cashmeer, forgetful of his call. The Sultan hears of her beauty, and sends for her; this will partake of the evils to be destroyed. He resists the messengers. Oneiza, in endeavouring to save him, is mortally wounded, and he led away prisoner. A horde of Tartars may deliver him, and from them he reaches the bay: or better, let him reach the sea, and the vessel carry him to that desolate haven. This should end the 8th book.

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daniel, is mentioned in the continuation of the Arabian Tales as a seminary for evil magicians, under the roots of the sea.—J. W. W.

Can the evils of established systems be well allegorized? Can Thamama see them in the realms where the Magicians govern? War may be a huge gladiatorian sport or sacrifice. How can the mental murder of half mankind be presented? Can the extremes of wealth and want be shown equally fatal to virtue and happiness—of course equally necessary to the powers of the Dōmdanyel? I do not think this can be done in a manner fit for poetry.

The Dōmdanyel. Should it be a nest of caverns—a labyrinth of apartments—where the old Magicians unite the cruelties of inquisitors, or Mexican priests, with the vices of Tiberius? If I could make Opinion, a giant, its dreadful guard. All this, the main end of the poem, will be the most difficult to execute, and I fear the least interesting when executed. When Thamama first appears, they attempt to buy his friendship. Let him be led to a harem, but pass rapidly over the temptations, which he scorns. Let the means used to terrify him be undefined. 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico.' All may be demolished by his bare appearance in the adytum.

I should think the Upas might be introduced.

Cadman's ship may do exceellently thus. Those who have perished in attempting the adventure of the Doam-danyel, fell by their own fault; yet, for that the attempt was good, their punishment is temporary: they are to carry future adventurers, and be released whenever one succeeds.

The Turk's receipt for making poison from a red haired Christian lad may be tried here.

Water in the pelican's nest.

Oracle from a dead head.

Perhaps Alis Jefr we Jame may be consulted. Were I a Mohammedan I should certainly adopt the Persian heresy.

1. Idols of Ad. Pride of Shedad the king. Houd's denunciations. Houd sees Aswad release the camel. The garden made, and palace supplied with water by the Enudros stone. The wise man's remarks on the palace. Drought. Morthdh and Kil sent to Mecca. Return of Kil with the cloud.

2. The Dom Daniel. The magicians watching ten lights, kindled for the family of Hodeirah: eight are extinguished, and while they watch, another goes out. They make a Teraphim to enquire whether the dangerous one is destroyed. They make poison from a red headed Christian, and send one of their emissaries to destroy Thalaba with it.

The light in the Dom Daniel comes from a great serpent's eyes. They nurse earthquakes, and feed volcanoes there.

The Teraphim cannot see into the garden of Irem.

The Upas thus. One of the Dom-Daniel pupils reigns in Java. A complete system of slavery and beastly luxuries. Thalaba lands there. They are at war, and to make an effectual weapon-poison, kill the red-headed Christian, that a poison tree may spring up, as from Cerberus. It is this Sultan who sends for Oneiza; and to him Thalaba is led a prisoner. The incidents follow thus therefore, Hârut and Mârut—Simorg—Aloadin—his retirement—Java.

The Simoom must save Thalaba, when, as he is praying, a murderer comes to kill him.

Of the souls of the wicked there may be this plan. They endure no punishment till the day of judgment, but assist the evil principle, that by winning if possible the universe, they may, by possessing themselves of power, escape punishment! This system may be explained to Thalaba by the spirit of Nimrod on the site of Babel.

Adam is shown to Thalaba and his garment of glory.

3. Thalaba's life and love. His summons.

Burying Abdaldar. Thalaba observes his ring and its characters. He wears it, though cautioned against it as dangerous. In the morning they find the body of the magician dug up, and the ensuing night Thalaba is awakened by a Genius, who attempts to rob him of the ring. Then follows the pastoral

part of the poem,—its relief. A locust is dropt by the bird close to Thalaba and Oneiza. He looks at the hieroglyphics on its forehead, and reads, "When the sun shall be darkened at noon, journey to the east." A total eclipse soon takes place.

A succession of extraordinary appearances before Thalaba enters the garden of Aloadin. The meteorous appearance—the enchanted fountains—and the way through the mountain pass.

Sinking under severe cold on Caucasus, Thalaba is stimulated by seeing a cedar erect itself against the pressure of the snow.

A wedding procession passes him after he has lost Oneiza.

With Adam are the Prophets and Martyrs. They are nourished by odours. Trees of gold and silver.

Oriental despotism and devastation in Java. Hidden corn pits.

"Arbor triste de dia"—emblem of virtue in adversity.

Thalaba makes the spirit bring him the bow and the quiver of Hodeirah. This makes Moath and Oneiza believe him.

He goes on a dromedary to Kaf. Morgan's Algiers. 102.

One of the magicians offers himself as a guide to Babylon. In the desert they see the sand columns. The magician tempts Thalaba to use his ring and summon demons to his aid—he himself is overwhelmed.

4. Thalaba proceeds till he comes to the sea. He takes up a shell, and the characters thereon tell him, to seek Hârut and Mârut at Babylon, and learn from them the talisman requisite for his success. He meets a man who offers himself as a guide—it is Lobaba. He leads him into the desert, and tempts him to demand aid of the genii by his ring. A moving column overwhelms him. Ruins of Babylon. Spirit of Nimrod. Hârut and Mârut.

As he is about to pull off his ring, that Lobaba may read it, a fly stings his finger, and it instantly swells.

When the magician tells Thalaba that only his ring protects him, he throws it away, and says he needs no protector but God.

5. Bagdat. Babylon. Nimrod. Mohareb comes up, and it appears that he also seeks the angels. Discovering Thalaba's mission, he attacks him, and his horse carries him away.

2. A few connecting lines to open with. More preparation for the catastrophe.

4. Desert sufferings. Water appearance. Solomon. Light worse than heat.

5. Pelican's nest. Babylon as it was.

The spirits of those who have failed relate each to Thalaba how he perished. Hints in the Arabian account of the Pyramids.

After the Simorg,—in the frozen bay, the Northern lights.

Mohareb and Thalaba contend by the bitumen springs. Into these Thalaba flings his ring, and afterwards strikes Mohareb.

Talisman in the garden of Aloadin.

Qy. Would it be disgusting to destroy Oneiza by a vampire, and haunt Thalaba with her vampire corpse? Something like the apparition in Donica might release him.

The appearance of Nimrod must be transplanted. It comes too near the argumentative dialogue with Lobaba.

Zohak defends the cavern of the angels.

6. Thalaba finds a horse caparisoned, who comes to him. Meteor. Springs.

4. The shell incident must be altered. I wished to make it of the same class of miracles, of natural agents supernaturally acting, as the locust. But it is flat and very bad. Either a voice from the darkness, or the appearance of his father's spirit.

Returning from the chase home, Thalaba sees some one going from his house, and it is the Angel of Death.

Moath must reappear.

Zohak is said to have built Babylon.

7. Survey of the garden, with a view to escape. Mountains. Burnet.[1] River Fall.

[1] This implies a reference to BURNET's *Theoria Sacra Telluris*,—not for its philosophy, but for its beauty, a great favourite with Southey and Wordsworth.—J. W. W.

Thalaba then goes to destroy Aloadin. The supernatural light. A voice stating that Aloadin must be involved in the general destruction of the sorcerers. The wind whirls up Thalaba and Oneiza, as in an ethereal car, and places them beyond the mountains.

1. The destruction of the Adites must be on the day fixed for taking possession of the palace and garden. Thus the whole multitude are assembled.

Houd also must call on Aswad when he leaves the garden.

In the Dom Daniel the image of Eblis is made of flesh and blood, like life, a giant form, bearing up with one hand the arch of the ocean, whose waves roll above the only roof. Into this image Thalaba thrusts the sword—the waters burst in—but an egg of air surrounds him, and buoys him to the surface of the sea.

One book should contain a view of futurity. Davy[1] suggested a paradise wholly immaterial—trees of light growing in a soil of ether—palaces of water refracting all rich colours. The Mohammedan Paradise might be briefly run over by the Simorgh, as what Thalaba expected, but which was only adapted to the gross conceptions of mankind. The wicked should lie in sight of Paradise, with no torture, save the tædium of a joyless existence, and envy.

Aloadin demands of the assembled youths in his garden, Who will do a deed of danger to enjoy Paradise eternally as his reward. I! exclaims Thalaba—and dashes out his brains with a club. Then a darkness falls upon the garden, involving those who seek to destroy him. He only, with Oneiza, sees in the cloud, and escapes.

Houd was treated with cruelty. "Illi vero nihil dicta ejus attendentes, verberabant eum ita, ut aliquando reliquerunt eum penè mortuum." Ismael Ebn-Aly. Maracci.

Book 7 to conclude with "who comes from the bridal chamber? it is Azrael, the Angel of Death.

Eighth to begin, 'Now go not to the tombs, old man—there is a maniac there.' Vampire. Departure again upon the mission. Seizure of Thalaba. Java. Mohareb.

Khawla ought to be brought forward in these middle books. May she not deliver up Thalaba to the emissaries of Mohareb?

How to convey Thalaba to Java? Should he be seized by slave merchants: If it were not an island, he should be pressed as a soldier. But if it could be effected by the ageney of Khawla, that were best. Thus then.—At night a light in a house, Khawla spinning threads fine as the silkworms, and singing unknown words. She tells Thalaba to twist it round his hands, and it binds him in unbreakable fetters. Then she drags him to Java, for as only his own act could fetter him, so also can his own act effect his ruin, and the attempt is by fear to produce apostacy.

Khawla alone survives the appearance of the Upas, but her power ceases over Thalaba. Then the journey to Kaf.

The Paradise Book. First the Mohammedan hell and heaven, and all their preliminaries—"types, shadows, unrealities." Then a gradation of heavens, and the ascent of mind from earth to the management of the elements, and the power of creation.

9. Dungeon sufferings—in view of the execution place. 'Arbor triste da dia.' The stars consulted, and the result, that Mohareb's death must precede Thalaba's, preserves him. Terror and repentance of Maimuna.

7. Were it better to make a shining plate on the forehead of Aloadin the talisman? and the bird, the evil spirit hovering over him to convey him at last body and soul to hell?

A boy seized at the moment of birth by Khawla. His veins exhausted and filled with the blood of Thalaba. On him they try the means of death, and all in vain. Then Khawla consults the Demons, and Maimuna the stars. The one is terrified

[1] That is Sir H. Davy. He says in the preface, "I was then also in habits of most frequent and intimate intercourse with Davy," &c. p. ix. J. W. W.

and made penitent, the other is told—and with the agony of constraint—the poison from the Christian.

The plan of the ninth must be new modelled. Will this be better—for Mohareb to discover that his death must precede Thalaba's, and therefore to preserve his? and lest the sisters should destroy him, he restores Abdaldar's ring.

The conversion of Maimuna happens on that mysterious night when all things worship God.

In the last book, when Thalaba has left the choice of his reward to heaven, the spirits of both his parents appear, and he knows that his death-hour is arrived.

5. Mohareb may endeavour to convert Thalaba. Tale of Zohak in a few lines.

6. Zohak affected by the ring on Thalaba's return.

6. The Paradise of Aloadin should mock Mohammed's as much as possible.

A son of Okba to be slain by Thalaba. One bred up to sorcery. Thalaba hesitates with pity. He sees his name written on the Table of Destiny—the Destroyer: and the young victim pleads that his father ruined him; and Thalaba knows the name of Hodeirah's murderer.

Mohareb in the Domdaniel flies from Thalaba and clings around the knees of the giant idol for protection. Thalaba strikes the image.

The moment Maimuna looses the chain of Thalaba her repentance is accepted. They find themselves in her cavern, and all the appearances of old age fall upon the pardoned sorceress. Her death follows.

Cold. Tom's[1] shower of fiery snow in the sunshine.

Thalaba finds a young woman, a damsel, in an ice palace. It is the daughter of Okba, hidden there by her father, where none but one with the soul-purchased ring can enter, because from any other visitor he has foreseen her death. She practises magic innocently, knowing no ill—forming figures of snow, that can exist each but for a day. She loves Thalaba—but when she names her father, he knows the name, and is commanded to kill her, to root up the race. This he refuses to do, and his disobedience is not accounted as sinful. But she is transformed into one of the green birds of paradise, and hovers over him on his way. Her voice becomes soothing and affectionate; like the note of the dove, it is the tone of happiness, of tenderness, not of gaiety.

The *Simorgh* preserves somewhat of his oracular character by rejoicing in the approaching downfall of sorcery, and predicting the future destruction of other evils as enormous. Then he informs Thalaba, darkly, of his way, and warns him. Dogs are to draw him over the frozen plains and glaciers—each with a mark on the forehead—these are they who have failed. 'Open not thine eyes at the outcry thou wilt hear,' The Domdanielites follow and lash the dogs to madden them and drive them down the precipice. The bandage is torn violently from his eyes; he is allowed to look, if he can be firm. Hodeirah's spirit defends him, and drives away the aggressors. When at the bay, the dogs, bloody and foaming, ask their reward. He gives them the bidden answer, 'God reward ye!' and they die, and are removed to Paradise.

The prison walls of Thalaba thrown down by the Termites.

Maimuna goes for the human wax. It is the mysterious night. The Gouls are lying powerless by the grave, and she sees within the spirit of the dead, and the hundred-headed worm that never dies, and that only on this night ceases to torment the wicked.

The crime of allowing oppression must strongly be stated to justify the Upas. Thus the red headed Christian may have been espoused to a damsel whom Mohareb has taken for his seraglio, and she may escape and cry out to the people.

[1] This alludes to his brother, the late Captain Thomas Southey, R. N. As before observed, he was in the habit of noting remarkable appearances and images.—J. W. W.

The wand of Maimuna breaks in the dungeon. It must be introduced as her spindle.

In the garden of Okba's daughter, a fountain of fire supplies the want of the sun's warmth, and rolls its rivulet.

After Maimuna enters the dungeon, the scene through the remainder of the book must continue there. No threat, no voice, no token, only the threatening of silence and the loss of power. From the prison bars they see the red-haired Christian led to execution, and Maimuna's fear explains what they are going to make of him, and to do with her.

10. The prison walls thrown down by the Termites. The wind incloses them as in a car, and they alight in the ice-cave. Death of Maimuna. Laila.

4. The ring disables Zohak as well as the charm of Mohareb.

Okba comes. When Thalaba refuses to kill Laila, he triumphs, and thinks Thalaba has forfeited all claim to God's protection, and attempts to kill. Laila runs to stop the blow, and receives it, and thus the prophecy is accomplished, and Thalaba the *occasion* of her death.

11. Green Bird. Simorg. Journey. Voyage.

At the entrance of the Domdaniel, Laila leaves him, and then speaks and requests one return for her affection: it is, that he will pray to God to pardon her father. His sword must not strike Okba, and thus his character will rise as he subdues the feeling of revenge.

The boatmen warn him each of the danger by which he perished.

11. Demons ready to down-thrust the tottering avalanch. Others below that like angels spread a cloud to receive him, and call on Thalaba to leap and save himself. On these Oneiza darts with Sulfagar,—the two-pointed sword of Ali snatched from the armoury of heaven.

The balance in which the Japanese pilgrims are suspended, should precede the sledge journey. A permitted trial. It would have a good effect to make him go through the ceremony of interment, and transplant that idea from St. Patrick's purgatory.

The sunbeams should clothe him—and thus his garment of glory gives him light through the way of darkness. This will be fine at sunrise, and after his prayer.

Khawla attacks him by the fire, to prevent his getting the sword. He hurls her into it. Okba. Mohareb. At the moment when Mohareb, subdued, clings to the knees of the great idol, Hodeirah and Zeinab appear.

Before he mounts the sledge, the dogs must implore him, if he *can* fear, to return in time for his sake and for theirs, and they must weep with fear.

10. The prophecy will be better from Azrael, that Laila or Thalaba must die.

The cavern, like S. Catherine's. The frozen bay. Northern lights.

It must not be told who the green bird is, till she speaks herself.

Thalaba must have his bow, it must therefore be mentioned, book 8, be found again in Maimuna's cave, and supply the place of the club, book 10.

11. Entrance. Speech of Laila. Prayer of Thalaba. The sun beams. Dark way. Glow-worm beast. Helmet. Dropping Pass. The great serpent. Then the fire and the sword, and the death of Khawla, and the battle with Mohareb. Okba.

Thalaba throws his ring into the sea—as faith is the talisman.

There must be a great descent. Two Dive's hold a chain over it: they are compelled to let down Thalaba, blaspheming.

12. I must light a torch miraculously to guide him through the dark way—it is more fit for painting than the sunbeams.

The alarm must be given, and the whole army of magicians assembled.

The sword in the fire lies on the white ashes of Hodeirah.

The fire shall clothe Thalaba and protect him.

The Simorg tells Thalaba that the talisman is in the heart of the Great Image.

Funeral ceremonies briefly run over at the death of Maimuna.

7. Night amusements of luxury. Perfumed lights. Transparent dress.

6. Persian lilies.

The Mareb reservoir, and the punishment of Thamud alluded to.

Euphrates esteemed unholy water by the Moslem.

3. Oneiza must sport with the bow and arrow.

N. B. Shedad was the first King of Ad.

Certain lines to this purport: the Evil Power may fence themselves round with dangers, but wisdom and courage may subdue them all—so God in his justice had appointed.

When Thalaba is taken, Maimuna calls a spirit, and enquires what they can do with him. The answer is, " In the city of Mohareb thou shalt secure thy safety."

5. The Angels to manifest themselves. Their situation, and garment of glory brightening as the atonement proceeds.

All must be rewritten from his speech to the Simorg to his actual entrance into the Domdaniel. It is flat and common.

The inscription which whoso reads will die. It is on the original throne of Nimrod. He reads it, " Search and find." He overturns it, and discovers a key. It is in an island where a grievous superstition reigns. An ever-living old woman, Superstition, is the priestess. Child sacrifices, and the dying dropt down a gulph, whose iron doors never open but to let in a victim, like the Venice prison. The boat takes him there. The people rejoice, and tell him of the inscription, which he must read, for it is the remedy. It is a torch he finds—the holy light of enquiry; and he must first subdue the giant Opinion. The allegory must be nowhere naked: and the Koran ought to be his shield.

A boat in a brook: a Peri helmswoman. Thou wilt go with me. The brook becomes a river, rough and wide: Wilt thou go with me? The river enters the sea: Darest thou go with me?

The dogs. But a quiet journey. Scenery like that delightful print in Hearne. Ice and firs and poplar islands. The dogs keep the prayer hours, and turn to Mecca. No terror to be excited, only a stratagem to waken curiosity.

He should know the Peri before he trusts her; therefore he must deliver her from a Dive.

At sea. Let the spirit of Moath pass him, to indicate the old man's death.

Thus, the throne of Nimrod is the altar. At the hour of sacrifice comes Thalaba to read the inscription. The Giant, seeing that he dies not, attempts to kill him. Thalaba cleaves him down with the axe of sacrifice.

How then to employ the arrows? Thus, the first foe must be the old and faithful servant of the Queen, bewitched so as to be her enemy. He must be taken, not slain.

It must be Leoline who uses the axe of sacrifice.

Jan. 20, 1800. Again to be recast!

The Leoline and Lady story is clumsy—is like a third arm—a young sixth finger. The strike of extermination must smite it.

At landing, terrors and the funeral. Then a display of the Mohammedan paradise. Types, &c. Art thou satisfied with this? Then the true progressive heaven. At once the glory is extinguished, and the dread descent before him.

A gaunt and ghastly figure guards two iron doors. Of what is not seen, for eternal mists are round them; nor is he seen, for the seraph guide approaches, and asks if yet? and a dead voice only answers, the hour is not yet born :—" meanwhile rest in the sunbeam."

Here, dreams of futurity, and the angel song of Oneiza, and the passing spirit of old Moath: from this, the voice awakes him. The gates unfold at his stroke. Within is darkness and the far gleam of fires, and sounds that terrify; and a strong flood of wind impells him in, and the gates with a thunder-

clap close him in, and then the light becomes more vivid, and the dives appear distinct upon the abyss.

A heath, a brook, a mountain, the mist around its foot. There journey. Thou wilt find one tree; there lift thy voice and ask. The tree flourishes on the side from the mist; its boughs all blasted on one side bend forward from the poison.

In the den should be the spirits of Abdaldar and Lobaba, all agony with fear.

Better in a cavern where the tide enters.

On the brink of the descent a skeleton, the chain held by no hand, nor seen whence it proceeds.

A parachute of six living wings, somewhat of Ezekielism, and a lamp dropt down that sets fire to the foul air.

Who is the damsel of the boat? my readers will ask, and they ought to know.

Among the unsuccessful adventurers was Othatha. He failed because Miriam, his mistress, detained him. She therefore is condemned to waft the future destroyer. He keeps the door of entrance.

Thalaba—alterations.

Book 2.

Abdaldar's feet washed by Thalaba and Oneiza.

Let Abdaldar first attempt by magic to destroy the boy, as by holding his hand and singing to him a song in words unintelligible; by drinking of the melon juice, and breathing upon it a spell, then giving it to Thalaba; the dagger attempt should not be till spells had failed.

The garden of Irem is necessary, "not on ocean, not on earth." May he live there awhile with his mother. Her natural death fills up the gap. Or shall I place the twelfth Imam there to instruct him?

Book 9.

The whole procession description may be transferred to Kehama, before the chariot of Jaggernaut. When Maimuna has unbound his chain, a new conclusion must be found: her lover need not cease till she has placed him where she found him; or an earthquake may throw open the gates, to show her the power of Allah, and then the whirlwind waft them.

Lobaba should not be killed as he is; let him ride off, so is the faith of Thalaba more proved and pure.

Pedro *the Just.*[1]

The character of Pedro after the murder of Inez is well adapted for the drama, just but cruel; his heart hardened by suffering and indulged revenge, yet still doating on the dead.

The death of Gonzales and Coello is too horrible, nor is there anything in the story dramatic. Pacheco escaped, on that circumstance a tale may be grafted.

Pacheco has lost his sight by lightning, or in battle. He labours under the agonies of remorse. The priest, to whom he has confessed, enjoins him to say certain prayers in the place where he had committed the crime; for thus disfigured, there was no danger of discovery.

A high reward has been offered for Pacheco. A Portugueze noble has stripped his wife and daughter of their possessions, and offered to restore them as the price of the daughter's prostitution. She comes to Coimbra to demand justice. Here is matter for a good scene. Pedro is much affected by her story.

Pacheco begs alms of his daughter. She bids him remember her and her father in his prayers. He knows her then, but will not make himself known.

The priest who had confessed Pacheco betrays him, and sends an emissary to inform Pedro that he is in Coimbra, and receives the reward. Pacheco is thrown into prison.

The noble whom Leonor has accused is

[1] The reader will connect this intended drama with *La Cuba*, and *Roderick the Last of the Goths*. He should likewise consult W. S. Landor's poems on the subject.—J. W. W.

sent for by Pedro to answer the accusation. He first informs her of her father's imprisonment, and, irritated by Pedro, offers to force the prison and deliver him, if Leonor will be his. A fine scene may be made when the high-minded Leonor tells him how her heart might have been won, and how she could have loved.

Pedro sends his own confessor to prepare Pacheco for death. His remorse and resignation affect the priest; he begs for his daughter's sake to die privately. The priest intercedes with Pedro; this last request affects him, but he is inexorable.

The day on which the corpse of Inez is crowned is fixed for the death of Pacheco. The tortures are ready for him when that ceremony shall be over. At this moment, when the soul of Pedro is susceptible of the strongest feelings, Leonor comes with the children of Inez to intercede, her last hope. She succeeds. The noble offers his hand, and is refused. Leonor expresses her determination to live with her mother, and at her death to enter a convent. Pacheco becomes a monk.

It opens with her accompanying priest acquainting Pedro's confessor with her business, and requiring his assistance. This gives her character and his. Leonor comes. The interview. As she leaves the king, Pacheco comes in, to the place where Inez was murdered. He sends away his guide. Scene between him and the king, who, hearing he is come to pray there, tells him to pray for him, and to curse the murderers. This may be very striking.

Leonor confronted with the noble. She sees Pacheco, and knows him not. Arrival of the informer. Pedro enquires out how he knew him, and sends to put the treacherous priest to death.

News of his imprisonment. The noble's offer. Her friendly priest relates to her that he has visited him. She goes to attend him in the dungeon. The confessor sees him first. He intercedes, but in vain.

It will not well make a fifth act. The coronation. Her last and successful effort. The noble's offer. Then she tells him how she could have loved.

The conclusion does not follow from the previous circumstances, one great fault. The story admits of good scenes, but nothing very striking in effect; it would make an excellent drama, but hardly for the mob.

Pedro Coelho and Alvaro Gonçalvez were the murderers who suffered. Diogo Lopes Pacheco was afterwards pardoned, on proof of not having been an accomplice. The Spaniard emigrants given up to Pedro the Cruel by the Cruel Pedro were Pedro Nunes de Guzman, Mem Rodriguez Tenono, Ferman Gudiel de Toledo, and Fortun Sanches Calderon.

Vicente Amado, a Franciscan, was the confessor of Pedro.

The Days of Queen Mary.

The reign of Queen Mary is a good period for a play. Sir Walter, a young man of fortune, is a convert to the reformed religion. He has been bred up with the prospect of marrying Mary, a neighbouring heiress, and they are strongly attached to each other. Sir Walter has a cousin, his next heir, who knows his opinions, and envies his fortune.

Mary is a zealous Catholic, but every way amiable; and her confessor a sincere, pious, excellent man.

The man who converted Walter possesses the honourable and honest spirit of Gilbert Wakefield.[2] He must be elderly, and when the play opens, in prison.

Mary and her confessor both abhor persecution. He may have suffered it under Henry VIII. Walter's friend is burnt, and he accompanies him to the stake, though Mary and her confessor intreat him not to incur suspicion.

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[2] "He had a fearless and inflexible honesty, which made him utterly regardless of all danger, and would have enabled him to exult in martyrdom." See Espriella's *Letters*, vol. i. p. 41, third edit.—J. W. W.

The cousin excites persecution against him. The confessor, attached to him from his youth up, seeks by every means to save him. He urges an immediate marriage to lull suspicion, on the usual terms of educating the children. Mary too is willing. Here the bigotry should be wholly on Walter's side; but he consents; at that instant he is apprehended.

His trial and enthusiastic courage. The opportune death of the queen preserves him.

I am afraid that this story, like Pedro, rather affords the opportunity of excellent scenes, than for a general effect; and the conclusion is not arising from the story. It is like cutting the knot, the "Deus intersit."

But there are four dramatic characters, and neither of them hackneyed; the martyr, Walter, the good and enlightened confessor, and Mary, so pious, so affectionate. Catholicism is a good system for women, perhaps for all of us when stripped of its tricks, and in Mary it should assume its most favourable appearance.

Walter's principles are not known when the drama opens. Stephen, his cousin, suspects them, and discovers them when he informs him of his friend's arrest.

Thus it might commence. It is Walter's birth-day. His coming of age, if the spectacle be useful. However, he is engaged in relieving some of his tenants, when Mary meets him in her walks. He shows uneasiness. The confessor seeks him, to say that he has perceived his change of opinion, and to advise him prudence.

A good scene might be made when Walter and Mary listen to an account of a martyrdom.

But is there enough of plot? 1. To make Walter's religion known. 2. To hurry him on by endeavouring to save his friend. 3. To the execution. 4. To his own arrest.

The third might conclude with great effect. Mary and her confessor beholding from a large window the procession to the stake. They close the window when the faggots are kindled, and pray for his soul. The light is seen through the window, and the Te Deum heard.

The progress of Walter's mind is fine. At first uneasy; by opposition and danger made more enthusiastic, but almost wishing for contented ignorance; worked up by the death of his friend almost to the desire of martyrdom; half yielding to love and prudence; then persecuted himself, and settling into a calm and Christian fortitude.

It should be on a holyday, and by the Church. The martyr should be urging him to absent himself, but be called away (to be arrested). Mary leads him in. He comes out abruptly, as though he were ill. The confessor follows him to know why? Stephen's news. 'Beware of that man!' says the priest.

The marriage was to take place on his coming of age. Mary affectionately enquires why he is so changed? Then the scene with the priest. He speaks of old Sir Walter's goodness. When Walter wavers, Stephen comes with an account how the Lutheran is confined.

A dungeon scene where the confessor beseeches the condemned not to drive on Walter to martyrdom. Surly virtue, and the spirit of an early martyr in a subsequent interview with Walter.

Night. Walter walking on the place of execution. Mary and the confessor. And then the proposal of immediate marriage. This coming from her will make a powerful scene. His arrest. The confessor sent with all speed to court to state his expected conversion.

The objections to this subject are, that a modern audience would not sympathize with Walter, and that a Lord Chamberlain would fancy more was meant than expressed.

It wants show and stage effect Some might be produced by hearing the church music in the first scene.

Stephen should be a bigotted and violent Roman Catholic, deceiving himself as to his own motives.

There must be a scene in which Mary

discovers the heresy of Walter. This must be early.

Walter may hear her singing the hymn to the Virgin in her oratory. This will be excellent in effect. He betrays himself to Stephen, irritated by his violence.

The confessor should have been a monk of Glastonbury. That he may have seen the last abbot executed.

A late illness of Mary may have prevented their marriage. It should open on his birth-day, and that on Lady-day. Mary stopping at his mansion on her way to mass.

When Mrs. Palmer was burnt to death, and ran all flaming into the streets, Edith[3] saw her. Their attention was drawn by the howling of the dogs who saw her on fire. In the execution of Gilbert, or the related martyrdom, this circumstance will be very striking.—*Westbury, April* 1796.

Cintra, October 10, 1809.

1. Gilbert arrives for refuge, his daughter dead, her husband Seward imprisoned. Father Francis enters; an enquiry for news leads to a talk upon the growth of heresy, in which the able priest discovers the latent Lutheran. Gilbert retires to rest. Then comes his character by Sir William.

Francis comes to tell Lady Margaret, Sir Walter's mother, that Mary is coming to visit her, because the next day there will be an execution.

Latimer at the stake appeared in a shroud when the executioner had taken off his prison garments.[4]

[3] That is, the late Mrs. Southey.

[4] Fox, the martyrologist, tells that Master Latimer was brought forth "in a poor Bristol frieze frock, all worn, with his buttoned cap, and a kerchief on his head, all ready to the fire, a *new long shroud* hanging over his hose down to the feet.—And being stripped to his *shroud*, he seemed as comely a person to them that were there present, as one should lightly see; and whereas in his clothes he appeared a withered and crooked silly old man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold."—*The Martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer*, A. D. 1555. J. W. W.

Subjects for Little Poems.

Inscription for a tablet by the Hampshire Avon.[5] The flags' sword-leaves; the six-legged insect; the freshness of running water, noticed. From the near hill you see the ocean, to which the river is running. The trite allusion,—where'er we go, we're journeying to the tomb. But this is not the less true for being trite.

Lanthony, an Inscription, noting it as the death-place of St. David. Knowing this, though the vale be not more beautiful, yet it will be seen with more delight.

Giraldus, his visit to Lanthony may furnish a kind of Greek sonnet. The cause that led him, and the effect of his going, how useful to me six hundred years afterwards.

Friendship,[6] it should be slow of growth. The flower that blossoms earliest fades the first. The oak utters its leaves timorously, but it preserves them through the winter.

The Clouds, a descriptive musing; and from this window I have rich subjects; fantastic resemblances. So our hopes change, and so they disappear.

In 1795 I saw the body of a poor man in Clare Street, carried on a board, who had been begging the preceding day, and having neither money nor home, laid down by a lime-kiln (it was in March,) and was suffocated. An inscription by the lime-kiln may tell this, and give advice to the reader, whether rich or poor.

Surely a fine inscription might be written for Sea-mills, upon the wretched man who destroyed himself there.

[5] Two Inscriptions will readily occur to the reader. One, *For a Cavern that overlooks the River Avon*; the other, *For a Tablet on the Banks of a Stream.*—*Poems*, p. 170.

[6] This is worked up in eleventh sonnet, *Poems*, p. 108. J. W. W.

BEDMINSTER, this is subject enough for an Eclogue. The bower, the porch, the yews by the laundry, the yard horse-chesnuts, the mortality, as my grandmother called it: the changes now, colloquially told; and then to catch the sound of Ashton-bells, and speak of the family burying-place. The best kitchen, the black boarded parlour, the great picture-bible. What a treat! And then the old bird and beast book. I wish I had that book! an old book of natural history has such fine lies. I just remember the whale in it.

SOPHONISBA drinking the poison. A Monodrama.

INSCRIPTION at Penshurst, by the oak planted at Sir Philip Sidney's birth.[1] So all things perish but the memory of the great.

A FEW lines with this point,—think of the future, and you will never have cause to regret the past.

THE holly-tree,[2] an emblem, and somewhat in Quarles's way. Kingdoms should be like it, fenced well, but only strict there; men gentler at home than anywhere else. Again, we should lose our asperities as we grow old; again, we should be serious in youth, that we may be cheerful in age, and all like the holly tree.

WINTER,[3] they paint thee like a blue-lipped, blue-nosed, icicle-bearded old man, like a walking snow-ball; but they should paint thee a fine ruddy faced old boy, sitting by the Christmas fire.

A TRAVELLING thought. The present scenery beautiful; but in remembrance the very recollection of fatigue will increase its interest.

[1] See Inscription, xvi. "For a Tablet at Penshurst," *Poems*, p. 173.
[2] See "The Holly Tree," *Poems*, p. 129.
[3] Worked up in Sonnet xv. *Poems*, p. 109.
J. W. W.

THERE is a marine on board the Royal George who persuaded his father to murder his mother, and then turned king's evidence against him, and had him hung. This will make a very diabolical ballad. This man is benighted, and falls in with a traveller in the dark. The voice strikes him as familiar; and when the moon appears he sees the very face of his father, for it is a devil in the corpse. He leads him to the wheel where his father had suffered, and fixes him there.

SONNET. A slip returning to port.[4]

NOT into the grave, O my soul![5] not into the grave shouldst thou descend to contemplate thy friend. Raise thyself to that better world, thy birthright, and commune with him there.

A CHARACTER has occurred to me, admirably fine in the grotesque magic. A little man gifted with the power of extending all his limbs to any length; who can stretch his neck and look in at the window of the highest tower; and when walking under a precipice, can put up his hand into the eagle's nest. Is he on the bank of a river? he lengthens his legs, and steps across. The story should conclude with his dilating his mouth, and swallowing somebody.

THERE is a lie in the life of St. Isidore[6] which may perhaps make a ballad. A man who could find no surety for his rent appealed to the saint, pledging his word to the landlord before his tomb, and praying if he failed that Isidore might punish him. The fellow however could not pay it, and so run away one night. His road lay by the church of St. Andrew, wherein Isidore was buried, and he was miraculously kept

[4] Worked up in Sonnet xix. *Poems*, p. 109.
[5] See the exquisite lines on his early friend, Edmund Seward, *Poems*, p. 131.
[6] See the Ballad, "Old Christaval's Advice," &c. *Poems*, p. 433. J. W. W.

all night running round and round the church, while he thought he was getting on his way. In the morning the landlord found him; he repented, prayed for forgiveness, worked harder, and paid the debt.

Dona Ana Maria Remesal promised, on the wedding day of her sister Mariana, to give a sum of money towards the canonization of St. Isidore. She either forgot her vow or neglected it. Maria de la Cabera, the wife of Isadore, appeared to her with an Alguazil and a black dog, as she lay in her bed, and arrested her for this debt. They let her go, however, on her sincere promise of speedy payment. This will make a tolerable ballad. Let her be called from the company on the wedding evening, and led to the tomb of St. Isidore, to pass the night. It should be the bridegroom who makes the vow.

One of my war poems may be made upon that description of Jemappe given me by Carlisle, expressing joy for the event, with an abhorrence of the war principle.

Another must be upon this story. At the evacuation of Toulon, a husband, his wife, and infant were attempting to escape in the last boat. The husband had got in, when they pushed off. The wife flung her child to him. The child fell short, and sunk, and the mother leapt after. Tom[1] told me this on the authority of an eye-witness.

The treatment of Colonel Despard,[2] described as in a dramatic fragment. Related abroad as a proof of foreign tyranny to an Englishman.

Inscription in a forest,[3] near no path; who reads it has most like been led by the love of nature, and he may enjoy the beauties of scenery more by knowing another has felt them. If it has pleased thee to be told of this, cleanse the moss and weeds from the tablet!

Eclogue. The witch.[4] A man nailing a horse-shoe at his door. Tales of the old woman, and superstitions.

Eclogue. A winter evening. Children and their grandmother. They beg for a story. A ghost story. My mother's account of Moll[5] Bees's murder, and the remorse of the murderer, that led him to accuse himself. A gibbet and a ghost are easily added.

History,[6] the painful feelings it excites. The historic Muse appears. She speaks of Greece, of Rome, Holland, Padilla, and the many martyrs of freedom; then personally addresses the poet.

Ormia, a Monodrama, where did the Portugueze writer find the story? She enters her husband's tent at midnight, and his surprise must be expressed by her.

The death of Malcolm's murderers. A ballad.

What can be made of the story of St. Romuald?[7] Should it be a ballad showing how a man might be too good?

Mrs. Wilson's[8] story of the dog. A gentleman sat up in a haunted house at Dublin with a great dog. The dog growled at first, his anger increased, at last he leaped at a particular part of the wall, then round and round the room ran raging, and leapt again at the same place, then pawed at the door furiously. The man let him out, he rushed

[1] His brother, Captain Thomas Southey,—often mentioned.

[2] See Espriella's *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 95, third edit.

[3] See Inscriptions, p. 172. J. W. W.

[4] See English Eclogues, *Poems*, p. 154.

[5] Ibid. "The Grandmother's Tale," p. 150.

[6] See *Poems*, p. 140. "History."

[7] See Ballad, "St. Romuald," *Poems*, p. 436.

[8] She was the old occupant of Greta Hall, and the kind friend of all the children.

J. W. W.

up stairs, and the man found him in the garret over the room below, leaping at the same part of the wall. He himself neither saw nor heard anything, but declared he would not for worlds undergo another night of such feelings. The dog lay gasping with exhaustion, and foaming so that his master was once or twice tempted to shoot him in compassion. This will be better told dramatically than as a ballad.

PERHAPS a young man departing from home to go for the first time to London, might furnish stuff for an eclogue.

THE nasty custom of interment makes the idea of a dead friend more unpleasant. We think of the grave, corruption, and worms. Burning would be better.

DOST thou wish, when reading of foreign lands, to see their beauties? It is a melancholy thing to be among strangers![1]

EPITAPH for Gerald.[2] What the verdict records him, what he thought himself. Posterity and God will judge him.

INFANTS, their lot after death? Do their spirits animate other bodies? or are they transplanted to a better world? Were the material system true, it would, I think, exclude them from a future life; for what consciousness of identity could be restored to them? Upon the soul system, or indeed any system, they must grow up somewhere, else would they be like the beasts that perish.

FOX! well may he believe that the affairs of man are ruled by fatality, else would not the arts of one so inferior have ruined thy country, thou the while living and warning. Jeremiah. The Catos, &c.

FAUSTINA, in love with a fencer, is said to have been cured with a potion of his blood. This will make a ballad. For the lewd empress substitute a maiden, and let the potion effect a cure,—by producing death.

THE good old Customs, and the Cause of Religion and Order, a song, addressed to all the confederate powers, each stanza reciting for what they are fighting, and concluding with the same burthen.[3]

THE story of Pausanias needs no alteration for a ballad.[4]

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR took off a tax, because he saw the devil dancing upon the money which had been raised by it.

INSCRIPTION under the bust of Fox.

THE devil hath not always had his due. He hath the credit of a murder, but not of a battle; the murder is committed by the instigation of the devil—the victory by the favour of Providence. Then the tax story of king Edward Confessor.

THE present war was undertaken to prevent the people from being affected by the Jacobinical principles instilled into them. The story of Cortez's purge.

TRANQUILLITY. Sonnet. The happiness of a toad in a stone.

I DO not love books that affect me strongly, at least if the effect be long. The *sudden* pathetic is pleasurable. Lines sent with some such book as the Letters from Lausanne.

St. Vincent's Rocks.

IT occurs to me that I could write a fine local poem upon this subject. It might begin by saying why I ought to celebrate them.

[1] See "The Traveller's Return," *Poems*, p. 124.

[2] See lines, "After reading the Speech of Robert Emmet," *Poems*, p. 140. J. W. W.

[3] See *The Battle of Blenheim*, p. 449.

[4] See *suprà*, p. 163. J. W. W.

The camp, my cavern, the legend of the building to which there leads no path, Cook's folly and its tale, the suicide at Sea-Mills. Trenchard and Gordon. Chatterton. Bristol, too, might have its fame. And Ashton might be mentioned. The hot wells, and those who come to die there.

THE devil once came to St. Antony to ask why people abused him for all their wickedness, when their own corrupt nature was the cause. Applied to Pitt.

THE glow-worm.

SONNET to the pocket-handkerchief of one's mistress.[5]

ECLOGUE. The spirit of a monk and a devil. The monk stiffly refusing to go with the fiend, a wandering angel hears the dispute; it is concluded by allowing the monk his own psalm-singing heaven.

AN old woman's snuff-box.[6]

LOVE elegy. On Delia's hair. What Cupid makes of it. Happy the comb, the barber, the curling-paper. The bear who died for his grease.[6]

SONNET on an old quid of tobacco.[6]

LOVE elegy. The poet has stolen a lock of Delia's hair, and finds he has spoilt her wig.[5]

SYLPHS, dip your gossamer pencils in her cheek, to tinge the rose; scent the violets with her breath. Gnomes, bring up your diamonds to ripen from her eye-beams. Salamanders, bask in her looks. Light from her eye, the glow-worm. Nymphs, catch her tear to make pearls.[5]

[5] The reader will find all these hints worked up in *The Amatory Poems of Abel Shufflebottom*, pp. 114—416.

[6] These are probably worked up under "Snuff," p. 161. J. W. W.

MARULLE de Stilimene. The Turks under Soliman Bassa attacked Coccin, the capital of the isle. They forced the gate, the combat was fierce in the gateway, and the women fought. Marulle was wounded by the same blow that slew her father the governor. She seized his shield and buckler, and repelled the foe. On the morrow the Venetian commander arrived to relieve the isle, and found them safe. In the name of the senate he adopted Marulle, desired her to choose among his captains a husband, and promised a dowry from the state. "A good captain," she replied, "might be a bad father, and that the field of battle was not the place to choose a husband." This story has suggested to me the idea of dramatizing in single scenes such subjects as are not in themselves enough for whole plays. Didramas.

WHEN the Turks were on the point of taking Sigeth, 1566, an Hungarian was about to kill his wife, to preserve her from violation. She bids him not have the guilt of murder, arms herself, goes with him to battle, and dies with him. A Didrama.—*Imp. Hist.* p. 692.

Little Poems.

SANCIE de Navarre. Sancho, king of Navarre, was slain in combat by Gonzales, Count of Castille. Theresa, sister of the slain, wife of the king of Leon, vowed revenge. To get him into her power, she entered into a treaty of marriage for him and her sister Sancie. Gonzales repaired to Navarre to the marriage. Gercias, the king, an accomplice in Theresa's plot, seized him on his arrival, fettered and dungeoned him. Sancie visited him in prison, kept her plighted faith, delivered and married him.

LE Moyne. La Galerie, p. 150.

CONSTANCE. Barri de S. Aunez, her hus-

band. St. Foix. Françoise de Cezèley. Dame de Barry. La Galerie, p. 298.

The American Indians' death-song.

The Peruvian's dirge over the body of his father, stolen from the Spaniards' cemetery.

Halcyone, a Monodrama.

The oak of the forest.[1] Its trunk was strong, and the swine fed under its boughs; but the ivy clung round it, and as the oak decayed, the woodman, instead of lopping away the parasite plant, hewed off its broad boughs.

Mythological sketches. Greenland. Lapland. Japan. N. American. Celtic. The last little known, the rest new to poetry. Also characteristic poems of their manners.

A lady stayed to dress herself, instead of going to church in time. Mass was half over as she came to the church door, and a troop of little devils were dancing on her long train.

St. James of Nisibis was abused by some young girls washing at a fountain. He made them all old and ugly.

Inscription for the prison-room of Savage.

The glow-worm. Shines in the dark,—like certain men of letters. "With love, the light of love." Exposed to danger, &c.

King William's Cove. Torbay. Where he landed. The precedent.

The ebb tide[2] more rapid than the flood,—so with human happiness and human virtue.

[1] See "The Oak of our Fathers," *Poems*, p. 123.
[2] See *Poems*, p. 230. J. W. W.

Inscription. Taunton and Judge Jefferies.[3]

For the market-place at Rouen.

For Old Sarum.[4] Addressed to a foreigner. What must be the privileges of English subjects, when the old pauper there sends two Members to Parliament!

For St. Domingo and Mr. Pitt.

To a book-worm, that had eat my Sidney's Arcadia. Why not go to such and such books.

The weathercock. Could I copy thee, I also might ornament the church.

For where Jane Shore died.

Eclogue. Describing the new clergyman of a village, as contrasted with his predecessor.

Ballad. The single combat between the dog and the murderer of his master.

The pig.[5] Not ugly. His eyes, pignsnies, that see the wind. His ears. His tail curled like hop-tendrils, or a lady's hair. Aptitude of parts. Pig a philosopher, and without prejudices. What is dirt? Berkleian hypothesis subhimely introdueed. Pig a democrat, and right obstinate. Pig an aristocrat, seeking to profit himself dirtily. Man not so wise in life, not so useful in death. Pig the victim of society. Wild boar. Pig unfortunate. The sow-gelder's horn. Tythe pig, learned pig, brawn pig, pig's chitterlins, black puddings. Smell of the bean-flowers. Bacon. Pig's ringed nose, earrings, but the pig does not conceive his to be an ornament. Pig's yoke, his cravatt,

[3] See Inscription, "For a Monument at Taunton," p. 172.
[4] See Espriella's *Letters*, vol. i. p. 55, third edit.
[5] See "The Pig, a colloquial Poem," p. 162. J. W. W.

pillory, or necklace. Pig's pettytoes. Pigs stink, there is no stink. Offer the pig thy smelling-bottle. Moses the pig's friend. His face,—see it rouged with saltpetre, and dressed.

Music,—my own feelings. The harp, the organ. Military music, its damned abuse. The female voice. Stage singing, how loathsome.

I would not live over my youth again.[1] Its pains are real, its pleasures unsatisfactory. Fear and uncertainty damp all its hopes.

A little while, and I shall be at home. If I had lost thee, so wearily should I endure life as now this absence.

The old woman's snuff-box, the most innocent sensuality, and the last, perhaps too the greatest advantage as yet of Columbus's discovery. The fine lady's snuff; the fine gentleman's; the doctor's; the schoolmaster's; but the old woman reconciles me to it. Snuff the only way of satisfying the smell-sense.[2]

A woman-servant of Mrs. Lockyers, about eight years ago, delivered herself of a dead child,—it was supposed and admitted on her trial,—whose body she was discovered burning at night. This will balladize. A madwoman in the snow.

The bee, a fool, because he does not want the honey, and because he will be plundered of it.[3]

A wasp trying to fly through the window.

To a troublesome tooth.

Ringing a pig's nose. The pork must give up some of his natural rights to enjoy the protection of society. Piggy grunt not ungratefully. Remember your stye, your grains, your wash. Besides, you are so useful!

Fuseli's pictures.

Mary Hayes's Female Biography.

The barber. What would be the fine gentleman and fine lady without him? the counsellor, the schoolmaster, the judge? In company the judge's assertions would be confuted, but with the wig on! Without his wig he is Jove without his thunder. Venus uncestused, Phœbus unbeamed. Importance of the barber in society.

Indolence, I want not thee, but thy sister Leisure.

A poem upon the necessity of writing a poem. Like Mendoça's sonnet, done in writing upon it, but to conclude with the point that so life passes in resolving how to live.

It was my faith that the spirits of good men beheld the earth, and received their fame with delight, deriving happiness from the welfare of their friends, posterity, and country. Hampden and Sidney! may I still believe this,—or would not the sight of England inflict a pang to the beatified patriot? Hampden and Sidney! it is so; ye behold the patriot's effort, ye look to his triumph, and the regeneration of your native land.

To a dancing bear.[4] The slave trade arguments. The animal is happier than if wild. He would have been killed if he had not been taught to dance. As an inferior animal, it is right to make him contribute to our use. Everything was made for man; now what can the bear be made for, except to dance, and for his pomatum? Baiting. Not the owner's interest to injure him; ergo, he is not baited.

[1] See *Poems*, p. 130. [2] Ibid. p. 161.
[3] Ibid. p. 126. J. W. W.

[4] Ibid. p. 163.—J. W. W.

A TOAD. A coxcomb fool-faced jack-a-napes calling him ugly and useless!

ODE to Recovery.[1]

INSCRIPTION. Bangor. The massacre.

HOPE,—a mixed being,—a sort of demi-devil, sporting with the ignis-fatuus, buoying the wrecked sailor to prolong his pain. The tormentor of Tantalus.

THE Spaniard who killed Piso. Ballad.

ARAUCAN song during the thunder-storm.[2]

BIRTH of Sommona. Codom. A Japanese hymn.

THE yew tree cut into a peacock.

SONNET. Summer wet. Autumn richer, so the difficulties of manhood ameliorate maturity.

THE seagull. As he rises on the waves, so should man ride unruffled on the storm of fortune.

To a volunteer who conceives himself the Buonaparte of the corporation. Half comic till the close,—that in death his folly will be preferable to their guilt.

ABERFFRAW. Inscription.

INSCRIPTION. Evesham. Montford.

CAMMA. Narrative.

To the memory of Camoens.

THE sugar maple.

ODE. Rodrigo in the enchanted tower.

A TRAVELLER reduced to find amusement in his own resources, compared to a bear in winter sucking his paws.

FIELD of corn in a wet season. Descriptive sonnet,—and the point, alas! how small will be the sixpenny loaf!

THE lyrical manner elucidated in an ode upon a Gooseberry Pie.[3] Growth of the wheat, and its processes. Whence the water came. The sugar and slave trade. The fruit. And didst thou scratch thy tender arms, &c. O gatherer?

A BALLAD of the devil walking abroad to look at his stock on earth,—counting the young of the viper,—seeing a navy,—a review,—going to church,—and at last, hearing the division in the House of Commons.[4]

A cow chewing the cud. Reflection in solitude.

AMATORY sonnets, by Abel Shufflebottom.[5] A query whether he has not a double identity, because he sees his Delia though she is far away.

DIRGE of the American widow by the mourning war-pole.[6]

ECLOGUE. The long road-elms on the common near Wellington cut down. They were the only shelter. A man, who was carrying his child, and his wife sat on the trunk of one, and the boughs rose over them, and gave the last shadow of the yet unwithered leaves.

MY forefathers. A deeply interesting poem of domestic feelings might be made under this title.

SONG of the Old Chikkasah to his grandson, by the mourning war-pole of his son.[6]

[1] See *Poems*, p. 123. [2] Ibid. p. 133. J. W. W.

[3] Ibid. p. 126, "A Pindaric Ode."
[4] Ibid. "The Devil's Walk," p. 165-6.
[5] Ibid. p. 114. [6] Ibid. p. 134. J. W. W.

I WOULD I were that reverend gentleman, with gold-laced hat and golden-headed cane, that hangs in Delia's parlour. For Delia sits opposite him, and his eyes are always fixed on her unblamed.[1]

SONNET. A pigeon. It is pleasant to see his pouting breast, and the rainbow gloss of his neck, and his red feet, and his tumbling in the air; but pleasanter to see his feet sticking up through a pie-crust.

SONNET. The rainbow. Did not that bow of the covenant confirm us that the world should no more be destroyed by water? England! thy navy would not be permitted to exist, for a three-decker might defy the deluge.

DRAW not the picture of Delia! thou wilt make me detest thee as a blasphemer, and thou wilt tempt all the world beside to idolatry.[2]

DELIA playing cup and ball,—methought my heart was the ball, and the point on which she caught it, Cupid's arrow.[2]

INSCRIPTION. Kenwith Castle.

Images.

GREEN of the copse-covered hill, broken like the waters of a still lake,

EVENING. A flight of small birds only visible by the glitter of their wings.

IN the evening the harshest sounds are harmonised by distance. The very bark of a far-off dog is musical.

AUGUST 25. It is the plane that hangs down its globular seeds.

THE swan in swimming arches back his serpent neck, and reclines his head between his wings. His wings are a little opened, as sail-like to catch the wind; his breast protruded like a prow. This bird is beautiful from its colour and habits; for it is clumsy in shape, and of most foul physiognomy; there is such a *snakishness* in its eye and head, as well as neck.

"The swan arch'd back his snakey neck,
And his proud head reclin'd
Between his wings, now half unclos'd
Like sails to catch the wind.
The waters yielded to his breast,
Protruded like a prow,
And still they roar'd as strong he oar'd
With sable feet below."—For *Rudiger*.[3]

THE leaves of the holly are prickly only when they are within reach of cattle; higher up they preserve their waviness, but are smooth, more tapering, as having lost their angular points, and ending in a point. Some of the mid-height leaves, with the taper shape of the upper ones, retain three, two, or one point. The leaf is very beautiful, the middle fibre beautifully varying by its lighter hue from the dark glossy green. The lower side is pale-greyish, and shows the thickness of the leaf.[4]

BEAUTIFUL appearance of an ash when the moon shines through it, particularly its edge.

THE moon seems to roll through the rifted clouds.

THE insect that makes a six spotted shade is not a spider. It has four long legs, and two short ones in front. It seems to use the long legs like oars.

OCT. 2. The ivy now begins to blossom, the flower appears globular. What is afterwards the berry, is now of an olive colour,

[1] *Poems*, p. 114. [2] Ibid. p. 134. J. W. W.

[3] See Ballad, p. 420. The reader will observe that these stanzas were not used, p. 420.

[4] *Poems*, p. 129. J. W. W.

and pointed in the middle. The calix of each is a greyer green, the anthers a greyish yellow. The smell of a bush is very pleasant; but closely observed, it has an oily scent, not disagreeable, and yet powerful enough to half offend. The bees swarm over these blossoms, probably because the only ones at this time of year.

Morning. Mist shower from the elms, and thick-leaved trees.

Whiteness of the rocks occasioned by the lichens.

The grass grey with dew.

Oct. 10. Rich appearance of the fern in the wood.

The acorns brown ripe, or ripening yellow.

Of the various trees, I observe only the ash uniform in its fading colour, pale yellowing green. Its leaves rise very beautifully, light as a lady's plumes.

A path so little frequented, that the leaves lay on it untrodden, light as they had fallen.

The horse-chesnut rich in autumn.

In the forest of Dean, I saw no trees more richly varied than the beech, standing singly, and with room to spread.

The leaves of the reed spread out straight on the wind, like ship streamers.

The darker and the more tempestuous the night, the more luminous the sea to leeward of the vessel.

A vessel when first seen at sea, appears to be ascending.

Odd appearance of the cobwebs in a frosty morning.

In a hoar morning the cattle track their feeding path by their breath thawing the frost.

A clouded morning after snow. The line of hill scarcely to be distinguished from the sky by being lighter.

Rime on the trees.

Sparkling of the snow.

White frost on the stone wall, but none on the moss in its interstices, as though the force of vegetable life repelled it.

Move where you will at sea, the long line of moonlight still meets your eye.

When the wind follows the sun, it omens fair weather, and vice versâ.

April 25. The petals of the pilewort grow white when overblown. The first buds of the ash are black, they then redden, and appear not unlike the valerian flower, a cluster of red seeds.

The horse-chesnut buds covered with gum, and woolly within.

The cry of the bat comes so short and quick, as to be felt in the ear like a tremulous touch.

At evening the reflection of the bridge on the water was strong as reality, and blended with the bridge into one pile.

I saw a stream that had made its way through the foot of an old tree, which thus formed a strange bridge,—an arch above it.

One of the most beautiful images I ever noticed was the reflection of a mast on the river at evening. Its yellow colours were vivid as life,—it waved like a coiling serpent, and the huge tail seemed to roll up as the monster were menacing.

Bats love the water. I observe them dipping their breasts like the swallow.

An ash growing up for some four feet along a rock, so that the stem was half trunk, half root.[1]

On the way to Moreton Hamstead, we crossed a little bridge of one plank. The bough of a hazel had been broken and bent down to the post at the other end as a rail. It had recovered, and branched out, so that the rail grew.

Moonlight. A sheep feeding on the edge of a bank. It was a strange sight.

Joan of Arc.

The Seine. Treasury of Antient and Modern Times, p. 74.

Washing at meals. Robin Hood. Ben Jonson. Chenier. Coryat.

Merovingian kings. Boileau.

Du Guesclin. Treasury of An. &c. Montaigne.

Talbot's sword. Camden.

Battle of Montargis. Lassels.

The love education of chivalry may be well given by Conrade, describing his devotion to Agnes.

Archery must be attended to. Scotch Encyc.

The nuns singing may affect the maid. B. 9.

Helplessness of men in complete armour when on the ground. Battle of Pavia. Gordon's Tacitus, v. 1, p. 219; v. 3, p. 100.

Hooks to pull the man from off the horse. Lyttleton's Henry II. v. 1, p. 297.

Peasantry building huts in churchyards, in hopes of protection from the place. Lyt. v. 2, p. 135.

Vavasor. Lyt. v. 3, p. 84.

There is in Mrs. Dobson's Life of Petrarch a fine trait of a country exposed to enemies, taken from one of his letters. The peasant drives his flock with a lance.

Beech oil.

In the Bruce, king Edward is called often Schyr Edouard the king.

"Then was that gallant heart of Douglas pierced."

The Bruce. Barnes. Qy. Mariana.

Gallantry in war. The Douglas.

The Irish Kernes. Bulwer's Art. Changeling.

Shield made a boat of.

Hippocras. Belleau.

Foot armour lighter than horse armour. Commines.

A good contrast to La Hire's prayer in Carlos Magna.

St. Catharine. Agostinho da Cruz.

And now the knights of France dismount, &c.

"En esto es mi parecer
Que en cavallo no te fies;
Por lo qual has de entender
Que de ninguno confies
Tu lymosna, y bien hazer.

El Cavallero Determinado, written in French by Oliver de la Marche; translated by Hernando de Acuna. Barcelona, 1565. It is the advice of Understanding to the knight before he enters upon his combat with Atropos.

Lambrequins, ribbands embroidered with silver and gold, which hung from the armets of the knights,—long enough to flow over the cruppers. Sovereigns wore jewels in them.

White wand of capitulation. 231, t. 1. Du Guesclin.

The editors of the Memoires for French History say that it was common for towns to purchase from the nearest ruffian the privilege of collecting the harvest from the little land they durst cultivate. Even La Hire received £1200 from the people of Amiens for such a security.—Tom. 5, p. 323.

[1] The classical reader will call to mind a similar image in Sallust. "Et forte eo loco grandis ilex coaluerat inter saxa, paullulùm modò prona, dein flexa atque aucta in altitudinem, quo cuncta gignentium natura fert," &c.—*Bell. Jug.* xciii. J. W. W.

When Salisbury left England, the Duke of Orleans "pria ce Comte qu'il ne voulust faire aucune guerre en ses terres, ny a ses subjets, veu qu'il estoit prisonnier, et qu'il ne se pouvoit defendre, et dit-on qu'il luy promit et octroya sa requeste."—Mem. tom. 7, p. 73. Jeuville is spelt *Yeuville*.

In an attack upon "le boulevart du bout du pont d'Orleans, les François les abbattoient des eschelles dedans les fossez, dont ils ne se pouvoient relever, attendu qu'on jettoit sur eux cercles liez et croisez, cendres vives, chaux, gresses fonduës et eauës chaudes, que les femmes d'Orleans leur apportoient: et pour rafraischer les François du grand travail qu'ils souffroient, les dites femmes leur bailloient vin, viandes, fruicts, vinaigre et toüailles blanches; et aussi leur portoient des pierres et tout ce qui pouvoit servir a la defense, dont aucunes furent veuës durant l'assaut, qui repoussoient a coups de lances les Anglois des entrées du boulevart, et les abbatoient es fossez."—Mem. tom. 7, p. 80.

The Dukes of Burgundy and Luxembourg urged Bedford to leave the Orleannois in peace, at the request of the people themselves, who asserted that this had been promised their Duke, 90. His refusal offended Burgundy, and made him withdraw his troops.

"Il y eut un Carme docteur en theologie, bien aigre homme, qui luy dit, que la saincte-escriture defendoit d'ajouter foy à telles parolles, si on ne monstroit *signe*; et elle respondit pleinement, qu'elle ne vouloit pas tenter Dieu, et que le signe que Dieu luy avoit ordonné, c'estoit lever le siege de devant Orleans, et de mener le Roy sacrer a Reims. Il y eut un autre Docteur en theologie, de l'ordre des Freres Prescheurs qui luy va dire, Jeanne vous demandez des gens d'armes, et si vous dites, que c'est le plaisir de Dieu que les Anglois laissent le Royaume de France et s'en aillent en leur pays, si cela est, il ne faut point de gens d'armes; car le seul plaisir de Dieu les peut destruire, et faire aller en leur pays. A quoy elle respondit qu' elle desmandoit des gens, non mie en grand nombre, lesquels combattroient et Dieu donneroit la victoire." 99.

Jean Dolon was her esquire. Her page "un bien gentilhomme nommé Louis de Comtes, dit Imerguet."

When the heralds were detained and threatened to be burnt, Dunois sent to threaten reprisals on his prisoners: "Mais lesdits Anglois en renvoyerent seulement un, auquel elle demanda que dit Talbot? et le Heraut respondit, que luy et tous les autres Anglois disoient d'elle tous les maux qu'ils pouvoient, en l'injuriant, et que s'ils la tenoient, ils la feroient ardoir. Or t'en retourne luy dit-elle et ne fais doute que tu ameneras ton compagnon, et dis a Talbot, que s'il s'arme, je m'armeray aussi, et qu'il se trouve en place devant la ville, et s'il me peut prendre, qu'il me face ardoir, & si je le desconfis, qu'il face lever les sieges et s'en aillent en leur pays." 112.

When St. Loup was attacked, the English retired "au clocher de l'Eglise. Il y eut la des Anglois audit clocher qui se desguiserent, et qui prirent des habillemens de Prestres ou de gens d'Eglise, pour par ce moyen se sauver, lesquels neantmoins on voulat tuer, mais ladite Jeanne les garda et preserva, disant qu'on ne devoit rien demander aux gens d'Eglise. Duquel bon success furent a cette heure (de vespres) rendues graces et louanges a Dieu par toutes les Eglises, en hymnes et devotes oraisons, avec le son des cloches, que les Anglois pouvoient bien oüyr." 117.

At Patay. "Le Duc d'Alençon dit a la Pucelle, Jeanne, voila les Anglois en bataille, combatrons nos? Et elle demanda audit Duc, avez-vous vos esperons? Lors le Duc luy dit comment da, nous en faudra-t-il retirer, ou fuir? et elle dit nenny; en nom Dieu allez sur eux, car ils s'enfuiront, et n'arresteront point et seront deconfits, sans guerres de perte de vos gens; et pour ce faut-il vos esperons pour les suivre." p. 142.

Madoc.

The sixth book concludes with their setting sail, the seventh opens with some half-dozen *lines in* this manner:

"Now go your way ye goodly company,
God and good angels guide ye on your way, &c."[1]

then immediately to the action. They find Cadwallon, with the remains of the colony among the hills. The priest had stimulated the Mexicans to attack them, some interference in rescuing a victim may be imagined. Coatel informs Lincoya in time of the meditated attack. The death of Cynetha must be told in this book, and perhaps the account how Lincoya escaped when destined to sacrifice by the aid of his Mexican mistress Coatel. I love to keep the story flowing on in one unbroken tide of time if possible; but this cannot here be done.

Madoc therefore proposes peace again to the Aztecas, by a prisoner, Tlalala; the fierce enthusiast promises to bear his proposal, and oppose it; this man is a savage Regulus. Tezozomoc, priest of Mexitli, demands a white sacrifice. Tlalala and Ocelopan devote themselves to bring one. They go to the mountain settlements, and lie in wait. They find Caradoc, sleeping, but as they are about to seize him the wind sweeps over his harp, and they believe him divinely protected. Young Hoel approaches. Him they catch up. Madoc beholds and follows—the alarm is given, and the Welsh hasten to his assistance; but an ambush was prepared, and Madoc and the child are both conveyed away. Hoel is caverned among the rocks that border the lake, a victim to Tlaloc; here he is left to perish, for the stone is never rolled from the mouth of the cavern, except when a victim is thrust in. Coatel discovers another entrance, and preserves him. During the time of peace she may have learnt some Welsh, enough to be understood.

Madoc is reserved for the gladiatorian sacrifice. Ocelopan and Tlalala both claim the combat; the lot decides it in favour of Ocelopan, and he is killed. Tlalala then engages him. An attack is now made on the Aztecas. Tezozomoc is for instantly killing the prisoner, but Tlalala insists on having him preserved to continue the combat. To this Huitziton lends his weight, in hopes of yet conciliating matters, and Coanocotzin, the king, from a noble spirit. Madoc is therefore bound. The battle is dreadful, but the Welsh are repelled by multitudes who throng though to certain death. They pass the night on the field, and on the morrow again renew the battle, when Madoc appears among them. During the confusion of the night Coatel had cut his bands, conveyed him to the cavern, and given him a canoe, in which he had escaped with Hoel over the lake.

Elen is wandering at *midnight* along the opposite shore, half deranged, when they land.

In this, the great engagement, Mervyn is captured and led away to immediately be sacrificed. The discovery of her sex confuses them; and Caradoc, who enters the temple in the hope of rescuing Madoc, finds his own Senena stretched on the altar.

The appearance of Madoc appeases the Welsh, and he makes them retire. His escape astonishes the Aztecas. Huitziton and Tajatzin the old priest, father of Coatel, argue that it is, if not a miracle, certainly a proof that the strangers' God is the superior one. Coanocotzin, who is somewhat of a Capaneus, and Tezozomoc, who is a thorough priest, suspect treachery. They assemble together all who had access to the temple, and propose a test similar to the water of jealousy. Coatel's fears betray her, and she is immediately sacrificed.

Lincoya is sitting with an old Peruvian among the mountains, when the tidings reach him; he sits stunned with the grief.

[1] The reader will observe that these lines commence the Second Part of "Madoc" as it now stands. *Poems*, p. 359. It is not thought necessary by the Editor to mark off all the alterations made.—J. W. W.

His companion, to employ or divert his sorrow, relates to him a legend like that to the Land of Souls, he listens with deep attention, and enquires if the journey be long? many moons he is told. There is a shorter path, the youth exclaimed, and leapt down the precipice.

The Aztecas assemble their whole force to crush their enemies. An earthquake destroys many of them, and whilst Tezozomoc and the inferior priests are performing certain rites upon a mountain, a volcanic eruption kills them; intimidated by this, the Aztecas take counsel together, and the advice of Huitziton prevails. Tlalala opposes it violently and vainly; he then bears the tidings to the Welsh, and challenges Madoc first, and on his refusal, any of his followers, but the challenge is every where refused. At the moment the Aztecas begin their emigration, in the presence of them all, he destroys himself on the grave of his friend Ocelopan. So Madoc is left in possession of the land, without an enemy.

In the Eighth Book, the Aztecas attempt to burn the ships of Madoc. The attack is made by night. Tlalala is then taken prisoner.

The beavers to be described, where Madoc walks alone along the Towys' winding banks.

The fidelity of the dog, ought not to be forgotten. I love dogs, and would willingly take this to Peru, if I could make him of any use there.

Something may be made out of the Eagle of Gâr, and the Eagle of Snowdon.

The story of Elidore may be alluded to, perhaps in a simile between its sunless light and the clouds of Peru.

In the Third Book, the scurvy should perhaps be described; there is room for a powerful description.

Recollection of a dead friend, when pleasant and useful, though painful even to tears. Cadwallon and Gnetha.

The scurvy must not be introduced. One might tilt with Lucretius, but the voyage is too short, and then it were not an inviting circumstance.

Coatel faints when led to the altar, and is sacrificed senseless; in that dreadful hour Nature was kind.

Place of shelter among the mountains, compared to that where Manuel was defeated. From Knolles's very interesting account.

Burning the ships. The alarmed eagle from his mountain-nest gazed on the midnight splendour.

Will it lessen the fitness of the poem to suppose a marriage between Madoc and Elen? Her meeting him on the shore of the lake after his escape affords a fine opportunity for discovering affection.

At Merthyr, I saw the furnace fires reflected upon the clouds at night. This is a good image for the burning the ships.

In the engagement by the ships the coracles and water pilgrimages may be mentioned.

The probation of a savage on the banks of the Oronoco can be briefly told by Tlalala. Relating how his father slew one in the gladiatorian sacrifice, after having himself taken him prisoner.

The traditions respecting the Mammuth, and the race of strangers mentioned in that Spanish account of Peru.

The Eighth Book had better begin thus: Tlalala is brought a prisoner from the ships, he had lain in wait to kill one of the Welsh, and had been taken. The ships should be burnt. Some books afterwards by Madoc himself after his release, to show his resolution of remaining in the country.

When Tlalala comes with offers of peace, he finds Aztlan in an uproar. It is the festival of the arrival of the gods, and no signs of their arrival are seen; all is consternation. Tezozomoc comes from his nine months' fast, and asks a white victim.

The fires are blazing, and the victims ready to be thrown in. The priests call on their gods, and gash themselves, and smear themselves with the unction of in-

fants' blood; first with the insect ointment. The intoxication of joy succeeds.

The unction must be reserved for the mountain sacrifice.

The pond Ezapan is made thick with blood.

The gods must not arrive till the white victims are taken.

Funeral of Ocelopan, and Coanocotzin.

Night marked by the fire flies, the flames growing brighter, and the smoke unseen in the darker atmosphere. Tezozomoc has seen Mexitlis's mother, who tells him how to invite the gods. Ocelopan and Tlalala devote themselves, and drink each other's blood. Then Tezozomoc feels the passing Deity. The priests shout they come, and the victims are thrown into the fire.

The Flyers and the dance of Yucatan at the coronation of Huitziton.

The banner of the nation to be taken from Mexitlis' shield.

Ocelopan seizes Hoel and runs away with him. Madoc follows, and is seized; but Ocelopan, without waiting for them, hastens on to Aztlan with the child. Procession to the sacred cavern by the lake, hymn to Taloc, and congratulations to the child who is destined to the joys of Talocan, the cool paradise. Hoel, tired of crying, is amused by the pomp. Coatel has been sent with the temple-girls to gather flowers for the shrine of Coatlantona; she has separated from them when she discovers the way into the cavern. From a rock she may see the procession; and she may be led to find out the secret entrance by the cries of the child.

After the escape of Madoc, the Peruvians perform the ceremony of driving away calamity.—*Garcilaso*, p. 258.

Ocelopan and Tlalala both insist that Madoc shall die by the gladiatorian sacrifice. Tlalala tells how his father took prisoner a chief who had passed the probation (Robertson), and who had made a drum of his enemies' skin (Garcilaso); that he killed him in the gladiatorian sacrifice, and besought the gods for a son who might follow his example, and that the gods had heard him. The priests think it will encourage the people to see a stranger killed in single combat. Coanocotzin gives Madoc a sword. The combat and death of Ocelopan. Attack made by the whole Welsh force.

Book 5. Elen may ask to see Hoel's grave.

Book 6. The religious rites before their embarkation described. On such a departure both V. Flaccus and Camoens have written. That, however, matters not.

The harp heard by Tlalala compared to the music of the herb that sprung from the blood of Orpheus.

Could I not with some effect introduce the excommunication of Owen Cyveilioc?

Wherever Harold penetrated into Wales, he erected stone pillars, remaining in Giraldus's time, thus inscribed: HIC FUIT VICTOR HARALDUS. This should be noticed.

Compared with the other Europeans, the Welsh were called unarmed. This should be noted. And the wisdom of Madoc may borrow the armour of the Saxons.

Cornage[1] tenure noticed.

The ships were galleys.—*Lyt.* 3. 91.

Coatel in passing to the temple of Coatlantona sees Madoc lying bound. That end of the town is deserted. She cuts his bonds, leads him to Hoel, and refuses to accompany their flight, thinking of her father. They cross the lake; and at landing find Elen on the bank. Gwenlhian is watching her brother's arms; ready to destroy herself with his sword, if danger should approach.

Perhaps the narrative of Madoc's escape should be an after relation by himself. In this case the eleventh book would open with Elen wandering along the water side.

Mervyn is with Gwenlhian. Madoc takes the boy to the battle—"I was a stripling such as thou art—at Corwen." The suffu-

[1] See DU CANGE in v. *Cornagium*, et *Tenere per cornagium*. In COWEL'S words, "The service of which tenure is to blow a horn when any invasion of the northern enemy is perceived," in v.—J. W. W.

sion of fear is mistaken for the glow of courage, and Mervyn goes to fight.

Lincoya is armed like the Welsh. Of the battle, the chief incidents are the death of Coanocotzin and the capture of Mervyn.

On the voyage, flying fish.

Book 2. The isoeratic system briefly shown by Cadwallon.

12. Funeral. Coronation. Coatel. Lincoya.

I believe after all it will be better not to identify Madoc with Mango Capac, and consequently not lay the scene in Peru.

A miracle. The broken idol of Mexitli is found one morning whole in the temple at Patamba, and the banner of the nation above it.

It was the voice of a bird that occasioned the migration of the Aztecans. This bird should be supposed the spirit of Coanocotzin.

13. Aztlan. Ceremony of driving away calamity. Ambassadors from Huitziton, warning Madoc to depart. They follow him to the ships, which he then burns.

The ships must not be burnt. It would be too like other poems; and the description of the fire would interfere with that of the volcano, for which all my combustible ideas ought to be reserved.

The ships should be pulled to pieces, and vessels made of them to act upon the lake, like the galleys, by force of their beaks.

10 and 11. Kenric should be in the battle.

3. Shoal of porpoises before the tempest. Their leaping.

Water-spout. — *Le Nouveau Monde. Chant.* 19. 102. P.

Becalm him.

14. Close of the century. Hymn at sunset. The mountain sacrifice. The eruption. The earthquake.

The troops assembled to march the first morning of the new century. The pond. The unction. The prisoners' breast the altar.

6. Dr. Beddoes suggested that Madoc should recommend Emma to Rodri and Llewelyn. Certainly.

2. Somewhat of Madoc's early character should be given. The buds of genius.

Something fine may be made of the last interview between Madoc and Huitziton. Madoc should have saved the ashes of the kings and heroes, and give them to the emigrating monarch. This should soften him; his father's urn; and they should separate with feelings of affection.

Effect of the century's termination. Vessels broken, lights extinguished, women and children veiled with aloe-leaves and shut up. The priests bathe in the pond Ezapan. Unctions of scorpion-poultice and that of infants' blood. Hymn at sunset. Procession to the mountain. The prisoner. Topographical description.

The birds fluttering about during the night earthquake.

15. Aztlan. The storm abates, the Welsh put out their galleys to assist the Aztecans. Huitziton resolves to emigrate — the omen drawn from the bird. Tlalala goes to Aztlan, and takes possession of the house where he was born. His wife and child have been saved. He refuses all offers of friendship, and only requests a weapon to die with. This at length he seizes; then veils her face, alluding to the late rites, and stabs himself.

Huitziton kindles a fire in a perfectly calm day, to direct his emigration the way the smoke takes. It leads by Aztlan. Madoc brings the ashes himself. Huitziton requests, if ever Patamba should reappear, that respect may be shewn to the remains of Coanocotzin.

Hanquel must be noticed in the earlier books.

14. Hymn to the warriors' dead, to intercede with the sun. Coanocotzin and Ocelopan particularized, so shall they not be debarred the joy of vengeance.

A monk wants to go with Madoc.

7. Would this increase the interest. The victim to be a female; the offering to Teteoinan. The anachronism matters not.

She is to be shot with arrows. Her brother comes to the Welsh, and goes with them to Aztlan. He rushes to save, or rather revenge her, and the Welsh take his part.

Some of the North American tribes held annually the Festival of the Dead, when they dug up all who had died in the preceding year and set food before them. This will make a strong scene; and here I can find a wife for Cadwallon. A young widow about to be compelled to an unwelcome marriage.

The lake islands, floating gardens, and dwellings.

The sacrifice of the first-born. There must be a book in which Madoc converts his Indians from Paganism. It may hinge upon this sacrifice. The high-priest of the tribe may be a good man. His daughter may have a child, and attempt to conceal it, so that her punishment for this impiety may affect him. And what with his influence, and that of Madoc, the idols overthrown.

In Garcilaso, History of Florida, is an instance where the death of the chief occasioned the defeat of the Indians.—P. 202.

After reading Garcilaso's Floridan History, I find it was not a place for Europeans to fix in. South America will be better. Up the great river, and somewhere in the interior of that continent. Brazil, or Paraguay, or El Dorado.

7. The opening lines lyrically to group sea scenery, describing all the characteristic appearances, and voyage feelings.

A.D. 715. Sacara, the Spanish governor of Merida, when the Moors took that town, is said to have sailed in search of the Fortunate Islands.

Carlos Magno, p. 23, a speaking bird; but not understandable, like the guide of Huitziton.

David's tyranny. A woman's cruelty murdering the innocent reptile that she fears.

Madoc goes up the Mississippi certainly.

It is difficult to weave into one thread the two actions. The reformation of the friendly tribe—with the external war. The Priests must be the link.

The Pathocas are the auxiliar tribe. Erilyab their chief, a man well minded, but too weak to be virtuous. His son, Rajenet, is a sullen and crafty savage, hostile to the Welsh from jealousy; and because Gwenlhian is refused to him. He therefore leagues in secret with the Aztecans.

Gwenlhian *must* marry a savage. I know only his name—Herma; but he must deserve her.

Melamin is the wife of Cadwallon. How he wooed her must be told to Madoc, because it will be a less interruption than that at any other time, and because I want a child born about the period of Madoc's return. This boy the priest Dithial claims as a sacrifice. He leagues with Rajenet.

In the great danger, when all hands are called out to rescue Madoc, Rajenet offers to remain and guard the women. Herma does the same from suspicion; thus the one is signalized, and the other got rid of.

The priestcraft of Dithial should all be exposed; his coward confession marks him an under character to Tezozomoc.

Immediate possession of the crown is one of Rajenet's motives. Erilyab is half tempted by superstition; and the promise that Aztlan will remit all tribute if he will assist to turn out the strangers. Conscious of his own unworthiness, he at last shall give up all his authority, and so rise into respectability.

Herma is the victim who escapes, Book 7.

The Pathoca chief priest is not a rogue. He should be father of Melamin. His name Urarāja.

Erilyab shall be a woman; hating the Aztecans for her husband's death.

The new characters then are Erilyab, Rajenet, Herma, Melamin, Urarāja, Dithial. The seven old ones make the whole number of prominent savages amount to thirteen.

Elen and Gwenlhian must be brought into the foreground.

The capture of Madoc must not be at the same time with that of Hoel.

I have seen the print of a snake-statue as an idol in Yucatan. It may be managed to have this the idol, and make Dithial tame a huge serpent and pass him for the descended deity. Madoc should kill him.

The rescued victim is Melamin. To her tribe Cadwallon goes to seek an alliance. In his absence the capture of Madoc happens.

There is a gap between books 7 and 8, which may be widened. Book 7 will swell into two.

Cadwallon shows Madoc an infant of but a few days, the first born of the colony, the child of himself and Melamin. After the rescue of Herma, all being peaceable, Cadwallon accompanied him to his own tribe—no—this is rambling. After the removal to the mountains, they go to form an alliance. The mode of entering a village. The calumet. Quits North American savages. Melamin first seen by her husband's war-pole. Then the festival of the dead. On their return Melamin accompanies her brother. Reverence. Gratitude ripens into love. Cynetha must be kept alive a little longer, that her attentions to him may half win Cadwallon's heart. The lamp-courtship of Canada. Books 7 and 8, in the room of 7, as now.

Book 9 follows thus, Dithial demands Cadwallon's child for the snake idol. He has had a dream. He comes again the next day, or rather Rajenet comes, and demands it in Erilyab's name. For the snake idol has put on life, and at night seized one child, which, under protection of the Cambrians, had been refused. The mother tells the tale. A cavern is the temple; at the mouth is the great serpent sunning himself, and in the act of fascinating. Madoc kills him.

Rajenet's demand of Gwenlhian.

Book 10. A religious ceremony of naming the child: it should be done on Cynetha's grave. This ought to be as solemn and striking as possible. During the after festival, Tlalala's attempt on Caradoc: and here we fall into the great road.

Book 11 will then be the present 8th, and on 12, 13.

14 (the 11th). When Madoc reaches the settlement, he finds Dithial a prisoner, Rajenet dead. They had seized the opportunity of making their own terms. Meaning to secure the women as hostages. The dog killed Rajenet, and with Herma successfully defended them. The inweaving this throws the battle and capture of Aztlan to book 15. The twelfth remains for book 16.

Book 17. The town purified. Dithial's confession. The resignation of Erilyab. Herma's marriage. Eleno? I think so.

18. During that ceremony the war-embassadors. Caradoc retires in envious recollection to the lake banks. Senena follows, and avows herself. Some moonlight scene. Some song that he had taught her.

19. The great lake-battle, now in 13. 14 makes 20.

21. The close. Ilanquel and her child may have escaped, and be by Tlalala *led* to Madoc.

June 6, 1801, Lisbon.

Certainly to Bardsey, and there the interview with Llewelyn should be; he has watched his uncle, and follows in a coracle.

Were not some Adamites in England then, who died for want of food—as Jane Shore is fabled to have perished. One of these Madoc might relieve in death, and thus be tuned to answer a volunteer priest angrily.

The Welsh Indians have a Bible. Madoc will only preach what the feelings of man instinctively assent to; the rest he leaves for times of reason. Surely this is wisdom.

Tlalala's first feeling religious on his escape from the lake. Note Aguilar's release from the Indians.

Ceremony of the peace at Aztlan, and incensing Madoc.

At Huitziton's coronation the Paste-Idol ground to powder and given to be drank.

October 4, 1801.[1] Sentence of annihilation pronounced upon Caradoc and Senena. The song, book 4, and the harp incident, are transferable to Madoc himself.

Nor can the Cadwallon and Melamin story enter. It is too episodical.

Out with Ririd! he is good for nothing.

No rupture before Madoc's return, only the gathering of the storm. Cadwallon's narrative therefore communicates little, only the escape of Herma. The arrival of Madoc is while the treason is preparing.

Book 8. Therefore an interview with Coanocotzin, wherein no ground for suspicion appears, except that the King intreats Madoc to remove. The demand of the child for sacrifice follows; and the capture of Madoc is concerted between Tezozomoc, Dithial, and Rajenet.

I think there might be a brother of Hoitziton, 'cui nomen Hiolqui,' a young man deeply attached to Madoc, and in his absence learning much from Cadwallon, his own inclination rather favoured by the wisdom of his elder brother. Him I would attach to Gwenlhian; and when Hoitziton announces war to Madoc, the elder of intellect should with all affection and feeling and justice refuse to quit the Welsh, with whom he has lived, and to bear arms either against or with them. He should kill Rajenet. In the subsequent defeat of the Aztecans, a heavy grief possesses him, and thus the interest of pity is excited in Gwenlhian. After the earthquake he should abandon all to share his brother's sufferings; but on the emigration, Hoitziton commands him as his King. His brother, who has acted the father's part toward him, and his dearest and nearest friend to remain. So a fraternal tie is thus established between Hoitziton and Madoc by the marriage of Gwenlhian and Hiolqui, and nothing else of love can be suffered in the poem.

Helhua sleeps in the Field of the Spirit before the Great Serpent puts on life, and is warned against the strangers.

The Kalendar.

The death of Henry V. The hermit's denunciation at the siege of Dreux.[2] He tells him how beautiful he remembered that country, how happy the people. A sermon, and war the text.

Crecy.—This must be a morality upon the Prince's crest. The only existing effects of that slaughter!

Wallace, an ode.[3]—The populace exulting as he goes to execution, and telling of his rebellion and outlaw life and hiding places. Lay on him the whole weight of such infamy. Then burst out.

Bosworth, a ballad.—A woman expecting her husband from that fight, and the utter inconsequence to her of the public event.

Mary Magdalen.—A musing on that exquisite picture of Corregio.

Lady Day.—A Socinian hymn to the Virgin. Catholic nonsense alluded to. Boatman's evening hymn. The Protestants in an extreme here. What object more deeply interesting than the Mother of Jesus?

St. John will furnish two poems. The tale of the robber, and moralizings on his last advice, "Love one another."

Milton.—A hymn to the memory of the blind republican.

Rape of the Sabines.—The part of this history to dwell upon is the reconciliation

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[1] See Preface to collected edition of *Poems*:—"It was my wish before *Madoc* could be considered as completed, to see more of Wales than I had yet seen. This I had some opportunity of doing in the autumn of 1801, with my old friends and schoolfellows, Charles Wynn and Peter Elmsley." P. x. As I transcribe this, the news reaches me that Mr. Wynn is no more. His name and Southey's are indissolubly connected together."—J. W. W.

[2] See "King Henry V. and the Hermit of Dreux."—*Poems*, p. 432.

[3] See "Death of Wallace."—Ibid. p. 128.

J. W. W.

of the two armies. Like David, I would make history instruct mankind.

The Battle of Murat affords matter for a long poem. On the anniversary of the fight Henry Holland thinks he knows a mendicant pilgrim by the pile of bones. The beggar Charles, so more to humble himself, relates his history to the man whom he had once so spurned. His obstinate ambition, escape across the lake, and murdering the page. A wounded fugitive, he is healed by a Beguine, a young woman, Swiss, who had lost her betrothed husband in the wars he had occasioned; she is one whom religion has comforted; and whose holy resignation wakes agony in him; he resolves to be known no more, and on the day of the fight annually to visit the pile of bones, the monument of his wickedness. It is remarkable that this pile should have been destroyed on the anniversary of that day.

Azincour.—The ruinous effects in England of that successful war.

Poictiers.—Glory. Detail of the consequences of such a battle. The field of battle. The distant wife.

The Conversion of St. Paul.—Conviction blazed on him. But who does not feel the inward monitor at times? Paul the hermit will make a fine serious narrative.

The story of St. Agnes is very fine. I wish I believed the miracle, for the rest must be true.

St. Cæcilia's is an amusing story. One might have invented it for its singularity. He was an odd angel—a kind of angelic incubus. Heywood would have been puzzled where to class him. I must not forget that admirable picture by Carlo Dolce, at Sir Lambert Blackwood's. Is it possible for poetry to equal it?

To the Dii Manes, a Christian hymn.

Teresa.—The progress of religious enthusiasm. This should be in Spenser's stanza.

Christmas.—But Good Friday will be a better day for serious musings on Christianity, to condense the moral and political system of Christ. Christmas must be cheerful, anti-puritanical, half catholic. I hate puritan manners.

Of my former poems I must remove the New Year's Ode, the First of December, and the Hymn to the Penates.

The first of April.—Can I not make a kind of satyrical poem? as, contending for the prize of Folly, and exposing the serious follies of mankind.

Easter.—I should think the development of my own religious opinions might make an interesting poem. If not, one might indulge the fullness of those devotional feelings, which here every thing seems to curb. Why are they so little understood, and so generally professed only by weak enthusiasts, who render them ridiculous; or knaves, who render them suspected? Perhaps Easter were the best day for a Millenarian hymn.

The Confirmation of Magna Charta by Henry III. Narrative blank verse. It might conclude with a solemn repetition of the curses denounced against those who should violate the charter.

The Discovery of America, an ode.—Beneficial to Europe, not for its gold, not for the conversion of some savages, but because liberty found shelter there, and returned from thence.

John the Baptist.—Herodias requesting his head. Narrative full, and declamatory.

Pultowa.[1] Patkul. The future fortunes and reputation of Charles, an invective ode.

Llewelyn, an historic ode.—The prophecy alluded to. Glory of the defeated King, yet the event fortunate for Wales.

For Lammas Day.—Some particulars may be found in the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, vol. 1, p. 92, Cadell, relative to the customs in Mid Lothian on that day.

Topographical books should always be consulted.

In vol. 4 of Plutarch's Morals is a Pagan vision of a future state, in the tract concerning those whom God is slow to punish.

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[1] See "The Battle of Pultowa."—*Poems*, p. 124.—J. W. W.

I should like to give it in a note to S. Patrick's Purgatory, but for its length.

December.—The senate passed a decree to make the year begin in that month, because Nero was born in it!—TACITUS, book xiii.[1] GORDON, vol. 2, p. 516.

L'Almanac chantant de M. Nau.

L'Année sacrée de Pierre-Juste Saufel, Jesuite.

La Madelaine au Désert de la Sainte-Beaume, en Provence, par Pierre de St. Louis. Un chef-d'œuvre etonnant de ridicule et de mauvais goût," says the A. Sabatier.

The Death of Joan of Arc must be a regular drama.

Notes for Thalaba.

POISON from a red-headed Christian.—Garcilasso, 1, 3; Nieuhoff, 97, 2. "Three ounces of a red-haired wench." Dogs roll in a putrid carcase; yet the skin of man absorbs the poison.—Garcilasso, 2, 3. Mad dogs perhaps analogous; yet red hair a beauty then.—Absalom.

Ornaments. Incas' liberality to their subjects. Savages.—Kellet, p. 114.

Jugglers. Tavernier. Query, the science of the priests.

Northern Lights. There is a passage in Tacitus certainly descriptive of this phenomenon.—Pennant. R. B. account of prodigies. Noise of the rising sun, 3. C. 25.

Polygamy perhaps the radical evil of the east. Domestic slavery leading to the opinion that despotism was equally necessary in a state as in a family. Something like polygamy among the Jews.

Persians — why better than the Turks with the same government and religion? painting allowed, and wine; more literature; courteous to Europeans, so as to be called the Frenchmen of the East.

Arabia. Query, if reclaimable? Take from the Arab his horse, and he must betake himself to the pastoral state.

Camel. Professor Heering's letter on introducing them at the Cape.—Monthly Magazine, January 1800. He forgets that this animal seems made by nature for a level country only.

Slavery of women. Vashti and Ahasuerus.

Balm. Martyrs' blood at Beder.—Carlos Magno. p. 44, 61. The balsam of Ferabraz. Sympathetic powder.—Sir K. Digby.

Fatalism. The story of Solomon. Our follies in England. The marked for death in Carlos Magno, 255. Inoculation strange, but beauty the most saleable commodity; and thus interest sets aside the creed.

Nightingale. Gongora. Strada. A. Phillips. Crashaw.

Palace of Irem. Gongora. Escurial.

Magical travelling. History of North Guadalupe, p. 246. The woman who told her husband the devil was coming for her. The Frenchman's scheme for getting out of the whirl of the world; rising up at Paris, and dropping down at the antipodes. —Jehan Molinet, 181.

Superstition of emitted light. Vasconcellos, 211, 229. Dee lights. Corpse candles. Is Moses's forehead the fountain of this? The primary light which kindled them? The Mohammedans write often of his shining hand.

The balance of the dead.—Carlos Magno. 287.

Bird-parasol. Anchieta. The one-footed man in the Margarita Philosophica.

Magic.—English Chaplain, 3, cap. 8.

Bird of the Brain. Seat of the Soul. Otaheitean opinion.

A good mock-philosophic note might be made upon the changes produced in the earth by the falling in of the Dom-Daniel. The origin of the Maelstrom proved to have been this. Increase of cold[1] also in those regions, the rush of the waters ha-

[1] I think there is a mistake here. The two passages in the "Annals" occur, lib. xv. c. 74, lib. xvi. 12. In the first, the words are "Mensis quoque Aprilis *Neronis* cognomentum acciperet." In the second, "Aprilem eumdemque *Neroneum*."—J. W. W.

[1] Lord Dreghorn, &c.

ving put out a great portion of the central fire; hence no vineyards in England as formerly. Consequences from the immense quantity of steam thus generated.—Geyser.

Thus was the Dom-Daniel formed. The explosion of the earth from the sun took place in consequence of the war in heaven. The Devil and his angels were projected with the fluid mass; but the heavier bodies in this projectile motion necessarily became outermost, and in their whirling vorticed the evil spirits into the centre. There their breath, naturally warm, and now more heated, formed the central caverns — air-bubbles in the fused earth. When they burrowed they made volcanos; the mountains in which these craters are formed being only the mole-hills which they threw up.

"And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp,
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own."
COWPER.

Coffee.—Olearius. Parrot.—Bruce.

Ablutions. The Moors prohibited the use of baths.

10. Okba fulfilling the prophecy. Dampier. Curious prophecy, that worked its own accomplishment:

Henna, the Portuguese phrase for a coxcomb.

"Some Jews have a diminutive opinion of the book of Esther, because the word Jehova is not to be found in all the extent thereof."—FULLER. *Triple Reconciler*, 131.

Solomon —whom many, says Gaffarel, very inconsiderately reckon among the damned.

Sailing carriages would be the best mode of travelling in Arabia.

In Adamson's Senegal. An account of riding ostriches.

B. Diaz, p. 4, says, that in some of his voyages they suffered so much from thirst that their lips and tongues had chaps in them with dryness.

"FUGIT Hinda speculatores canitiei meæ
Cepitq; eam fastidium ab inclinatione capitis mei.
Ita mos est Diabolis, ut fugiant
Ubi apparuerint stellæ volantes."
Yahya Ebn Said. Abul Pharajuis.

From the Koran.

"FEAR the fire, whose fewel is men and stones prepared for the unbelievers."—Ch. 2.

"VERILY those who disbelieve our signs, we will surely cast to be broiled in hell fire. So often as their skins shall be well burned, we will give them other skins in exchange, that they may take the sharper torment."—Ch. 4.

"THERE is no kind of beast on earth, nor fowl which flieth with its wings, but the same is a people like unto you; we have not omitted any thing in the book of our decrees; then unto their Lord shall they return."—Ch. 6.

"WITH him are the keys of the secret things, none knoweth them besides himself: he knoweth that which is on the dry land, and in the sea; there falleth no leaf but he knoweth it; neither is there a single grain in the dark parts of the earth, neither a green thing, nor a dry thing, but it is written in the perspicuous book."—Ch. 6.

"IT is he who hath ordained the stars for you, that ye may be directed thereby in the darkness of the land, and of the sea."—Ch. 6.

"HE would not open his lip to speech, or suffer the fish of reply to swim in the sea of utterance."—BAHAR-DANUSH.

"BY wheedling and coaxing, she prevailed upon him to remove the cover from the jar of secrecy, and pour the wine of his inmost thoughts into the cup of relation."—Ibid.

"FARTHER, the light-footed steed of the pen has not found permission to proceed on the plain of prolixity."—Ibid.

"THE Jonas of day descends into the belly of the whale of the west."—Ibid.

"LA mañana desterrava
Con azotas de luz, la noche esaura."
DAVID.

"ABSALOM.—Hasta los hombros pende su cabello
Mas que el oro de Arabia roxo, y bello."

"CADA año qual renuevo lo cortava
A damas se vendia para ornato."
DAVID.

"THIS conversation resembles the fallacious appearance of water in a desart, which ends in bitter disappointment to the stag parched with thirst."—SACONTALA.

"ABSALOM so absolutely fair—
He farre puff'd up, died wavering in the air,—
A growing gallows grasping tumid hope,
The wind was hangman, and his hairs the rope."
LORD STIRLINE. *Doomsday, 6th Hour.*

"MOHAMMEDES vinum appellabat matrem peccatorum; cui sententiæ Hafez, Anacreon ille Persarum, minime ascribit suam; dicit autem

'ACRE illud (vinum) quod vir religiosus *matrem peccatorum*[1] vocitat,
Optabilius nobis ac dulcius videtur, quam virginis suavium.'"
Poeseos Asiat. Com.

"JUVENIS, qui post mortem ob liberalitatem suam vivit,
Sicut pratum post imbris effusionem virescit."
In libro HAMASA. *Poes.*, &c.

"VIDI in hortulo violam,
Cujus folia rore splendebant;
Similis erat flos ille (puellæ) cæruleos habenti oculos
Quorum cilia lacrymas stillant."
EDU RUMI. *Poeseos*, &c.

"ILLIDE ignem illum nobis liquidum,
Hoc est, ignem illum aquæ similem affer."
HAFEZ.

"MEDICINAM (vinum) quæ somni origo sit, affer."—Ibid.

"ERADICET te Deus, ignave miles;
Nunquam te irrigent matutinæ nubis guttæ!
Neu fundat pluviam nubes super domicilia tribûs,
Ubi tu commoraris, neu virescant eorum colles!
Induisti, o fili Bader, ignominiæ
Pallium, nec te deserent illum secuturæ miseriæ.
De Antaræ et Ablæ amoribus."
SIR W. J.

"A DULCIBUS Hafezi numeris stillat immortalitatis aqua."—HAFEZ.

"HIS fingers, in beauty and slenderness appearing as the Yed[2] Bieza, or like rays

[1] "But Thalaba took not the draught;
For rightly he knew had the prophet forbidden
That beverage; the mother of sin," &c.
Thalaba, Book vi. p. 25.—J. W. W.

[2] "The miraculously shining hand of Moses."

of the sun, being tinged with Hinna, seemed branches of transparent red coral."—*Introduction to the Bahar-Danush, or Garden of Knowledge, by* EINAIUT OOLLAH. *Translated by* SCOTT.

"MY joints and members seemed as if they would separate from each other, and the bird of life would quit the nest of my body."

"The bird of my soul became a captive in the net of her glossy ringlet."[1]—BAHAR-DANUSH.

"SHE had laid aside the rings which used to grace her ankles, lest the sound of them should expose her to calamity."—*Asiatic Researches.*

THE grave of Francisco Jorge, the Maronite martyr, was visited by two strange birds, white, and of unusual size. They emblemed, says Vasconcellos, the purity and the indefatigable activity of his soul.

Pastoral Poetry.

PASTORAL poetry must be made interesting by story. The characters must be such as are to be found in nature; these must be sought in an age or country of simple manners.

The shepherds and shepherdesses of romance are beings that can be found nowhere. Such a work will not, therefore, be pastoral, but it will be something better. It will neither have pastoral love nor pastoral verses.

I think a good story may be made of Robin Hood—my old favourite. It must have forest scenery, forest manners, and outlaw morality. Should he be the principal character, or like the Arthur of Spenser—a kind of tutelary hero?

Some tale of feudal tyranny may be grafted on; perhaps made the principal action. A neif with an evil lord.

The age of Robin Hood is in every point favourable. The royal authority was lax enough to allow any undue power to a distant lord. The crusading spirit abroad, some little heresy also in the world; chivalry in perfection; and practical equality in Sherwood.

Perhaps the old system of wardship would be the best hinge. For the first time I wish for my law books.

But with all this, what becomes of the pastoral? Every thing, however, that is good in the pastoral may still be retained. Scenes of natural beauty, and descriptions of simple life.

The popular belief of fairies, goblins, witches, and ghosts, and the Catholic saint-system render any machinery needless.

It is difficult to avoid a moral anachronism. We can go back to old scenery and old manners, but not to old associations. In this subject I shall not much feel this defect. There is no difficulty in thinking like Robin Hood; and persecuted affection must feel pretty much the same in all ages.

In this I can introduce the fine incident of my schoolboy tale. After long absence a young man approaches his native castle, and finds it in ruins. It is evening; and by the moonlight he sees a woman sitting on a grave. His beaver is down. She runs to him, and calls him father; for it is his sister, watching her father's grave, a maniac.

Extracts.

"ADMIR'D and lost, just welcom'd and deplor'd,
Cam'st thou, fair nymph, to wake delight and grief;

[1] Are these merely metaphorical? or do they allude to the "perched birds of the brain" of the Moallakat — the Pagan Arabs' belief? was it from a wish to conciliate these Pagans, that the souls of the blessed are said to animate green birds in the groves of paradise?

Parrots are called in the Bahar-Danush "the green vested resemblers of heaven's dwellers."

So again "the bird of understanding fled from the nest of my brain."

Like Lapland summers, with each beauty stor'd,
Transient like them, and exquisitely brief?"

Mrs. West's elegy on a young lady who died soon after her marriage.

"WHOEVER casts up his eyes loseth the idea of Paradise."

In the inscription over the portal of the famous mausoleum at Com. Chardin.

"O QUAM verenda micat in oculis lenitas! Minantur et rident simul."

Chinese ode, in Sir W. Jones's "Poeseos Asiaticæ Commentarii."

The Silkworm.

"MILLE legunt releguntq; vias, atq; orbibus orbes
Agglomerant, cæco donec se carcere claudant
Sponte suâ."—VIDA.

Ill Poets.

"HAUD longum tales ideo lætantur, et ipsi
Sæpe suis superant monumentis, illaudatique
Extremum ante diem fœtus flevere caducos,
Viventesq; suæ viderunt funera famæ."
Ibid.

"QUANDO fuerça a Saul humano rito
En ella entrar, con habitos caydos
Por pagar lo que dève al appetito."
DAVID. *del* DOCTOR JACOBO UZIEL.

Humility.

"A TATTER'D cloak that pride wears when deform'd."—GEBIR.

"BUT I have sinuous shells, of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch; where, when unyoked
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave.
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."[1]
Ibid.

"AND the long moon-beam on the hard wet sand
Lay like a jasper column half uprear'd."
Ibid.

"NOR is there aught above like Jove himself, fixt,
Nor weighs against his purpose, when once
Aught but, with supplicating knee, the prayers.
Swifter than light are they, and every face
Though different, glows with beauty: at the throne kind,
Of mercy, when clouds shut it from man-
They fall bare-bosomed; and indignant Jove voice
Drops at the soothing sweetness of their
The thunder from his hand."—Ibid.

"AINSI, dans ce cachot, dans ce séjour du crime,
Où la mort s'essayait à fraper sa victime,
Dieu laissait échaper, de sôn sein glorieux,
Un rayon du bonheur dont on jouit aux Cieux.
Telle, en un souterrein, une faible ouverture
Laisse entrer sous la voûte, une lumière pure,
Dont le mobile éclat, dans l'ombre répandu,
Rejouit le captif sur la terre étendu."
LE SUIRE.

Applied to one solitary and cherished hope, the simile is striking.

[1] The reader will recollect that Wordsworth has the same image. The next image Southey once told me he thought almost unequalled.
J. W. W.

" Tout cet appareil de dehors,
Le train, les honneurs, les thresors,
Luy sont ce qui est a l'arbre un verdoyant feuillage:
Elle en connoist le prix et sçait bien s'en servir;
Mais sans se plaindre au Ciel, sans ployer sous l'orage
Elle les quitte au vent, qui les luy vient ravir."
Le Moyne. *La Femme Forte.*

" L'or n'est que la bile éclaircie
D'un corps lourd obscur et brutal;
L'Argent à nos yeux si fatal,
N'en est que l'écume endurcie."—Ibid.

" Ce brave *Mede* est mort.
Abradates
Et maintenant encore son Ombre entre les morts
De ceux qu'il a vaincu suit les Ombres errantes
Sonnet. Panthea.
Le Moyne. *La Gallerie.*

" Schyr Jhone Webetown thar was slayne.
And quhen he dede wis, as ye her,
Thai fand intill hys coffer
A lettyr that hym send a lady,
That he luffyt per drouery.[1]
That said quhen he had yemyt a yer
In wer, as a gud batchiller,
The awenturs castell off Dowglas
That to kep sa peralous was;
Than mycht he weill ask a lady
Hyr amours and hyr drouery."
The Bruce, B. 8, p. 488.

" La mer n'est plus qu'un cercle aux yeux des Matelots [flots."
Où le Ciel forme un dôme appuyé sur les
Le Nouveau Monde, par M. Le Suire.

[1] *Per drouery*, is not in a view of marriage. The term is old French.

" Du sommet d'un rocher précipitant ses flots,
Une cascade au loin fait mugir les échos,
Tombe, écume et bouillonne, et son eau tourmentée
Semble se disperser en poussière argentée."
Le Suire.

The silver dust of the waters.

" Sa ceinture éblouit par le jeu varié
Du feu des diamans avec l'or marié."—Ibid.

" Le bon sens s'eclost de ses levres de rose
Comme sort un bon fruit d'une agreable fleur."—Le Moyne. *La Femme Forte.*

" Thunder—
it grones and grumbles
It rouls and roars, and round-round-round it rumbles."
Sylvester's *Du Bartas.*

Freedom.

I have seldom met with a nobler burst in any poem than in "The Bruce." After describing the oppressive government of " Jhone the Balleoll,

" A! fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome mayse man to haiff liking;
Fredome all solace to man giffis:
He levys at ese, that frely levys!
A noble hart may haiff nane ese
Na ellys nocht that may him plese,
Gyff fredome failyhe; for fre liking
Is yharnyt our all othir thing.
Na he, that ay hase levyt fre,
May nocht knaw weill the propyrte
The angyr, na the wrechyt dome
That is cowplyt to foule thryldome."
Buke 1, p. 225.

" Restabat cura sepulchri;
Quo foderem ferrum deerat: miserabile corpus

Frondibus obtexi, puerum nec ab ubere vulsi,
Sicut erat foliis tegitur, funusq; paratur
Heu nimis incertum et primis violabile ventis."—BUSSIERES.

A Gallery.

"UNE porte d'airain s'ouvre alors en deux parts.
Le lieu vaste reçoit les avides regards.

Vers le bout éloigné, que l'œil à peine acheve,
La voûte semble basse, et le pavé s'éleve.
Le lambris qui les suit vers un but limité
Diminuë à l'égal d'un et d'autre costé."
CLOVIS.

"Yo vi con apariencia manifiesta
que no fue el respuesta por él mismo,
mas por algun espiritu compuesta:
como si alguna furia del abismo
al sabio las entrañas le royera,
ó como que le toma parasismo
con los mismos efectos: y tal era
la presencia del viejo quando vino
a darme la respuesta verdadera.
Andaba con furioso desatino
torciendose las manos arrugadas,
los ojos bueltos de un color sanguino:
las barbas, antes largas y peynadas,
llevaba vedijosas y rebueltas,
como de fieras sierpes enroscadas:
las rocas, que con mil nudosas bueltas
la cabeza prudente le ceñian,
por este y aquel hombro lleva sueltas:
las horrendas palabras parecian
salir por una trompa resonante,
y que los yertos labios no movian."
L. LEONARDO.

"OLD bed-rid age laments
Its many winters, or does wish 'em more,
To have more strength to fight, or less to die."
SOUTHERNE'S *Persian Prince.*

"O CALL me home again, dear Chief! and put me
To yoking foxes, milking of he-goats,
Pounding of water in a mortar, laving
The sea dry with a nut-shell, gathering all
The leaves are fallen this autumn, making ropes of sand,
Catching the winds together in a net,
Mustering of ants, and numbring atoms; all
That hell and you thought exquisite torments, rather
Than stay me here a thought more. I would sooner
Keep fleas within a circle, and be accomptant
A thousand year which of 'em and how far
Outleap'd the other, than endure a minute
Such as I have within."
BEN JONSON. *The Devil is an Ass.*

"HERE is Domine Picklock
My man o' law, sollicits all my causes,
Follows my business, makes and compounds my quarrels
Between my tenants and me; sows all my strifes
And reaps them too; troubles the country for me,
And vexes any neighbour that I please."
B. J. *The Staple of News.*

Conscience.

"Poor plodding priests, and preaching friars may make
Their hollow pulpits and the empty iles
Of churches ring with that round word! but we
That draw the subtile and more piercing air
In that sublimed region of a court,
Know all is good we make so, and go on
Secur'd by the prosperity of our crimes."
B. J. *Mortimer's Fall.*

" Nasce con noi l'amor della virtu,
Quando non basta ad evitar le colpe
Basta almeno a punir le.
E un don del Cielo, che diventa castigo
Per chi n'abusa, il piu crudel tormento
Ch' hanno i malvagi, e il conservar nel core,
Ancora alor dispetto,
L'idea del giusto, e dell' onesto i semi."

METASTASIO. *Issipile.*

"Expectation in a weake minde, makes an evill greater, and a good less: but in a resolved minde, it digests an evill before it comes, and makes a future good long before present."—Dr. Jos. Hall's *Meditations and Vowes.* 1617.

"The heart of man is a short word, a small substance, scarce enough to give a kite one meale; yet great in capacitie, yea, so infinite in desire, that the round globe of the world cannot fill the three corners of it."—Ibid.[1]

This I suspect to have suggested Quarles' Epigram.

" Christian societie is like a bundle of stickes layed together, whereof one kindles another. Solitary men have fewest provocations to evill, but againe fewest incitations to good. So much as doing good is better than not doing evill, will I account Christian good fellowship better than an Eremitish and melancholike solitarinesse."—Ibid.

" Le monde n'a point de longues injustices."

M. de Sevigné.

Scripture Extracts.

" Behold I have made thee this day a defenced city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land, against the kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priests thereof, and against the people of the land.

" And they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee."—*Jeremiah*, chap. i. 18, 19.

" The lion is come up from his thicket, and the destroyer of the Gentiles is on his way; he is gone forth from his place to make thy land desolate, and thy cities shall be laid waste without an inhabitant.

" For this gird you with sackcloth, lament and howl; for the fierce anger of the Lord is not turned back from us.

" And it shall come to pass at that day, saith the Lord, that the heart of the king shall perish, and the heart of the princes; and the priests shall be astonished, and the prophets shall wonder."—Ibid. chap. iv. 7, 8, 9.

" I beheld, and lo, there was no man, and all the birds of the heavens were fled.

" I beheld, and lo, the fruitful place was a wilderness, and all the cities thereof were broken down at the presence of the Lord and by his fierce anger."—Ibid. chap. iv. 25, 26.

" For thus hath the Lord of hosts said, Hew ye down trees and cast a mount against Jerusalem; this is the city to be visited; she is wholly oppression in the midst of her.

" As a fountain casteth out her waters, so she casteth out her wickedness: violence and spoil is heard in her; before me continually is grief and wounds.

" Be thou instructed, O Jerusalem, lest my soul depart from thee; lest I make thee desolate, a land not inhabited."—Ibid. chap. vi. 6, 7, 8.

" And the carcases of this people shall be meat for the fowls of the heaven, and for the beasts of the earth; and none shall fray them away."—Ibid. chap. vii. 33.

[1] See infrà, p. 222.—J. W. W.

"Death is come up into our windows and is entered into our palaces, to cut off the children from without, and the young men from the streets."—Ibid. chap. ix. 21.

"Say unto the King and to the Queen, humble yourselves, sit down; for your principalities shall come down, even the crown of your glory.

"Lift up your eyes and behold them that come from the North: where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil."—Ibid. chap. xiii. 18. 20. 23.

"Moreover I will take from them the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride, the sound of the millstones and the light of the candle."—Ibid. chap. xxv. 10.

"If thou art read in amorous books, thou'lt find
That Cupid's arrow has a golden head,
And 'twas a golden shaft that wounded them." May, *The Old Couple.*

"Over their marriage bed I'll write their ages,
And only say, here lies Sir Argent Scrape,
Together with his wife the Lady Covet.
And whosoever reads it, will suppose
The place to be a tomb, no marriage bed.
To fit them for an Hymenæal song,
Instead of those so high and spirited strains
Which the old Grecian lovers used to sing,
I'll sing a quiet dirge, and bid them sleep
In peaceful rest, and bid the clothes, instead
Of earth, lie gently on their aged bones."
Ibid.

"Well, let it be a riddle!
I have not so much wit as to expound it,
Nor yet so little as to lose my thoughts,
Or study to find out what the no-reason
Of a young wenches will is." Ibid.

"Like the black and melancholick yew-tree,
Dost think to root thyself in dead men's graves,
And yet to prosper?"
John Webster, *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona.*

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κεν τῶτο γένος κατὰ γαῖα κάλυψε,
Τοὶ μὲν δαίμονές εἰσι, Διὸς μεγάλῳ διὰ βουλὰς,
Ἐσθλοὶ, ἐπιχθόνιοι, φύλακες θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων·
Οἵ ῥα φυλάσσουσίν τε δίκας καὶ σχέτλια ἔργα,
Ἠέρα ἑσσάμενοι, πάντῃ φοιτῶντες ἐπ' αἶαν·
Πλουτοδόται· καὶ τῶτο γέρας βασιλήϊον ἔσχον." Hesiod.

"Καὶ τοὶ μὲν χείρεσσιν ὑπὸ σφετέρῃσι δαμέντες,
Βῆσαν ἐς εὐρώεντα δόμον κρυερῇ ἀΐδαο,
Νώνυμνοι· θάνατος δὲ καὶ ἐκπάγλους περ ἐόντας
Εἷλε μέλας, λαμπρὸν δ' ἔλιπον φάος ἠελίοιο." Ibid.

"Each small breath
Disturbs the quiet of poor shallow waters,
But winds must arm themselves ere the large sea
Is seen to tremble.—Pray your pardon, Sir,
I must not throw away my courage on
A cause so trivial."
William Habington. *The Queen of Arragon.*

Hercules when-left by the Argonauts:
"Tacitumq; pudet potuisse relinqui."
V. Flaccus, lib. iv. 57.

" Ingentes humeros spatiosaque pectoris ossa
Protulit." Ibid. v. 244.

" Et pater orantes cæsorum Tartarus umbras
Nube cavâ tandem ad meritæ spectacula pugnæ
Emittit; summi nigrescunt culmina montis."
Ibid. v. 258.

May must have imitated these lines, but he has excelled them. This man's democracy is always attributed to pique,—as if Lucan could not have made him a republican!

Io.

" Argus et in scopulos, et monstris horrida lustra
Ignotas jubet ire vias; heu multa morantem,
Conantemque preces, inclusaque pectore verba." Ibid. v. 370.

" Tum subitâ resides socios formidine Jason
Præcipitat, rumpitq; moras, tempusq; timendi." Ibid. v. 626.

" Exacto lætus certamine victor
Cespite gramineo consederat, arbore fultus
Acclines humeros.
Sudor adhuc per membra calet, creberq; recurrit
Halitus, et placidi radiant in casside vultus."
Claudian. *in Prob. et Olyb. Cons.* v. 113, &c.

"Obstupuit visu, suspensaq; gaudia vocem
Oppressam tenuere diu." Ibid. v. 234.

Madoc killing Coanocotzin.

" Ultrix manus mucrone furenti
Ducitur," Ibid. *In Ruff. II.* v. 233.

" Metuenda voluptas
Cernenti, pulcherq; timor." Ibid. v. 363.

" Exuviæ tibi ludus erant, primusq; solebas
Aspera complecti torvum post prælia patrem,
Signa triumphato quoties flexisset ab Istro
Arcteâ de strage calens, et poscere partem
De spoliis, Scythicosve arcus, aut rapta Gelonis
Cingula, vel jaculum Daci, vel frena Suevi.
Ille[1] coruscanti clipeo te sæpe volentem
Sustulit arridens, et pectore pressit anhelo
Intrepidum ferri, galeæ nec triste timentem
Fulgur, et ad summas tendentem brachia cristas."—Ibid. *De III. Cons. Honor*, v. 23, &c.

" Hos tibi virtutum stimulos, hæc semina laudum,
Hæc exempla dabat." Ibid. v. 59.

" Illi justitiam confirmavere triumphi;
Præsentes docuere Deos."[2]
Ibid. iv. *Cons. Honor.* v. 98.

John Bunyan of his Pilgrim's Progress.

" It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
And thence into my fingers trickled;
Then to my pen, from whence immediately
On paper I did dribble it daintily."

" Musick *is* nothing else, but wild sounds civilised into Time and Tune. Such the extensiveness thereof, that it stoopeth as low as brute beasts, yet mounteth as high as angels. For horses will do more for a whistle than for a whip, and by hearing their bells, gingel away their weariness."—Fuller.

" Instans de bonheur—goûtés d'avance par l'espoir de les voir renaître, goûtés après qu'ils se sont écoulés, par le souvenir qui les perpétue."—*Voy. du J. Anacharsis.*

Motto for Christmas or May day.

[1] *Thalala.* [This is evidently intended to refer to *Madoc in Atzlan*, ix. See *Poems*, p 377. J. W. W.]

[2] Conquests of the French.

" Noi eravam lungh' essol mare anchora,
Come gente ch'aspetta su camino,
Che va col cuor, et col corpo dimora."
DANTE, *Purgatorio.*

" EVEN in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness." —*Proverbs*, chap. xiv. 13.

BISHOP HALL[1] has stolen from Hugo de Anima. QUARLES' *Emb.* p. 51. " The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it."

" AH! where's that pearl portcullis that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leaved ruby gates?"
QUARLES.

" EL canonizar los yerros, y los defectos, es cerrar la puerta a su correccion."—*Biblioteca Española.*

" HEAVEN is the Magazin wherein He puts
Both good and evil; Pray'r is the key that shuts
And opens this great treasure: 'tis a key
Whose wards are Faith and Hope and Charity.
Wouldst thou prevent a judgement due to sin?
Turn but the key and thou mayest lock it in.
Or wouldst thou have a blessing fall upon thee?
Open the door and it will shower on thee."
QUARLES.

" AMBITION hath now sent
Thee on her frothy errand; Discontent
Pays thee thy wages." Ibid.

[1] See *suprà*, p. 219.—J. W. W.

" WHY, we must fight, I know it, and I long for't,
It was apparent in the fiery eye
Of young Verdone; Beaupre *look'd pale and shook too,*
Familiar signs of anger. They're both brave fellows,
Try'd and approved."
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. *The Little French Lawyer.*

" ON trouve dans le livre de Quesnel (ce livre tant condamné,) une comparaison charmante. L'âme du juste est, dit-il, comme le printems; cette saison, qui nous paroit charmante, ne produit rien: elle n'est agréable que par les espérances qu'elle nous donne: c'est ainsi qu'est la vie de l'homme juste."—MAD. NECKER.

" LA crainte du péril, mère de tant de vœux."
La Colombiade.

" L'ASPECT imprévu de tant de Castillans,
D'étonnement, d'effroi, peint ses regards brillans;
Ses mains du choix des fruits se formant une étude,
Demeurent un moment dans la même attitude."
Ibid.

" ICI, d'un verd brillant le jour peignoit les nues;
Là, des colonnes d'eau dans les airs soutenues,
Portant les flots aux cieux, retomboient dans les mers." Ibid.

" POUR en combler les vœux, le Ciel, qui me seconde,
Fait planer sur les airs un peuple né dans l'onde;
Et ces hôtes des flots, en oiseaux transformés,
Qui fuyoient, par essains, nos Pêcheurs affames,
Comme un nuage épais dans leurs filets s'abiment." Ibid.

"Entreprendre un projet sans peser les hazards,
D'un vulgaire génie annonce l'imprudence;
Craindre des maux prévus est manquer de constance." Ibid.

"Soudain les cheveux blancs du vieillard qu'elle suit,
Brillent, comme un phosphore au milieu de la nuit." Ibid.

"Tes montagnards fougeux, leur casque où pour cimier
Des Vautours enchainés rendent un cri terrible,
Troublent de l'Espagnol le courage invincible." Ibid.

"O! quid solutis est beatius curis
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi, venimus larem ad nostrum
Desideratoq; acquiescimus lecto!"
Catul.

This motto might serve for another Hymn to the Penates.

"El fulminante acero resplandece,
Que trino el fuerte braço al pecho aplica,
Qual lengua de serpiente, que parece,
Que el movimiento en tres la multiplica."
El Macabeo.[1]

[*Novel way of crossing a River.*]

"The Turks having been attacked in a place where they were much exposed, Atapakus charged the Romans at the head of his bravest soldiers, to give the others time to cross the river. He gave eminent proofs for a while of his courage and conduct: but when he saw that there was another army of the enemy beyond the Meander, which slew all those who appeared before them, his ardour abated, and he sought a place where he might pass the stream with less danger. Finding none fordable, he placed himself in his buckler, as in a boat, making use of his sword for a rudder, and holding the bridle of his horse, who swam behind, gained the other side of the river."—*Universal History.*

[*Night in Egypt.*]

"La nuit avoit abaisse ses ombres sur la terre; mais ici elles ne sont point épaisses, impénétrables. C'est un voile transparent qui ne couvre les objets qu'à moitié. On apperçoit à travers, l'azur d'un ciel serein et un nombre infini d'étoiles qui brillent au firmament. Elles ont une lumière plus éclatante, et paroissent plus grandes que dans les climats tempérés. La nuit en Egypte a mille charmes que nous éprouvons rarement en Europe. Jamais d'épaisses ténébres ne couvrent son front. Le souffle des tempêtes n'en trouble point la tranquillité. Des déluges d'eau ne la rendent point l'image du chaos. Le vent tombe ordinairement avec le soleil. La nature demeure dans un calme parfait. C'est alors que l'homme qui aime la contemplation, peut se livrer sans trouble a l'étude de son être; c'est alors que l'astronome qui lit dans les cieux, jouissant de la vue d'un firmament sans nuages, peut suivre le cours des astres à travers l'immensité de l'espace."—Savary.

[*Sherbet.*]

"Sorbet vient du mot Arabe chorbé, qui signifie breuvage. C'est le nectar des Orientaux. Il est composé de jus de citron, de sucre et d'eau, dans laquelle on a fait dissoudre des pâtes parfumées, composées avec les excellens fruits de Damas. On y mêle ordinairement quelques gouttes d'eau rose. Cette boisson est tres agréable."

[1] The portion of Ideas and Studies furnished me by Mrs. Southey ends with this extract. The date of the volume is August 10, 1798, but many extracts of more recent date are interspersed.—J. W. W.

[*Produce of the Desert.*]

"Cette étendue ne présente aux regards qu'un sable sterile. On rencontre seulement dans les enfoncements des rochers, et sur le bord des torrens d'hiver, un peu de verdure, des acacias qui produisent la gomme arabique, le sémé, du bois de scorpion, dont la racine tortueuse est renommée contre la piqûre de cet insecte, et quelques autres plantes. Les autruches, les chamois, les gazelles et les tigres, qui leur font une guerre continuelle, habitent les antres des rochers et bondissent à travers ces sables, où ils trouvent à peine quelques brins d'herbe. On y rencontre des cailloux de diverses couleurs, rouges, gris, noirs, bleus, et tous d'un grain extrêmement fin; leur surface exposée a l'air est ondée et raboteuse: celle qui repose sur le sable est polie et brillante."

[*The Flight of Mahomet.*]

"Perhaps the Koreish would have been content with the flight of Mahomet, had they not been provoked and alarmed by the vengeance of an enemy, who could intercept their Syrian trade as it passed and repassed through the territory of Medina. Abu Sophian himself, with only thirty or forty followers, conducted a wealthy caravan of 1000 camels: the fortune or dexterity of his march escaped the vigilance of Mahomet; but the chief of the Koreish was informed that the holy robbers were placed in ambush to wait his return. He dispatched a messenger to his brethren of Mecca, and they were roused by the fear of losing their merchandize and their provisions, unless they hastened to his relief with the military force of the city. The sacred band of Mahomet was formed of 313 Moslems, of whom seventy-seven were fugitives, and the rest auxiliaries: they mounted by turns a train of seventy camels (the camels of Yathreb were formidable in war): but such was the poverty of his first disciples that only two could appear on horseback in the field. In the fertile and famous vale of Beder, three stations from Medina, he was informed by his scouts of the caravan that approached on one side, of the Koreish, 100 horse 850 foot, who advanced on the other. After a short debate, he sacrificed the prospect of wealth to the pursuit of glory and revenge; and a slight intrenchment was formed to cover his troops and a stream of fresh water that glided through the valley. 'O God,' he exclaimed, as the numbers of the Koreish descended from the hills, 'O God, if these are destroyed, by whom wilt thou be worshipped on the earth?—Courage, my children, close your ranks; discharge your arrows, and the day is your own.' At these words he placed himself, with Abubeker, on a throne or pulpit, and instantly demanded the succour of Gabriel and 3000 angels. His eye was fixed on the field of battle; the Mussulmans fainted and were pressed: in that decisive moment the Prophet started from his throne, mounted his horse, and cast a handful of sand into the air; 'Let their faces be covered with confusion.' Both armies heard the thunder of his voice; their fancy beheld the angelic warriors; the Koreish trembled and fled; seventy of the bravest were slain, and seventy captives adorned the first victory of the faithful. The dead bodies of the Koreish were despoiled and insulted; two of the most obnoxious prisoners were punished with death, and the ransom of the others, 4000 drams of silver, compensated in some degree the escape of the caravan. But it was in vain that the camels of Abu Sophian explored a new road through the desert and along the Euphrates; they were overtaken by the diligence of the Mussulmans, and wealthy must have been the prize, if 20,000 drams could be set apart for the fifth of the Apostle."—Gibbon.

In the stony province the camels were numerous, but the horse appears to have been less common than in the Happy or the Desert Arabia.

[*Second Fight of the Koreish.*]

"THE resentment of the public and private loss stimulated Abu Sophian to collect a body of 3000 men, 700 of whom were armed with cuirasses and 200 were mounted on horseback: 3000 camels attended his march, and his wife Henda, with fifteen matrons of Mecca, incessantly sounded their timbrels to animate the troops, and to magnify the greatness of Hobal, the most popular deity of the Caaba. The standard of God and Mahomet was upheld by 950 believers; the disproportion of numbers was not more alarming than in the field of Beder, and their presumption of victory prevailed against the divine and human sense of the apostle. The second battle was fought on Mount Ohud, six miles to the north of Medina; the Koreish advanced in the form of a crescent, and the right wing of cavalry was led by Caled, the fiercest and most successful of the Arabian warriors. The troops of Mahomet were skilfully posted on the declivity of the hill; and their rear was guarded by a detachment of fifty archers. The weight of their charge impelled and broke the centre of the idolaters, but in the pursuit they lost the advantage of their ground, the archers deserted their station, the Mussulmans were tempted by the spoil, disobeyed their general and disordered their ranks. The intrepid Caled wheeling his cavalry on their flank and rear, exclaimed with a loud voice, that Mahomet was slain. He was indeed wounded in the face with a javelin, two of his teeth were shattered with a stone; yet in the midst of tumult and dismay, he reproached the infidels with the murder of a prophet, and blessed the friendly hand that staunched his blood and conveyed him to a place of safety. Seventy martyrs died for the sins of the people: 'they fell,' said the apostle, 'in pairs, each brother embracing his lifeless companion.' Their bodies were mangled by the inhuman females of Mecca, and the wife of Abu Sophian tasted the entrails of Hemza, the uncle of Mahomet."—Ibid.

Marathon.

"IN these plains the neighings of horses are heard every night, and men are seen fighting; and those who purposely come as hearers or spectators into these plains suffer for their curiosity; but such as are accidentally witnesses of these prodigies are not injured by the anger of the dæmons."—PAUSANIAS.

[*Ebony.*[1]]

"I HAVE heard from a certain Cyprian botanist, that the ebony does not produce either leaves or fruit, and that it is never seen exposed to the sun; that its roots are indeed under the earth, which the Æthiopians dig out, and that there are men among them skilled in finding the place of its concealment."—Ibid.

[*Perversion of Etymology by the Meccans.*]

"THE idolatrous Meccans deduced the names of their idols from those of the true God; deriving, for example, Allât from Alla; al Uzza from al Aziz, the mighty; and Manat from al Mannan, the bountiful.'—SALE.

[*Dew Water of Ferrea.*]

"OF these Islands (the Canaries) the last is called Ferrea, in which there is no other water that may be drunke, but onely that is gathered of the deawe, which continually distilleth from one onely tree, growing on the highest banke of the iland, and falling into a rounde trench made with man's hand."—PETER MARTYR.

[1] This is used up on the lines in *Thalaba*:

"The Ethiop, keen of scent,
Detects the ebony,
That deep inearth'd and hating light,
A leafless tree and barren of all fruit,
With darkness feeds its boughs of ravin grain."
First Book. 22. *Poems*. p. 217.—J. W. W.

[*Human Faggots.*]

"In Guadaloupe.—Entering into their inner lodgings, they found faggottes of the bones of mens armes and legges, which they reserve to make heades for their arrowes, because they lack iron."—P. Martyr.

[*Death of Timanthes.*]

"The statue of the Cleonæan Timanthes, who contended with men in the Pancratium, and was victorious, was made by the Athenian Myron. They report that Timanthes died in the following manner: after he had withdrawn himself from athletic exercises, on account of his age, he used every day to bend a large bow, for the purpose of making trial of his strength. Happening, however, to take a journey, he omitted this exercise during his absence from home, and on his return attempted to bend his bow as usual, but finding that his strength failed him, he raised a funeral pile and threw himself into the fire."—Pausanias.

[*Story of Euthymus.*]

"The country of Euthymus was Locris in Italy, near the promontory Zephyrium, and his father was called Astycles; though the natives of this place affirm that he was born of the river Cæcinas, which bounding Locris and Rhegium, affords a wonderful circumstance with respect to grasshoppers, for the grasshoppers within Locris, as far as to the river Cæcinas, sing like other grasshoppers, but in the parts beyond this river they do not sing at all.

"Euthymus was crowned in boxing. His statue was the work of Pythagoras, and is worthy of inspection in the most eminent degree. Euthymus, after this, passing over into Italy, fought with a hero, of whom the following particulars are related. They say that Ulysses, during his wanderings after the destruction of Troy, among other cities of Italy and Sicily, which he was driven to by the winds, came at length to Temessa with his ships. Here one of his associates having ravished a virgin, in consequence of being heated with wine, he was stoned to death by the inhabitants for the action. But Ulysses, who considered his death as of no consequence, immediately set sail and left the place. The dæmon, however, of the murdered man did not at any time cease from cutting off the inhabitants of Temessa of every age, till the Pythian deity ordered them to propitiate the slain hero, to consecrate a temple to him, and devote to him every year the most beautiful virgin in Temessa. When all this was performed agreeable to the mandate of the god, they were no longer afflicted through the wrath of the dæmon. But Euthymus, who happened to arrive at Temessa at the time in which they sacrificed after the usual manner to the dæmon, having learned the particulars of this affair, requested that he might be admitted within the temple and behold the virgin. His request being granted, as soon as he saw her he was at first moved with pity for her condition, but afterwards fell in love with her. In consequence of this, the virgin swore that she would cohabit with him if he could rescue her from the impending death: and Euthymus, arming himself, fought with the dæmon, conquered him, and drove him out of the country; and afterwards the hero vanished and merged himself in the sea. They farther report, that in consequence of the city being freed through Euthymus from this grievous calamity, his nuptials were celebrated in a very splendid manner. I have likewise heard still farther concerning this Euthymus, that he lived to extreme old age, and that having avoided death, he departed after some other manner from an association with mankind. Indeed, I have even heard it asserted, by a seafaring merchant, that Euthymus is alive at present at Temessa, and such are the reports which I have heard: but I also remember to have seen a picture, which was painted very accurately after an ancient original. In this picture there were the

youth Sybaris, the river Calabrus, the fountain Calyca, and the cities Hera and Temessa. The dæmon too was represented in this picture, who was vanquished by Euthymus. His colour was vehemently black, and his whole form was terrible in the extreme. He was clothed with the skin of a wolf, and the name Lybas was given to him in the inscription on the picture."—Ibid.

[*Descent of Amphiaraus.*]

"As you go from Potniæ to Thebes, you will see on the right hand of the road an inclosure, not very large, and in it certain pillars. They are of opinion that the earth opened in this place to Amphiaraus; and they say that birds will not sit on these pillars, nor grass grow, nor any tame or savage animal feed in this place."—Ibid.

[*Vipers and the Balsam Tree.*]

"THE balsam tree is nearly of the same size as a sprig of myrtle, and its leaves are like those of the herb sweet-marjoram. Vipers take up their residence about these plants, and are in some places more numerous than in others; for the juice of the balsam tree is their sweetest food, and they are delighted with the shade produced by its leaves. When the time therefore arrives for gathering the juice of this tree, the Arabians come into the sacred grove, each of them holding two twigs. By shaking these they put to flight the vipers; for they are unwilling to kill them, because they consider them as the sacred inhabitants of the balsam; and if it happens that any one is wounded by a viper, the wound resembles that which is made by iron, but is not attended with any dangerous consequences; for these animals being fed with the juice of the balsam tree, which is the most odoriferous of all trees, their poison becomes changed from a deadly quality into one which produces a milder effect."—Ibid.

So also "the inhabitants of Helicon say that none of the herbs or roots which are produced in this mountain are destructive to mankind. They add, that the pastures here even debilitate the venom of serpents; so that those who are frequently bit by serpents in this part escape the danger with greater ease than if they were of the nation of the Psylli,[1] or had discovered an antidote against poison:"—Ibid.

"THE nature of the pastures contributes in no small degree to the strength of the venom in serpents. For I once heard a Phœnician say that in the mountainous parts of Phœnicia the roots that grow there render the vipers more fierce. The same person, too, farther added, that he saw a viper pursue a man, who fled to a tree for shelter, and that the viper blew its venom against the tree to which the man had escaped, and by this means caused his death."—Ibid.

[*Nightingales of Orpheus' Tomb.*]

"THE Thracians say that the nightingales which build their nests about the sepulchre of Orpheus sing sweeter and louder than other nightingales."—Ibid.

[*Eurynomus.*]

"EURYNOMUS, according to the Delphic interpreters of sacred concerns, is one of the dæmons belonging to Hades, and who eats the flesh of dead bodies, so as to leave the bones quite bare. His colour, as he appears in the picture at Delphos, is between azure and black, and like that of

[1] AN African people, serpent charmers, like their descendants. — HEROD. iv. 173. PLINY speaks to the fact, lib. vii. c. 2, xxviii. c. 3, and LUCAN'S lines are well known:—

"Gens unica terras
Incolit à sævo serpintum innoxia morsu
Marmaridæ Psylli."—*Phars.* ix. 891.

J. W. W.

flies which infest meat. He shews his teeth, and sits on the skin of a vulture."—Ibid.

[*The Sycamore of Egypt.*]

"THE sycamore which in Arabic is called Giomez, is of the height of a beech, and bears its fruit in a manner quite different from other trees. It has them on the trunk itself, which shoots out little sprigs in form of grape stalks, at the end of which grow the fruits close to one another, almost like bunches of grapes. The tree is always green, and bears fruit several times in the year, without observing any certain seasons; for I have seen some sycamores that have given fruit two months after others. The fruit has the figure and smell of real figs, but is inferiour to them in the taste, having a disgustful sweetness. Its colour is a yellow, inclining to an oker, shadowed by a flesh colour. In the inside it resembles the common figs, excepting that it has a blackish colouring, with yellow spots. This sort of tree is pretty common in Egypt. The people, for the greater part, live upon its fruit, and think themselves well regaled when they have a piece of bread, a couple of sycamore figs, and a pitcher filled with water from the Nile."—NORDEN.

[*Locusts.*]

"THE locusts are remarkable for the hieroglyphic that they bear upon the forehead.[1] Their colour is green throughout the whole body, excepting a little yellow rim that surrounds their head, and which is lost at the eyes. This insect has two upper wings, pretty solid. They are green, like the rest of the body, except that there is in each a little white spot. The locust keeps them extended like great sails of a ship going before the wind. It has besides two other wings underneath the former, and which resemble a light transparent stuff, pretty much like a cobweb, and which it makes use of in the manner of smack sails, that are along a vessel. But when the locust reposes herself, she does like a vessel that lies at anchor; for she keeps the second sails furled under the others."—Ibid.

[*The Dareïra.*]

"THE Dareïra is a kind of gnat, with which the water sometimes is almost all covered towards the evening. I take it for that sort of insect that the bats go in quest of upon the Nile, for their prey."—Ibid.

[*American Indian name for the Small Pox.*]

"THE American Indians call the small-pox Oonatàquâra, imagining it to proceed from the invisible darts of angry fate, pointed against them, for their young people's vicious conduct."—ADAIR.

[*Yo He Wah the Author of Vegetation.*]

"To inculcate on their young people that Yo He Wah is the author of vegetation, they call the growth of vegetables Wahráah, moved by Yohewah. In like manner, Wah-àh signifies that the fruits are ripe, or moved to their joy by Yohewah."—Ibid.

[*Magic Rain Stone.*]

"THE Indian magi, who are to invoke Yo He Wah, and mediate with the supreme holy fire that he may give seasonable rains, have a transparent stone of supposed great power in assisting to bring down the rain, when it is put in a basin of water; by a reputed divine virtue, impressed on one of the like sort, in time of old, which communicates it circularly. This stone would suffer a great decay, they assert, were it even seen by their own laity; but if by

[1] The reader should refer to the magnificent passage in Thalaba—

"For these mysterious lines were legible—
When the sun shall be darkened at noon,
Son of Hodeirah depart."

Third Book, 34. *Poems*, p. 242.—J. W. W.

foreigners, it would be utterly despoiled of its divine communicative power."—Ibid.

[*The Charake Prophet's Carbuncle.*]

"A CHARAKE prophet who lived in Tymahse had a carbuncle near as big as an egg, which they said he found where a great rattlesnake lay dead; and that it sparkled with such surprizing lustre, as to illuminate his dark winter house, like strong flashes of continued lightning, to the great terror of the weak, who durst not upon any account approach the dreadful fire-darting place, for fear of sudden death. When he died it was buried with him according to custom."—Ibid.

[*War Pole of the North American Indians.*]

"THEIR law compels the widow, through the long term of her weeds, to refrain all public company and diversions, at the penalty of an adultress, and likewise to go with flowing hair, without the privilege of oil to anoint it. The nearest kinsmen of the deceased husband keep a very watchful eye over her conduct in this respect. The place of interment is also calculated to wake the widow's grief, for he is intombed in the house under her bed; and if he was a war leader, she is obliged for the first moon to sit in the day time under his mourning war-pole, which is decked with all his martial trophies, and must be heard to cry with bewailing notes.[1] But none of them are fond of that month's supposed religious duty; it chills, or sweats, and wastes them so exceedingly; for they are allowed no shade or shelter.

"The war-pole is a small peeled tree painted red, the top and boughs cut off short. It is fixt in the ground opposite to his door, and all his implements of war are hung on the short boughs of it till they rot."—Ibid.

[*The Spirits of their Dead.*]

"THOUGH they imagine the report of guns will send off the ghosts of their kindred that died at home to their quiet place, yet they firmly believe that the spirits of those who are killed by the enemy, without equal revenge of blood, find no rest; and at night haunt the houses of the tribe to which they belonged; but when that kindred duty of retaliation is justly executed, they immediately get ease, and power to fly away."—Ibid.

[*The White Circle.*]

"THE Indians use the same ceremonies to the bones of their dead as if they were covered with their former skin, flesh, and liganents. It is but a few days since I saw some return with the bones of nine of their people, who had been two months before killed by the enemy. They were tied in white deer-skins[2] separately; and, when carried by the door of one of the houses of their family, they were laid down opposite to it till the female relations convened with flowing hair, and wept over them about half an hour. Then they carried them home to their friendly magazines of mortality, wept over them again, and then buried them with the usual solemnities. The chieftain carried twelve short sticks tied together, in the form of a quadrangle, so that each square consisted of three. The sticks were only peeled, without any painting; but there were swan feathers tied to each corner. They called that frame the

[1] "By the door
Bare of its bark, the head and branches shorn,
Stood a young tree with many a weapon hung,
Her husband's war-pole, and his monument.
There had his quiver moulder'd, his stone-axe,
Had there grown green with moss, his bow-string there
Sang as it cut the wind."—
Madoc in Wales.—*Eridyab*, vi. *Poems*, p. 326.
J. W. W.

[2] "Soon the mountaineers
Saw the white deer-skin shroud," &c.
Madoc in Wales.—The Peace *Poems*, p. 333.
J. W. W.

White Circle, and placed it over the door while the women were weeping over the bones."—Ibid.

Interment of their Kindred's Bones.

"When any of them die at a distance, if the company be not driven and pursued by the enemy, they place the corpse on a scaffold, covered with notched logs to secure it from being torn by wild beasts or birds of prey. When they imagine the flesh is consumed, and the bones are thoroughly dried, they return to the place, bring them home, and inter them in a very solemn manner."—Ibid.

[*North American Indians' Funeral.*]

"They laid the corpse in his tomb in a sitting posture, with his feet towards the east, his head anointed with bear's oil, and his face painted red, but not streaked with black, because that is a constant emblem of war and death. He was drest in his finest apparel, having his gun, and pouch, and trusty hiccory bow, with a young panther's skin full of arrows, along side of him, and every other useful thing he had been possessed of, that when he rises again they may serve him in that track of land which pleased him best before he went to take his long sleep. His tomb was firm and clean inside; they covered it with thick logs, so as to bear several tiers of cypress-bark, and such a quantity of clay as would confine the putrid smell, and be on a level with the rest of the floor. They often sleep over those tombs, which with the loud wailing of the women at the dusk of the evening and dawn of the day, on benches close by the tombs, must awake the memory of their relations very often. And if they were killed by an enemy, it helps to irritate and set on such revengeful tempers to retaliate blood for blood."—A.

[*The Warrior's Rejoicing Day.*]

"In the time of their rejoicings they fix a certain day for the warriors to be crowned, for they cannot sleep sound or easy under an old title while a new or higher one is due. On that long wished for day they all appear on the field of parade, as fine and cheerful as the birds in spring. Their martial drums beat, their bloody colours are displayed, and most of the young people are dancing, and rejoicing for the present success of their nation, and the safe return and preferment of their friends and relations. Every expectant warrior on that joyful day wears deer-skin maccasseenes painted red, his body is anointed with bear's oil, a young softened otter-skin is tied on each leg, a long collar of fine swan feathers hangs round his neck, and his face is painted with the various streaks of the rainbow. Thus they appear, when two of the old magi come forth, holding as many white wands and crowns as there are warriors to be graduated: and in a standing posture, they alternately deliver a long oration with great vehemence of expression, chiefly commending their strict observance of the law of purity, while they accompanied the beloved ark of war, which induced the supreme chieftain to give them the victory; and they encourage the rest to continue to thirst after glory in imitation of their brave ancestors, who died nobly in defence of their country. At the conclusion of their orations, one of the Magi calls three times with a loud voice one of the warriors by his new name, or war-title, and holds up the white crown and the sceptre or wand. He then gladly answers and runs whooping to and around them three times. One of the old beloved men puts the crown on his head and the wand into his hand, then he returns to his former place, whooping with joy. In like manner they proceed with the rest of the graduate warriors, concluding with this strong caution,—'Remember what you are'—such a title—according to the old beloved speech. The crown is wrought round with the long feathers of a swan at the lower end, where it surrounds his temples, and it is curiously weaved with a quantity of white down, to

make it sit easy, and appear more beautiful; to this part that wreathes his brows, the skilful artist warps close together a ringlet of the longest feathers of the swan, and turning them carefully upward in an uniform position, he ties them together with deers' sinews, so as the bandage will not appear to the sharpest eyes without handling it. It is a little open at the top, and about fifteen inches high. The crowns they use in constituting war-leaders are always worked with feathers of the tail of the cherubic eagle, three or four inches higher than the other."—Ibid.

[*Saying of Muley Ishmael.*]

"Muley Ishmael, who in the beginning of this century reigned or tyrannized at Morocco, used to remark that 'were a number of rats put into a basket, they would certainly eat their way out unless the basket were continually shaken.'"—Chenier.

[*Arab Cure for Gun-shot Wounds.*]

"The Arabs attempt to heal all simple and gun-shot wounds, by pouring fresh butter, almost boyling hot,[1] into the part affected. And I have been credibly informed that numbers of persons have been cured by this method."—Shaw.

[*Moorish Customs after Meat.*]

"The Moors know not the use of table-cloths, forks, or spoons; their meal ended, they lick their fingers, and wipe them on their clothes, which they wash when dirty. Those who keep negro slaves, call them, and rub their hands in their hair; or if a Jew happens to be present, they make a napkin of his garments."—Chenier.

[*The Seven Songs of Hasan Casa.*]

Round the gallery of the tomb of Abas II. at Com, runs a *frize*, divided equally into cartridges of azure, wherein are written, in large characters of gold, seven songs in distichs, made by the learned Hasan Caza, the first in honour of Mahommed, the others of Ali.—From Chardin.

The first Song.

"I salute the glorious Creature of whom the Sun is but the shadow! Master-piece of the Lord of human creatures! great Star of Justice and Religion!

"Infallible expounder of the four books,[2] Conductor of the eight[3] Mobiles, Governor of the seven[4] Parts, Chief of the Faithful!

"Doctor of that knowledge which is[5] infused into the Prophets! royal Hero celebrated by twelve[6] successors! Though the Veil should be taken away, yet would not my belief be encreased. Light of God! Illuminating Soul of Prophecy! Guide of true believers!

"The first object of God, when he bethought himself of sending his orders to

[1] "The treating wounds with oil, and that poured in hot, in consequence of which the majority of those wounded by gun-shots died; prevailed universally in the European armies, till superseded by Ambrose Parée, that distinguished French surgeon to the French kings, who, being a Protestant, would have perished in St. Bartholomew's massacre, had he not been saved from it by the contrivance of Charles IX. himself."—*Note to* Macbride's *Diatessaron*, p. 462. *Third* Edit.—J. W. W.

[2] "The Pentateuch, the Psalter, the Gospel, and the Alcoran, the Mahometans believing that these books ever were, and always shall be, the rule of their faith."

[3] "The heavens of the planets of the Primum Mobile."

[4] "The seven climates which was the ancient division of the earth."

[5] "It is in the original, 'Doctor in the knowledge of the prophets who knew not their A B C;' for the Mahometans affirm that Mahomet was so ignorant in human learning, that he could not read: to the end they might the better from thence conclude that his knowledge was supernatural."

[6] "The twelve heirs and successors of Mahomet, the last of which was carried to heaven, and shall return to confound the reign of the unfaithful."

earth, and Embassador, Centre of divine secrets concerning what is past and to come, who has caused the acknowledgment of God to shine forth out of the darkness of errors, as the Morning goes before the Sun, before he mounts the horizon, thwart a dark night.

"Principal Type of things created! Instrument of the creation of the world, the highest of the race of Adam! Soul of the great Apostles and Messengers!

"Thou art that Lord, through whom one verse in the Alcoran promises the fulfilling of our desires. Thou art that Sun through whom another verse tells the sovereign beauty shall be seen. Light of eyes! Crown of prophecy! Idol of the Angel Gabriel!

"Thou art in the world a world of virtue and dignity. Thou art upon the earth a sun of majesty and grandeur.

"The Sea is not rich and liberal, but by the gifts of thy munificent hands. The Angel Treasurer of Heaven reaps his harvest in the fertile gardens of the purity of thy nature.

"Moses, who divided the sea, is the porter of the throne of thy justice. Jesus, the Monarch of the fourth Heaven, keeps guard before the veil of the throne of thy glory.

"That incomprehensible Painter, who drew the Mole at one stroke of his pencil koun-fikoun,[1] never made so fair a portraiture as the globe of thy visage.

"From thy descent into the cradle to the last day of thy life, the Angels who register words never heard thee speak a word which did not ravish God himself with joy.

"No man, in whatsoever condition he is, can resemble God so much as thou dost. But if there could be an image to represent God as he is, it could be no other than thyself, that Embassador whom out of his extraordinary clemency he sent to the Earth.

"Happy and holy is the man who believes all that God has spoken in the Alcoran, according to the sense which his Prophet has observed in the Book of his sentences. If he should be compared with any other exalted being, there could not be found a more perfect exemplar than Mahomet."

The Second Song.

"O unexpressible man, who hast no equal but Mahomet, the elect Prophet, God has assigned upon thy love[2] the dowry of the ladies of Paradise.

"The Primum Mobile would never dart the ball of the Sun through the trunk of Heaven, were it not to serve the morning out of the extreme love she has for thee.

"What is the power of the Stars and Destiny in comparison of thine? and what is the light of the Sun compared with that of thy understanding? Destiny does but execute thy commands. The Sun is enlightened by the beams of thy knowledge.

"When the numerous train of thy Majesty goes in its pomp, we see the sphere[3] bound to the hand of the Captain that guides it, like a little bell at the neck of a mule.

Let not Hercules vaunt any more the force of his courage; for who would endure a fly to brave it upon the wings of the great Phenix of the East?

"Had Hercules seen the valour of thy arm in one action, assuredly the Bird of his Soul would have broken the cage of his body, and fled for fear.

"The immense sea of thy merit tosses up surges above the heavens, and upon this sea of virtue the tempests of adversity cause no more disorder than rushes in the water.

"If thy glory be weighed in the balance of exalted sense, the highest mountains weighed against it would appear no more than the seed of lentils.

"In the great career of happiness, (where the transports of those who run the race

[1] "Let it be so, and it was so." Gen. 1.

[2] "The Persians affirm that Aly was the handsomest person that ever was, and that his beauty was unconceivable; for which reason the painters usually cover his face with a veil, and will not let it be seen. But what the poet here speaks of Haly signifies that the blessed in heaven account it their chiefest felicity to be beloved by him."

[3] "Or *fortune*. The sense is, thou knowest how to turn the world at thy pleasure, as a mule turns the little bell that hangs at his neck."

make them like horses that get the bit in their teeth, and throw their riders,

"And causes them with the force of their spurs to prick an artery, at what time the Angel of Death comes like a fatal physician to take them by the arm of the soul.)

"Thou shalt escape this rude career as the Sun passes on from the east. They shall carry before thee the honourable standard of the supreme majesty, and behind thee the spoils as marks of the victory.

"And in this race, were all the inhabitants of the world as brave as Hercules, the most undaunted of them would not have the courage to stand a moment before thee.

"God shall create a Body[1] of Air that shall cry with a loud voice on his behalf, Victory! victory! there is none so stout as Aly! there is no sword like to Sulfagar,[2] that Hero's sword with two points."

The Third Song.

"Thou from whose purity the Heaven of Unsinfulness draws its lustre, the Sun is made a crown of Glory of the shadow of thy Umbrello.

"Jesus, the great Chymist, made use of the earth of the portal of thy prudence, for red sulphur, of which he composed the Taksir and the stone[3] Phale, by means whereof he understood all things, and healed all men.

"The eternal Painter painted a great many images, and brought to light a great many ideas, with a design to form thy lovely countenance, but he found none that came near thy beauty.

"The Faulcon of thy Umbrello having extended his wings, has found the birds[4] of the seventh Heaven nestling under the large feather of thy left wing.

"Whoever has sealed[5] his heart with thy love, has found that his heart is become a mine of precious stones.

"The most powerful Creator of all things admired upon the sixth day of the creation that superiority of excellency which thou hast above all his other creatures.

"Upon the memorable day of thy victory, the sweat of thy hands was to thy enemies a profound deluge that swallowed 'em up like the sea.

"Thou, Vulture of the heavenly constellation, didst fly upon the blood as a dog upon the water.

"Insipid Poet, who comparest to the Sea the sweat of the hand of thy Hero! Thou art astonished at the thought that comes into thy head, that the sea which resembles that sweat is the blue Sea (Heaven).

"Whoever has lifted up the hand of Necessity toward the Portal of thy beneficence, he has it always returned back full of what he desired.

"O divine and sacred Host, who givest the Saints to drink out of the bason of Paradise, to speak something in thy praise, we must needs say that Nature is only adorned and enriched by thee.

"A thousand and a thousand years together the Heavens, considering the high price of thy pure essence, beheld the water of the fountain of Paradise muddy in comparison of that.

"As well God as Mahomet has always found thy opinion the most just: the one gave thee a sword with two points, the other a most incomparable virgin.

"Had not thy perfect being been in the idea of the Creator, Eve had been eternally a virgin, and Adam a batchelor."

The Fourth Song.

"Great Saint, who art the true mansion of God, as the Prophet teaches in the Book of his sentences, thou art also the Kebleh

[1] Renown or fame.

[2] "Sulphagar is the name of Haly's sword; which, the Mahomedans say, divides itself at the end with two points."

[3] Stones of divination. The Mahometans say that when Jesus Christ was living, physic flourished in its highest degree of excellency, and that God gave him so many secrets of that art, that he raised the dead, and penetrated the very thoughts of men."

[4] "That is to say, the greatest Prophet."

[5] "A figure taken from the custom of the Persians to seal their mines with the king's seal and of his officers, because all mines belong to the king."

of the world and of religion, the soul of the world of Mahomet.

"Thy mouth is the treasure of sublimest sense, thou hast placed thy mouth upon the fountain of understanding and knowledge, which is the mouth[1] of Mahomet.

"Thou art the Pontiff who art only found worthy to enter into the sanctuary of the great Prophet, and only capable to stand upon the foot-pace of Mahomet.

"The hearts which thy victorious sword continually leads to the true Religion, are the flowers with which the vapours of the ocean of thy puissance cover the garden of Mahomet.

"Since the Sphere of the Law has been illuminated by several stars, the Moon never appeared so clear and bright, till when thou tookest upon thee the Empire of the Heaven of Mahomet.

"The Angel Gabriel, messenger of truth, every day kisses the groundsil of thy gate, as being the only way that leads to the throne of Mahomet.

"Thy grandeur above all human possibility is an impossible comparison; but if any thing may compare with it, it must be the power and authority of Mahomet.

"O sovereign King, if in the celebrating thy praises, I should study upon what once the wise Hassan did in the time of Mahomet,

"I should not dare to presume to praise thy majesty, since God himself has spoken thy eulogy by the mouth of Mahomet.

"The explication of thy being cannot proceed from the tongue of mortal men, unless we except what has been spoken of thee by Mahomet.

"But it is not the same thing with the unfolding of our own wants, for that is needless with thee. Thou knowest what they are, and thou knowest also that I am the devoted slave of thy house and of the family of Mahomet.

"My soul desires to fly to thee, pressed by the obligations which I have to men; do me some favour that may deliver me from my obligations to men, I conjure thee by the soul of Mahomet.

"Turn not away thy compassionate and favourable looks from my countenance. O love of my heart, cast a tender glance upon me, O heart of the heart of Mahomet.

The fifth Song.

"Minister especial elected of God for the master of the faithful, thou art the soul of the Prophet of God. We ought not to give thee any other name, O Master of the faithful!

"Thy always victorious arm has brought under the yoke the heads of the most haughty heroes of the age, O Master of the faithful!

"The treasures which Nature hides and those with which it covers the universe, are without lustre and price, to what thou liberally bestowest upon us, O Master of the faithful!

"The sparkling rubies cover themselves with earth in the hollow of the mine, ashamed of their not being bright enough to be put into thy treasures, O Master of the faithful!

"I will not say what was the difference between the gentle Zephirus and the breath of thy mouth, which refreshes the soul and the heart, O Master of the faithful!

"All that Jesus did with his breath was an emblem, but afterwards this is all. That was an emblem which signified what miracles were to be wrought by the words of thy mouth, O Master of the faithful!

"How can an understanding so short and confused as mine represent the excellency and price of thy majesty, O Master of the faithful!

"The Universal Spirit, with its sublime knowledge, cannot arrive at the portal of thy wondrous essence, O Master of the faithful!

[1] "An allusion to the kiss which the Mahumetans say that Mahomet gave Haly, when he publicly appointed him his heir and successor, and is a prophane imitation of the manner of Christ's giving his Holy Spirit to his Apostles."

"Were there a place more exalted than the most high throne of God, I would affirm it to be thy place, O Master of the faithful!

"That we may give thee praises worthy of thyself, it behoves us to depaint thy wonderful essence; but for that reason alone it is impossible to praise thee according to thy merit, O Father of the faithful!

"Thou art all that thou deservedst to be; but who can comprehend thy merit, unless it be thy God? O Master of the faithful!

"We beg all as poor beggars at the gate of thy Beneficence, and the kings of the world are in the number of those beggars, O Master of the faithful!

"The price of thy favours surpasses the capacity of human understanding. The weight of thy majesty and thy glory is too heavy for the shoulders of human understanding."

The sixth Song.

"Being of an unconceivable puissance, the commands of Providence are executed by thy orders. Thou canst turn with thy hand alone the vast celestial sphere.

"The Sun, under whose shadow and auspicious omens Nature rolls, is but a glittering beam of the clasp of thy girdle.

"The eternal fountain of which the visible ocean is not so much as a single drop, is itself but a drop to the sea of thy bounty.

"Human wit, that divided the world into four parts, is no more with thee than an atom of dust. He divides his knowledge into ten degrees, but how many degrees are required to be a canton of thy knowledge.

"The Superiour of the College[1] of the Creation, Gabriel, with all his art and knowledge, is but a meer scholar to thee.

"The verses of the Alcoran, which assure men of the favour and mercy of God, were sent from heaven for thy sake.

"'Tis too small a praise of thy ineffable power to call it the zenith of power, since the zenith is no more than the nadir of the power of thy porter.

"These two stars, which are the eyes of the world, are two globes, which not having been thought beautiful enough to make a part of the structure of thy mansion were placed at the avenues.

"The famous bird which is placed over the roof of thy palace raises from the earth the nine vaults of heaven like a grain of wheat.

"Whatever the gulph of predestination encloses, its wonders and its prodigies came not to light, nor were made manifest but by thy commandment.

"The humble slave of thy grandeur, poor Hassan, employs himself day and night every year, every month in the country of Amul to sing thy praises.

"Devoutly he prostrates his face to the earth at the gate of thy glorious palace; he exposes to thy eyes a sick heart, of which he implores from thee the cure.

"Can a man conceal his distemper from a wholesome remedy? Certainly it is no piece of wisdom for a man to conceal his distemper from an infallible and sovereign cure.

The seventh Song.

"Glorious city of Nedgef, since thou art become the mansion of the son of the faith, thy territory is become more honourable than the country of Zemzem and Mecca the holy.

"Nedgef is the true Kabeh[2] for people that seek the truth, because the adamant of religion has there his habitation.

"Which is also the son of pure belief, the Master of the faithful, the Governor of the kingdom of the love of God, the chief of the citizens of the heavenly Babylon.

"O destroyer of heresy, thou art the secretary of the commandments of divine

[1] "The Mahometans say that God created the world by the ministry of angels, which is drawn from the theology of the Jews."

[2] "The house of Abraham, to which the Alcoran commands pilgrimage once in a man's life."

inspiration, the judge of things commanded or forbidden.

" If the idea of thee the most noble in divine sense were not in the world, the world would be but an imperfect and senseless figure.

" Supreme majesty, who hast augmented the lustre of the supreme throne, all creatures incessantly praise thy name.

" The sun is less than an atom in the heaven of assemblies where thou art honoured: and the atoms are greater than the sun, upon those places of the earth where thou hast wrought thy miracles.

" The crown of Gerashid[1] is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban. The throne of Fereydon is a wooden bench in comparison of thy seat.

" The glory of Solomon, who was the glory of the earth, was a small thing in comparison of thee, because it was only borrowed of the durable glory of thy servant Selmon.

" The infallibility of Predestination depends only upon thy conduct: she is so modest as never to set her foot before thine.

" 'Tis a sin to compare thee with man, for how can a lump of earth pretend to compare with a diamond of the clearest water?

" Human wit cannot find a man equal to thee, but by turning toward Mahomet. This is our firm and clear faith, and I say no more.

" They cry with a loud voice upon the gates of Paradise to those that come to visit thy highness, you that have repented and are become good people, receive your salary, entering there for ever.

[*Indian Notion of European Faithlessness.*]

" Les Sauvages ne connoissent ni le tien, ni le mien, car on peut dire que ce qui est à l'un est à l'autre. Lors qu'un Sauvage n'a pas réüssi à la chasse des castors, ses confreres le secourent sans en être priez. Si son fusil se crève ou se casse, chacun d'eux s'empresse à lui en offrir un autre. Si ses enfans sont pris ou tuez par les ennemis, on lui donne autant d'esclaves qu'il en a besoin pour le faire subsister. Il n'y a que ceux qui sont Chretiens, et qui demeurent aux portes de nos villes, chez qui l'argent soit en usage. Les autres ne veulent ni le manier, ni même le voir, ils l'appellent le Serpent des François. Ils disent qu'on se tuë, qu'on se pille, qu'on se diffame, qu'on se vend, et qu'on se trahit parmi nous pour de l'argent; que les maris vendent leurs femmes, et les meres leurs filles pour ce metal. Ils trouvent étrange que les uns ayent plus de bien que les autres, et que ceux qui en ont le plus, soient estimez davantage que ceux qui en ont le moins. Enfin, ils disent que le tître de Sauvages, dont nous les qualifions, nous conviendroit mieux que celui d'hommes, puis qu'il n'y a rien moins que de l'homme sage dans toutes nos actions. Ceux qui ont été en France m'ont souvent tourmenté sur tous les maux qu'ils y ont vu faire, et sur les desordres qui se commettent dans nos villes, pour de l'argent. On a beau leur donner des raisons pour leur faire connoitre que la proprieté des biens est utile au maintien de la Societé; ils se moquent de tout ce qu'on peut dire sur cela. Au reste, ils ne se querellent, ni ne se battent, ni ne se volent, et ne médisent jamais les uns des autres. Ils se moquent des Sciences et des Arts, ils se raillent de la grande subordination qu'ils remarquent parmi nous. Ils nous traitent d'esclaves, ils disent que nous sommes des miserables dont la vie ne tient à rien, que nous nous degradons de notre condition, en nous reduisant à la servitude d'un seul homme qui peut tout, et qui n'a d'autre loi que sa volonté; que nous nous battons et nous querellons incessamment, que les enfans se moquent de leurs peres, que nous ne sommes jamais d'accord; que nous nous emprisonnons les uns les autres, et que même nous nous detruisons en public. Ils s'estiment au delà de tout ce qu'on peut

[1] "The ancient kings of Persia of the first race and monarchs of the last."

s'imaginer, et alleguent pour toute raison, qu'ils sont aussi grands maitres les uns que les autres, parce que les hommes étant pêtris d'un même limon, il ne doit point y avoir de distinction, ni de subordination entre eux. Ils pretendent que leur contentement d'esprit surpasse de beaucoup nos richesses; que toutes nos Sciences ne valent pas celle de savoir passer la vie dans une tranquillité parfaite; qu'un homme ' n'est homme chez nous qu'autant qu'il est riche.' Mais que parmi eux, il faut pour être homme avoir le talent de bien courir, chasser, pêcher, tirer un coup de fleche et de fusil, conduire un canot, savoir faire la guerre, connoitre les forets, vivre de peu, construire des cabanes, couper des arbres, et savoir faire cent lieuës dans les bois sans autre guide ni provision que son arc et ses fleches. Ils disent encore que nous sommes des trompeurs qui leur vendons de tres-mauvaises marchandises quatre fois plus qu'elles ne valent, en echange de leurs castors; que nos fusils crèvent à tout moment et les estropient, apres les avoir bien payez. Je voudrois avoir le tems de vous raconter toutes les sottises qu'ils disent touchant nos manieres, il y auroit de quoi m'occuper dix ou douze jours."—La Hontan.

[*Circassian Gentlemen.*]

" Ceux qui tiennent parmi eux (les Circassiens) le rang de gentils-hommes, sont tout le jour sans rien faire, demeurent assis et parlent fort peu."—Tavernier.

[*Superstition relative to the Indian Crocodile.*]

" The Indian Crocodile is easily tamed. Some of the Malays at Batavia are so superstitious as to imagine that such a crocodile is their brother or sister. They endeavour, therefore, to save some of their provisions, that they may every day carry food to the crocodile, which approaches at their call."—Forster's *Note to Fra Paolino da San Bartolomeo's Voyage to the East Indies.*

[*Phantoms, or Estantiguas, about Munda.*]

" Oy dia, como tengo dicho, se ven impressas señales de despojos, de armas y cavallos; y ven los moradores encontrarse por el aire esquadrones, oyense vozes, como de personas que acometem: estantiguas llama el vulgo Español a semejantes aparencias, o fantasmas, que el vaho de la tierra, quando el Sol sale, ò se pone forma en el aire baxo, como se ven en el alto las nubes formadas en varias figuras, y semejanças."—Mendoza.

Hawks of Noroega.

" The Hawks of Noroega keep alive the last bird which they catch in a winter day, that he may keep their feet warm at night, and at morning they let him go, and observe which way he flies, that they may not hunt in that quarter, not wishing to hurt him for the comfort he has given them."—*Arte de Furtar.*

[*Vision of the two Jesuits.*]

1576. Two Jesuits were going from S. Vicente, in Brazil, to N. Senhora da Conçeiçam de Itanhae. " Fazendo seu caminho estes Religiosos, fechouse a noite, & comecaram a ver ao longe, como distancia de tres, ou quatro legoas pella, mesma praia, hum fogo grande, et afastados delles outros menores, que deziam ser outo, outros, doze, a modo de figuras humanas; cuja vista comecou a metellos em medo & espanto; mas apagouse presto & desapareceo. Porem quanda menos cuidavam, tornarom a ver o mesmo portento mais temeroso, & pello mesmo modo, & tam perto de si, que claramente enxergavam ser a maneira de hum corpo humano, o qual lançava da cabeça grandes chamas de fogo, como se cada qual dos cabellos della fora a luz de huma grande tocha, mas de diversa cor: ficaram atonitos os Padres a vista de couza tam horrenda, mas com mais excesso, quando viram que abrindo as costas despedia de dentro das

entranhas huma labarede de fogo, nem mais nem menos, que a de fornalha dos engenhos de açuquar, quando mais a cesa & rigurosa: & da mesma maneira apareciaõ os fogos das outo, ou doze figuras humanas, posto que de estatura menor, que representavam moços de quinze annos de idade: estes hiam como bailando & fazendo festa, a figura maior em circuito.——Huns diziam que devia de ser certas pessoas, de quem se dizia que morreraõ em mao estado; outros que eram avizos de Deos, & outras cousas semelhantes. O certo hé que com estas figuras costuma o Senhor mostrarnos as penas do inferno, pera horror & freio de peccadores, quando as veem, ou em si, ou pintadas, quais estas logo andaram em painel pella terra, et foram mandados a Portugal, com espanto de todos."—*Vida do* P. JOSEPH ANCHIETA. *Lisboa*, 1672.

[*Effect of Exorcism.*]

"NAM sei que tinha com esta praya o inimigo infernal; parece pretendia com seus rigores fazer difficultozo o caminho da romaria da Senhora. Por huma parte della caminhava Joseph outra noite, em companhia de alguns Romeiros, quando a des horas lhe aparece outra vizam tambem espantosa; huma figura de hum homem armado em fogos, metido em prisoens de cadeas, & grilhoens de fogo. A vista desta vizam horrenda, nam poderam sosterse em pe os companheiros de puro horror, & pegados as vestiduras de Joseph, gritavam que lhe acudisse; assi o fez o Padre, & dizendo certos exorcismos da santa Igreja, desapareceo a vizam & se meteo no mar."—*Vida do* ANCHIETA.

Arundela.

"A THING in the shape of a funnel, fastened to the thick end of a lance to defend the man's hand, thought to have been invented at Arundel in Sussex, and thence to have its name. It is also a sort of band worn by women made after that fashion, and therefore so called. Others, with more probability, say the word is Arabick."—PINEDAS' *Dictionary.*

Bausan or Bausana.

"A FIGURE made like a man and stuffed with straw, used formerly to set on walls where the garrison was weak, to make it appear stronger; and from these inanimate statues applied to signify a fool, or heavy stupid person, or one that stands gazing at any thing as if he were out of his senses."—Ibid..

[*Choultries.*]

"FORTUNES are expended in building choultries on the roads for the accommodation of travellers, who there find shelter from the injuries of the weather. The Hindoos esteem such actions as very pleasing to the gods. The choultries are of Gothic construction, and in the major part no wood is made use of. They commonly consist of one large apartment, which sometimes is divided into two, without either door or window, and entirely open to the south, with a vaulted gallery all around, close to the building, which is always near a wood. All choultries have a tank, and a small pagoda dedicated to Pollear, that the traveller may perform his prayers and ablutions before he pursues his journey. Hospitality extends so far in some of these choultries as to regale the traveller with congee, a liquor made of rice and water."—SONNERAT.

Bramins.

"THEIR persons are held so sacred that they cannot be punished with death for the commission of any crime whatever. If any bramin has merited death, his eyes are put out, but he is permitted to live. To kill a bramin is one of the five great and almost

irremissible sins; and the Vedams ordain that whoever is guilty of such a murder must perform a pilgrimage of twelve years, asking alms, and carrying the skull of the deceased, out of which he is obliged to eat and drink all that is given him. This time expired, he is to bestow large alms, and build a temple to the god of the murdered bramin's sect."—Ibid.

[*Martin Heemskerke's Marriage Apportionment.*]

"MARTIN HEEMSKERKE, ainsi nommé à cause d'un village de Holande d'où il étoit, mourut à Haerlem 1574 âgé de soixante-seize ans. Ayant beaucoup travaillé pendant qu'il vivoit, il mourut assez riche; et pour laisser quelque memoire de lui, il legua par son testament de quoi marier tous les ans une fille du village d'où il étoit. Mais ce fut à condition que le jour des nôces le marié et la mariée evec tous les conviez, iroient danser sur sa fosse. Ce qui se pratiquoit si religieusement, à ce qu'on m'assûra, qu' encore que le changement de religion arrivé en ces pais-là, eût fait demolir et abbatre toutes les croix des cimetieres, les habitans neanmoins de Heemskerke n'ont jamais voulu permettre qu'on ôtât celle qui est sur la fosse de ce Peintre, laquelle est de cuivre, et leur sert comme d'un titre pour jouïr de la dot et de la donation faite à leurs filles."—*Entretiens sur les Vies, &c. des Peintres, par* FELIBIEN.

In some incubus tale the circumstance confessed by witches (if decency be possible) may have a striking effect. "Dolorifico sensu insignis frigiditatis."

[*Marvellous Carbuncle.*]

LUIZ BARTHOLOMEU says, that he "saw a carbuncle of the king of Pegu so bright that in a dark place it made all the bystanders' bodies transparent, so penetrating was its splendour."—SEGREDOS *da Natureza.*

One of those rascally quack books made up by modern ignorance from old impudence.

[*Siberian Earth.*]

"SOME of the Siberian tribes, when they travel, carry a small bag of their native earth, the taste of which, they suppose, will preserve them from all the evils of a foreign sky."—GMELIN.

[*White Boys.*]

"BUSBY used to call his favourite scholars his white boys."—*Note to* FORD, vol. 1, p. 29.

[*Miracle of Francisco de Paula.*]

"A MIRACLE is told by Vieyra, of Saint Francisco de Paula, that when King Ferdinand of Naples laid on an oppressive tax, he broke a piece of the money so collected, before him, and blood came out of it."—*Corres. Braz.* t. 16, p. 106.

Ideas, &c.

A USEFUL chapter might be written upon historical errors, or rather falsehoods.

The pillars, which Procopius mentions, of the Canaanites, fall under this head. They may be classed with the written columns of Shem and Jubal.

THERE might be a new Pilgrim's Progress written, allegorizing the journey of life. Knight-errantry would not be an unfit basis,—as thus the first stages might be passed as a child under protection of the Sage Phusis, who brings him safely by the perilous passes where Small-Pox, Measles, &c. are the custom, each of course allegorized. The ceremony of knighting might mark manhood. Then would be the fields

of infancy, the hills of manhood, and the vale of age. Marriage would be joining company for the journey.

New governors always popular, because the people have hope in them as they have in new physicians.

November 10, 1804.

I have this evening proposed to Longman to edite the works of Sir Philip Sidney, proposing to write a Life,[1] an Essay on the Arcadia, and another on his metres.

The first Essay should be upon what may be called the middle period of Romance. Biondi in Italy. Gombauld in France. Why these things succeeded to pure chivalry. The literary character of Elizabeth's reign.

In the second, a history of English metre. Specimens of hexameters in French, Spanish, and Italian, and corresponding specimens of my own to every practical metre which Sir Philip has used.

What can be made of Judaism in Portugal?

Gabriel has brought up his son Henrique in the religion of his forefathers, but not his daughter Violante. The Confessor therefore, who is a good man, has no suspicion.

D. Duarte, son of an inquisitor, is in love with Violante. The father is an avaricious hard hearted man, and has set his eye upon Gabriel's possessions, knowing him to be a New Christian. He is also superstitious. Bring in the belief in the books which discover hidden treasures, and make him postpone the seizure of Gabriel, while Gabriel by his knowledge goes at midnight to secure one.

This scene, if laid in a nunnery garden, might connect another plot of some nun in love with the English captain,—and thus the inquisitor might be made to assist in her escape by preparing ladders, &c. She may be Duarte's sister

[1] This Life, nearly, if not quite, complete, is in the hands of the Rev. C. C. Southey. His father put it into my hands many years ago, knowing my love for Sir P. Sidney's character and works.—J. W. W.

Traditions.

Fountain in Epirus.

"In Epire is a fountain, intensely cold. Dip into it a torch and it will kindle it. Put in a kindled torch, and—wonderful—it will quench it."

"About two leagues from Koom we saw a round hill to the left, called in Turkish Gedeen-gedmaze, which signifies that whoever goes up never returns, which the Persians say was the fate of a page sent up by Schaah Abbas with a lighted torch in his hand. However this be, it is certainly no easy matter to ascend this place, because the whole hill consists of sand, which is shifted from place to place by the wind, and must soon tire whoever attempts to climb it."—Bell.

Traditions in Bretagne.

"Jon Gaut y Tan (John and his Fire) is a kind of dæmon, who in the night carries five lighted candles on his five fingers, and whirls them about with great rapidity. The repeated cry of the cuckoo indicates the year of marriage. They dip the shirts of children into certain wells; if the shirt sinks to the bottom, the child infallibly dies before the expiration of a year: if it swims, it is a sign that the child will live a long time, and the wet shirt is put on the poor creature to preserve it from every kind of evil. In one place a number of stories are told about a small black staff, which is changed into a black dog, an eagle, or a lion. In another, they believe that eagles, by the command of a genius, carry men up into the air. A sudden noise, three times repeated, foretells an impending misfortune.

The nocturnal howling of a dog is a certain foretoken of death. In the roaring of the distant main by night, and in the whistling of the wind, they hear the voice of drowned persons demanding a grave. Subterraneous treasures are guarded by giants, ghosts, and fairies. Some of these hobgoblins are called Teuss:[1] the Teuss Arpouliet appears in the shape of a dog, a cow, or some other domestic animal, and performs all menial services. The blood freezes at hearing the dreadful tales about the Car of Death, Cariquel Ancou,[2] which is covered with a winding sheet, and drawn by skeletons. The rumbling of its wheels is heard when a person is on the point of dying. Under the castle of Morlaix there are a number of little manikins, not above a foot high, who from time to time dry a large quantity of gold in the sun. Whoever modestly approaches them receives as much as he can hold in one hand: but he who comes with a sack to fill it with gold, is ill treated and sent away empty handed."—CAMBRAY'S *Voyage dans le Finisterre. M. Mag. March*, 1801.

[*Moorish Lust.*]

A.D. 744. "IN Carpetaniæ finibus, multæ Virgines monialeș Benedictinæ, ne violarentur à Mauris, à Deo consecutæ sunt ut à terrâ absorberentur; quædamque campanula statutis diei horis, quâ vocante veniebant ad preces, auditur."—LUITPRAND, p. 56.

ANOTHER writer, Julianus in Adversariis, multiplies the wonder. "Frequentes in quibusdam Hispaniæ locis audiuntur subtus terram sonitus campanarum, ubi creduntur fuisse monasteria sacrarum Virginum, quæ ne venirent in salacium Maurorum manus, petierunt à terrâ sorberi, ut in jugis Carpetanis propè Margalizam in Carpetania, in templo S. Quiteriæ, et etiam alibi."—*Notes*, p. 129.

[*The bursting of the Harp Strings.*]

AN Irish Priest at Lisbon said, "that when his father died the strings of his harp all burst at once with a noise like thunder."

Sword of Attila.

"GLADIO utebatur Attila, ut ipse putabat, divinitus ei misso: namque dum quâdam nocte perquietem vidisset se à Marte armari, postero die quidam ex gregariis militibus detulit ad eum ensem in campo patenti, dum vestigium cujusdam vitulæ sauciatæ insequeretur, forte fortunâ repertum. Quæ res fidem præcedentis sui somnii, non modicè confirmavit."—*Olah. in Attil.*

[*Shades of Battle.*]

AFTER the great defeat of Attila, "triduò armorum fragorem iisdem vestigiis auditum pugnantium clamorem, umbris pertinaci contentione post mortem in pugnâ perstantibus."—RODER TOLET.

[*Sailor's Ghost-Cry.*]

MANOEL DE SOUSA E SEPULVEDA and his companions. "Ab infortunio dum se miseri ad viam parant, silentio noctis nautica errantium ibidem animarum exaudita celeusmata."—MAFFEUS.

[*Field of Stones.*]

THERE is said to be a field in Shropshire covered with stones, which, though often cleared away, are always reproduced.

[*Omen of the Coronation Stone.*]

"THE famous coronation stone was said to make a strange noise when any of the

[1] See PELLOUTIER, *Dictionnaire de la Langue Bretonne*, in v. "Teüs."

[2] Cf. Ibid. in vv. *Carrighell*, &c. *Ancou*.

J. W. W.

true line of Milesians were crowned, but otherwise it was silent."—O'Halloran.

[*Stone with Smell of a Corpse.*]

In Crediton church is one stone remarkable, because it has the smell of a corpse.

[*The Virtue of Wichliffe's Dust.*]

"I have heard," says Fuller, "that the brook near Lutterworth in Leicestershire, into which the ashes of the burnt bones of Wickliffe were cast, never since doth drowne the meadow about it. Papists expound this to be because God was well pleased with the sacrifice of the ashes of such an heretick. Protestants ascribe it rather to proceed from the virtue of the dust of such a reverend martyr."—*Good Thoughts in Bad Times.*

[*Battle Stone-field.*]

Akin to this is a Spanish story. A great battle was fought between the Castros and the Laras. The field of battle was smooth and free from stones, but from that hour stones appeared; and it is now so rocky that no horseman can pass safely, nor man on foot without care and fear: there where the deaths were most numerous, the rocks are thickest.—*Coronica del* R. D. Alonso, p. 341.

[*Self-removal of the Executioner's Falchion.*]

"What shall we say to this prodigious thing, which the executioners of justice upon malefactors, whom we cannot name without horror, find to be true too often; namely, that when any such malefactor is to be delivered into their hands, the sword or faulchion, that they are wont to use in this business, removes itself, no man coming so much as near it: as it is at large discoursed of by Lavaterus in his book de Spectris, and Natalis Taillepied, in his treatise de l'Apparition des Esprits."—Gaffarel, *Unheard of Curiosities.*

Locrine.

"Crafti mon for sothe he wes;
He wrohte her, withoute les.
Tuo merveilles grete y wys,
Wrokynghole that on clepud ys
Sikerlich withoute gyle,
Biside Glastingbury a myle.
A chapele that other ys
That over the erthe hongeth thus,
From the erthe tuenti fet,
The leynthe for sothe last yet,
Of seint Susanne, wythoute les
The chapele ycleped wes."
Chronicle of England, v. 125.

[*Deadly Venom of the Salamander.*]

"Venenum Salamandri tam grave, ut si arborem tetigit, poma omnia veneno teterrimo inficit; et qui ex eis edant subito emoriantur."—Plin. l. 29, c. 4.[1]

[*Mysterious Name of Rome.*]

"Rome had an elder and mysterious name, which it was death to pronounce."—F. de Ocampo, l. 20. 12. On what classical authority?

[*Cader Idris.*]

"On the very summit of Cader Idris there is an excavation in the solid rock, resembling a couch; and it is said that whoever should rest a night in that seat, will be found in the morning either dead, raving mad, or endued with supernatural genius."—Davies. *Celtic Researches.*

[1] These are not Pliny's exact words, but, I suspect, a note made up from them. The reference is correct. It is well known in India that the Musk Rat will infect a whole bin of Madeira.—J. W. W.

[*Insula Viventium.*]

GIRALDUS says, "there is an isle in a lake in North Munster called Insula Viventium, because no one can die in it. When the inhabitants are mortally sick, and would rather die than linger on in misery, they are put into a boat and wafted over to the larger isle, where, as soon as they land, they expire." "This is the same," says LEDWICH, "as the Icelandic Udainsaker, or Land of the Immortals, of which Bartholine tells us, that it is situated in North Iceland, that the natives believe no one can die there, although labouring under a deadly sickness, until he is carried out of its precincts; and that therefore the inhabitants have deserted it, fearing all the terrors of death, without enjoying the prospect of release."

Δῆμος Ὀνείρων.

"ACCORDING to Pythagoras the Δῆμος Ὀνείρων, the People of Dreams, are souls which are collected in the milky way. This, says Thomas Taylor, admirably elucidates these lines in Odyss. xxiv. 11. [Manichæan. v. Beausobre. T. 1. 144.]

Πὰρ δ' ἴσαν Ὠμεανῦ τε ῥοὰς καὶ Λευκάδα πέτρην,
Ἠδὲ παρ' ἠελίοιο πύλας, καὶ δῆμον ὀνείρων
Ἤισαν· αἶψα δ' ἵκοντο κατ' ἀσφοδελὸν λειμῶνα,
Ἔνθά τε ναίουσι ψυχαὶ, εἴδωλα καμόντων.

For it is evident from hence that the souls of the suitors passed through the galaxy, or the seats of the blessed, according to the most ancient theology; and I doubt not but Homer describes in these lines the complicated progression of an impure soul till it regains its original habitation in the stars, and again begins to gravitate to this terrene abode."—*Restoration of the Platonic Theology.*

[*Virtue of Pulverized Testicles.*]

"NEQUE est verum quod dicunt rústici, quod ubi per violentiam quis sectus est, non possit celebrare, nisi testes siccos pulverizatos gerat in burso."—*Gloss. to the Partidas.*

What an ingredient for a philtre!

[*Poisonous Tree of the Celebes.*]

"THERE is a tree in the isle of Celebes which poisons whomsoever lies under its western shade, unless he gets into the shade of its eastern side, which is the antidote."—DIOGO DE COUTO, 4. 7. 8.

Elden Hole.

"IT is reported that several attempts have been made to fence the hole round with a stone wall, as the manner of the fences are all over the country; but it has been all in vain; what they built up in the day would be pulled down in the night, so it is vain to try the securing it. This the people tell us."—MRS. FIENNES's *MSS.*

[*Cold-blooded Enchanter.*]

ONE might make an enchanter cold-blooded—because the son of an incubus—*ex frigiditate seminis.*[1] Unfeeling accordingly and long-lived. A good personage for a tale of Gothic superstition.

[*Power of Music.*

"TIENE tanta fuerça la musica que, como muchos auctores gravissimos y aprovados escriven, una fuente de Alexina al tañer de la vihuela se mueve y salta como cosa biva."—FERNAN NUNEZ. *Glos. a las Trecientas de J. d. M.*

[*Origin of Mandrakes.*]

MANDRAKES were supposed to spring under a gibbet from the blood of the malefactor.

[1] See suprà, p. 236.—J. W. W.

[*Headless Men.*]

HERRERA (1. 2. 12) tells a story of two of Columbus's companions, when they were in want of food at Isabella. Going through one of the streets, they saw a party of men whom they supposed to be *newly* come from Castile, with swords by their side, *y reboçados con tocas de camino*, muffled as was then the mode. Upon saluting and asking them whence they came, the strangers pulled off their hats, and their heads in them, and disappeared.

[*Babe crying in the Womb.*]

A WOMAN in the isle of Orleans, 1661, in a time of signs and tokens heard the babe cry in her womb.—CHARLEVOIX. St. FRANCE, tom. 2, p. 102.

[*Monk and Fish Mortality.*]

"ON the borders of Burgundy a small lake belonging to a convent, which contains no more fish than there are monks in that convent, and these so sympathize, that whenever a monk sickens and dies, a fish sickens and dies also, and floats on the water."—FR. MARCO DE GAUDALAJARE. *Exp. de los Moriscos*, p. 68.

[*Sepulchre Knocking.*]

A KNOCKING is heard in the sepulchre of S. Victorian in Aragon whenever the abbot or one of the monks is to die.—Ibid.

[*Bachelors' Buttons.*[1]]

"IT was an old custom among countrymen to try whether they should succeed with their mistresses by carrying bachelors' buttons (the flower of the Lychnis kind so called) in their pockets. They judged of their good or bad success by their growing or not growing there."—*Note to Shakespeare.* BOSWELL's, vol. 8, p. 114.

[1] I suppose this to be a note on the words,

"'Tis in his *buttons* he will carry it,"

in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii. Scene ii. Within my own recollection, both in Shropshire and Staffordshire, this old custom was common enough.—J. W. W.

Savage Superstitions.

[*Earthquakes at Tongataboo.*]

"AT Tongataboo they account for their frequent earthquakes, by supposing the island rests upon the shoulders of a very powerful deity called Mowee, who has supported it for such a length of time as exceeds their conceptions. This heavy burden often exhausts his patience, and then he endeavours, but in vain, to shake it off; which, however, never fails to excite a horrid outcry over the whole country, that lasts for some time after the shock is over, and we have sometimes seen them endeavour to quell his discontent and reduce him to good behaviour, by beating the ground with large sticks.—Tongaloer, the god of the sky, and Fenoulonga, of the rain, they suppose to be males. Besides these, they have a great many others of both sexes, over earth, sea, and sky, each acting in their proper sphere, and sometimes counteracting one another, according as interest or inclination leads them. They also acknowledge the existence of a great number of strange gods, calling them by the general name of Fyga, among whom they rank ours as the greatest; and when they think it will answer their purpose, they will readily acknowledge him as far wiser, and in every respect better than theirs, having taught us to make so much better ships, tools, cloth, &c. than they have ever been able to do. Besides these, they imagine every individual to be under the power and control of a spirit peculiar to himself, which they call Odooa, who interests himself in all their concerns, but is little regarded till angry, when they think he inflicts upon them all the deadly disorders to which they are sub-

ject; and then, to appease him, the relations and other connections of the afflicted person, especially if he be a chief, run into all the inhuman practices of cutting off their little fingers, beating their faces, and tabooing themselves from certain kinds of food."

"A YOUNG woman gave us an affecting account of the fate of one of Moomōoe's sons. The youth, it seems, lived at some distance from Noogollifva, where the father lies sick, and by order of whom he was sent for, under pretence of having his little fingers cut off, a custom common here, and done with a view to appease the anger of the Odooa, that the sick person may recover, but in fact that he might be strangled. Upon the arrival of Colelallo, he was saluted in a cordial manner by his elder brother, Tōogahowe, and soon after went to see his father, whose attendants seized upon him with a view to strangle him instantly; when he, guessing their intention, said, if they would use gentler means he would submit to his father's will; but they continuing their violence, he by a great exertion beat them off. Three feejee men were then called, and these being joined by a sister of the unfortunate Colelallo, they accomplished his death."—*Missionary Voyage.*

The Egyptians had this custom also. Are not all sacrifices vicarious?

"THEY believe the immortality of the soul, which at death, they say, is immediately conveyed in a very large fast sailing canoe to a distant country called Doobludha, which they describe as resembling the Mahometan Paradise. They call the god of this region of pleasure Higgolayo, and esteem him as the greatest and most powerful of all others, the rest being no better than servants to him."—Ibid.

OTAHEITE. The general name for Deity in all its ramifications is Eatooa. Three are held supreme. Tāne, the Father; Oromattow, the Son; Taroa, the Bird, the Spirit. This stinks of the Methodist. Their other greater gods they call Fwhanow-po, born of night. Among these are the names Orohho, Oehawhow, Tamma, Toaheite, Vaveah. Each family has its Tee, or guardian spirit; he is supposed to be one of their departed relatives, who for his superior excellencies has been exalted to an Eatooa. They suppose this spirit can inflict sickness or remove it; and preserve them from a malignant deity also called Tee, who has no power but upon earth, and is always employed in mischief.

When the spirit departs from the body, they have a notion it is swallowed by the Eatōoa bird, who frequents their morais, and passes through him, in order to be purified, and be united to the Deity.—Ibid.

"IN the beginning, Tāne took Tarōa and begat Avye freshwater, Atye the sea, Awa the water-spout, Matāi the wind, Arye the sky, and Po the night, then Mahanna the sun, in the shape of a man called Oerōa Tabōoa. He had by Townoo the thirteen months. Then she returned to earth, and Oerōa embraced a rock called Poppoharra Harreha, which conceived a son named Tetooboo-amata-hatoo, after which the rock returned to its original state, and the father of the months himself died, and went to dust. The son he left embraced the sand of the sea, which conceived the brother and sister Tee and Opeera; then he also returned to earth. Tee and Opeera married; she fell sick at last, and requested her husband to heal her; she would in his illness do the same for him; and thus they should both live for ever. But Tee let her die, and married her and his daughter, Oheera-Reene-Moonoa. Their children peopled the earth."—Ibid.

"THEY believe the stars are the children of the sun and moon. When the sun and

moon are eclipsed, they suppose them in the act of copulation. When a star shoots, it is the Eatooa. They put great confidence in dreams, and suppose in sleep the soul leaves the body under the care of the guardian angel, and moves at large through the region of spirits. Thus they say, my soul was such a night in such a place, and saw such a spirit. When a person dies, they say his soul is *harre Po*, gone to the night." —Ibid.

"THEY entertain a high idea of the power of spirits. In the beautiful and romantic view of Taloo harbour, the remarkable peaked mountain is said to be but a part of the original one. Some spirits from Ulietēa had broken off the other half, and were transporting it down the bay in order to carry it away with them, but being overtaken by the break of day, they were obliged to drop it near the mouth of the harbour, where it now stands conspicuous as a rock, —for these spirits walk and work by night." —Ibid.

[*Notions in the Kingdom of Benin.*]

" LES habitans du Royaume de Benin, en Afrique, reconnoissent un Dieu qui recompense ou punit, selon le bien ou le mal qu'on a fait. Ils croyent que l'ombre du corps est un être réel, qui nous accompagne sans cesse, qui se rend à son gré visible ou invisible, et par qui Dieu est instruit, à notre mort, de nos bonnes et de nos mauvaises actions."—SAINTFOIX.

[*Maldive Ingenuity.*]

THE inhabitants of the Maldives—" de l'estoupe du Cocos ils font des chemises entieres avec les manches et les quartiers, d'un mesme tissu, aussi-bien que des demi-vestes." —*Anciennes Relations.*

[*Self-performing Instrument.*]

"A MANUSCRIPT," says Mr. Marsden, "is now lying before me, containing the adventures of two princes who were sent by the king their father to obtain for him the possession of an extraordinary self-performing instrument of music, whose enchanting air he had heard in a dream."—*Asiatic Researches.*

[*Processional Music of the Idol of Juggernaut.*]

" UNDER the idol of Juggernaut, when he rides abroad in his procession, sit the king's wives, ' which, after their manner, play on all instruments, making a most sweet melody.' "—LINSCHOTEN.

[*Offspring of Menu.*]

" THE sons of Marichi, and of all the other Richis, who were the offspring of Menu, are called the companies of Pitris or forefathers.

" They are elsewhere called the progenitors of mankind, and the patriarchs inhabiting the moon."—*Inst. of Menu.*

From the Hindoo Mythology. Sonnerat.

" THE Andon is the visible world: it is composed of one sun, one earth, planets, and stars. The whole is surrounded with a round and very thick shell. The Andons are innumerable, and ranged one upon another, very much in the manner of piling eggs."

" SATIALOGAM is the Paradise of Brahma, the Vaicondon of Vichenou, the Cailason of Eswara."

"THE virtues are divided into two classes, which must not be confounded. The one is called Pravarty, and the other Nivarty.

The first contains two articles, called Ischetam and Bourtam. Ischetam comprehends all actions done in religious ceremonies; but the building of temples, *choultrie*,[1] digging tanks, planting rows of trees, &c. all such good works are called Bourtam. Those who practise them will die at the time that the sun advances towards the south, and the night of a day when the moon is in her second quarter. After their death they will find themselves in the world of the moon, where they will be happy according to their deserts.

"The soul in the state of Nivarty burns with the fire of wisdom. Its power annihilates the action of the senses, and this soul enters into the immensity of the universal being. All men in the state of Nivarty will die at the time that the sun takes his course towards the north, and the morning of the day when the moon is in the first quarter. Raised by the sunbeams, the soul will go to the paradise of Brahma, called Satialogam, where it will enjoy those inexpressible delights possessed by the gods. The matter of which it is composed becomes subtile, and is changed into an universal body, and the faculty of this casual body is destroyed by the wisdom of the soul. From this delightful place it goes to the Sorgon; from whence the followers of Vichenou pass into the Vaicondon, and the followers of Eswara into the Cailason."

"Devendren is king of the Deverkels or demigods. The Sorgon is his paradise. He supports the east part of the universe. He is represented covered with eyes, with four arms, holding a hook, a coulichou, and mounted on a white elephant. Devendren had many wars to sustain against the giants, enemies of the gods. Alternately conqueror and conquered, he has at several times been driven out of the Sorgon; and it was only by the protection of Brahma, Vichenou, and Eswara, that he at last destroyed the giants, and remained peaceable possessor of the Sorgon.

"Aguini, god of fire, second of the Deverkels. He supports the south-east part of the universe, and is represented with four arms, holding in two a crit; his head surrounded with flames, and mounted on a ram.

"Yamen,[2] god of death, and king of hell, governs the south, a terrible figure holding a staff and mounted on a buffalo.

"Niroudi, king of the demons, and bad genii, supports the south-west. He is carried on a giant's shoulders, and holds a sabre

"Varounin, god of the sea, supports the west, he rides a crocodile with a whip.

"Vayou, god of the wind, supports the north-west. His weapon a sabre, his beast an antelope.

"Couberen, god of wealth, the north, on a white horse with plumes.

"Isanien, equipped like Eswara, and also on an ox, supports the north-east."

"Chourien, Sandrien, Anguaraguen, Bouda, Barasouadi, Soura, and Sani, are the Sun, Moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, and Saturn, demigods as well as planets; each presiding over one day of the week. Sani is the god who punishes men during their life-time, he approaches only to hurt them. The Hindoos fear him much, and address prayers to him. He is blue, quadri*mane*, and rides a raven. Two serpents form a circle about him."

"Thirty-three courous of Deverkels, all pure spirits, all sons of Cassiber and Adidi inhabit the Sorgon. A courou is 100 lacks; a lack, 100,000. They are divided into tribes, called

"1. Vassoukels. These are only eight in

[1] The Choultry or Madan, is a repository of stone, covered with a vault, adorned on all sides with sculpture, and built in temples to shew the divinity.

[2] "Two forms inseparable in unity
Hath Yamen; even as with hope and fear
The soul regardeth him doth he appear," &c.
The Curse of Kehama,—Padalon, xxiii. 13.
Poems, p. 621.—J. W. W.

number. Perhaps, and probably the protectors of the *octagon* world.

"2. Maroutoukels. Only two.

"3. Guinerers. Gods of music.

"4. Guimbourouders. Of singing.

"5. Chidders.

"6. Vitianders.

"7. Guerouders. They have wings, and their noses are like the eagle's beak. Vichenou rides on a Guerouder.

"8. Grindouvers, famous for their beauty. They have wings, and love to fly in the air with their wives.

"9. Pidourdevadegals; protectors of the dead. The only tribe that is adored and supplicated."

"The Cadis and Poudaris are tutelary divinities, protectresses of cities. Each city has its own. They delight in blood, and some of them in human sacrifice. They are *not immortal*, of giant stature, many-armed, their heads surrounded with flames. Several fierce animals are also placed under their feet."

"Of the giants, or bad genii, are five tribes.

"1. Achourers, of whom some have governed the world, a favour they obtained by their penances.

"2. Rachadars, who have often subjected the world under the government of some of their kings. But these monarchs, abusing the power given them by the greater gods, were punished by Vichenou and Eswara.

"3. Bouders, or Boudons, attendants and guards of Eswara.

"4. Caleguejers. The most powerful race of giants. They inhabit the Padalon.

"5. Guingerers, endowed with extraordinary strength. They serve the Achourers as soldiers, and inhabit also the Padalon.

"Many of these malicious genii are condemned to wander on the earth after their decease, on account of their bad actions; and cannot quit it but by collecting the prayers the Indians make to the gods; so that they get near those who are praying, and endeavour to confound them; that they may omit some of the ceremonies prescribed by their ritual. It is by this means, and not by their own works, that they can find grace before the Lord. When they have collected a sufficient quantity of prayers, they are permitted to change their nature; and then from wandering unfortunate genii they become souls, passing into the bodies of men, and by this change enjoying the happiness promised to the latter. In order to prevent such surprise is the reason that the Indians, in beginning the divine service, repeat a prayer, and fling water three times over the left shoulder, which is the only part where the genii can attack them."

"They believe also in spirits, attributing the same qualities to them which we give to hobgoblins. They name them Mouni, or Cateri, or Pichache. They have no body, but take what form they please. It is particularly during the night-time that they roam to hurt mankind, endeavouring to lead astray travellers to precipices, wells, and rivers; transforming themselves into Will-o'-the-wisps, houses, men, or animals, to conceal the danger into which they are conducting the traveller. To make them propitious, the Indians erect colossal statues to their honour, and pray to them."

"The wicked will be flung into hell, a place beneath the earth, near the south, called Padalam. Rivers of fire, horrible monsters, destructive arms, infectious insects, and all sorts of evils are concentered in this terrible corner. After the death of these unfortunate people, the Emaguinguilliers, the giant servants of Yamen drag them, tied and bound with cords; they are beat, whipt, and trod under foot; they walk on points of iron; their bodies shall be picked by crows, and gnawn by dogs; and they shall be flung into a burning river. It is not till after these cruelties have been exercised upon them that the ministers of

death will conduct them before Yamen. This incorruptible and severe judge will condemn them according to the faults they have committed. Those who have despised the duties of religion shall be cast on heaps of cutting arms, and suffer this torment as many years as they have hairs on their bodies. Those who insult the Bramins and persons in high office, shall be cut in pieces. Adulterers shall be forced to embrace a statue made hot with fire. Those who fail in their duty, who do not take care of their family, and who abandon them to roam about, shall be continually torn by the crows. Those who do hurt to men, or who kill animals, shall be cast from precipices to be tormented by wild beasts. Those who have not reverenced their parents, nor the Bramins, shall burn in a fire whose flames shall rise to 10,000 yogenais. Those who have ill-used old men and children shall be cast into furnaces. Those who have slept in the day time with lewd women shall be forced to walk on thorns. Slanderers and calumniators, stretched upon beds of red-hot iron, shall be obliged to eat excrements.[1] Misers shall serve for food to the worms. Those who rob the Bramins shall be sawed through the middle of their bodies. Those who from motives of vanity slay cows and other animals in the sacrifices, shall be beat on an anvil. False witnesses shall be flung from the top of high mountains. Lastly, the sensual, the idlers, and those who have had no pity on the poor and miserable, shall be flung into burning caverns; shall be crushed under mill-stones, and trod under foot by elephants; and their bruised and torn flesh shall serve for food to those animals. All these miserable sinners shall suffer in this manner during many thousand years; and their imperishable bodies, although divided by torments, shall re-unite as soon as quicksilver. They afterwards shall be condemned to a new life, during which their torments shall be lengthened, and by an effect of the Divine power they shall find themselves again in the seed of man. This seed diffused in the womb, shall be, during a whole night, like mud. The fifth day it shall be like globules of water. In the fourth month, the sinews of the fœtus shall be formed. In the fifth, he shall experience hunger and thirst. In the sixth, an epidermis shall cover his body. In the seventh, he shall be sensible of motions. He will inhabit the right side of his mother, and be nourished by the suction of the nourishment she takes. Reduced to flutter in his excrements, the worms shall bite him; the sharp nutriture and warm water which his mother drinks will give him acute pains. He will suffer much in his birth; and when born will be still subject to infinite pains. It is thus that this painful birth shall be renewed, till these unhappy creatures have the courage to give themselves up entirely to the practice of virtue."

"All souls whom a violent death hastens to the grave, except those who perish in a war, or in defence of their gods or their country, remain wandering and rambling upon the earth as long a time as they were destined to live in the bodies they lately animated. They can be judged only after this interval."

"If the destiny of the soul has been so unfortunate, that it is doomed to animate the body of an animal, it will successively pass into different disguises of this kind, except some fortunate circumstance delivers it from this deplorable state; because an animal cannot perform a meritorious act. Those fortunate circumstances are, the sight of a deity, whether in his temples or in the streets during the ceremony of a procession. Sometimes the sight alone of a holy place may operate for the deliverance. At this epocha the soul passes into the body of a man, and thus wanders from body to body till it becomes perfectly pure."

[1] See 2 Kings, xviii. 27; Isaiah, xxxvi. 12. It is said that these disgusting expressions are still used.—J. W. W.

"The gods and the giants desiring to procure themselves immortality, after the counsel of Vichenou, transported the mountain of Mandriguiri into the sea of milk, to get the Amourdon: they surrounded it with the serpent Addissechen, and drawing it alternately, some by the head and some by the tail, they turned the mountain topsy-turvy, that they might change the sea into butter. They drew it with such swiftness, that Adissechen, overcome with weariness, could no longer support the fatigue; his body trembled, his thousand shivering mouths made the earth resound with his hissings; a torrent of flame issued from his eyes; his thousand tongues, black and hanging, palpitated; and he vomited a terrible poison, which in an instant spread itself every where. Vichenou, more intrepid than the other gods and giants, who fled, took the poison, and rubbed his body with it, which immediately became blue. It is in commemoration of this event, that in almost all the temples dedicated to him, they represent him of a blue colour. The gods and giants returned to their work; they laboured during a thousand years, after which the mountain sunk by degrees into the sea. Vichenou then took the form of a tortoise of an extraordinary size, went into the sea, and easily lifted up the sunk mountain. All the gods, after having given him praises, united to turn the mountain. At last, after many ages, the cow Camadenou came out of the sea of milk, as also the horse Outchisaravam, and the white elephant Ariapadam, and the tree Calpaga Vroucham. Their labours also produced three goddesses, Latchimi, goddess of riches, wife of Vichenou; Sarasouadi, goddess of sciences and harmony, whom Brahma took to his wife; and Moudevi, goddess of discord and misfortune, with whom, for good reason, no person would trouble themselves; for the Indians suppose, that whoever is under her influence will never have a grain of rice to appease his hunger. She is represented green, mounted on an ass, carrying a banner in her hand, on which a raven is painted. Those animals are given her as attributes, because they are held infamous by the Gentoos. The physician Danouvandri afterwards came out from the bottom of the sea with a vase full of Amourdon. Vichenou distributed it among the gods alone; and the giants, who saw themselves disappointed, furious for having been deceived, dispersed themselves over the earth, preventing homage being paid to any deity whatever, and exercised all kinds of cruelty to make themselves adored."

"Vichenou assumed the form of a woman, under the name of Moyeni, to seduce the giants and take the Amortam from them. Eswara was so struck with her beauty, that he could not resist his desires, and became with her the father of Ayenar. The Gentoos esteem this son of Eswara and Vichenou as the protector of the world, of good order, and of the police; but they do not rank him with gods of the first class. They build small temples to him in the woods, commonly at a distance from the highway, but never in towns. He is known by the quantity of horses made of dried earth, which they consecrate to him, and are placed without side the temple, but under cover. It is not permitted to pass near those temples in a carriage, on horseback, or on foot with shoes on. He is the only god to whom sanguinary offerings are made; kids and cocks being sacrificed to him."

"Latchimi, the wealth-giver, the mother of the world, the perfectly beautiful, had by her husband Vichenou, Manmadin, god of love, a child in figure like Cupid, carrying a quiver on his shoulders, and a bow and arrow in his hand; but his bow is of sugar cane, his arrows of all sorts of flowers, and he is mounted on a parroquet. Although an infant, they have given him a wife called Radi, which signifies Debauch; they represent her as a beautiful woman, on her knees, on horseback, throwing a dart."

"Eswara unites in himself both sexes,

his wife Parvadi is only a part of himself. The first and greatest of his sons is Pollear. He presides over marriages. The Indians build no house, without having first carried a Pollear on the ground, which they sprinkle with oil, and throw flowers on it every day. If they do not invoke it before they undertake any enterprize, they believe that God will make them forget what they wanted to undertake, and that their labour will be in vain. He has an elephant's head, and rides a rat: but in the pagodas they place him on a pedestal with his legs almost crossed. A rat is always put before the door of his chapel. This rat was a giant, Gudje-mougachourin, on whom the gods had bestowed immortality, as well as great powers; which he abused, and did much harm to mankind. Pollear, intreated by the sages and penitents to deliver them, pulled out one of his tusks, and threw it against the oppressor. The tooth entered the giant's stomach, and overthrew him. He immediately changed himself into a rat, as large as a mountain, and came to attack Pollear: who sprung on his back, telling him, that hereafter he should ever be his carrier. The Hindoos, in their adoration of this god, cross the arms, shut the fist, and in this manner give themselves several blows on the temples: then, but always with the arms crossed, they take hold of their ears, and make three inclinations, bending the knee; after which, with their hands joined, they address their prayers to him, and strike their forehead. They have a great veneration for this deity, whose image they place in all temples, streets, highways, and in the country at the foot of some tree, that all the world may have an opportunity of invoking him, before they undertake any concern, and that travellers may make their adorations and offerings to him before they pursue their journey."

"The second son of Eswara is Soupramanier, whom his father produced from the eye in the middle of his forehead, to destroy the giant Soura-Parpma. This last, by strength of penances, had obtained the government of the world and immortality; but became so wicked that God was obliged to punish him. He sent Soupramanier, who fought him unsuccessfully for ten days; but at last, making use of the Velle, arms which he had received from his father, he cut the giant in two. These two parts changed, one into a peacock, and the other into a cock. Soupramanier gave them a better heart, and from that moment they paid homage to Eswara. He enjoined the peacock always to carry him, and the cock to be always in his standard."

"Vairevert, the third son of Eswara, was created from his breath, to overthrow the pride of the Deverkels and the Penitents, and to humble Brahma, who had vaunted that he was the greatest of the three gods. Vairevert pulled off one of Brahma's heads, and received the blood of all the Deverkels and Penitents in the skull; but afterwards brought them to life again, and gave them purer hearts. This is the god who by Eswara's command will come to destroy the world at the end of the ages. He is blue, three-eyed, with two tusks like crescents; a collar of heads round his neck, falling on his stomach; his girdle is made of serpents, his hair of a fire colour, bells are on his feet, he rides a dog."

"The fifth incarnation of Vichenou was in a Bramin dwarf, under the name of Vamen; it was wrought to restrain the pride of the giant Bely. The latter after having conquered the gods, expelled them from Sorgon. He was generous, true to his word, compassionate and charitable."[1]

[1] "Their talk was of the city of the days
Of old, Earth's wonder once, and of the fame
Of Baly its great founder,—he whose name
In ancient story and in poet's praise,
Liveth and flourisheth for endless glory,
Because his might
Put down the wrong, and age upheld the right," &c.
The Curse of Kehama,—The City of Bely, xv. 4.—J. W. W.

Vichenou, under the form of a very little Bramin, presented himself before him while he was sacrificing, and asked him for three paces of land to build a hut.[1] Bely ridiculed the apparent imbecility of the dwarf, in telling him, that he ought not to limit his demand to a request so trifling; that his generosity could bestow a much larger donation of land. Vamen answered, that being of so small a stature, what he asked was more than sufficient. The prince immediately granted his request, and to ratify his donation, poured water into his right hand; which was no sooner done, than the dwarf grew so prodigiously, that his body filled the universe. He measured the earth with one pace, and the heavens with another,[1] and then summoned Bely to give him his word for the third. The prince then recognized Vichenou, adored him, and presented his head to him: but the god, satisfied with his submission, sent him to govern Padalon, and permitted him to return annually to the earth, on the day of the full moon in November, the anniversary of his overthrow, to witness the fireworks and illuminations, a sight of which he was very fond."

"PARASSOURAMA was only one part of Vichenou. He declared war against the kings of the race of the sun, defeated them all, and gave their kingdom to the Bramins. He would afterwards have retired into a corner of the country he had presented them, to pass his days in tranquillity, but none of the Bramins would permit him: and finding no asylum on the earth, he retired on the Gauts, whose foundation was washed by the waves. It was there that he called Varounin, god of the sea, begging him to withdraw his waters, in order to give him a place he could inhabit; he only desired the space of an arrow's flight, which he would shoot. Varounin consented, but the penitent Narader, witness of the promise he had just given, made him sensible of his imprudence, by assuring him, that it was Vichenou himself, and that he would send his arrow beyond all the seas; in which case Varounin would not know what to do with his waters. Varounin, lamenting at not being able to recall his promise, ran speedily to Yamen, god of death, begging his assistance in this dilemma. To oblige him, Yamen changed himself into a white ant, called Karia among the Indians, who, in the night time came when Parassourama was asleep, and by favour of the darkness gnawed his bow-string in such a manner, as to leave just string enough to keep the bow stretched. Parassourama, not perceiving the trick played him, repaired in the morning to the sea shore; he put an arrow to his bow, which he was preparing to shoot with all his strength; but in drawing the string, to give it more elasticity, it broke in such a manner, that the arrow could not go far. The land over which it passed dried, and formed the country of Malealon, which we call the coast of Malabar. Parassourama recalling to mind the ingratitude of the Bramins, cursed them, and imposed this lot upon them, that if a Bramin should die on this new spot of earth, he should return to earth again, in the shape of an ass. Therefore no Bramin's residence is to be seen on this proscribed coast. According to the Tamoul tradition, this god still lives on the Malabar coast. They represent him a terrible and disagreeable figure. On the Coromandel coast he is painted green, with a more agreeable countenance, holding in one hand a hatchet, and a fan of palm leaves in the other."

"MARIATALE[2] was wife of the penitent

[1] The classical reader will call to mind HOMER's description of strife, *Iliad*, Δ. 443.

Οὐρανῷ ἰστήριξε κάρη, καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ βαίνει.

With which may be compared the words in the *Book of Wisdom*, "It touched the heaven, but it stood upon the earth." xviii. 16.

J. W. W.

[2] All these materials were of course collected for the "Curse of Kehama." This is quoted to the lines.

"It chanced that near her, on the river brink,

Chamadaguini, and mother of Parassourama. This goddess commanded the elements, but could not preserve that empire longer than her heart was pure. One day, while she was collecting water out of a tank, and, according to her custom, was making with that and earth a bowl to carry it to the house, she saw on the surface of the water some figures of Grandouers, who were flying over her head. Struck with their charms, desire seized her heart. The earth of the bowl liquified, and the water mixed again with that of the tank. From this time she was obliged to make use of a vase. This inability discovered to Chamadaguini that his wife had deviated from purity, and in the excess of his rage he ordered his son to drag her to the place where criminals were executed, and to behead her. This order was executed, but Parassourama was so much afflicted for the loss of his mother, that Chamadaguini told him to take up the body and fasten the head upon it, which he had cut off, and repeat a prayer in her ear, which he taught him, and his mother would come again to life. The son ran eagerly to perform what he was ordered, but by a very singular blunder, he joined the head of his mother to the body of a Parichi who had been executed for her crimes: a monstrous assemblage which gave to this woman the virtues of a goddess and the vices of a criminal. The goddess becoming impure by such a mixture, was driven from her house, and committed all kinds of cruelties. The Deverkels perceiving the destruction she made, appeased her in giving her the power to cure the small-pox, and promising her she should be implored for that disorder.—Mariatale is the great goddess of the Parias, who place her above the Deity. To honour her, they have a custom of dancing with several pots of water on their heads, placed one above another. These pots are adorned with the leaves of the Margosier, a tree consecrated to her. Fearing her son Parassourama would no longer adore her, she prayed the Deverkels to grant her another child, and they gave her Catavareyen; the Parias divide their adoration between his mother and him. Mariatale is by many authors called the devil Ganga. They sacrifice he-goats to her."

"Vichenou resides in the sea of milk, in contemplative repose, throned on Addissechen, or Seja, the thousand-headed serpent who supports the universe. They reckon seven seas:[1] 1, of salt; 2, of butter; 3, of tain, or curdled milk; 4, of calon, the liquor drawn from the palm; 5, of the serpent; 6, of water; 7, of milk, which they call tirouparcadel."

"The two Rachaders, Ragou and Quedou, were metamorphosed into snakes, one red, the other black. They are enemies to the Sun and Moon, who prevented them from swallowing a portion of the Amortam. Eclipses happen when they attack them."

"Devendren, in the figure of a handsome man, one day went to find a courtesan, to prove if she would be faithful to him. He promised her great rewards, and she received him well during the whole night. Devendren counterfeited death, and the courtesan was so prepossessed of the truth, that she absolutely would be burned with him, though they represented to her that he was not her husband. As she was going to precipitate herself into the flames, Devendren awoke, acknowledged the deceit, took her for his wife, and carried her into his paradise."

"Manmadin once dared to shoot his ar-

The sculptured form of Marriatale stood;
It was an idol roughly hewn of wood,
Artless, and mean, and rude;
The goddess of the poor was she;
None else regarded her with piety."
The Curse, ii. 8.—J. W. W.

[1] In the extract from Kindersley, *Poems*, p. 610, there is some little difference. The quotation is to the line,
"Yea, the seven earths, that, each with its own ocean," &c. *Mount Calusay*, xix. 6.
J. W. W.

rows at Eswara. The god darted flame from the eye in his forehead, and consumed him to ashes. Afterwards he restored him to life."

"ARounin, a lame Deverkel, conducts the chariot of the sun. The chariot is supported at one end by Mount Merou, the rest is sustained by the air. There is only one wheel. It is drawn by seven green horses. The Valaguilliers, to the number of 60,000, follow the sun in his twelve chambers, adoring him, and singing his praise.

"The mountain Merou is composed of 8,000 small mountains. It is of gold, in the middle of the earth. The gods alone can go there. With this mountain they churned the sea of milk to make the Amortam."[1]

"TAKIN is one of the ten Brahmas. Thirteen of his daughters married the Penitent Cassiapen. Of these Adidi was mother of the Deverkels; Singinde, of Ragou and Quedou; Vinde, of Arounin the lame; Catrou, of all snakes; Arite, of twelve lovely daughters, the eldest of whom, Arambe, is the dancer of the Deverkels."

"THEY believe that we receive from the moon a certain vital water which gathereth and disposeth itself in the brain, descending thence, as from a source, into all the members for their functions."—BERNIER.

"ALL the Ayatars were of a dark-blue colour, to mark their celestial descent."—MAURICE.

"MAYA, or, as the word is explained by some Hindu scholars, *the first inclination of the Godhead to diversify himself* (such is their phrase), *by creating worlds*, is feigned to be the mother of universal nature, and of all the inferior gods; as a Cashmirian informed me, when I asked him why *Cama*, or Love, was represented as her son."—SIR W. JONES.

"THE appropriate seat of Mahadeva (Eswara) was mount Cailása, every splinter of whose rocks was an inestimable gem. His terrestrial haunts are the snowy hills of *Himalaya*, or that branch of them to the east of the *Brahmaputra*, which has the name of *Chandrasic'hara*, or the Mountains of the Moon." —Ibid.

"THERE the sun shines not, nor the moon and stars. These lightnings flash not *in that place*: how should even fire blaze *there*? *God* irradiates all this bright substance, and by its effulgence the universe is enlightened. —From the *Yajurveda*. Asiat. R.

This may be finely applied to Eswara's glory throne.

'Hæc ait, et sese radiorum nocte suorum
Claudit inaccessum.'" COLUMBUS.

"JAMBU is the Sanscrit name of a delicate fruit, called Jáman by the Muselmans, and by us rose-apple: but the largest and richest sort is named Amrita, or Immortal; and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree bearing ambrosial fruit, and adjoining to four vast rocks, from which as many sacred rivers derive their several streams."—Ibid.

It is odd that Sir W. Jones makes no remark upon this resemblance to the immortalizing milk, or tree of life.

"GARUDA, whom Vishnu rides, is often painted with the face of a beautiful youth, and the body of an imaginary eagle. His name is better spelt Garura. He is the rational eagle."—Ibid.

"KIDS are still offered to Cali, the wife of Siva, to palliate the cruelty of the slaughter which gave such offence to Buddha. The Brahmans inculcate a belief that the poor victims rise in the heaven of Indra, where they become the musicians of his band.

[1] On "The Amreeta-cup of immortality," see Notes to "Curse of Kehama," *Poems*, p. 624. J. W. W.

"Formerly human sacrifices were made to this goddess, and bulls and horses."—Ibid.

CAPARDIN, *with thick hair*, is a title of Eswara.

THEY suppose that the Sphinx, or Singh as they call her, will appear at the end of the world so huge, as at the instant of her birth to seize on an elephant. This tradition was related by a Pundit to Colonel Pearse. Sir W. Jones conceives the sculpture representing it to be intended for a lion,—so *Singh* means, so several Bramins told him who had seen it. Yet if the drawing of the colonel be correct, the female breasts are visible.

Oriental Images.

"HER eyes appear like moons eclipsed, *which let fall their gathered nectar*, through pain caused by the tooth of the furious dragon."—*Songs of Jayadeva.*

"SPREAD a string of gems on those two soft globes; let the golden bells of thy zone tinkle, and proclaim the mild edict of love. Say, O damsel, with delicate speech, shall I dye red, with the juice of *alactaca*, those beautiful feet, which will make the full-blown land-lotus blush with shame."—Ibid.

"AND Radha, with timid joy, darting her eyes on Govinda, while she musically sounded the rings of her ankles, and the bells of her zone, entered the mystic bower of her only beloved."

"HIS locks, interwoven with blossoms, were like a cloud variegated with moon-beams."

"PLACE now a fresh circle of musk, black as the lunar spots, on the moon of my forehead, and mix gay flowers on my tresses, with a peacock's feathers, in graceful order, that they may wave like the banners of Cama."

HE applauds another who dances in the sportive circle, "whilst her bracelets ring, as she beats time with her palms."

"IF powder of sandal wood finely levigated be applied to her breasts, she starts, and mistakes it for poison."—Ibid.

"I MYSELF never *was not*, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be."—KREESHNA, *in the Bhagvat Geeta.*

"As the soul in this mortal frame findeth infancy, youth, and old age, so in some future frame will it find the like."—Ibid.

"THE former state of beings is unknown, the middle state is evident, and their future state is not to be discovered. Why, then, shouldst thou trouble thyself about such things as these?"—Ibid.

"LET the motive be in the deed, and not in the event."—Ibid.

"PERFORM thy duty, abandon all thought of the consequence, and make the event equal, whether it terminate in good or evil; for such an equality is called *Yog*."—Ibid.

"ALTHOUGH thou wert the greatest of all offenders, thou shalt be able to cross the gulf of sin with the bark of wisdom."—Ibid.

"THE man who, performing the duties of life, and quitting all interest in them, placeth them upon Brahm the Supreme, is not tainted by sin; but remaineth like the leaf of the lotus, unaffected by the waters."—Ibid.

THE Yogee of a subdued mind is compared "to a lamp, standing in a place without wind, which waveth not."—Ibid.

"I GLADLY inspire those who are constantly employed in my service, with that use of reason by which they come unto me; and in compassion I stand in my own nature, and dissipate the darkness of their ignorance with the light of the lamp of wisdom."—Ibid.

THE crop of heads on their deities is merely a palpable metaphor of "the eternal God whose countenance is turned on every side."—Ibid.

"As a single sun illuminateth the whole world, even so doth the spirit enlighten every body."—Ibid.

"THERE are these three passages to Narak (the infernal regions), lust, anger, and avarice, which are the destroyers of the soul: wherefore a man should avoid them; for, being freed from these gates of sin, at length he goeth the journey of the Most High."—Ibid.

"WHENCE should men out of place have wealth, which makes others give way to the fangrooms of their horses? Whence should they procure white umbrellas with long sticks, horses, elephants, and a troop of attendants?"—HITOPADESA.

"BEFORE the sun had put on his crown of rays."—*Life of Creeshna.*

"THY anger was but mercy, which gave us an occasion of beholding thy power."—Ibid.

"HELL, called Yemalogu, is a large fiery cellar, where there are fiery leeches."—*Letters to the Dan. Miss.*

"THOU art pleasanter than sweet Samarcand in her vallies of jonquils."—Translated from the Persian and Arabic by the author of *Gebir.*

"FUIT Vizier Nodhamo'l Mole unio singularis, quem
Conflavit (Deus) misericors ex nobilitate.
Apparuit et non agnovêre tempora pretium ejus
Quare illum illis invidens, in concham iterum reposuit."
SHABLO'DDAULA.. ABUL-PHARAJIUS.

"THE Banyans," says Herbert, "hold that at the last judgment the *sun will shed his light like purling brimstone.*" P. 53.

"WHEN those two damsels departed, musk was diffused from their robes, as the eastern gale sheds the scent of clove gilly-flowers."—AMRIOLKAIS. MOALLAKAT.

SAND-HILLS often mentioned. "The bosom of a vale surrounded with hillocks of spiry sand."—"Let me weep at the remembrance of our beloved, at the sight of the station where her tent was raised by the edge of yon bending sands."

"HER bosom was smooth as a mirror, or like the pure egg of an ostrich of a yellowish tint blended with white, *and nourished by a stream of wholesome water not yet disturbed.*"[1] What meaning has this?

"HER long coal-black hair decorated her

[1] ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING in his *Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa*, speaks of the ostrich shells as used for water-vases by the "bush-girls and Bakalahari women who belong to the wandering Bechuana tribes of the Kalahari desert."—Vol. 1, p. 113. I do not know whether this can be used in illustration, neither do I know what authority is due to the book quoted. Herodotus, in the old time, and Bruce, in more recent days, told stories equally wonderful, which have turned out true. One cannot, however, but lament that Mr. Cumming's narrative should be so needlessly blood-stained as it is at times—neither is mawkish sentimentality at all to be admired.—J. W. W.

back, thick and diffused like bunches of dates clustering on the palm tree."

"A LEG both as white and as smooth as the stem of a young palm, or a fresh reed, bending over the rivulet."

"O FRIEND, seest thou the lightning? the fire of it gleams like the lamps of a hermit, when the oil poured on them shakes the cord by which they are suspended."—Ibid.

"THE Betele maketh the mouth and lips of a vermillion colour, and the breath sweet and pleasing."—BERNIER.

"IT well becomes thee, who art soft as the fresh-blown Mallica, to fill with water the canals which have been dug round these tender shrubs."—SACONTALA.

"MY friend Priyamvada has tied this mantle of bark so closely over my bosom that it gives me pain."—Ibid.

"THE venerable sage must have an unfeeling heart, since he has allotted a mean employment to so lovely a girl, and has dressed her in a coarse mantle of woven bark."—Ibid.

"Now then I deliver to the priests this bundle of fresh Cusa grass, to be scattered round the place of sacrifice."—Ibid.

"THERE has been a happy omen. The young Brahman who officiated in our morning sacrifice, dropped the clarified butter (though his sight was impeded by clouds of smoke) into the very centre of the adorable flame."

"ANOTHER prest the juice of Lacsha, to stain her feet exquisitely red."

"THE delighted genii have been collecting, among the trees of life, those crimson and azure dyes, with which the celestial damsels tinge their beautiful feet,—and they now are writing thy actions in verses worthy of divine melody."—Ibid.

WHEN S. Roberto reformed the Benedictines at Molismo, part of the regular business of the day was "cortar folhas de palma, & tecer dellas os habitos que traziaõ."—*Brito. Chro. de Cister.*

HODGES speaks of peacocks in abundance, "which, sitting on the vast horizontal branches, and displaying their varied plumage to the sun, dazzle the eyes of the traveller as he passes."

"A REYSHEE whose austerities were such that he subsisted entirely on the drops of milk which fell from the mouths of calves in the act of calving."—*Life of Creeshna.*

"THE two children learned to walk together, either round their beds, or by holding a calf's tail in their hands."

"THUS did the Gopias admire him who had on a yellow robe, a peacock's feather on his head, a brilliant rosary round his neck, and a flute on his lip."

"THE peacocks on the house-tops were rejoicing and singing in the smoke which arose from the constant burning of aromatics in such quantity as to form a cloud that resembled the rainy season."

"ON her sitting down or rising up, the Devates became mad with admiration at the tinkling that proceeded from the golden bells that adorned her feet and ankles."—*Ibid.*

Sonnets.

Unless strikingly good, immediately forgotten. They please us like the scenery of a tame country; we look with pleasure upon a green field, and the light ash that bends over its hedges, and the grey alders along its clear brook side. But the next copse, or the little arch that spans the brook, effaces the faint impression; and they in their turn yield to the following picture. But the woods of the Wye, and the rocks of Avon, even these we long remember, and years will scarcely blunt the recollection of the Tagus, and the heights of Lisbon, and the thousand-fold beauties of Cintra.

Kett has well observed the likeness of the sonnet to the Greek epigram.

Upon amatory poems a general condemnation may be past. It is unfortunate that men will write nonsense, as well as talk it, to the women, with whom they amuse themselves; this is little honourable to the common sense of either sex. Cupid was very well in his day, on a cameo or a bas-relief, but his bastard descendants are insufferable that figure in a song or sonnet on an upholsterer's shop card, or a hair-dresser's shop sign at a watering-place.

Personal sonnets form a large class;—lords, dukes, kings, queens, and poets have had their share. Of these, the most are utterly worthless; some only useful as hints to the literary history of the times—like our old introductory verses—mementos of who and who associated together—of the names we know.

Literary Observations.

At the revival of letters, almost every poet was proud of imitating the ancients; the manner and the matter were new to an unlearned people, and they produced a better taste.

Copying from obscure writers. If there be a gem in the dunghill, it is well to secure it and set it where its brilliancy may be seen. More often the rudiments of a thought are found—the seed that will only vegetate in a good soil, and must be warmed by the sun into life and blossom. So in this Milton has done—he has quickened grub ideas into butterfly beauty.

The heroic writers of these countries must not be meted by the Epic measure; they are as our Drayton and Daniel in their plans. Writers that never can be popular yet ought not to be despised. The analogy indeed of language fails. Ours has been the slow-growing oak; theirs of so rapid a growth, that it never has exceeded sapling strength. This is disadvantageous. A little rust would hide the poorness of the medal.

Poetical ornaments. These are not enough. If the groundwork be bad, they are like the rich colouring of a dauber's picture, like the jewels that bedizen a clumsy church-idol. To lard a good story with prettinesses, were like periwigging and powdering the Apollo Belvidere—and dressing the Venus of Florence in a hoop.

In poetry, as in painting, mediocrity is probably attainable by all. In these countries the poets resemble missal-painters;—their colours often rich, their pencilling delicate; but no knowledge of design or perspective, and often as deformedly incorrect in outline as the pictures of the Mexicans. There are masons enough, but no architect. They have raised huge edifices, but faced them with a confused mixture of mud and marble.

Devotional poetry usually unsuccessful, not because the subject is bad, but because it has usually been managed by blockheads.

Narrative. Milton. Klopstock. Gessner. Bodmer. G. Fletcher. St. Isidro. The Antony-poems. Vida. Sannazarius. Marino.

HYMNS. Surely no worse a subject than old Pagan faith.

MYSTICAL. The Orientals. Crashaw. St. Teresa.

ALLEGORY. Ph. Fletcher. John Bunyan the Great. Calderon.

BUT Popery has culled the absurdities, and magnified them as in a solar microscope. The Real Presence, the Immaculate Conception; without the genius of Quarles, or even Herbert, they are tenfold more ridiculous. Ledesma. The Nun of Mexico.

THE early poets must not be translated.

Because they are not worth translating.

Because we have no language wherein to translate them. That of Chaucer is too rugged, and almost as difficult. Modern versification would be like an attempt to polish freestone. It would but caricature the grossness of old ideas.

Modern Latin.

AT the revival of letters it was fashionable to be a scholar. Latin was more spoken, and more written, than now. It was the epistolary and colloquial language of the learned.

The modern languages were scarcely formed. There were no conventional phrases of poetry; no beaten road which the imitator might follow.

The mediocre poets, as in their vernacular works, have such. Have the better ones speculated amiss? Would Vida Fracastorius—above all, Flaminius, have been now so generally known, had they written in Italian? Could Erasmus have made Dutch readable?

Yet among the modern Latinists is no one poet of great and original genius. The reason is obvious.

The Jesuit system had its influence. A club composed of all nations conspiring for universal rule. A common language was necessary; and it has ever been the plan of priestcraft to keep the people ignorant.

A writer of original genius must wield language at his will. The syntax must bend to him. He must sometimes create—who else are the makers of language?

Much as I shall do, much will remain. Many a pleasant bye-path remains, into which chance may lead the future traveller. Many a store of hidden treasure is to be found among the mouldering libraries. Many a conquest yet to be made from the worms and spiders. I omit no labour; but the traveller of most anxious curiosity wants a guide. I am not parsimonious; but there are bounds which independence must not pass. God has given me abundant talents, which have not been buried; but from society I have not received capital enough to produce interest.

[*Spanish Bombast.*]

"TU auras les conceptions grandes et hautes, et non monstrueuses ny quintessencieuses comme sont celles des Espagnols. Il faudroit a un Apollon pour les interpreter, encor il y seroit bien empesché avec tous ses oracles et Trepieds."—RONSARD. *Pref. to the Franciade*, p. 25

[*Outcast.*]

Is our word *outcast* in any way traceable to Hindostan?

[*Gothic Genius.*]

GOTHIC genius improved every fiction which it adopted. Like torch-light in a cathedral, its strong lights and shades made every thing terrible, and as it were living. See now the Seven Sleepers.

"In the weste syde of Germania is a people called Scribonius, that hath snowe all the somer tyme, and eteth rawe flesshe, and ben clothed in ghoot buck skynnes. In theyr countrees whan the nyght is short

men may see all the nyght the sonne bemes. And after, in the winter, whan the daye is short, tho men se the lyghte of the sonne, yet the sonne is not seen. Item, faste besyde that people, under the clyff of Occean, is a denne under an hyghe stone. Therin slepen seven men, and have long slept, and ben hole and sounde in bodye and clothynge and all withouten wemme,[1] for whiche cause the comyn people have them in grete worshyp and reverence. They are supposed Romayns by theyr clothynge. There was a man somtyme that for covetyse wolde strype one of them, and have his clothyng, but forwith his arme waxed all drye. It may be that God lyste to kepe them so hole and sounde, for mysbyleved men, in tyme to comynge, sholde thrughe them be converted and tourned to good byleve."—*Polycronicon*, vol. i. p. 26.

[*Simily,—Metaphor,—Machinery, &c.*]

"As simily is dilated metaphor, so machinery is dilated personification." The Sailor at San Miguels. Milton has *not* used machinery—for the supernatural powers are the characters of his poems, the agents themselves, not the wire-workers.

[*Inventory of Grijalva's Treasure.*]

"In the inventorie of the treasure that Grijalva brought from his wars, are

"A whole harness of furniture for an armed man, of gold thinne beaten.

"Another whole armour of wood, with leaves of golde, garnished with little black stones.

"Four pieces of armour of wood, made for the knees, and covered with golden leafe.

"The armour wherewith the Indians of Tabasco defend themselves are targets and skulles, made of woode or barke of trees, and some of gold very thinne.

"In the inventory of presents reserved for the K. of Spaine:

"A helmet of woode, champed with golde, and besette with stones, and at the bevier five-and-twentie belles of golde, and upon the toppe a greene birde, with his eyes, beake, and fecte of golde.

"A sallet[2] of flaunches of golde, and belles rounde aboute it, decked with golde.

"A targatte of woode covered with leather, beset round about with belles of Latton, and the bosse in the midst was planched with gold, and there was engraved upon the same 'Vitsilopuchtli, god of the warres,' and also foure heades set crosswise, whiche heades were of a lion, a tigre, an eagle, and an owle, very lively made with feathers."

[*St. Peter, the Sailor's Patron.*]

"And beyng at sea, Cortes willed all his navie, as the use is, to have S. Peter for their patrone, warning them alwayes to follow the admirall, wherein he went, bycause he carried light for the night season to guide them the way."

[*Long Hair of the Indians.*]

"Ordinarily the Indians wear long hair, and on their solemne feastes and in wars they use their hair platted and bound about their forheads."

"The heare of their heades platted and bound aboute their foreheads, like unto women."

[*Censering of Cortez.*]

"Teudilli, according to their usance, did his reverence to the captains, burning frankincense and little strawes touched in bloud of his own bodie. And at Chiauiztlan, the

[1] Forby, in his *Vocabulary of East Anglia*, explains it,—"A small fretted place in a garment." It is pure Anglo-Saxon. See "Bosworth," in v. "*Wóm—wæm—wam.*"

J. W. W.

[2] i.e. A casque or head-piece. See Nares' *Gloss.* in v. and Menage sub v. Salade.

J. W. W.

lord toke a little chafyngdishe in his hande and cast into it a certaine gume, whyche savoured in sweete smel much like unto frankincense, and with a sencer he smoked Cortez with the ceremonye they use in theyr salutations to theyr gods and nobilitie."

Kings' Presents.

"MANY skinnes of beast and foule, corried and dressed in their feathers and in haire.

"Twenty-four targets of gold feathers, and set with pearl, both curious and gallant to behold. Five targets of feathers and silver."

"THE woodde whereof they make their armour and targettes is verye hard and strong, for they use to toast it at the fire."

"To send a shield and an arrow was the mark of defiance."—TORQUEM, vol. 1, p. 128.

"The temple and palace courts so polished, that they actually shone like burnished gold or silver in the sun."—Ibid, p. 251.

[*Writers of Comedy.*]

"WRITERS of comedy are very apt to *overdo* and *overstrain*, in complacency to the judgment of their audience, of whom the greatest part could not find out the jest, if it was within nature. They must understand delicacy, and the just bounds of wit, to relish natural beauties; but they can see the jest of a muff as big as a barrel, of a steinkirk[1] as large as a towel, and if thoughts are stretched in proportion, they will mistake the extravagance for humour, or wit, or both; and the writer acquires the reputation of an excellent poet."—OLDMIXON.

[1] "A muslin neckcloth carelessly put on, from the manner in which the French officers wore their cravats when they returned from the battle of Steenkirk."—GROSE'S *Dict. of the Vulgar Tongue*, in v.—J. W. W.

From VILLEGAS.

"ENOUGH, enough, old Winter!
Thou workest to annoy us
With cold, and rain, and tempest
When snows have hid the country,
And rivers cease to flow.
The flocks and herds accuse thee,
And even the little ermine
Complains of thee, old Winter!
For thou to man art freezing,
And his white fur is warm.
The beasts they crouch in cover.
The birds are cold and hungry,
The birds are cold and silent.
Or, with a weak complaining,
They call thee hard, old Winter!
But not to one, old Winter!
Thy tyranny extends;
For I have wine and music,
The cheerful hearth and song."

March 3rd, Prospect Place, 1797.

Xarifa and Fatima.

LA mañana de San Juan,
Al punto que alboreava,
Gran fiesta hazen los Moros
Por la Vega de Granada:
Rebolvienda sus cavallos
Jugando van de las lanças,
Ricos pendones en ellas
Labrados por sus amadas;
Ricas aljubas vestidas
De oro y seda labradas;
El Moro que amores tiene
Alli bien se señalava;
Y el Moro que no los tiene
Por tenerlos trabajava.
Mirando las damas Moras
De las torres del Alhambra,
Entre las quales avia
Dos de amor muy lastimadas
La una llaman Xarifa,
La otra Fatima se llama.
Solian ser muy amigas
Aunque agora no se hablan;
Xarifa llena de celos
A Fatima le hablava,

Hay Fatima hermana mia
Como estas de amor tocada!
Solias tener color;
Veo que agora te falta.
Solias tratar amores
Agora estas de callada.
Pero si los quieres ver
Asomate a essa ventana,
Y veras a Abindarraez
Y su gentileza y gala.
Fatima como discreta
Desta manera se habla,
No estoy tocada de amores
Ny en mi vida los tratara;
Si se perdio mi color
Tengo dello justa causa,
Por la muerte de mi padre
Que Malique Alabez matara.
Y si amores yo quisiera
Esta hermana confiada
Que alli veo cavalleros
En aquella Vega llana
De quien pudiera servir me,
Y dellos ser muy amada
De tanto valor y esfuerço
Como Abindarraez alabas.
Con esto las damas Moras
Pusieron fin a su habla.

Translation.

On the morning of St. Juan,
When the sun was in the east,
In the plain before Granada,
Did the Moors begin their feast.

Now they spur their stately coursers,
Now their banners they unfold,
By their favourite ladies' labours
All adorn'd with silk and gold.

He who has obtain'd a mistress
Seeks applause before her eyes,
And the youth who is without one
Now to gain a mistress tries.

From the towers of the Alhambra
Many a lady saw the sport;
Two were there by Love subjected,
Maidens of the Moorish court.

Fatima and fair Xarifa,
They were ardent friends before,
Now they shunn'd each other's converse,
For they now were friends no more.

To her comrade spake Xarifa—
Jealous thoughts were in her breast—
"Fatima! ah my poor sister,
How art thou by Love possess'd!

"Once your checks were fresh and blooming,
Pale and sickly is your brow—
Once in love-tales you delighted—
You of love are silent now.

"Would you therefore see the pastime,
Draw towards this window near,
You may see Abindarraez
And his gallant carriage here."

Fatima, for she was prudent,
Thus the jealous maid address'd—
"Love-tales I have never heeded,
Nor am I by love possess'd.

"If my cheeks have lost their colour,
I have cause enough for pain
For the slaughter of my father,
Who by Alabez was slain.

"And of this be sure, my sister,
If my heart were turn'd to love,
Many cavaliers are yonder,
Who are mine if I approve.

"Gallant as Abindarraez,
He whose merits you allow."
So the Moorish maiden answer'd,
And they ceased their converse now.

La gran Perdida de Alhama.

"Y por alegrarse un dia, se passeava (el Rey Chico) con otros principales cavalleros por la ciudad, por dar alivio a sus penas, rodeando de sus Zegris y Gomeles; le vino una triste nueva, como era ganada Alhama por los Christianos. Con loqual embaxada, el Rey Chico *ayna perdiera el seso*, como aquel que quedava heredero del Reyno. Y tanto dolor sintio, que al mensagero que la nueva le traxo le mando matar, y descavalgando de una mula en que se yva passeando, pidio un cavallo, en el qual subio y muy apriessa se fue al Alhambra,

llorando la gran perdida de Alhama. Y llegando al Alhambra, mando tocar sus trompetas de guerra y *añafiles*, para que con presteza se juntasse la gente de guerra y fuessen al socorro de Alhama. La gente de guerra toda se junta, al son belicoso que se oya de las trompetas. Y preguntandole al Rey, que para que los mandava juntar, haziendo señal de guerra, el respondio que para yr al socorro de Alhama que avian ganado los Christianos. Entonces un Alfaqui viejo le dixo. 'Por cierto, Rey que se te emplea muy bien toda su desventura, y aver perdidoa Alhama, y merecias perder todo el Reyno, pues mataste a los nobles cavalleros Abencerrages, y a los que quedavan vivos mandaste desterrar de tu Reyno, por loqual se tornaron Christianos, y ellos mismos agora te hazen la guerra; acogiste a los Zegris que eran de Cordova, y te has fiado dellos. Pues agora vè al Socorro de Alhama, y di a los Zegris que te favorezcan en semejante desventura que esta. Por esta embaxada que al Rey Chico le vino de la perdida de Alhama, y por lo que este Moro viejo Alfaqui le dixo reprehendiendolo por la muerte de los Abencerreges, se dixo aqual Romance antiguo tan doloroso pare el Rey, que dize en Arabigo y en Romance muy dolorosamente, desta manera.

" Passeavase el Rey Moro
Por la Ciudad de Granada,
Desde las puertas de Elvira[1]
Hasta las de Bivarambla,
Ay de mi Alhama!

" Cartas le fueron venidas
Que Alhama era ganada,
Las cartas echo en el fuego,
Y al mensagero matara.
Ay de mi Alhama!

" Descavalga de una mula
Y en un cavallo cavalga,
Por el Zacatin arriba
Subidi se avia al Alhambre.
Ay de mi Alhama!

" Como en el Alhambre estuvo,
Al mismo punto mandava
Que se toquen sus trompetas
Los añafiles de plata.
Ay de mi Alhama!

" Y que las caxas de guerra
A priessa toquen al arma,
Porque lo oygan sus Moriscos
Los de la Vega y Granada—
Ay de mi Alhama!

" Los Moros que el son oyeron
Que el sangriento Marte llama,
Uno a uno y dos a dos
Juntado se ha gran batalla.
Ay de mi Alhama!

" Alli hablo un Moro viejo,
Desta mañera hablava:
Para que nos llamas Rey,
Para que es este llamada?'
Ay de mi Alhama!

" Aveys de saber amigos
Una nueva desdichada,
Que Christianos con braveza
Ya nos han fanado a Alhama.
Ay de mi Alhama!

" Alli hablo un Alfaqui
De barba crecida y cana;
Bien se te emplea buen Rey
Buen Rey bien se te emplea.
Ay de mi Alhama!

" Mataste los Bencerrages
Que era la flor de Granada.
Cogiste los Tornadizos
De Cordova la nombrada.
Ay de mi Alhama!

" Por esso mereces Rey
Una pena bien doblada—
Que te pierdas tu y el Reyno
Y que se pierda Granada.
Ay de mi Alhama!

[1] The reader will find this translation, and the "Moor Alcayde" in the notes to the *Chronicle of the Cid*. But, as that work has become scarce, and as the translations there vary somewhat from these original draughts, I have thought it right to print them here. See *Chronicle*, &c. p. 371.—*J. W. W.*

Translation.

Through the city of Granada
Swift the Moorish monarch hasten'd,
From the portals of Elvira
To the gate of Bivarambla.
Ah! alas Alhama!

He had letters that Alhama
Had been taken by the Christians;
In the fire he threw the letters,
And he cut the bearer's head off.
Ah! alas Alhama!

Quick he from his mule dismounted,
Quick the monarch leapt on horseback;
Through the Zacatin he hasten'd,
Hasten'd eager to the palace.
Ah! alas Alhama!

Soon as he was in the palace,
At the instant he commanded
That the trumpets should be sounded
And the clarions of silver.
Ah! alas Alhama!

And he bade the drums of battle
Beat to arms their loud alarums,
That the Moors might hear the summons
O'er the plain and through the city.
Ah! alas Alhama!

The Moors who heard the loud alarums
Hasten'd where the monarch summon'd,
One by one and two by two,
They have form'd a huge battalion.
Ah! alas Alhama!

Then an aged Moor address'd him—
Thus did he address the Monarch—
"Wherefore, Monarch! hast thou call'd us,
Wherefore is this lamentation?"
Ah! alas Alhama.

"Friends, you have to learn the tidings,
Evil tidings of misfortune,
For the Christians have surprized us,
They have won from us Alhama."
Ah! alas Alhama!

"Then," exclaim'd an old Alfaqui,
One whose beard was long and hoary,
"You have acted well, good Monarch,
Good Monarch, you have acted well.
Ah! alas Alhama!

"You have kill'd the Bencerrages,
The strength and glory of Granada.
You have foster'd here the strangers,
Runaways from their Cordova.
Ah! alas Alhama!

"Therefore, King, thou hast deserved this,
Ay, and sorrows doubled on thee;
Hast deserved to lose Granada,
And to perish with thy kingdom."
Ah! alas Alhama!

May 6, 1798.

La Perdida de Alhama.

"Este Romance se hizo en Aravigo en aquella occasion de la perdida de Alhama; el qual era en aquella lengua muy doloroso y triste, tanto que vino a *vedarse* en Granada, que no se cantasse,[1] porque cada vez que lo cantavan en qualquiera parte provocava a llanto y dolor, aunque despues se canto otro en lengua Castellana de la misme materia que dezia.

"Por la ciudad de Granada
El Rey Moro se passea,
Desde la puerta de Elvira
Llegava a la plaza nueva.
Cartas le fueron venidas
Que le dan muy mala nueva,
Que era ganada el Alhama,
Can batalla y gran pelea.
El Rey con aquestas cartas
Grande enojo recibiera,
Al Moro qui se las traxo
Mando cortar la cabeza;
Las cartas pedazos hizo.
Con la *saña* que le ciega,
Descavalga de una mula
Y cavalga en una *yegua*.
Por la calle del Zacatin

[1] The same prohibition was made against the "*Runs-des Vaches*, cet air si chéri des Suisses qu'il fut défendu, sous peine de mort, de le jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu'il fait fondre en larmes, déserter ou mourir ceux qui l'entendaient, tant il excitait en eux l'ardent désir de revoir leur pays."—Rousseau, *Dictionnaire de Musique*, v. *Musique*.—J. W. W.

Al Alhambra se subiera.
Trompetas mando tocar
Y las caxas de *pelea:*
Porque lo oyeran los Moros
De Granada y de la Vega;
Uno a uno y dos a dos,
Gran esquadron se hiziera.
Quando los tuoiera juntos,
Un Moro alli le dixera;
'Para que nos llamas Rey
Con trompa y caxa de guerra?'
'Avreys de saber mis Moros,
Que tengo una mala nueva,
Que la mi Cuidad de Alhama
Ya del Rey Fernando era.
Los Christianos la gañaron
Con muy crecida pelea.'
Alli hablo un Alfaqui
Desta suerte le dixera
'Bien se te emplea buen Rey—
Buen Rey muy bien se te emplea—
Mataste los Bencerrages
Que era la flor desta tierra,
Acogiste los Tornadizos
Que de Cordova vinieran
Y ansi mereces buen Rey
Que todo el Reyno se pierda
Y que se pierda Granada
Y que te pierdas en ella.'"

Moro Alcayde, Moro Alcayde, &c.

" Moro Alcayde, Moro Alcayde,
El de la vellida barba,
El Rey te manda prender
Por la prendida de Alhama,
Y cortarte la cabeza
Y ponerla en el Alhambra.
Porque a ti castigo sea
Y otros tiemblen en miralla;
Pues perdiste la tenencia
De una ciudad tan preciada.
El Alcayde respondia
Desta manera les habla;
Cavalleros y hombres buenos
Los que régis a Granada,
Dezid de mi parte al Rey
Como no le devo nada.
Yo me estava en Antequera,
En las bodas de mi hermana;
(Mal fuego queme las bodas
Y quien a ellas me llamava!)
El Rey me dio la licencia,
Que yo no me la tomava.
Pedilla por quinze dias
Diomela por tres semañas:
De averse Alhama perdido
A mi me pesa en el alma;
Que si el Rey perdio su tierra
Yo perdi mi honra y fama.
Perdi hijos y muger
Las cosas que mas amava.
Perdi una hija donzella
Que era la flor de Granada.
El que la tiene cautiva
Marquez de Caliz se llama:
Cien doblas le doy por ella,
No me las estima en nada.
La respuesta que me han dado
Es, que mi hija es Christiana,
Y por nombre le avian puesta
Dona Maria de Alhama.
El nombre que ella tenia
Mora Fatima se llama.
Diziendo ässi el buen Alcayde,
Lo llevaron a Granada,
Y siendo puesto ante el Rey
La sentencia le fue dada
Que le corten la cabeza
Y la lleven al Alhambra.
Executose la justicia
Ansi como el Rey lo manda.

Translation.

" Moor Alcayde, Moor Alcayde,
With the long and flowing beard,
The King has sent us to arrest thee
For the capture of Alhama.
He has bade us cut thy head off,
And expose it on the palace,
That others may behold and fear."
Then the old Alcayde answered,
Thus in answer did he say,
" Cavaliers and gentle Moslem,
Honourable of Granada!
Tell the King for me, I pray you,
I have not deserved to die.

I was gone to Antequera,
To the marriage of my sister,
(Pestilence upon the marriage,
And on those who ask'd me there!)
I had license from the Monarch,
License more than I had taken;
I for fifteen days petitioned,
He allow'd me twenty-one.
And indeed my soul is sorry
For the capture of Alhama,
If the King has lost his city,
I have lost my fame and honour,
I have lost my wife and children,
All that I on earth loved best.
I have lost a damsel daughter,
Once the flower of Moorish maids;
To the Count of Calis for ransom
I a hundred doblas offered.
But the answer he return'd me
Was that she was turn'd a Christian.
And the name that they had given her
Donna Maria de Alhama.
This the name of my dear daughter,
Fatima, the Moorish maid!"
Thus exclaim'd the good Alcayde.
Then they took him to Granada,
And they brought him to the King;
Sentence then was past upon him,
Instantly to cut his head off
And expose it on the palace.
Sentence was perform'd upon him,
As the monarch had decreed.

Sale la Estrella de Venus, &c.

" Sale la Estrella de Venus
Al tiempo que el sol se pone
Y el enemiga del dia
Su negro manto desecge.

" Y con ello un fuerte Moro
Semejante a Rodamonte
Sale de Sydonia ayrado
De Xeres la vega corte.

" Por do entra Guadalete
Al mar de España, y por donde
De santa Maria el Puerto
Recibe famoso nombre.

" Desesperado camina,
Que aunque es de linage noble
Lo dexa su Dama ingrata
Porque se suena que es pobre.

" Y aquella noche se casa
Con un Moro feo y torpe,
Porque fue Alcayde en Sevilla
Del Alcaçar y le Torre.

" Quexavase gravamente
De un agravio tan inorme,
Y a sus palabras la vega
Con el Eco le responde.

" Zayda dize mas ayrada
Que el mar que las naves sorbe,
Mas dura e inexorable
Que las entrañas de un monte.

" Como permites cruel
Despues de tantos favores,
Que de prendas que son mias
Agena mano se adorne?

" Es possible que te abraces
A las cortezas de un roble
Y dexes al arbor tuyo
Desnudo de fruto y flores?

" Dexaste un pobre muy rico
Y un rico muy pobre escoges
Y las riquezas del cuerpo
A las del alma antepones?

" Dexas al noble Gazul,
Dexas seys años de amores,
Y das la mano a Albenzayde
Que a penas no le conoces?

[Here the division into stanzas ends.]

" Alha permita enemiga
Que te aborrezca y le adores,
Que por celos lo sospires
Y por ausencia le llores.
Y en la cama lo afastidies
Y que a la mesa le enojes,
Y que de noche no duermas
Y de dia no reposes,
Ni en las Zambras ni las fiestas
No se vista tus colores,
Ni el almayzal que le labres
Ni la manga que le bordes,
Y se ponga el de su amiga

Con la cifra de su nombre.
Y para verle en las cañas
No consienta que te assomes,
A la puerta ni ventana
Para que mas te alborotes.
Y si le has de aborrecer
Que largos años le gozes,
Y si mucho le quisieres
De verle muerto te assombres
Que es la mayor maldicion
Que te pueden dar los hombres.
Y plega Alha que suceda
Quando la mano le tomes.
Con esto llegó a Xerez
A la mitad de la noche,
Hallo el palacio cubierto
De luminarias y vozes.
Y los Moros fronterizos
Que por todas partes corren
Con mil hachas encendidas
Con las libreas conformes.
Delante del desposado
En los estribos se pone,
Que tambien anda a cavallo;
Por honra de aquella noche:
Arrojado le ha una lança
De parte a parte passole.
Alborotose la plaça,
Desnudo el Moro su estoque
Y por in medio de todos
Para Medina bolviose.

Por la plaça de San Lucar, &c.

Por la plaça de San Lucar
Galan passeando viene
El animoso Gazul
De blanco morado y verde:
Quierese partir gallardo
A jugar cañas a Gelues
Que haze fiestas su Alcayde
Por las pazes de los Reyes.
Adora un Abencerraga
Reliquia de los valientes
Que mataron en Granada
Los Zegries y Gomeles.
Por despedirse y hablalle
Buelve y rebuelve mil vezes,
Penetrando con los ojos
Las venturosas paredes.
Al cabo de una hora de años
De esperanças impaciente
Viola salir a un balcon
Haziendo los años breves.
Arremetio su cavallo
Viendo aquel sol que amanece,
Haziendo que se arrodille
Y el suelo en su nombre bese.
Con voz turbada le dize,
No es possible sucederme
Cosa triste en esta ausencia
Viendo assi tu vista alegre.
Alla me llevan sin alma
Obligacion y parientes,
Bolverame mi cuydado
Por ver si de me le tienes
Dàme una empresa en memoria,
Y no para que me acuerde
Sino para que me adorne
Guarde, acompañe, y esfuerce.
Celosa esta Lindaraxa
Que de celos grandes muere
De Zayda la de Xeres
Porque su Gazul la quiere,
Y de esto la han informado
Que por ella ardiendo muere:
Y assi a Gazul le responde,
Si en la guerra te sucede
Como mi pecho dessea
Y el tuyo falso merece,
No bolveras a San Lucar
Tan ufano como sueles
A los ojos que te adoran,
Ya los que mas te aborrecen.
Y plegue a Alha que en las cañas
Los enemigos que tienes
Te tiren secretas lanças,
Porque mueras como mientes,
Y que traygan fuertes jacos
Debaxo los Alquiceles
Porque si quieres vengarte
Acabes y no te vengues.
Tus amigos no te ayuden,
Tus contrarios te atropellen,
Y que en hombros dellos salgas
Quando a servir Damas entres.
Y que en lugar de llorarte

Las que engañas y entretienes
Con maldiciones te ayuden,
Y de tu muerte se huelguen.
Piensa Gazul que se burla,
Que es proprio del inocente,
Y alçandose en los estribos
Tomarle la mano quiere.
Miente le dize Señora
El Moro que me rebuelve,
A quien estas maldiciones
Le vengan porque me venguen.
Mi alma aborrece Zayda
De que la amo se arrepiente,
Malditos sean los anos
Que la servi por mi suerte.
Dexome a mi por un Moro
Mas rico de pobres bienes:
Esto que oye Lindaraxa
Aqui la paciencia pierde.
A este punto passo un page
Con sus cavallos ginetes,[1]
Que los llevava gallardos
De plumas y de jaezes,
La lança con que ha de entrar
La toma, y fuerte arremete
Haziendola mil pedaços
Contra las mismas paredes.
Y manda que sus cavallos
Jaezes y plumas truequen,
Los verdes truequen leonados
Para entrar leonado en Gelues.

From LUPERCIO LEONARDO.

THE sun has chased away the early shower,
And on the misty mountains' clearer height
Pours o'er the clouds aslant his growing light.
The husbandman, loathing the idle hour,
Starts from his rest, and to his daily toil
Light-hearted man goes forth, and patient now
As the slow ox drags on the heavy plough,
With the young harvest fills the reeking soil.
Domestic love his due return awaits
With the clean board bespread with country care.
And clust'ring round his knee his children play.
His days are pleasant and his nights secure.
Oh, cities! haunt of power and wretchedness,
Who would your busy vanities endure!"

June 10th, 1797, at W. Millers, Christ Church.

BARTÓLOME LEONARDO.

Extract from an Epistle.

"EVEN as the river swift and silent flows
Towards the ocean, I am borne adown
The quiet tide of time. Nought now remains
Of earlier years; and for the years to come,
Their dark and undiscoverable deeds
Elude the mortal eye. Beholding thus
How daily life wains on, so may I learn
Not with an unprovided mind to meet
That hour when death shall gather up the old
And wither'd plant, whose season is gone by.
The spring flowers fade, the autumnal fruits decay,
And grey old Winter, with his clouds and storms,
Comes on: the leaves, whose calm, cool murmuring
Made pleasant music to our green-wood walks,
Now rustle dry beneath our sinking feet.
So all things rise and perish; we the while
Do with a dull and profitless eye behold
All this, and think not of our latter end.
My friend! we will not let that soil, which oft
Impregnate with the rains and dews of Heaven,
Is barren still and stubborn to the plough,
Emblem. our thankless hearts, nor of our God
Forgetful, be as is the worthless vine
That in due season brings not forth its fruit.
Thinkest thou that God created man alone
To wander o'er the world and ocean waste,

[1] See Third Series, p. 538. Our word "*Jennet.*"—J. W. W.

Or for the blasting thunderbolt of war?
Was this his being's end? Oh, how he errs
Who of his godlike nature and his God
Thus poorly, basely, blasphemously deems!
For higher actions and for nobler ends,
Our better part, the deathless and divine,
Was made. The fire that animates my breast
May not be quenched. And when that breast is cold
The unextinguishable fire shall burst
With brighter splendour. Till that hour arrive,
Obedient to my better part, my Friend,
Be it my lot to live, and thro' the world
Careless of human praise, pass quietly.
The Eastern Despot, he whose silver towers
Shot back an emulous splendour to the sun,
He was too poor for Sin's extravagance.
But Virtue, like the air and light of Heaven,
To all accessible, at every heart
Intreats admittance. Wretched fool is he,
Who thro' the perils of the earth and waves
Toils on for gold! a little peaceful home
Bounds all my wants and wishes, add to this
My book and friend—and this is happiness."

June 14th, Christ Church.

La Ardilla y el Caballo.—YRIARTE.

" MIRANDO estaba una Ardilla
A un generoso Alazan,
Que docil à espuela y rienda
Se adestraba en galopar.

" Viendole hacer movimientos
Tan veloces, y a compas,
Con mui poca cortedad
De aquesta suerte le dixo;

" Senor mio
De ese brio,
Ligereza
Y destreza,
No me espanto;
Que otro tanto
Suelo hacer, y acaso mas.

" Yo soi viva
Soi activa;
Me menéo,
Me paseo,
Yo trabajo
Subo y baxo;
No me estoi quieta jamas.

" El paso detiene entonces
El buen Potro, y mui formal,
En los terminos siguientes
Respuesta a la Ardilla da:

" Tantas idas,
Y venidas,
Tantas vueltas
Y revueltas,
(Quiero amiga
Que me diga)
Son de alguna utilidad?

" Yo me afano;
Mas no en vano.
Sé mi oficio;
Y en servicio
De mi Dueno
Tengo empeno,
De lucir mi habilidad.

" Con que algunes escritores
Ardillas tambien seren,
Si en obras frivolas gastan
Todo el calor natural."

Translation.

A SQUIRREL sat and eyed a horse,
Who answering to the rein,
Stept stately, or with rapid course
Went thundering o'er the plain.

The squirrel marked his varied pace,
His docile strength and speed,
Then, with a pert conceited face,
He thus address'd the steed.

" Your swiftness, and form,
Your grace, Mr. Horse,
And your state that I see,
Astonish not me,
Because I can equal your best.

" So active am I,
I can run, I can fly,

"Above and below,
Here and there I can go,
All action, and never at rest."

The horse, who heard the strange address,
Look'd scornfully aside,
Then paused, and listen'd to his speech,
And gravely thus replied:

"Your vaultings in air,
Your bounds here and there,
I pray you, my friend,
In what do they end,
The use of all this let me know?

"It is not in vain
That I move o'er the plain,
I speed to fulfil
My governor's will,
And in this my ability show."

Some certain writers, squirrel-like,
The steed's advice may fit,
Who, when by Nature gifted well,
In trifles waste their wit.

[*Sea-Captain's Exclamation.*]

"I, Anthony James Pye Molloy,
Can make, break, disrate, and destroy."

This was the usual exclamation of this gallant captain of the "Cæsar," as he walked the deck.

[*Sire and Baron.*]

"THESE ancient barons affected rather to be stiled by the name of Sire than Baron, as Le Sire de Montmorencie, Le Sire de Beauvin, and the like. And the Baron of Concy carried, to that purpose, this rithme in his device,

'Je ne suis Roy ne Prince aussi
Je suis le Sire de Concy.'"

SELDEN.

RIDICULOUS appearance of the names in V. Varanius:—Pipinius heros. Talebotus. Hongreffortus. Scallus.

"NEC cuiquam Bethfortiadum de gente pepercit.
Tum Talebotream loquitur Suffortus ad aurem."

[*Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick.*]

"IT was Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, whom Dunois defeated, born in 1380. 'Whether we consider him as a soldier or statesman,' says Fenn, 'he was one of the most considerable personages of his time. In 1408 he visited the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and on his journey thither acquitted himself with the greatest valour at tournaments, and other acts of valour in the courts of several princes.'"

Extracts.

"EM quem se amis por natureza
Com a mór severidade a mór brandura."

ULYSSEA.

"SILENCIO y soledad, ministros puros
De alta contemplacion, tened el velo
A profanos sentidos inferiores."

B. LEONARDO.

LANCE heads gilt. "Outro lhe trazia huma facha d'armas com o ferro dourado."—PALMEIRIM.

"E PORQUE nestes encontros quebrara tres lanças, que trazia, o quinto se deteve, esperando lhe viesse outra. Albayzar lhe mandon dar d'algumas, que tenha pera sua pessoa, porque as vezes justava, e era negra e o ferro dourado."—Ibid.

THE sound of the drum called by the French Palalalalan.—PASQUIER.

FULLER observes, that "though blood be the best sauce for victorie, yet must it not be more than the meat."

"Quo vivo vixit, quo pereunte perit."
JOANNIS AURATI.

"SUCH a stream
As would have lull'd the traveller to sleep,
But that its beauties," &c.
SIDNEY. P. 68.

"DESNUDO el rayo de la ardiente espada."
LOPE DE VEGA.

"HE bared the lightning of his fiery sword."

"QUAL visita el Llugar con llanto tierno
Donde la hermosa virgen Caterina
Se desposo con el Esposo eterno
La Angelica Rachel siendo madrina,
A quel Esposo, que el nevado invierno
Se cubrio con escarcha matutina
El que tiene los ojos de palomas
Y del labio de lirio vierte aromas."
LOPE DE VEGA.

"LA VIRGEN fue Madrina en los desporios de Caterina y Christo."

THE body of Clovis, son of Chilperic, whom Fredegonda had murdered and thrown into the river, was known by the fisherman who found it by the long hair.[1]
MEZERAY.

IN 1445, a young man flourished of uncommon talents and acquirements. Monstrellet suspects him to be Antichrist, because one of the signs of the times when Antichrist should appear, is, that men and women shall change dress, alluding to the Maid.—PASQUIER.

[1] Quoted on those lines in "Joan of Arc,"
"Go, Charles, and hide thee in a woman's garb,
And these long locks will not disgrace thee then!" Book iii., *Poems*, p. 23.
J. W. W.

"QUISQUIS
Vos labor exercet, fructu minuente laborem."
Quinque Martyres. FRANCISI BENCH.

"LATE *undantem* dant sparsa incendia lucem."—MICH. HOSPITALIUS.

"SUADET inire preces, et *mentem inferre beatis*
Sedibus."—Ibid.

"ILLE mihi satis, ille diu vixisse videtur,
Cujus honesta fuit non turpis clausula vitæ."
Ibid.

"WITH that came Melyn upon a great black horse, and sayde to King Arthur, 'Ye have never done. Have ye not done ynough. Of 3 score 000, ye have left on lyve but 15,000, it is tyme for to saye *No!* for God is wrothe with you that you wyll never have done.'"—*Mort Arthur*, chap. 15.

"So an Herauld rod as nigh Sir Gareth as he could, and there he saw written about the helme in golde,—'This is Sir G. of Orkney.'"—*Amadis of Gaul.*

"AND anon he was aware of a K. armed, walking his horse easily by a wood side, and his shield laced to his shoulder."—Ibid.

"THEN the King of the burning S. stept forward, and lifting up his arm as if he would strike the Cynocephal on the top of his head, seized with his left hand on the shield, which he pulled to him with so much strength, that plucking it from his neck, he brought him with his nose to the ground."—Ibid. p. 84.

From REBOLLEDO. *Parnaso*, 9. 182. N. xxvii.

WITH what a deafening roar yon torrent rolls
Its weight of waters from the precipice

Whose mountain mass darkens the hollow vale!
Yet there it falls not, for the eternal wind
That sweeps with force compress'd the winding straits,
Scatters the midway stream, and borne afar,
The heavy mist descends, a ceaseless shower.
Methinks that Eolus here forms his clouds,
As Vulcan, amid Etna's cavern'd fires,
Shapes the red bolts of Jove. Sure if some sage
Of elder times had journey'd here, his art
With many a mystic fable shadowing truth,
Had sanctified this spot, where Man might learn
Wisdom from Nature, marking how the stream
That seeks the valley's depth, borne upward joins
The clouds of heaven, but from its height abased
When it would rise, descends to earth in rain.[2]
Feb. 4th, 1798. *Lamb's C. Street.*

From the CONDE DE REBOLLEDO.

NOT long this fearful conflict shall endure
That arms the air with lightning, that o'erspreads
Earth with its horrors, making the firm globe
Tremble. Not long these terrors shall endure
That seem as they appall'd the fires of heaven,
For Night approaches now, preserving Night,
And War will sleep in darkness. But the Chief
Stretch'd forth his hand, and bade the Sun stand still
On Gibeon, and thou, Moon, over the vale
Of Ajilon, till vengeance be compleat.
And wherefore did the Harmonies of Heaven
Cease at the voice of Joshua? the Most High,
He who is JUST, suspended Nature's laws,
That Kings might meet the meed they merited.
Jan. 30, 1798.

From L. LEONARDO. I. 73. 11.

THOU art determined to be beautiful,
Lysis! and, Lysis, either thou art mad
Or hast no looking-glass. Dost thou not know
Thy paint-beplaster'd forehead, broad and bare,
With not a grey lock left, thy mouth so black,
And that invincible breath. Rightly we deem
That with a random hand blind Fortune deals
The lots of life. To thee she gave a boon,
That crowds so anxiously and vainly wish,
Old age, and left in thee no trace of youth,
Save all its folly and its ignorance.
Jan. 2, 98.

From L. LEONARDO. V. 1, 18. III.

CONTENT with that I am, the sounding names
Of Glory tempt not me; nor is there ought
In glittering Grandeur that provokes one wish
Beyond my peaceful state. What though I boast
No trapping that the multitude adore
In common with the great, enough for me,
That naked, like the mighty of the earth,
I came into the world; and that, like me,
They must descend into the grave, the house
For all appointed. For the space between,
What more of happiness have I to seek
Than that dear woman's love whose truth I know,
And whose fond heart is satisfied with me.
1 *Jan.* 1798.

From B. LEONARDO. V. 2. 187. X.

FABIUS, to think that God hath in the lines
Of the right hand disclosed the things to come,
And in the wrinkles of the skin pourtray'd,
As in a map, the way of human life,
This is to follow with the multitude
Error and Ignorance, their common guides.
Yet surely I allow that God has placed

Our fate in our own hands, or evil or good,
Even as we make it. Tell me, Fabius,
Ar't not a king thyself, when envying not
The lot of kings, no idle wish disturbs
Thy quiet life, when, a self-governed man,
No laws exist to thee; and when no change
With which the will of Heaven may visit thee
Can break the even calmness of thy soul.

31*st Dec.* 97.

12, *Lamb's Conduit Street.*

Futura.

January 13, 1803.

WHO is it that so prefers cities that he will not live in the country, and loves London best of all, for the sake of man the philosopher?—yet even in London lives retired, delighting in shade, and quiet, and retirement—in solitude? oh no! but his acts of love are so secretly bestowed that they are not felt at the time, though keenly felt and long remembered afterwards—a good Methodist? The king is afraid of him, and has by his own authority ordered him to be destroyed. Oh, a Jacobin; away with him to Mr. Aris!—no, not by law and a trial—not against law by confinement—not by a court-martial, but by Mr. Tiffin.

Sir W. Yeo and the Soldier. The Soldier had gone into the field to do—what? Are you a classic reader—have you had the benefit of a liberal education?—to do what 'As in præsenti had done in the entry.' Not what goeth into the mouth defileth, but this did. The soldier swore when he got the bayonet; but the recording angel put that oath down among his good things. So, Sir, with reverence be his title spoken.

Keswick, Saturday Evening,
June 11, 1808.

Portugal Delivered.

THE Siege of Lisbon; the election at Coimbra; the battle of Aljubarrota.

One of the finest incidents would be the disappearance of Nuno after the battle, when he went to save his brother.

For a poetical hero, there is Vasco Lobeira, and his Oriana may supply that female interest to the story which is all it wants.

26 *Nov.* 1814.

I HAVE this day made up my mind to take the subject.

23 *March*, 1819!

THE weight of this poem will depend upon two characters. Nuno Alvarez, who is the ideal of chivalry, full of joy, hope, enthusiastic patriotism, and enthusiastic devotion; and his brother, twenty years older than himself, who had been a father to him, and is, from a deep sense of duty, with the Spaniards: satisfied that their cause is just; utterly dissatisfied with their conduct—the perfect example of a good and wise man in such circumstances. Hated by the populace of his own country; hated by most of the Spaniards, but respected by Juan and Joam, though disliked by one, and feared by the other; and loved and reverenced by Nuno, and by all who know him well. Before the battle he takes leave of Juan, and while the event is doubtful, executes his long meditated purpose of hiding himself from the world. His daughter is Lobeira's love.

If this character can be developed as it is conceived, I think it will be the best delineation that I shall ever have made.

IN Aragon no vassal of the crown could be buried without the king's leave; the permission implying that he had discharged his loyalty.

Sisters of Helicon—yours is a thankless service; he who rears the olive of Pallas is well repaid—or the grain of Ceres—your votaries receive only a barren laurel to wave over their graves.

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[1] This note of exclamation is in the original MSS. and is evidently intended to point to the time elapsed since the preceding entry.

J. W. W.

I wish I were as young as thee, my own dear Margaret—
For some things I full fain would learn, and some full fain forget.

Ramiro.[1]

My old folios; why do you for ever read them? a song of songs to come, and the burden Barbara! Barbara!

The Man in the Moon is dead, and who shall succeed him? Some say Mr. Garnerin is set out to take possession; others that the planets are to elect * * then thinks he has a fair chance, being sure of Mercury and Venus; others say Lord Melville, because a brass face is the best complexion; or Lord *, because he wants a place, and this would be conspicuous enough to suit him. Mr. Addington, for he who is so excellent a Chancellor of the Exchequer, would make a most excellent Man in the Moon. Bonaparte; but he is afraid of the Crescent. *Or the Duke of York—because in Holland he so often shifted his quarters.* I *dreamt* this this morning July 3, 1804.

Ideas, &c.

How the Bishop of Bremen went to Hell by water.

The Dominican dipping for gold in a volcano.

The sepulchre that fits every body; he who has measured himself thereby never more feels fatigue.

The babe born in the grave.

Inspiration of Hafiz.

The Mistress of Don Manuel Ponce de Leon let fall her glove into the circus where there were lions; the knight, though unarmed, leaped down and picked it up; but as she stooped to receive it, he dashed the glove in her face.

St. Endeus, King of Ireland.

Escape of Ferran Gonzalez from Leon.

[1] See *Poems*, p. 442.—J. W. W.

But these conjectures all are all false,
And I'll tell you the true one to end them;
The Devil had torn his blue pantaloons,
And he sent for a taylor to mend them.

Owen Parfit.[2]

A. D. 988. Vladimar sent to Constantine Porphyrogenitus, to demand baptism, and the Emperor's sister, Helena, in marriage—else he threatened to march on from Theodosia, which he had just taken. Constantine sent priests and the lady. The Russian then restored his conquests, made his people be baptized by thousands in the Dnieper, and threw Peroun into the river with the rest of the idols.

Ballad from Count Stolberg's story of the foundation of Rapperschweil; a traveller admiring the town; and a burgher telling him what a chance it was whether there should be a town there or a gibbet; making it the scene of the wife's adultery. The end that the town makes the place the better, and the story no whit the worse.

A good monodrama may be made of Himilcon, the Carthaginian general, who, after losing a victorious army in Sicily by pestilence, returned alone, related to the people what he had done, what suffered, accused the Gods, and then retiring into his apartment slew himself.

The Dew[3] that falls on St. John's night is supposed to have the virtue to stop the plague.—Bruce.—Connect this with the Witch and the Well of Rogoes.

Give me the May-green of hope, or the healthy June appearance of the trees in their full life-beauty; not Autumn—hectic colours that foretell the fall.

[2] This was a cripple tailor, who lived in a *cul de sac*, or close court, at Bristol. He suddenly disappeared one fine day, and was never heard of more. All sorts of conjectures, of course, were made relative to his flight.

J. W. W.

[3] Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," quotes the following from an ancient calendar of the Romish Church.

"24 *June*. The Nativity of John the Baptist. Dew and new leaves in estimation."

J. W. W.

Ὀφθαλμοὶ Μητρός.

French history—its atrocious character. St. Bartholomew's Day. Damiens. Iron Mask, &c. Shame after shame, and this foreign upstart, the consummation.

The Boiling Well. Mary, I cannot now show it thee, but thou shalt see a type—a surface as calm and a spirit as troubled within.

Inscriptions for Major Cartwright's Hieronanticon.—Alfred.

Sancho Garcia, son of Garci Ferrandez.

He and his mother were in the town of Sant Estevan, he went hunting rabbits with a Moorish King, who lived in Gormaz, and in jumping the king fell, e descubrio * * *. At night the Count's carver, in cutting up the rabbit for his supper, laughed. Aba asked why, and the story of the king's fall was told her.

She agreed with this Moor to poison her son, of which he was to be apprized by a wisp of straw sent down the river; and then to marry him and give him the land. Her camarera's lover, Sancho, informed the Count, who made his mother drink of the poisoned cup, sent down the straw, and killed the Moorish King, whose name was Abdumelic, or Mahomad Almohadio.

St. Torpes.

King Rodrigo.[1] But for this I want the old Chronica, and the Conde de Mora's Hist. de Toledo, both being lying books of good imagination, unless they are belied.

Christmas Tale.

A Christmas tale, this Christmas time,
Dear Williams Wynn, you ask of me,
I will begin, Dear Williams Wynn,
A Christmas tale for thee.

You play at cards this Christmas time—oh never cheat, dear W. W. it is a sin, &c. The three illustranda are the doctrine of Plato's εἴδωλα—so all things sinful are only copies of their prototypes in the mind of the ⅂ıʌǝ⅂ whose name, after the Persian custom, I write upside down—the omnipotence of law, and the sin of cheating at cards.

The Lady Cheatabell, playing at hunt the Knave out of town, packed the cards, and gave herself the Knave of Hearts, being Jack. From that time forth at midnight the Knave himself haunted her. The bloody Heart first came into the room, and he after it—also with his nose. She goes to a conjurer: he calls up the Queen of Hearts, as a superior spirit, but he is outwitted—everything yields to law. He was Jack, and takes everything; wherefore he wins the Queen, and both spirits haunt the Lady Cheatabell. Again the conjuror is consulted—he calls up the Knave and Queen of Spades, and *ties* them. When they see each other, both parties stop, both become powerless and motionless—and thus the Knave is hunted out of town, or laid in the Red Sea—*si placet.*

Inscriptions.

Woburne—The Duke of Bedford.
Smithfield—the Martyrs.

Man-in-the-Moon Thought.

This man-in-the-moon thought might be extended into a good satire.

Journey there upon a night mare, who was begotten by Pegasus upon El Borak.

The goddess of the moon; young and lovely when I arrived. Her change to old age.

All the lost things there; but some things recovered from thence.

Candidates for the manship, Mr. Phillips among the rest. But Bonaparte sends up one, and he immediately declares war against England.

Inventory of things found there.—The Decades of Livy, &c. Lord Nelson's dying orders.

[1] See *Poems*, p. 441.—J. W. W.

Fire Flies, &c.

"QUAM multiplex cincindelarum diversitas noctu stellarum instar passim colluccentium! Aliæ bruchi magnitudine alarum jactatione, aliæ solis ex oculis lucem vibrant, quæ libro legendo sufficiat. Quædam solis natibus splendorem edunt. Vermes quoque majusculi toto corpore coruscant. Ligna, arundines, arborum folia, plantarum radices, postquam computruere, in territoriis maxime humidis, adamantum, pyroporum, smaragdorum, chrysolithorum, rubinorum, &c. more lucem viridem, rubram, flavam, cæruleam noctu spargunt, mirumque in modum oculos oblectant."—DOBRIZHOFFER, tom. ii. p. 389.

[*Indian Woman's defence of Child-murder.*]

AN Indian woman, who had just put to death her new-born daughter, thus defended herself to Gumella, after patiently listening to all his reproaches:—"Would to God! father,—would to God that my mother, when she brought me into the world, had had love and compassion enough for me to have spared me all the pains which I have endured till this day, and am to endure till the end of my life! If my mother had buried me as soon as born, I should have been dead, but should not have felt death, and she would have exempted me from that death to which I am unavoidably subject, and as well as from sorrows that are as bitter. Think, father, what a life we Indian women endure among these Indians! they go with us with their bows and arrows, and that is all. We go laden with a basket, with a child hanging at the breast, and another in the basket. These go to kill a bird or a fish; we must dig the earth, and provide for all with the harvest. They return at night without any burden; we must carry roots to eat, maize for their chicha. Our husbands when they reach home, go talk with their friends; we must fetch wood and water to prepare their supper. They go to sleep; we must spend great part of the night in grinding maize, to make their drink. And what is the end of our watching! they drink the chicha, intoxicate themselves, beat us to a jelly, take us by the hair of the head, and trample us under foot. Would to God! father, that my mother had buried me as soon as she bore me into the world! Thou knowest that all this is true, for it is what daily passes before your eyes; but our worst evil you do not understand, because you cannot feel it. After serving her husband like a slave, the poor Indian sees him at the end of twenty years take a girl for his wife, who is without understanding: he loves her, and though she beats our children and maltreats us, we cannot complain, for he cares nothing for us, and loves us no longer. The young wife rules everything, and treats us as her servants, and silences us, if we presume to speak, with the stick. Can then a woman procure a greater blessing for her daughter than to save her from all this, which is worse than death! Would to God! father, I say, that my mother had shown her love to me in burying me as soon as I was born; my heart would not have had so much to endure, nor my eyes so much to weep!"

This he says he has translated literally from the Betoye language, as it was uttered to him.

[*Germ of the Tale of Paraguay.*]

A PARTY of Spaniards were gathering the herb of Paraquay on the south bank of the Rio Empalado, and having gathered all they could find, sent three of their number over the river, to see if any trees were on the other side. There were found a hut of the savages, and a plantation of maize. Terrified at supposing that the whole forest swarmed with savages; they lurked in their huts, and sent to the Reduction of S. Joachim, requesting that a Jesuit would come in search of these savages, and reduce them. Dobrizhoffer went with forty Indians, crost the Empalado, searched the woods as far as the Mondayĕh miri, and on the third day traced out by a human footstep a little hovel containing a mother, a son in his twentieth, and

a daughter in her fifteenth year. Being asked where the rest of their horde were, they replied, they were the only survivors! the small-pox had cut off all the rest. The youth had repeatedly searched the woods in hopes of finding a wife, but in vain. The Spaniards also for two years had been employed in that part of the country herb gathering and they confirmed his assertion, that it was utterly uninhabited.

The missionary asked them to go with him to the Reduction: the mother made but one objection, she had tamed three boars, who were like dogs to her. If they got into a dry place, or should be exposed to the sun, having always lived in the thick shade, they would infallibly perish. "Hanc solicitudinem quæso, animo ejicias tuo, reposui; cordi mihi fore chara animalcula, nil dubites. Sole æstuante umbram, ubi ubi demum, captabimus. Neque lacunæ, amnes, paludes ubi refrigeruntur tua hæc corcula unquam deerunt."

Here they had lived in a place infested by all sorts of insects and reptiles, with nothing but muddy water for their drink. Alces (antas), deer, rabbits, birds, maize, the roots of the *mandio* tree, was their food. They spun the threads of the caraquata for their cloaths and hammocks. Honey was their dainty. The mother smoked through a reed; the son chawed. He had a shell for a knife. Sometimes he used a reed. But he had two bits of an old knife, no bigger each than his thumb, fastened with thread and wax to a woollen handle, which he wore in his girdle. With them he made his arrows and traps, and opened trees to get the honey. They had no vessels to boil anything, and therefore used the herb cold, gourds being their only cups or pots. The women both wore their hammock by day. The youth a mandelion (lacerna), girt with a cord, it was from his shoulders to the knee, and his gourd of tobacco hung from the girdle.

Dobrizhoffer, not liking the girl's transparent dress, gave her a cloth, which she turbaned round her head. He gave the brother *perizomata*—drawers, which inconvenienced him terribly, for else he could climb trees like a monkey. All wore the hair loose. The man had neither bored his lip, nor wore any feathers. They had no earring, but they wore a string of wooden pyramidal beads, very heavy and very noisy. Dobrizhoffer asked if they were to frighten away the gnats, and gave a gay string of beads in their place. They were both tall and well made. The girl would have been called beautiful by any European; she was like a nymph or driad. They were rejoiced rather than terrified at the sight of Dobriz and his party. They spake Guarani, but as imperfectly as may be supposed.

The man had never seen other woman; the girl never other man, for, just before her birth, her father had been killed by a tyger. The girl gathered fruits and wood, through thorns and reeds, in a dreadful country. Not to be alone at this employment, she usually had a parrot on her shoulder, a monkey on her arm, fearless of tygers, though the place abounded with them (they knew her); yet tygers are there more dangerous than in the savannahs, where cattle are plenty.

They were clothed, treated with especial kindness, and sent often to the woods, in hopes of saving their health, and few weeks as usual brought with it a severe seasoning, rheum, loss of spirit, appetite, and flesh. In a few months the mother died, a happy death, in full belief and faith of a happy hereafter. The maid withered like a flower, and soon followed her to the grave, and "nisi vehementissime fallor, ad cælum."

There was not a dry eye at her burial. The brother recovered; he also got through the small-pox remarkably well, and no fear was now entertained for him. He was in high health, chearful and happy, content in all acts of religion; every body loved him.

An old Indian Christian with whom the youth lived, told Dobrizhoffer he thought him inclined to derangement, for every night he said his mother and sister came to him, and said, "Thee be baptized, for we are coming for you." Dobrizhoffer spoke to

him; he affirmed the same thing, and that he could have no rest for their warning. But he was still in high health, and still cheerful. Dobrizhoffer was struck by the strangeness of the story; he baptized him at ten o'clock on June 23, the eve of St. John the Baptist, and in the evening, without the slightest apparent indisposition, the youth fell asleep in the Lord."—DOBRIZHOFFER, *Hist. of the Abipones.*

Missionary Poems.

VANDERKEMP, epitaph.
A Greenland eclogue.
Bavians Kloof, epitaph.
Surinam.

Feby. 16, 1814.

HERBERT[1] called me back this morning on Castrigg, near Tom's old lodging, to look at "something very curious." It was merely an icicle formed by the dripping of the water through a hollow bank, and reaching the road, so that it became a little pillar. The thing was not above three or four inches long, but I was repaid for the trouble of turning back, for it shaped itself presently into an allegorical vision:—a splendid hall, supported (chapterhouse like) by one central pillar, glittering like cut glass, and rendered brilliant by a light within it, like Abdaldar's ring; but upon nearer inspection the pillar was of ice, and the light which gave its brilliance was all the while consuming it.

Now as, væ mihi! the expected marriage of the princess must operate as a tax upon my poor brain, may I not thank Herbert and his icicle for a feasible and striking plan. Begin with such a vision;—then answer the reproach for obtruding thoughts of mortality and death on such an occasion, and proceed in a high strain of religious philosophy, to show in what manner death, as it must be the last thing of life, becomes also the best. In this way William I. may best be introduced, and those of the ancestors of those whose names bear a fair report in history, or seem likely to be written in the book of life.

April 11th, 1814. NEWS arrived of Buonaparte's having consented to retire upon a pension.

Immediate feelings. Personal retrospect.

Buonaparte's partizans. His sole excuse the specific madness which is produced by the possession of uncontrolled power. Causes of the Revolution. The sins of the fathers, &c. Henry IV.'s conformity perhaps a mortal blow to religion in France. Moral, political, and military profligacy. Practical reforms make men happier, better, and wiser. In the church abolish *vows* of celibacy, and confession.

April 13. Begin with the Duke. "Quem virûm," &c. Alexander, Frederic, Blucher, Platoff, and so end with the prince.

[1] His wonderful boy, of whom he wrote to Neville White,—"The severest of all afflictions has fallen upon me. I have lost my dear son Herbert — my beautiful boy — beautiful in intellect and disposition: he who was everything which my heart desired. God's will be done!" —MS. *Letter*, 17th April, 1816.

J. W. W.

COLLECTIONS FOR HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND POETRY.

Astrea.[1]

SIR Philip Sidney tacked together the pastoral and the epic romance. D'Urfé has united them. He has done this with great skill, and involved the fates of his shepherds and his heroes, so as to form a well-constructed whole.

This romance has one wearying and insupportable fault. Love questions after the Provençal fashion are continually arising; and set speeches are made pro and con, like the Plaidoyen Historiques of Tristan. It has also too much dialogue, which was thought very *spiritual* in its day, but which is very dull and very worthless.

I have read Astrea in a detestable translation, in which there is not a single beauty of expression. These "persons of quality" never by any accident stumble upon one; every where you meet vulgarisms and barbarisms, French idioms and their own idiotisms. Here are some instances of a strange use of words.

A lover has stabbed himself mortally! "he was at the last gasp, yet hearing the lamentation of his shepherdess, and knowing her voice, did call unto her. She, hearing a faint hollow voice, went towards him. Oh! heavens, how the sight of him did *amuse* her." Part i. p. 185.

"Mandragne the witch, finding them both dead, cursed her art, hated all her demons, tore her hair, and extremely grieved at the death of these two faithful lovers, and her own *contentment*," &c.

A lover has resolved upon suicide: "and but for Olimborn, perhaps I had served my own turn; for he was so careful of me, that I could not do any thing to myself, but gave me so many *diverting* reasons to the contrary, that he kept me alive," &c. Part i. p. 417.

An instance of extraordinary ignorance seems to mark this "person of quality" for a woman. P. i. p. 12, is a picture of Saturn, throughout which he is spoken of in the feminine gender, and called a hag. No man could be so uneducated as to have made these blunders. It appears too that she began to translate the book before she had read it, for p. 12, mention is made of the den of an old Mandrake. I marked this place with a note of astonishment and a *Quid diabolus?* but after a while it appeared that Mandragne is the name of a sorceress.

This is probably the book in which Sterne found the tomb of the two lovers.

What magic there is, is good; it is the central point to which every thing tends. All the strangers come to the fountain, or are sent by the oracle, and the whole is well managed. I scarcely ever read a work of fiction in which the events could so little be foreseen.

La Fontaine valued this book above all others. except Marot and Rabelais; and

[1] Southey read over the *Astræa* again in his latter days, with great delight. It was on his procuring an early edition of the original.

J. W. W.

here it was that he studied his rural descriptions.

"This pastoral romance," says Gifford, "which once formed the delight of our grandmothers, is now never heard of, and would in fact exhaust the patience and weary the curiosity of the most modest and indefatigable devourer of morals at a watering place, or a boarding school."—B. J. vol. v. p. 394, &c.

"Astrea," Gifford says, "bears a remote or allegorical allusion to the gallantries of the court of Henry IV."—Ibid.

Pharamond.

Whoever was the inventor of the French heroic romance, Calprenade is the writer who carried it to its greatest perfection.

(Les Trois Siècles, tom. i. p. 230. Le seul nom,—le même genre.)[1]

It is the fault of the romances of chivalry that they contain so many adventures of the same character, one succeeding the other, which have no necessary connection with the main story, and which might be left out without affecting it; in fact they are in the main made up of these useless episodes. The fault of Calprenade is of an opposite character: he ran into the other extreme, and his three romances for variety of adventures and character, and for extent and intricacy of plot, are perhaps the most extraordinary works that have ever appeared. There is not one of them which would not furnish the plots for fifty tragedies, perhaps for twice the number, and yet all these are made into one whole. For this kind of invention, certainly he never has been equalled.

The old romances gave true manners, though they applied them to wrong times; but the anachronism was of little import. Every thing in them was fiction. A double sin was committed by the French romancers in chusing historical groundwork, and in Frenchifying the manners of all ages, especially in the abominable fashion of fine letter writing. Story is involved within story, like a nest of boxes; or they come one after another, so that you have always to go back to learn what has happened, and the main business seldom goes on; this was inevitable from the prodigious number of characters which were introduced.

Pharamond was the romance which he composed with most care; but he did not live to finish it. Seven parts of the twelve he printed; the remainder were added by M. de Vaumoriere. The story is by no means so ably conducted as in the former part. I perceived the great inferiority before I knew the cause of it.

Gyron le Courtoys.

The utter want of method in this book makes it appear as if it consisted of several metrical romances transposed.

It begins with an adventure of Branor le Brun, an old knight above 120 years of age, who, though he had not borne arms for forty years, comes to Kamelot to try whether the knights of the present time were as good as those of his days. He stands *quintain* against Palamedes, Gavaine, and many others; but honours Tristan, Sir Lancelot, and King Arthur enough to take a spear against them, and overthrows them all like so many children.

Then follows an adventure of Tristan and Palamedes, which is in Mort Arthur.

Gyron now appears. He goes (wherefrom does not appear) to Maloane, the castle of his friend Danayn le Roux. The lady of Maloane twice tempts him, but in vain. They go to a tournament. Sir Lac, the friend of K. Meliadus, falls in love with the lady, and waylays her after the tournament, and wins her from her guard of twenty-five knights. Gyron (who is all this while unknown, and *indeed supposed* to be dead,) wins her then from him; but Sir Lac's love for her has now inflamed him, his heart gives way to

[1] This evidently is the beginning and the end of an intended extract.—J. W. W.

the temptation, and he leads her to a fountain in the forest. As he is disarming himself to commit the sin, his sword drops into the water, and in taking it out he is struck by the motto, "*Loyaulte passe tout y faulsete si honnit tout et decoit tous hommes dedans quels elle se herberge.*" Upon this, his remorse for having sinned even in thought is such, that he stabs himself; the lady prevents him from repeating the blow. After sundry adventures, Danayn finds them in this situation, learns the whole truth, and loving Gyron better than ever for this his courtesy, as it is termed, takes him home to Maloane, where he is soon healed. A great deal by way of episode is related of Hector le Brun to K. Meliadus.

There are no other divisions than of chapters, but what may be called the second part is upon this story. Gyron sends Danayn to bring him his damsel; he carries her off for himself; is pursued; overtaken at last, and defeated after a desperate battle. Gyron, though he had resolved to kill him, spares him for courtesy, and then rescues him from a giant immediately after. The incidental parts are a story of Galahalt le Brun, with whom in his youth Gyron had been companion, and a curious adventure which befals Breus sans pitie, in which he finds the bodies of Febus and the damsel of Northumberland in a house cut in the rock, and learns their history from the son of Febus, a very old man, who dwells there, leading a life of penance with his son, the father of Gyron, but Gyron knows not his birth.

Then comes a good adventure of the knight *sans paour*, in the valley of Serfage, where Naban le Noir makes serfs of every body who enters. This is an excellent adventure. For the sequel we are referred to the romance of Meliadus.

Danayn delivers Gyron and his damsel, who had been betrayed, and was tied to a tree, to suffer from the severity of the weather in the cold country of Sorolois. They are reconciled, separate each on adventure, and are both made prisoners. Here too, we are referred to Meliadus for their release; the "Latin book from which this is translated saying no farther." And the romance ends with a chapter in which Galinans le Blanc, son of Gyron and the damsel, who is born the chapter before, defeats the best knights of the Round Table one after another; but he is a wicked knight, having been brought up by the false traitor who imprisoned his father.

Everywhere the knights are represented as children to those of Uterpendragon's days. The prowess of these worthies exceeds in hyperbole any thing in Esplandian. They make nothing of singly attacking large armies, and killing giants with a blow of the fist.

I think I can perceive that oftentimes he who began one of these adventures planned it as he went on; and often ended with a different feeling of character from that which he began with.

I never read a romance so completely free from all impurity of thought or word. Yet what morals does it indicate! Gyron acts from no other principle than that of courtesy; and his damsel, whom he married, Danayn carries off as his concubine.

Monnon de la Selve, or, Hennor de la Selve, as the name is sometimes printed, the son of a forester, seems to be the original of Braggadochio.

Meliadus de Leonnoys.

This book professed to have been written by the author of the Brut, at the request of King Henry of England, and recompiled from the Latin, in which it had been rudely and confusedly written by Maistre Rustieien de Pise, at the desire of King Edward of England. What is curious, is, that it was to have been about Palamedes, and in the name of Palamedes the author says he begins it. He brings Esclabor, the father of the knight, from Babylon to Rome, and from Rome to Northumberland; and having thus got to King Arthur, nothing more is said about him. A few desultory adventures of K. Pha-

ramond by the Morhoult d'Irland, brings on the stage K. Meliadus, and the Bon Chevalier *sans paour*, the two heroes of the book. Many tales of their heroism and of their rivalry are related, just in the manner of the episodes in Gyron, so much so indeed, as to identify the author, and the business of the first half of the book ends in a tournament, where they take different sides, and in which, on the whole, the Chevalier is most fortunate. The manner in which each speaks of his rival is always very fine, in the noblest spirit of chivalry.

Meliadus falls in love with the Queen of Scotland, and forcibly carries her off, out of King Arthur's dominions; for which, he is attacked in his own kingdom, conquered by the prowess of the Bon Chevalier *sans paour*, and taken. Arthur imprisons him. His confinement is more rigorous than the king either intended or knew. Meantime Arthur falls sick: his vassals go to war with each other, and Ariohan, a terrible Saxon, at the suggestion of some of them invades Logres. The king recovers, and sends to all his liege men. The Chevalier sans paour refuses to come, saying, Arthur has disgraced and injured all chivalry by his imprisonment of the best knight living. In consequence of this Meliadus is delivered. He accepts the defiance of Andhar, and concludes the war by defeating him. When the author had got thus far, he filled up the rest of his book with any stories which came into his head about the round table. Galchad le Brun, Segurades, Gyron, Tristan, &c. are introduced without the slightest connection of time, place, or any thing else, and the whole ends with the death of Meliadus, in the words wherein it is related in Tristan.

Tristan.

This Romance has disappointed me, it is very inferior to Meliadus. The characters are in many instances so discordant, and the leading circumstances of the story so little consonant not merely with our ordinary morals, but our ordinary feelings, that the general effect of the book is far from being pleasant. There is something vile in producing that love on which the whole history turns—by a philtre,—in making both the heroes live in adultery,—and in the unworthy usage of the second Yseult. That everlasting fault of the romancers in sacrificing the character of one hero to enhance the fame of another, is carried to a great degree here. With the creatures of his own creation an author may do what he will, but it is a literary crime to take up the hero whom others have represented as a knight of prowess and of worth, and to engraft vices upon him and stain him with dishonour. Palamedes is better conceived than any other personage in the book.

Sainct Greaal.[1]

Joseph of Arimathea ung gentilhomme chevalier. He was shut in prison and forgotten there for forty-two years without food. But Vespasian, the son of Titus, being cured of leprosy by the S. Veronice, went against Jerusalem to revenge the death of our Lord, and he opened the prison, which was a great pillar, and there found Joseph alive and well, for our Lord had visited him, and he thought he had slept from Good Friday till the Sunday following.

P. 14. Joseph prays "nudz coutes et nudz genoulx."

14. The prophet David taken prisoner by Nebuchadnezzar.

18. Christ consecrates Joseph the son a bishop, and the mystery of transubstantiation is shown in a miracle as hideous as the doctrine; for he is made, very much

[1] "Yet true it is, that long before that day,
Hither came Joseph of Arimathy,
Who brought with him the Holy Grayle,
(they say),
And preach't the truth; but since it greatly
did decay."
Spenser. *Faerie Queene*, II. x. 53.
J. W. W.

against his will, to dismember a beautiful infant who appears in the Ciborium.[1] The body breaks like a cake, and it lies on the *patine* like a piece of bread, but becomes a child again when he puts it to his mouth. "Et quant il le vit si le cuyda traire hors de sa bouche, mais il ne peust. Et quant il eut use cel enfant si luy fut advis que toutes doulceurs que langue d'homme pourroit nommer, ne penser, estoyent en son corps."

22. "Et si nestoyt mye le chastel de hault *fielle* ne *desclos* (?) ains estoit tout environne de moult riches murs quarres de marbre vermeil et vert et bis et blanc."

56. "Car celluy seroit plain de trop folle hardiesse qui oseroit monstre mensonge en si haulte chose comme est ceste saincte hystoire que le vray Crucifix fist et escripvit de sa propre main, et pour ce doit il estre tenu en plus grant honneur." He then says that our Saviour only wrote twice in his mortal life, according to the Scriptures, when he composed the Lord's prayer, and when the woman was taken in adultery. "Ja ne trouvons si hardy clerc qui dye que Dieu fist oncques escripture puis la resurrection, ne mais la saincte escripture du Sainct Greaal seullement, et qui vouldroit dire que puis il eust fait autre escripture de auctorite il seroit tenu a menteur, et si dy bien quil seroit de trop folle hardyesse qui mensonge vouldroit mettre en si haulte chose comme est ceste hystoire que le filz de Dieu escripvit luy mesmes de sa propre main, puis que il eust mis la mortelle vie hors et revestu la mageste celestielle!"

Fictions of this kind have obtained authority in the Sanscrit, and things as impudent in the Romish Church.

59. The same story of the tree of life as in Lancelot du Lac.

Pierre Celicolen.

84. Sire Robert de Berron "qui ceste histoire translata de latin en françoys."

95. Joseph's wife, soon after her arrival in England, lay in in a richly built castle. He was called Galaad, and when he grew up, Galaad le fort, and therefore the castle in which he was born was called Galleford; which is probably the etymology of *Guildford* in this romance.

101. "Messire Robert de Bosrou que ceste histoire translata de latin en françoys par le commandement de Saincte Eglise."

This book makes no reference to the legend concerning Glastonbury, though it is in the days of King Luce.

Its dreams and types very much in the manner of the Gesta Romanorum.

145. In the apartment with the S. Greaal appears a chess board with pieces of ivory and gold. Gawain plays the ivory, and the gold play themselves and check mate him.

150. Perceval's uncle, the hermit, has a mule which belonged to Joseph of Arimathea when he was in Pilate's service!

169. Perceval. "En toute le monde neust len sceu trouves ung plus beau chevalier que luy, plus gros, ne mieulx *quarre* de bras corps et jambes."

37. K. Euelach—Pygmalion! Oh the difference between a Grecian and a monkish imagination!

47-2. A wild phœnix.

89. Joseph, with 148 companions, sailed from Babylon to Great Britain upon Joseph's shirt, which he took off for that purpose and spread upon the water. The night was fair and serene, and the sea fair and peaceable and without tempest, and the moon shone bright, and it was in the month of April, on Easter eve, when they embarked, or emshirted, to speak more properly, and at break of day they arrived in England, this being in every respect the most remarkable passage that ever was made from the Persian gulf.

The conclusion of the first part refers to Merlin, Lancelot, Tristan, and other books of the Round Table, of which I take this to be one of the latest.

136. A guillotine invented for love of Gawain, Lancelot, and Perceval, by Lor-

[1] *Ciborium*, appellant Scriptores Ecclesiastici, quod Ordo Romanus *tegimen* et *umbraculum* Altaris."—Du Cange, in v.—J. W. W.

gueilleuse Pucelle. It was literally for love of them,—for, as she could have no joy of them in life, she was determined to have joy of them in death, and so in her chapel she prepared four magnificent coffins for them and for herself. Gawain was her guest, and by good fortune this pious Pucelle was so proud that she never asked any guest his name; so she took him into the chapel and showed him the coffins, and told him why they were made, and then showing him some relics, she made him observe her device, which was that when she had these knights here she would lead them to adore these relics, and as soon as they had put their heads through the window by which they were to be seen, she would then take out a peg, and a knife, sharp as a razor, would fall upon their necks.

Through great part of this book the name is written Parlevaulx—but at the close Perceval. Is this proof of two authors? Sic opinor.

Ships and sepulchres the favourite objects of the author's fancy.

Few or no moralizations in the second part, which seems to be by a different hand, or perhaps by many. The first is clearly one man's work, and very *Gestaish*.

"How Parlevaulx had a tub made ready, and made all the knights of the Sire des Mares be beheaded before him, so that their blood should run into the tub; and how he had the Sire des Mares drowned in this tub in the blood of his knights."

Loheant, the only son of Arthur and Guenever, had a custom that whenever he killed a man he lay down to sleep upon his body. He was taking his nap one day upon a giant whom he had just demolished, when Sir Keux, the seneschal came by, and for the sake of getting credit, killed him in his sleep, then cut off the giant's head and carried it to court, to claim the merit of having slain him and revenged Loheac. But a damsel had seen all. 165.

L'Opere Magnanime dei due Tristani, Cavalieri delle Tavola Ritonda, *Co'l Privilegio del sommo Pontefice et dell' illustriss. Senato Veneto per anni xx.*

In Venetia per Michele Tramezino 1555.

The first part is made from the French romance, with an interpolation about the birth of the second Tristan, parts of which the author did not bear in mind when he returned to the thread of the original story.

P. 173. So good a journey that she was not more than four months going from Cornwall to Britanny.

Don Chehai, my old acquaintance, is called.

229. Here is the old knight from Giron.

The second part is original, and very worthless.

22. "Ella cavalco su un bonissimo cavallo Armellino come neve, co crini & coda *falsi*, ch'era maraviglia à vederlo?"

64. A lady who has been long ill grows fat with joy after her recovery, so that in the course of a day it is perceptible, and she is complimented upon it.

114. "La Infanta et l'altre signore le trassero l'elmo di testa, et li nettarono il viso con le maniche delle loro camicie." Had they no handkerchiefs, that shift sleeves were used for this purpose? Again, 171, "cosi cavatoli l'elmo gli ascuigaron il volto con le lor sottili maniche delle camicie."

176. From Cornwall to Camelot a journey of 1000 leagues!

193. King Tristan asks why King Arthur took a castle from a certain Phebus, in which quarrel he is about to fight a combat in the King's cause. "Sire rispose Don Galasso, per due cause principali, la prima perche Phebro era infidele inimico della nostra santa fede catholica. Non me ne dite piu, rispose il Re, che questa basta."

207. Coarse and witless satire upon the Portugueze. The Spanish geography in this book is correct.

236. Elisandro, performing his vigil before knighthood, past the night agreeably,

" nondimeno il peso dell' arme havra fatta l'operation sua su le carni et su l'ossa de Elisandro."

245. " La salsa de S. Bernardo" — a phrase for hunger.

250. All the women fall in love with the inexorable Tristan at first sight, and one of them dies of love in the course of an hour or two.

Perceval le Galloys.

The Preface calls it " ung ancien livre intitule Lhystoire de Perceval le gallois faict en ryme et langaige non usité, lesquelz ilz avoient faict traduyte de ryme en prose et langaige moderne pour imprimer."

The prologue states that Philip, Count of Flanders, gave orders to bring to light the life and chivalrous deeds of Percival "suyvant le chronique diceluy Prince et traictie du S. Graal." Both he and his chronicler died before this could be accomplished; and a long time after Madame Jehanne, Countess of Flanders, seeing the beginning of the Chronicle, and knowing the intention of Count Philip her " ayeul," ordered "ung sien familier orateur" named Mennessier "traduire et achever" this work. The which he did, but because his language and that of his predecessor is not in usage in our common French but "fort non acoustumete estrange," to satisfy the desires, pleasures, and will of the princes, lords, and others following the mother tongue of France, I have employed myself " a traduiré et mectre de Rithme en prose" the book, following closely according to my possibility and power the sense of my predecessor-translators.

Was the metrical Romance then in Flemish or in Walloon?

P. 71-2. " Le Roy commande que les mangonneaulx que vault a dire les pionniers."

Perceval in this romance is without *one* of the virtues which the S. Greall imputes to him.

ff. 28. A lady at a tournament " fort cointement proprement vestue et par especial manches serrees et estroictes portoit, parquoy les aultres la nommerent la pucelle aux manches estroictes."

30. " Le superlatif du tournoy."

44. Arthur's mother turns out to be alive in this romance, living in a castle, where Gavain by great adventure discovers her. Mother and son, however, meet afterwards with great unconcern.

67. Gawain cut off a man's head—" actaignit ung de telle sorte que la teste envoia par terre, qui si doulcement et vistement fust decollé, que bien petit ne sentit lespee."

71. " Tristan qui jamais ne rist."

112. After a long battle,—" il est assez a croire et a considerer que les deux chevalliers furent lors fort foibles et petit *vertueux*, car tant avoient de sang perdu qua grand peine se soubstenoient."

126. A chapter begins thus—" Icy fine et fault le compte delescu,"—but no tale of a shield has been told.

133. A chess board, where one set play themselves. It seems they were made at London.

146. Fighting with a knight whose sword breaks, Perceval throws away his own sword, and proposes to finish the battle with fists, so they set to and box, knock one another's helmets off (not considering the knuckles), and then hammer away at the face and the teeth, till the knight loses his wind and yields. This is the only boxing match I have met with.

There are no regular squires in these romances.

155. " Ne peult homme estre du Dyable deceu du jour quil le graal veu aura; ne sçauroit telle voye tenir quil puist faire ung peche mortel."

157. A huntsman " bien botté dugnes bottes dengleterre."

175. " Le beau descongneu is Guiglaius," son of Gavain.

177. " Gauchier de Doudain qui ceste hystoire nous a commemoree."

196. Here we have the Dame de Male-

hault, whose brother is here made the king of the hundred knights.

196. "Les oysillons chantent en leur latin divers mottetz en leur ramage."

At the end Perceval has a brother called Agloal—the author forgetting that all his brothers had been killed at the beginning. He turns hermit, and when he dies the Graal and the Lana and "le digne tailloir dargent" are carried up to heaven with his soul.

There are some good adventures of Gavan, whose history takes up as great a part of the work as Perceval's. One of these represents him as behaving very ill. This story is grossly inconsistent, strangely so; but on the whole the author considers him as a perfect knight.

Perceval is by no means a hero who attracts the reader; he is far too indifferent to his plighted Blanchefleur.

Quarles.[1]

"The darling of our plebeian judgements; that is, such as have ingenuity enough to delight in poetry, but are not sufficiently instructed to make a right choice and distinction."—Phillips.

Phillips erroneously says that the emblems are a copy from Hermannus Hugo's original.

School of the Heart.

Introduc.

"Turn in, my mind, and wander not abroad,
Here's work enough at home."

"Self-knowledge 'twixt a wise man and a fool
Doth make the difference."

"Hast thou an ear
To listen but to what thou shouldst not hear?"

"Thy composure
Is spirit and immortal; thine inclosure
In walls of flesh is, not to make thee debtor
For house-room to them, but to make them better."

6. "Take notice of thine heart.
Such as that is, the rest is, or will be,
Better or worse, blame-worthy, or fault-free."

10. The serpent says,—

"The knowledge thou hast got of good and ill,
Is of good gone and past, of evil present still."

16. "Oh that thou didst but see how blind thou art,
And feel the dismal darkness of thy heart."

17. "How wouldst thou hate thyself, if thou didst know
The baseness of those things thou prizest so."

19. "'Tis as good forbear,
As speak to one that hath no heart to hear."

21. "Stretching their strength, they lay their weakness bare."

"That glittering crown
On which thou gazest, is not gold, but grief;
That sceptre, sorrow."

35. "The whole round earth is not enough to fill
The heart's three corners, but it craveth still.
Only the Trinity, that made it, can
Suffice the vast triangled heart of man."

40. "And antedate my own damnation by despair."

56. "The stains of sin I see
Are oaded[2] all, or dyed in grain."

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[1] No chronological order is observed in these extracts, but they are given as they appear to have been written.—J. W. W.

[2] Woaded.—R. S. [I had noted another instance of this word, but as this sheet goes through the press I cannot find it. J. W. W.]

65. "The sacrifice which I like best, is such
As rich men cannot boast, and poor men need not grutch."

72. "Some things thou knowest not; misknowest others;
And oft thy conscience its own knowledge smothers."

96. A stanza describing the lily ends thus,
"Can there be to thy sight
A more intire delight?"

144. "He that doth fear because he loves, will never
Adventure to offend,
But always bend
His best endeavours to content his friend."

151. Play upon vowels, consonants, &c.

154. "And *ergos*, drawn from trust and confidence,
Twist and tie truths with stronger consequence
Than either sense or reason; for the heart,
And not the head, is fountain of this art."

QUARLES. *Feast for Worms.* 1642.

To the Reader. "My mouth's no dictionary; it only serves as the needful interpreter of my heart."

P. 10. "What *mister* word is that?"

13. "Then all was *whist*, and all to prayer went."

24. Charity.
"Chill breasts have starved her here, and she is driven
Away, and with Astræa fled to heaven."

26. "Thus all on sudden was the sea tranquill,
The heavens were quiet, and the waves were still."

30. Argument,—
"Within the bowels of the fish
Jonah laments in great anguish."

40. The king of Nineveh.
"He rear'd his trembling corps again,
His hair all filthy with the dust he lay in."
"*Respectless* of his pomp."

40-1. Popish austerities and Puritan cant.

63. "it *no'te* avail."

78. Mors Tua.

Esther.

P. 105. "THE city wonders when *a body* names thee."

110. "When time, that endeth all things, did assuage
The burning fever of Assuerus' rage,
And quiet satisfaction had assign'd
Delightful julips to his troubled mind."

111. — "those kingdoms be but ill bebleest
Whose rule's committed to a young man's breast."

112. An exultation for the peace and prosperity of Britain!

115. "When God had with his all-producing blast
Blown up the bubble of the world."

124. "'Tis not the spring-tide of an high estate
Creates a man (though seeming) fortunate:
The blaze of honour, Fortune's sweet excess,
Do *undeserve* the name of happiness.
The frown of indisposed Fortune makes
Man poor, but not unhappy. He that takes
Her checks with patience, leaves the name of poor,
And lets in Fortune at a backer door.
Lord, let my fortunes be or rich or poor,
If small, the less account, if great, the more."

131. "The way to bliss lies not on beds of down,
And he that had no cross deserves no crown."

Here, I think, Penn found his title.[1]

Job.

P. 179. SATAN's account of his employment on earth. A stroke of satire, hardly to have been looked for here.

185. Alexander.

"Wouldst thou by conquest win more fame than he?
Subdue thyself; thyself's a world to thee."

But this whole Meditation is impressive as well as characteristic.

206. Meditation 8.

213. "What refuge hast thou then, but to present
A heart inricht with the sad complement
Of a true convert, on thy bended knee
Before thy God, t'atone[2] thy God and thee."

234. "To Athens, gown'd, he goes, and from that school
Returns unsped, a more instructed fool."

234. "The swelling of an outward fortune can
Create a prosperous, not a happy man.
A peaceful conscience is the true content,
And wealth is but her golden ornament."

234. "I *am* to God, I only *seem* to man."

All these scriptural poems of his are divided into short sections, followed each by a meditation.

Samson.

JUSTIFICATION in the preface of certain passages at which "extreme severity might shock."

P. 268. "Even when her bed-rid faith was grown so frail,
That very hope grew heartless to prevail."

276. — "some false delusion that possest
The weakness of a lonely woman's breast."

278. "her breathless tongue disjoins
Her broken words."

282. A catalogue of birds, &c. in the manner of Chaucer and Spenser.

"The cuckoo, ever telling of one tale."

313. Luxuries of the table.

Viper-wines mentioned as aphrodisiacs.

327. Some of his oddities in the description of Samson killing the Philistines.

355. "Where Heaven doth please to ruin, human wit
Must fail, and deeper policy submit;
There wisdom must be fool'd, and strength of brain
Must work against itself, or work in vain."

"the silly ass's bone,
Not worth the spurning."

365. Gold,—why so rarely produced by nature.

381. Here is Cowley's conceit, speaking of the temple which Samson pulled down, the ruins, he says,

"with an unexpected blow,
Gave every one his death and burial too."

382. The concluding Meditation.

Sion's Sonnets.

THIS is a paraphrase of Solomon's Song, cut into shreds of four couplets, in which I have not found a single line or expression worth noting.

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[1] The title alluded to is his *No Cross no Crown*, &c. 1682. 8vo. It is Jeremy Taylor that says (I quote *memoriter*), "Every person shall in some sort bear his cross, and it is not well with those who do it not."

[2] This is the old sense of the word. I instance the following, not found in NARES' *Gloss.* or elsewhere,

"Which union must all divers things *attone*," &c.

LORD BROOKE, *Treat. of Monarchie.*

"And if some kind wight goe not to *attone*
My surly master with me, wretched maid,
I shall be beaten dead."

BROWNE, *Britannia's Pastorals.*

J. W. W.

Sion's Elegies, wept by Jeremie the Prophet.

This is a paraphrase of the Lamentations, in elegies of six couplets. And he follows the Hebrew form, by beginning them alphabetically.

P. 445. "My joys are turn'd to sorrows, backt with fears,
And I, poor I, lie pickled up in tears."

An Alphabet of Elegies upon Dr. Ailmer.

In the same form as the Lamentations, concluded with an alphabetical epitaph,—in which, however, he leaves out X and Z, and makes I and U stand each, as in the dictionary, for two letters.

Elegy on Dr. Wilson of the Rolls.

The dedication, to Robert, son of Sir Julius Cesar, is very striking.

P. 505. "My passion has no April in her eyes.
I cannot spend in mists; I cannot mizzle;
My fluent brains are too severe to drizzle
Slight drops, my prompted fancy cannot shower
And shine within an hour."

"let such perfume
Suspicious lines with skill, whilst I presume
On strength of nature."

Spirit and *evil* he uses as monosyllables.

Mildreiados. To the Memory of Mildred, Lady Luckyn.

In this poem he has imitated the manner of Phineas Fletcher.

The epitaph is in shape of an hour-glass.

Gascoigne.

The affair in which he was taken prisoner must be that which is so misrepresented in Grimestone's History, p. 558. See also P. Bor. i. 504, where, though still with an injurious suspicion, the matter is better explained. And the Commentarios of D. Bernardino de Mendoza, ff. 250.

He uses *went* for gone. Fruits of War, 61.

"Is wit now went so wandering from thy mind?"

As in the first edition of his "Hundred sundry Flowers, 1572," the account of his shipwreck is called "last voyage into Holland in March," it appears that he had visited that country before.

Tixall Poetry.[1]

Preface.

"To some persons this volume will always be interesting; in some libraries it will always preserve a place; to some families it will always be precious."

P. 7. On the death of a child,—

—"God created such immortal flowers
To grow in his own paradise, not ours."

37. A good specimen of continuous triplets.

57. A glass-bell in a pendant. This seems (if I understand the verses) to have been really worn as an ear-ring, and as a lover's gift.

65. A glass concave on one side, convex on the other,—a sportive piece of furniture.

100. "Is this the house to which none ever came
Unwilling or unwelcome."

Mrs. Thimalby.

140. "The dead man's thumb of azure blew."

What meadow-flower is this?

218. "Long waiting Love doth passage find
Into the slow-believing mind."

Sidney Godolphin.

These lines bear a religious application also.

221. —"so *highly* happy in his love."

[1] The poetry, of course, takes its name from the place. It was edited by Arthur Clifford, Esq. Edinb. 1813. 4to.—J. W. W.

249. "Go to the dull churchyard, and see
Those hillocks of mortality;
Where proudest man is only found
By a small swelling in the ground."

266. A poem of rich absurdity upon the house of Loretto.

352. How little must this editor have read, not to know that the cocoa tree was intended.

389. Stonyhurst. It was Sir E. Sherburne's seat. Mr. Weld gave it in 1794 to the English Jesuits of Liege, on their migration to England.

THOMAS TUSSER. *Dr. Mavor's edition.*

P. 22. HEBER has a copy of Tusser with MS. notes by Gabriel Harvey.

25. Lord Molesworth in 1723 said that this book should be read, learnt by heart, and copied in country schools.

vii. "By practise and ill-speeding
These lessons had their breeding."

xxxv. "Sit down, Robin, and rest thee."

xl. A pretty stanza, but it tells what everybody knows.

Here is the opinion stated that the sick feel the ebb and flow.[1]

8. "For best is the best, whatsoever ye pay."

28. "Hog meseled kill,
For Fleming that will."

39. "Thy measeled bacon-hog, cow, or thy boar,
Shut up for to heal, for infecting thy store;
Or kill it for bacon, or souse it to sell
For Fleming, that loves it so daintily well."

41. "Be sure of vergis, a gallon at least,
So good for the kitchen, so needful for beast."

63. Strawberries seem to have required more care in winter then than now. Was this needless care? or had the plant not yet become acclimated?

85. What trees are meant by raisins? can this word be used for vines? I think not, because grapes, white and red, are mentioned in the same list.

86. "Dame Profit shall give thee reward for thy pain."

88. Cattle fed in the winter upon loppings; and sheep, during snow, upon mistletoe and ivy.

96. This mutilation of fillies seems no longer to be practised. One is glad to find any barbarous practice fall into disuse.

102. Swans, a part of the live stock, 110.

109. And peacocks.

126. Number of dogs, a plague to the farmer.

131. Use of leeks in March.

132. "No spoon-meat no belly full, labourers think."

138. "Save step for a stile, of the crotch of the bough."

172. "Where chamber is sweeped, and wormwood is strewn,
No flea for his life dare abide to be known."[2]

181. The saffron plot served for bleaching ground in winter.

183. "Grant harvest-lord more by a penny or two,
To call on his fellows the better to do;
Give gloves to thy reapers, a largess to cry,
And daily to loiterers have a good eye."

188. "The better thou thrivest, the gladder am I."

190. Lent-provision: salt fish, and—
"Go, stack it up dry,
With pease-straw between it, the safer to lie."

[1] See *The Doctor*, &c. "The Spaniards think that all who die of chronic diseases, breathe their last during the ebb." P. 207. One volume.—J. W. W.

[2] See Second Series, p. 637.—J. W. W.

The Fletchers.

Giles Fletcher (the father I suppose) was involved in some factious opposition to Dr. Goad, the Provost of King's College; and confessed the slander and falsehood of the charges he had assisted in bringing against him. There are several letters upon this matter among the *Lansdowne MS.* p. 46, No. 23, 19 and seq.

Ib. p. 122, No. 65, 59. Dr. Fletcher to Lord Burghley, of his intention to write in Latin the history of the Queen's times, with a sketch of it.

Ib. p. 216, No. 112, 39. Some merchants, trading to Russia, represent that if some passages in Dr. Fletcher's History of Russia are not expunged, their trade will be ruined. The book was accordingly suppressed.

Some good remarks on both by Sir Egerton Brydges in the Preface to his Genevan edition of the Theatrum Poetarum.[1]

There also he observes, and I think justly, that Kirke White seems sometimes to have come nearest to the manner of Giles Fletcher.

Drayton.

In the original preface to the Heroical Epistles, he gives his reason why he observes not the person's dignity in the dedication of each couple: "Seeing none to whom I have dedicated any two epistles, but have their states overmatched by them who are made to speak in the epistles, however the order is in dedication, yet in respect of their degrees in my devotion, and the cause before recited, I hope they suffer no disparagement, seeing every one is the first in their particular interest, having in some sort sorted the complexion of the epistles to the character of their judgments to whom I dedicate them, excepting only the blamefulness of the person's passion, in those points wherein the passion is blameful. Lastly, such manifest difference being betwixt every one of them, where, or howsoever they be marshalled, how can I be justly appeached of unadvisement?" This part of the preface was omitted in the later editions.

He apologized also for his notes, saying that he had introduced the matters historical, which required such explanation, because "the work might in truth be judged brainish, if nothing but amorous humour were handled therein."

The dedications, of which he speaks, are in a very affected style. From that to Edward, Earl of Bedford, we learn that he was first bequeathed to the noble lady, his countess, "by that learned and accomplished gentleman, Sir Henry Goodere (not long since deceased), whose I was whilest he was, whose patience pleased to bear with the imperfections of my heedless and unstayed youth. That excellent and matchless gentleman was the first cherisher of my muse, which had been by his death left a poor orphan to the world, had he not before bequeathed it to that lady whom he so dearly loved."

Mary, the French Queen, was dedicated to Sir H. Goodere: and then to "the happy and generous family of the Goodere's" he "confesses" himself "to be beholding for the most part of his education."

To his most dear friend, Master Henry Lucas, son to Edward Lucas, Esq. he says, "Sir, to none have I been more beholding than to your kind parents, far (I must truly confess) above the measure of my deserts. Many there be in England of whom, for some particularity, I might justly challenge greater merit, had I not been born in so evil an hour, as to be poisoned with that gall of ingratitude." This seems to mean that he had met with unkind or ungrateful treatment.

"Yet these mine own; I wrong not other men.
Nor traffic farther than this happy clime,

[1] Geneva. From the press of Bonnant, 1824. In the copy before me, Southey has carefully marked this Preface.—J. W. W.

Nor filch from Portes (?)[1] nor from Petrarch's pen,
A fault too common in this latter time.
Divine Sir Philip, I avouch thy writ,
I am no pick-purse of another's wit."
Sonnet to Sir Anthony Cooke.

In the preface to the Poly Olbion, he complains of this great disadvantage, that "verses are wholly deduced[2] to chambers, and nothing esteemed in this lunatic age but what is kept in cabinets, and must only pass by transcription."

See PHILLIPS' *Theatrum Poetarum.*

MATTHIAS published at Naples, 1826, "Il Cavaliero della Croce Rossa, recato in verso Italiano," from Spenser.

"AND golden-mouthed Drayton musical,
Into whose soul sweet Sydney did infuse
The essence of his phœnix-feathered muse."
FITZ-GEFFREY'S *Life and Death of Drake*, p. 10.

George Wither.

"THE Great Assizes holden in Parnassus, 1643," a squib upon the Diurnals and Mercuries, is ascribed to him, for "its good sense and heavy versification."—D'ISRAELI'S *Quarrels of Authors*, vol. 2, p. 254.

"PLEASE your Majesty," said SIR JOHN DENHAM, "do not hang G. Wither, that it may not be said I am the worst poet alive!"

Lansdowne's MS. No. 846. "A petition of George Wither to the House of Commons, that he might be restored to liberty, and appointed searcher of Dover." Though bound up with MS. this petition is printed.

. In the debate upon sending Mr. Howard to the Tower, for the letter which he had circulated (1675), Mr. Mallett said, "There is another precedent, of Withers the poet, which if true does us justice."—*Parl. Hist.* vol. 4. p. 749.

Compare his conduct during the Plague with Van Helmont's, an enthusiast of a different kind. See p. 12.

"WHOEVER," says PHILLIPS, "shall go about to imitate his lofty style, may boldly venture to ride post and versify."

Ben Jonson (vol. 8, p. 7-9) satirizes George Wither, and in a way which shows him to have been a popular writer at that time.

The plates in his emblems, first appeared in a book with this title; "Gab. Rollenhagii Emblematum Centuriæ," 2 vols. Cologne, 1613. M'Pherson's Catalogue.[3]

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

"QUARRELS *of Authors*," vol. 2, p. 212. An account of the Attacks on Gondibert, in which D'Israeli has committed two extraordinary blunders: he speaks of the poem as published when Charles's Court gave the law—and supposes Dr. Donne to have been one of his four ironical vindicators.—p. 230-1.

There are some verses by Charles Cotton (Chalmers, vol. 6, p. 748) in answer to some in the Seventh Canto of the Third Book of Gondibert, directed to his Father. This canto has not been published, but seven stanzas of it are prefixed to these verses of Cottons.

Gondibert, p. 92. An irreverent allusion to the Resurrection, not in accord with the feeling of the poem.

[1] Southey has put a quære, with *Des Portes* in the margin. No doubt the French poet, Philip des Portes, is alluded to.—J. W. W.

[2] Quære? reduced.—R. S.

[3] I may observe here, that Southey had a long cherished wish of editing a collected edition of Wither's Poems. He expressed himself to this intent on the imperfect republication of them by Gutch.—J. W. W.

"And here the early lawyer mends his pace,
For whom the earlier client waited long."
Gondibert, p. 104.

"Care, that in cloysters only seals her eyes,
Which youth thinks folly, age as wisdom owns,
Fools, by not knowing her, outlive the wise;
She visits cities, but she dwells in thrones."
Ib. p. 119.

"Hither a loud bell's toll rather commands
Than seems to invite the persecuted ear."
Ib. p. 183.

"That lucky thief,
(In Heaven's dark lottery prosperous more than wise)
Who groped at last, by chance, for Heaven's relief,
And throngs undoes with hope, by one drawn prize."

Assurance.

"Yet these, whom Heaven's mysterious choice fetched in,
Quickly attain devotion's utmost scope;
For, having softly mourned away their sin,
They grow so certain as to need no hope."
Ib. p. 185.

187. Here too, as in G. Herbert, a prediction that religion will take its way to America.

198. "Common faith—which is no more
Than long opinion to religion grown."

210. "For love and grief are nourished best with thought."

224-5. In favour of a universal monarchy.

250. "If you approve what numbers lawful think,
Be bold, for number cancels bashfulness.
Extremes from which a king would blushing shrink,
Unblushing senates act as no excess."

With how much feeling might he write this!

294. Political feeling.

329-332. He would have the good labour to acquire wealth and power, as the means of beneficence. See, too, his preface, p. 19, 20. 51.

A just remark in his preface (p. 2), that "story, wherever it seems most likely, grows most pleasant."

6. As if Du Bartas ranked at that time above Ariosto in public opinion.

13. A fine passage, contrasting the philanthropy of the Christian religion with the Jewish and Gentile religions.

26. A remarkable passage concerning wit, not however taking it in Barrow's sense, but in its earlier and wider acceptation.

40. Conscientious writers become for that reason voluminous. A very just observation.

Hobbes's answer to this preface is full of excellent remarks upon poetry and language.

"His private opinion was that religion at last (e. g. a hundred years hence) would come to settlement, and that in a kind of ingenious Quakerism." — Aubrey's *Notes*. Boswell's *Malone's Shakespeare*, vol. 3, p. 284.

"He was buried in a coffin of walnut tree. Sir J. Denham said it was the finest coffin he ever saw."—Ibid. p. 283.

See Spence's *Anecdotes*. 82.

"Though Sir William Davenant wanted that poetical invention which can alone continue to interest, he was a very subtle thinker, had great command of polished and harmonious language, and could express ideas, difficultly conceived by others, with an extraordinary union of conciseness and clearness. This is not the primary purpose of poetry; but still it is very valuable and very instructive."—Sir Egerton. *Preface to Phillips*, p. xviii.

Theatrum Poetarum, Part 2, p. 20, No. 46.

Davenant was encouraged to bring out his musical entertainment, when all plays were prohibited, "by no less a person than Sir John Maynard."—Hawkins, *History of Music*, vol. 4, p. 322.

Mason.

Horace Walpole, *Letters*, vol. 2, p. 101. "Mr. Mason has published another drama, called Caractacus; there are some incantations poetical enough, and odes so Greek as to have very little meaning."

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 271. "The version of Fresnoy I think the finest translation I ever saw. It is a most beautiful poem extracted from as dry and prosaic a parcel of verses as could be put together. Mr. Mason has gilded lead, and burnished it highly."

Ibid. p. 343. "I am very sorry Mr. Mason concurs in trying to revive the associations. Methinks our state is so deplorable, that every healing measure ought to be attempted, instead of innovation."—See also p. 354-5.

Percival Stockdale (*Memoirs*, vol. 2, p. 88,) says of the Heroick Epistle, "a piece of finer and more poignant poetical irony never was written. It was, I will venture to say, foolishly given, by many people to Mason: it was totally different from *his* manner; its force, its acuteness, its delicacy, and urbanity of genius prove that *he* was incapable to write it; yet he was absurdly and conceitedly offended with those who supposed him to be the author of it: that poet, who was certainly very little above mediocrity, fancied that his abilities and his fame were grossly injured by the mistaken supposition."

Walpole, vol. 4, p. 236, bears witness to the truth of Mr. Mainwaring's assertion, that authorship created no jealousy or variance in Mason towards Gray.

"It so happened, some how or other, that Mason never took a predominant possession of the public mind. Perhaps he was considered too flowery; though that is not an objection commonly made by the popular voice. He often wrote with great harmony and polish, and there is a great *show* of imagination in his Elfrida and Caractacus; but there is some indefinable failure of the true tone."—Sir Egerton Brydges, *Autobiography*, vol. 1, p. 132.

Cole says of him, that he was esteemed at college to be one of the chief ornaments of the University. Cole was sorry that he had shown himself "so much of a party man in the Heroic Epistle, as I had a great veneration for his character," he says.—*Restituta*, vol. 3, p. 75.

Hannah More. "I was much affected at the death of poor Mason. The Bishop of London was just reading us a sonnet he had sent him on his seventy-second birth day, rejoicing in his unimpaired strength and faculties: it ended with saying that he had still a muse able to praise his Saviour and his God, when the account of his death came. It was pleasing to find his last poetical sentiments had been so devout. I would that more of his writings had expressed the same strain of devotion, though I have no doubt of his having been piously disposed; but the Warburtonian school was not favourable to a devotional spirit. I used to be pleased with his turn of conversation, which was rather of a peculiar cast."—*Memoirs*, vol. 3, p. 16.

"Elfrida overcame all our common prejudices against the ancient form of tragedy, especially against the chorus. Mr. Colman therefore deserves praise for introducing on the stage, under his direction, so elegant a performance; and as a proof of the skill and judgment with which he has endeavoured to render it a pleasing exhibition to every class of the spectator, we must add, for the information of our distant readers, that it hath

been received with a much warmer, more general, and more lasting approbation than perhaps even the most sanguine admirer of the poem could have expected from a work which the author never intended for theatrical representation."—*Monthly Review*, No. 47, December, 1772, p. 486.

His connection with Lord Holderness, 1764.—H. Walpole's *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 329.

His litigious conduct to Murray the bookseller.—Croker's *Boswell*, vol. 4, p. 152.

His Musæus to an unnatural strain of poetry, which is that of Lycidas, adds a more unnatural pathos, and has yet the greater fault of making Spenser, Milton, and Chaucer address Pope as one who had excelled them.

A favourite lyric measure of his consists in couplets of four or five, alternately, but written continuously. Sometimes he begins with the longer, sometimes with the shorter lines. The Ode to a Water Nymph is in a very agreeable metre. The rhymes are quatrain, but the arrangement of the lines is two of four and two of five feet, then two of five and two of four, and so alternately through the poem; the versification being continuous. That to an Æolian harp is in a sweet quatrain of two fours and two fives. He had a good ear for versification, which, however, is not so apparent in blank verse; but certainly he had not a good ear for rhyme, unless a broad provincial pronunciation had corrupted it. I am far from objecting to imperfect rhymes when they are properly disposed; but they offend the ear greatly when it is made to rest upon them, as, for example (Ode x. for Musie), employ and sky, in a couplet which closes a stanza wherein there is no rhyme to either of these words.

P. 40. "The larks' meridian ecstasy."

"See our tears in *sober shower*
O'er this shrine of glory pour."—P. 54.

Ode xiii. Cp. 63, must be to the Duchess of Devonshire.

There is a manliness in his moral poems—as in the Elegy to a young Nobleman, for example. 93. The movement of his continuous quatrains is always pleasing.

97. An amusing example of what popularity is—Mason felt that Garrick was preferred to him as a poet! which yet he never was, nor could have been.

103. A pleasing acknowledgment that he was too much elated with applause.

105. Epistle to Hurd. Here he relates his deliberate choice of an artificial and gorgeous style—because Shakespeare precluded all hope of excellence in any other form of drama.

112. "hills sublime
Of mountain lineage."

His own birthday Sonnets in old age are in a very pleasing and natural strain.

243. "and all that browse,
Or skim or dive, the plain, the air, the flood."

This is the latest example I remember of an old construction, more artificial than pleasing.

248. A fashion of white palisades tipped with gold and red.

"Gothic now,
And now Chinese, now neither, and yet both."

This had passed away before my memory.

248. A curious example of a receipt in verse,—how to mix colours for painting a fence green.

244. His opinion expressed of the manner in which such subjects, in themselves essentially unpoetical, and antipoetical, should be poetically treated.

252. "Alas! ere we can note it in our song,
Comes manhood's feverish summer, chill'd full soon
By cold autumnal care, till wintry age
Sinks in the frore severity of death."

262. Gray's admiration of Keswick, expressed in verse by Mason.

264. "That force of ancient phrase, which speaking, paints;

And is the thing it sings."

275. His contempt of fountains,

"that toss
In rainbow dews their crystal to the sun."

280. A pleasing passage:

"Yes, let me own,
To these, or classic deities like these,
From very childhood was I prone to pay
Harmless idolatry."

The last book of the Garden is in every respect miserably bad. Bad in taste, as recommending sham castles and modern ruins; bad in morals, as endeavouring to serve a political cause by a fictitious story, which, if it had been true, could have nothing to do with the right or wrong of the American war,—and bad in poetry, because the story is in itself absurd. Not the least absurd part is the sudden death of the lady at seeing her betrothed husband, whom she was neither glad nor sorry to see; and the description of the facies Hippocratica is applied to a person thus dying in health, youth, and beauty.

See in Book I. for his love of painting as well as poetry.

392. An excellent description of the English Boulingrin from the Encyclopedia.

Poetical Recreations, &c. Part I. by Mrs. Jane Barker. *Part II. by several Gentlemen of the Universities, and others.* 1688.

P. 12. A very pretty expression villainously applied:

"From married men wit's current never flows,
But grave and dull as standing pond he grows;
Whilst the other, *like a gentle stream does play
With this world's pebbles which obstruct his way.*"

21. "Here plants for health and for delight are met,
The cephalic cowslip, cordial violet;
Under the diuretic woodbine grows
The splenetic columbine, scorbutic rose."

As scurvy epithets as were ever applied by fair lady to fine flowers.

24. Pretty lines to a rivulet:

"Yet, gentle stream, thou'rt still the same,
Always going, never gone:
Yet dost all constancy disclaim,
Wildly dancing to thine own murmuring tuneful song,
Old as Time, as Love and Beauty young."

31. Her skill in medicine.

39. "For I can only shake, but not cast off my chain."

Fashion of portraits in her youth:

"Even when I was a child,
When in my picture's hand
My mother did command.
There should be drawn a laurel-bough;
Lo then my Muse sate by and smiled
To hear how some the sentence did oppose,
Saying an apple, bird, or rose
Were objects which did more befit
My childish years and no less childish wit."

41. "their modish wit to me doth shew
But as an *engyscope*[1] to view yours through."

101. Some odd anatomical verses. She seems to have studied physic with a view to practise it.

Her most delightful and excellent romance of Seepina was in the press.

Part 2.

P. 161. By this dialogue concerning the prohibition of French wines, it appears that barrels were broached in the streets, or rather staved.

212. Bonny Moll and Black Bess, in a serious imitation of Virgil's Eclogues.

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[1] There is no difficulty in this word, but I have no authority to quote for it at hand.—J. W. W.

250. " Alas! how vain and useless all things prove
When enter'd in damn'd Cupid's school
To learn his precepts and his rules."

275. James II.

" Who, Noah's lawful heir,
Succeeded in the boundless empire of the Flood."

277. Apotheosis of Charles II.

" Safely he cuts the thundering skies,
Adorn'd with new imperious joys;
Young angels kiss each tender limb,
And fondly call him cherubim,
His Saviour and his Sire embrace him as he flies!"

HURDIS.

THE Favourite Village.

P. 5. " Youth and age
And sexes mingled in the populous soil,
Till it o'erlooks with swoln and ridgy brow
The smoother croft below."

5. " Say, ancient edifice, thyself with years
Grown gray, how long upon the hill has stood
Thy weather-braving tower, and silent mark'd
The human leaf inconstant bud and fall?
The generations of deciduous man,
How often hast thou seen them pass away?"

11. —" the slow-marching sabbath, by the gay
Devoted ill to frivolous excess,
Or dedicated fondly by the grave
To endless exercise of pious toil,
Has here no hurried, and no loitering foot.
Abridged of levity and indisposed
To make salvation slavery, to yawn
Till latest midnight o'er the long discourse,
It interdicts not recreation sweet."

16. — " dear village, sometimes let me stand
The ding-dong peal of thy twain bells remote
To hear."

20. " What time the preying owl with sleepy wing
Swims o'er the corn-field studious."

23. " It shall not grieve me if the gust be free,
And, to withstand its overbearing gale,
I lean upon the tide of air unseen.
For pleasant then across the vale below
Fleet the thin shadows of the severed cloud."

26. Bathing.

" suspended thus
Upon the bosom of a cooler world."

27. This personification of Ocean as a wolfish monster, though it arises naturally, is carried to an absurd extravagance.

34. The shepherd—

" Accustomed in the rear of his slow flock
To creep inert."

35. A very pleasing trait of himself. He used to let the wheatears out of their traps, and leave their price for their ransom.

40. — " or grazing ox
His dewy supper from the savoury herb
Audibly gathering."

53. " Far off resounds the shore-assailing deep,
Sweeping with rude concussion the loose beach,
Harshly sequacious of his refluent surge."

57. " Raking with harsh recoil the pebbly steep."

73. " And the scorch'd eyelid intervention asks
Of handkerchief uplifted, doubled news,
Hand ill at ease, or tipsey-footed screen."

81. " a vast expanse,
Save where the frowning wood without a leaf
Rears its dark branches on the distant hill,

Or hedge-row, ill-discern'd, with dreary length
Strides o'er the vale encumber'd, or lone church
Stands vested weatherward in snowy pall,
Conspicuous half, half not to be discern'd."

89. The robin in winter—

" beneath my chair
Sit budge, a feathery bunch."

91. Children, it seems, in his village, wear paper ornaments on their heads and skirts when they go to sing Christmas carols early in the morning.

111. *Golden* primrose — the only false epithet I have found.

The Relapse.

156. A sweet passage about his sister.

158. His own boyhood.

159. The man of war.

177. His contented state of mind.

Sir Thomas More.

234. " Poet like,
She could not sleep for thinking, but stole out
To ring the chimes of fancy, undisturb'd,
In the still ear of morning."

296. " What is death
To him who meets it with an upright heart?
A quiet haven, where his shatter'd bark
Harbours secure, till the rough storm is past.
Perhaps a passage, overhung with clouds
But at its entrance; a few leagues beyond
Opening to kinder skies and milder suns,
And seas pacific as the soul that seeks them."

Elsewhere Hurdis intimates that he was doubtful whether the soul sleeps after death, or passes into an intermediate state. But how certainly to all appearance might the voyage in Kehama be traced to this passage —if I had read it before that poem was written.

As Hurdis followed Cowper, so poor Romaine Joseph Thorn followed him, and imitated the worthless Adriano in the not more worthless Lodon and Miranda.

This poor fellow, who was clerk to a Bristol merchant, quarrelled with him. After the quarrel he went to the merchant's house, in Park Street, and being admitted, walked up to him and addressed him thus—" Sir, did you ever read Churchill's Epistle to Hogarth?" and without waiting for an answer, " I'll write a severer satire than that upon you, Sir!" Mr. —— took him by the collar, carried him, for he was about five feet two, to the street door, and dropped him over the steps into the street.

The poor poet got a situation afterwards in a merchant vessel, and died on the coast of Africa, a victim to the climate.

John Lyly.

In a catalogue I see " Lyly's Euphues and Lucella, Ephœbus, and Letters rendered into modern English, 1716."

Britain's Remembrancer (G. Wither), canto 2, p. 42. Green and Lily's fashion gone by.

There is in his Euphues occasionally a vulgarity such as in Swift's Polite Conversations; and there are also conceited and vapid discussions like those in Madame Scudery's Romances.

Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit. Ed. 1607.

To the Gentlemen Readers—" We commonly see the book that at Easter lyeth bound on the stationer's stall, at Christmas to be broken in the haberdasher's shop. It is not strange when as the greatest wonder lasteth but nine days, that a now work should not endure but three months. Gentlemen use books as gentlewomen handle their flowers; who in the morning stick them in their heads, and at night strew them at their heels. Cherries be fulsome when they be thorough ripe, because they be plenty; and books be stale when they be printed, in that they be common."

" In my mind Printers and Tailors are chiefly bound to pray for Gentlemen; the one hath so many fantasies to print, the other such sundry fashions to make, that

the pressing-iron of the one is never out of the fire, nor the printing-press of the other at any time lyeth still.

"He that cometh to print because he would be known, is like the fool that cometh into the market because he would be seen."

It seems by his address to the Oxonians as if he had been rusticated for three years.

"*B.* — he thought himself so apt to all things, that he gave himself almost to nothing but practising of those things commonly which are incident to these sharp wits, — fine phrases, smooth quips, merry taunts, using jesting without mean, and abusing mirth without measure."

"— so rare a wit would in time either breed an intolerable trouble, or bring an incomparable treasure to the commonweal."

"— thy bringing up seemeth to me to be a great blot to the lineage of so noble a *brute*."

"The greenest beech burneth faster than the driest oak."

"The dry beech kindled at the root never leaveth until it come to the *top*."

"The Pestilence doth most rifest infect the clearest complection."

"You convince my parents of *peevishness* in making me a wanton."

"— to the stomach *quatted*[1] with dainties, all delicates seem queasy."

"They that use to steal honey burn hemlock to smoak the bees from their hives."

The wise husbandman — "in the fattest and most fertile ground soweth hemp before wheat, a grain that drieth up the superfluous moisture, and maketh the soil more apt for corn."

"Swathe-cloutes."

"Suspecting that Philantus was corrival with him, and *cockmate*[2] with Lucilla."

"Rise rather, Euphues, and *take heart at grass (?)*[3], younger thou shalt never be."

"I now taking heart at grass to see her so gamesome."

"They that begin to pine of a consumption, without delay preserve themselves upon cullisses. He that feeleth his stomach inflamed with meat, cooleth it eftsoons with conserves."

"In that thou cravest my aid, assure thyself I will be thy finger next thy thumb."

"Neither being idle, nor well employed, but playing at cards."

"Though thou have eaten the seeds[4] of rocket, which breed incontinency, yet have I chewed the leaf-cress which maintaineth modesty."

"Instead of silks I will wear sackcloth; for owches, and bracelets, *leere?* and *caddis?*"[5]

"I *force* not Philantus his fury, so I may have Euphues his friendship."

"— pinched Philantus on the parson's side."[6] (?)

— Glass-worm for glow-worm.[7]

"— Vulcan—with his *pawlt* foot."

"I brought thee up like a coakes, and thou hast handled me like a cockscombe."

"Euphues is content to be a craven and cry creake;—though Curio be old huddle and twang. Ipse he"— (?)

"Judging all to be *pinglers*[8] that are not coursers."

"What greater infamy than to confer the sharp wit to the making of lewd sonnets to the idolatrous worshipping of their ladies, to the vain delights of fancy, to all

[1] See NARES' *Gloss.* in v. It means, of course, *satiated, glutted.*

[2] NARES in v. supposes it to be a corruption of *copesmate*, quoting this and the passage referred to below. Hooker used *copesmate* more than once.—J. W. W.

[3] See NARES in v. Simply a corruption, I suspect, from the French.

[4] "The use of rocket stirreth up bodily lust, especially the seed."—JOHNSON'S *Gerarde*, p. 248.

[5] Both probably signify here some coarse kind of twist, or lace. The latter is used by Shakespeare. See NARES in v.

[6] Ibid. in v. *Side.* Ben Jonson speaks of "a *side* sweeping gown." *New Inn.*

[7] Ibid. in v.

[8] Ibid. in v. "probably a labouring horse." The *pingle* was the enclosure, or boosy-pasture, close to the homestead.—J. W. W.

kinds of vice, as it were against kind and course of nature."

"— either rouse the deer or *unpearch* the pheasant."

"— stand in a *mammering* whether to depart or not."

"— if tall they term him a *lungis*, if short a dwarf."

"— if she be well set, they call her a *bosse*, if slender a hazel twig."

"— their lawns, their *leefekies*,[1] their ruffs."

"Be not like the Englishman, which preferreth every strange fashion before the use of his country."

"I would not that all women should *take pepper in the nose*, in that I have disclosed the legerdemain of a few."

Snuff was not then known, — but here is an expressed fact equivalent to *taking it in snuff*.

"— the oak will soon be eaten with the worm, the walnut tree never."

"— were not Milo's arms *brawn-fallen* for want of wrestling?"

N. 1. Servants who were unfit for any thing else appointed to take care of the children. An ill custom of which he complains.

*V*ade always for *f*ade.[2]

N. 3, 4. — Extemporaneous speaking.

O. Oxford described (as Athens) in his days, as a very profligate place.

O. 3. Servants beaten.

His notions of gentle education.—P. 2.

"*Cock mates*," playmates.

"*Querrellous*." *Mannary* crafts.

"*Abject*," for reprobate.

"— surely if conscience be the cause thou art banished the court, I account thee wise in being so precise, that by the using of virtue thou mayest be exiled the place of vice."

Was Lyly a Puritan when he wrote this first part?

U. 2. — Ladies of the Court.

This also has a Puritan air.

"By experience we see that the adamant cannot draw iron if the diamond lie by it."

Euphues and his England.

"Euphues" was his first work.

"The very feather of an eagle is of force to consume the beetle."

"Hens do not lay eggs when they *chick* but when they *cackle*."

Dedication to the Earl of Oxford, and to the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England.

"Euphues had rather lie shut in a Lady's coffer than open in a scholar's study."

"— the *grisping* of the evening."

"— a hermitage where a mouse was sleeping in a cat's ear!"

"— the thrush never singeth in the company of the nightingale."

"Nothing shall alter my mind, neither penny nor pater-noster."

"— Coming home by Weeping cross."

"Every stool he sat on was Penniless bench."[3]

Philanthus is made to say "the English tongue, which, as I have heard, is almost barbarous."

England "marvellously replenished with people."

"Thou doest me wrong, in seeking a scar in a smooth skin."

Bees "delight in sweet and sound music, which if they hear but once out of tune, they fly out of sight."

F. 3. This whole account of the bees oddly fabulous.

The tortoise taken for the torpedo — plainly.

"— as the viper tied to the bough of the beech tree, which keepeth him in a dead

[1] Here a part of female dress, but what does not appear. Halliwell quotes *leefekyn* from Palsgrave's *Acolastus*, as a term of endearment. —J. W. W.

[2] See *The Doctor*, &c. 1 vol. edit. p. 479.— J. W. W.

[3] See Nares' *Gloss.* on *Weeping Cross* and *Penniless Bench*. The latter is well known to all Oxonians.— J. W. W.

sleep, though he begin with a sweet slumber."

"If thou be bewitched with eyes, wear the eyes of a weasel in a ring, which is an enchantment against such charms."

"The Salamander, being a long time nourished in the fire, at last quencheth it."

"As there is but one Phœnix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia wherein she buildeth."

"O infortunate Philantus! born in the wane of the moon, and as like to obtain thy wish as the wolf to eat the moon."

"— making a *cooling-card* against women."

"— all lovers are cooled with a card of ten." (?)

"A *lungis*"—this word is opposed to a *dwarf*.

"— the fairer the stone is in the toad's head, the more pestilent her poison is in her bowels."

"— that talk, the more it is seasoned with fine phrases, the less it savoureth of true meaning."

"— delighted to hear her speak—he *trained her by the blood* in this sort. If," &c.

"— he determined *hab nab*[1] to send his letters."

"Sweet Johns," the same as Sweet Williams?[2]

"— for me, I am neither of his counsel, nor court."

"Those that have once been bitten with a scorpion, never after feel any sting either of the wasp, or the hornet, or the bee."

"There is no beast that toucheth the herb whereon the bear hath breathed."

"The nightingale is said with continual straining to sing, to perish in her sweet lays."

A. a. 2. London Bridge the pride of the metropolis.

"Mastiffs, except for necessary uses about their houses, as to *draw water*, to watch thieves, &c. And thereof they derive the word mastiff—of *mase* and thief." (?)

"Mineral pearls (?) in England, which is most strange, which as they are for greatness and colour most excellent, so are they digged out of the mainland, in places far distant from the shore."—Ibid.

B. b. 1, 2. The English ladies described, in ironically praising them for what he wished them to be.

B. b. 3. Lords and Gentry. (See p. 70.)

"— this I would have thee take for a *flat* answer."

Lyly.

"Troth, I am of opinion he is one of those hieroglyphical writers, that by the figures of beasts, plants and of stones, express the mind, as we do in A B C."—Nash, *Summer's Last Will, Old Plays*, vol. iv. p. 33.

Thomas Goff.

Three excellent tragedies. Second edit. 1656.

The verses in this volume generally (as in Spanish) begin with a small letter.

Rhyme is frequently introduced.

The Turks talk like Pagans, and drink wine.

P. 9. "Am I not Emperor? he that breathes a No
Damns in that negative syllable his soul."

20. — "*shute*" the French word, I suppose, but made English, and thus spelt.

74. "These are too fairly promised to be meant."

75. "These men's examples, were we faint and loath,
Would set sharp spurs unto our slow-paced wrath,
And whet our dull edged anger."

91. "Cruel, yet honest, and austerely good."

[1] See note in *The Doctor*, &c. 1 vol. edit. p. 519.—J. W. W.

[2] "The Sweet-John and also the Sweet-William are both comprehended under one title, that is to say, *Armeria*," &c.—Johnson's *Gerarde*, p. 599.—J. W. W.

94. — "when day is past,
And the full fancies of mortality
Busy in dreams."

98. — to "ruinate."

99. — "Blest mortals, had that mother
Strangled her other infant, white-faced day,
And brought forth only night!"

106. Bajazet, in his dying rant, threatens to—

"Besiege the concave of this universe,
And hunger-starve the gods."

107. — "excorporate."

112. "Oh, I could be a holy Epicure
In tears and pleasing sighs."

129. "Beauty! my Lord,—'tis the worst
part of woman,
A weak poor thing, assaulted every hour
By creeping minutes of defacing time,
A superficies which each breath of care
Blasts off; and every humorous stream of
grief
Which flows from forth these fountains of
our eyes,
Washeth away—as rain doth winter's snow."

There is much beauty in the rest of this speech also.

— "and in ourselves, yea, in our own true
breasts,
We have obedience, duty, careful love."

132. — "in what part of heaven
Shall she be *stellified*."

143. One who personates the Ghost of the Father says to the Son—

"Know all the torments that the fabulous
age
Dream'd did afflict deceased impious ghosts,
Heart-biting hunger, and soul-searching
thirst.
The ne'er-consumed, yet ever-eaten prey
That the devouring vulture feeds upon,
Are not such tortures as our offspring's
crimes:
They, they sit heavy on us, and no date
Makes our compassionate *affection* (affliction ?) cease."

— "O thou, hereditary ulcer."

146. "Think you my mind is waxy, to be wrought into any fashion?"

158. "No sooner shall the *Tycian* (?)
splendid Sol
Open heaven's casements, and enlarge the
day."

160. A pretty speech of a princess about to be given in marriage.

167. "Bellona and Erynnes scourge us on,
Should wars and treasons cease, why our
own weight
Would send us to the earth, as spreading
arms
Make the huge trees in tempest for to
split."

— "the slaughterman to pasture goes
And drags that oxe home first whose bulk
is greatest,
The lean he still lets feed."

173. Amuratt says, when the sky is filled with blazing stars and comets,

"How now, ye Heavens, grow you
So proud, that you must needs put on
curl'd lodes,
And clothe yourselves in periwigs of fire?"

176. "The Heavens are turned court
ladies,
And put on other hair besides their own."

"If we want light, we'll from our Whinyards
Strike fire enough to scorch the Universe."

177. "How well this weight of steel befits
my strength."

184 — "you leave the earth
Not as you went, but by compulsion
dragg'd,
Still begging for a morrow from your
grave,

And with such shifts you do deceive yourselves,
As if you could deceive mortality."

" Death leads the willing by the hand,
But spurs the headlong on, that dare command."

205. " *Electra.* Have I not lost a father?
Yes, yes, and would a river of fresh tears
Turn Lethe's stream, and bring him from the wharf[1]
With a north-gale of windy-blowing sighs,
I could expire my soul, become all tears."

208. " This hand shall rip her breast,
And search her *inparts*, but I'll find it out." 236.

209. " The saddest tale
That ever burden'd the weak jaws of man."

223. " Let your tongues be percullised in your jaws."

225. " By *Heaven's Parliament.*" When was this written?

229. *Person* used for *part*, as in a play.

231. " This—O what thing's enough
To be an attribute to term her by—
The Clytemnestra."

232. " And when my heart was tympanized with grief,
Thou lavedst out some into thy heart from mine,
And keptst it so from bursting."

250. " Murder-heap'd
Corpse upon corpse, as if they meant to invite
All Hell to supper on some jovial night."

When Orestes and Pylades are about to kill each other, Orestes says—

" And let thy rapier drink blood greedily.
As if it loved it, cause it is thy friend.
Ply. Why then, dear friend, I thus erect this arm
And will be strong to thee, as thou to me."

262. " Our life consists of air, our state of wind,
All things we leave behind us, which we find,
Saving our faults."

These are marvellous plays for their atrocious horrors; one wonders that a scholar should have produced, and Oxford encouraged them. But the author was not wanting in parts of a certain kind.

[1] " Duller should'st thou be, than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Would'st thou not stir at this."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet.*—J. W. W.

HERRICK.[1]

PHILLIPS says of Herrick that he was not " particularly influenced by any nymph, or goddess, except his maid Prue. That which is chiefly pleasant in these poems, is now and then a pretty flowery and pastoral gale of fancy; a vernal prospect of some hill, cave, rock, or fountain; which, but for the interruption of other trivial passages, might have made up none of the worst poetic landscapes."

Of all our poets this man appears to have had the coarsest mind. Without being intentionally obscene, he is thoroughly filthy, and has not the slightest sense of decency.

[1] " In Herrick the southern spirit becomes again the spirit of the antique. In the very constitution of his imagination he was a Greek—yet he sang in no falsetto key—his thoughts were instinct with the true classical spirit; and it was, as it were, by a process of translation that he recast them in English words. It is to this circumstance that we are to attribute his occasional license. His poetry hardly lay in the same plane with the conventional part of our Protestant morality: but his genius never stagnates near the marsh. In his poetry we—

Recognize that Idyl scene
Where all mild creatures *without awe*,
Amid field flowers and pastures green
Fulfil their being's gentle law."
R. M. MILNES.
Edinb. Rev. Oct. 1849, p. 414.—J. W. W.

In an old writer, and especially one of that age, I never saw so large a proportion of what may truly be called either trash or ordure.

The reprint of 1825 (250 copies) has in the title-page a wreath with the motto *perennis et fragrans*. A stinking cabbage-leaf would have been the more appropriate emblem. This is a mere reprint, which has faithfully followed all the gross blunders of the original.

P. 8. "When laurel spirts in the fire,
and when the hearth
Smiles to itself, and gilds the roof with mirth."

60. Farewell to sack—because his head cannot bear it.

62. False teeth used in his time.

70. Some unkind usage from Williams, then Bishop of Lincoln.

93. May-day customs.

97. Endymion Porter, his friend and "chief preserver."

109. Welcome to sack.

Frequent allusions to strawberries and cream.

Metre, 116, 137, 241, 247, 278.

136. Love of music.

139. Harvest-home.

150. To Anthea.

Hatred of Devonshire, 154, 201.

156-8. Slovenly rhymes.

165. The codpiece served for a pocket.

177. Christmas—"The full twelve holy-days."

179. "A man prepared against all ills to come,
That dares to death the fire of martyrdom."

This feeling was not forgotten.

204. "For no black-bearded vigil from thy door
Beats with a buttoned[1] staff the poor.

But from thy warm love-hatching gates, each may
Take friendly morsels, and there stay
To sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,
For thou no porter keep'st who strikes."

233. Even his fairy poems are filthy. Never was any man's mind more thoroughly unclean.

243. "Thou sent'st to me a true-love knot; but I
Return'd a ring of jimmals,[2] to imply
Thy love had one knot, mine a triple tye."

260. Imitation of Ben Johnson—whom he often imitates.

280. To his Tomb-maker. Certainly his verses are not in accord with the character which he gives himself here.

Vol. 2.

10. To a primrose.

13. "If so be a toad be laid
In a sheep-skin newly flaid,
And that tied to man. 'Twill sever
Him and his affections ever."

15. Metre, 158, 211.

23. The Night piece.

80. A bride's household duties announced to her. Importance of spinning in domestic economy.

58. The bracelet.

60. His return to London.

66. His Grange.

90. Prue's epitaph.

92. "Wash your hands, or else the fire
Will not tend to your desire;
Unwasht hands, ye maidens, know
Dead the fire, though ye blow."

122. Charms.

123-4. Candlemass ceremonies.

169. The tears to Thamesis.

171. Twelfth Night.

185. A girl's boarding-school at Pulness. The mistress he calls the reverend rectress

[1] See vol. ii. p. 22. R. S. The words occur in his own epitaph.

"So I, now having rid my way,
Fix here my button'd staffe and stay," &c.
J. W. W.

[2] See NARES' *Gloss.* in v. who quotes this passage.—J. W. W.

213. *His* Litany.
216. The Thanksgiving.

271. " The Jews their beds and offices of ease
Placed north and south, for these clear purposes,
That man's uncomely froth might not molest
God's ways and walks, which lie still east and west."

Herrick has noticed more old customs and vulgar superstitions than any other of our poets, and this is almost the only value of his verses. I question whether any other poet ever thought it worth while to preserve so many mere scraps, and of such very trash.

He seems to have been a man of coarse and jovial temper, who was probably kept by his profession from any scandalous sins, and may have shown some restraint in his life, though there is so very little in his language.

There is not any other of our old poets who so little deserves the reputation which he has obtained.

Herrick is the coarsest writer of his age. Perhaps Habington may deserve to be called the purest.[1]

[1] Possibly, Southey has been somewhat severe on the verses of Herrick,—and it is one of the very few instances in which (on such a point) I might be inclined to differ with my lamented father-in-law. At all events, like Augustine, Herrick was ready to confess his errors,—as ready, perhaps, as Beza or Buchanon, or Donne, whose early verse every well informed reader may call to mind. Certainly from my early years, the coarseness of Herrick grated upon the tympanum, but I cannot forget

HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION.

" For those my unbaptized rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallow'd times;
For every sentence, clause, or word,
That's not inlaid with thee, my Lord,
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not thine.
But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one
Worthy thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me."
Vol. ii. p. 202.

SIR WILLIAM DENNY.

" PELECANICIDIUM, or the Christian Adviser against self-murder, together with a Guide, and the Pilgrim's Pass to the Land of the Living." 1653.

In the Proœme he says, " Mine ears do tingle to hear so many sad relations, as ever since March last, concerning several persons of divers rank and quality inhabiting within and about so eminent a city, as late-famed London, that have made away and murdered themselves."

" The Author chose rather the quickness of verse, than more prolix prose (with God's blessing first implored) to disenchant the possessed; following divinely-inspired David's example to quiet Saul with the melody of his harp."

" —— look,
Not on, but in this Thee-concerning book."

P. 10. *Vade* for *fade*.

12. A notion that the nightingale sings all night, to keep herself awake, lest the slow-worm should devour her.

In their infancy I taught my children the following

" GRACE FOR A CHILD.

" Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand:
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to thee,
For a benizon to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen."
Ibid. p. 237.

In some sense, certainly, his *Noble Numbers* are a Palinodia, and there we find him at his own Confessional. As for example, with the Cross and the Book of Books before him:—

" Thy Crosse, my Christ, fixt 'fore mine eyes sho'd be,
Not to adore that, but to worship thee.
So, here the remnant of my days I'd spend,
Reading THY BIBLE, and MY BOOK; so end."
Ibid. p. 249.

He had learnt, it would seem, with a penitent and contrite heart to look only to

GOD'S BLESSING.

" In vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be,
Unless God gives the Benedicite!"—J. W. W.

35. In the Manuduction to the Second Book, he supposes—"thy desperate intentions are diverted, thy fury allayed, and that a more sober temper hath reduced thee to better inclinations by his former verse."

36. "Taking their Q from his."

Metre, 36, 104, 140, 286, 292, 293.

45. "In hill or *hyrne*?"[1]

70. "Have a care of solitude, if thy thoughts be not good enough to keep thee company."

73. "The diamond easements of the sight."

"That innamorata did not doubt but continual suit would mollify his mistress' heart, who presented her the figure of his mind, made in the form of an eye, dropping tears upon a heart, with

Sæpe cadendo."

80. "Wax tapers burn and leave sweet fume,
While candles with ill scent consume."

Were tapers and candles thus distinguished at that time?

92. "Sneezing is very wholesome, for it agitateth the spirits of the brain, and is very good against paralytic infirmities."

169. "And apish novelty that pleaseth men."

173. Picqueiring explained.

202. "Through furzy queaches thou must go."

"These are growths of furres (surely *furze*) so thick as it is very hard to enter into them, much more difficulty is it to get through."

268. The basilisk dies if he hears a cock crow.

CHARLES COTTON, *in Chalmers.*

712. He bargains at St. Albans for four horses which take his carriage to the Peak in four days for £8. The journey would have been only *three* apparently, but for hindrances on the road.

723. Ale—

"What, must it be purl'd?[2] No, I love it best plain."

He gives sixpence a bottle for this ale—the best Cheshire *hum.*

725. His breakfast is—

—"a draught of ale, sugar and spice."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

1633. "ON Twelfth Night the Queen feasted the King at Somerset House, and presented him with a Play, newly studied, long since printed, the 'Faithful Shepherdess," which the King's Players acted in the Robes she and her Ladies acted their Pastoral in the last year."—STRAFFORD *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 177. GARRARD.

Dryden's praise of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," lxxiv. *Plays*, vol. 1.

Addison took his Vellum from a character in the "Scornful Lady," (Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. 1, p. 294, N.), and a scene in the "School for Scandal" has its seminal hint in the same play.

"My head is broken
With a parenthesis in every corner."

Cibber's blunder; good as Montague Kelly's "Philip vows aside."—*Seward and Sympson's Edition*, vol. 2, p. 129.

"—this same Prologue usual to a Play,
Is tied to such an old form of petition,
Men must say nothing now beyond commission."

[1] *Hyrne, Angulus.* BROMPT. *Parv.* in v. See Albert Way's note. It is pure Anglo-Saxon. J. W. W.

[2] Common as the name is, I believe the etymology is unknown. GROSE explains it, "Ale in which wormwood has been infused, or ale and bitters drunk warm." — *Dict. of Vulgar Tongue.* It probably refers to the curling of fluids when mixed.—J. W. W.

The cloaks we wear, the legs we make, the place
We stand in, must be one; and one the face,
Nor altered, nor exceeded; if it be,
A general hiss hangs on our levity."

P. to the Hum. Lieutenant.

"The King's *vice*! (?)[1]
The sin's as universal as the sun is;
And lights an everlasting torch to shame me."
Ibid. p. 62.

With all the grossness of these plays, they are much above the dramas of Dryden's age in their tone of morals, as of language. How would this passage for example, have been endured by Charles the Second's court?

In the "Faithful Shepherdess," rhymes are occasionally (but rarely) introduced,—as by Daniel.

Vol. 3.

P. 127. Another good blundering emendation.

"*Ramun's* branches
Which stuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door, kill all enchantments."

The joint editors agree in reading Ramson's—the wild garlic (ramps), as if garlic were a tree. The word is *Rowan* sans doubt.

"Three hours of precious time!"

Epilogue to the Loyal Subject.

This then the time of performance.

In the Prologue to "Rule a Wife," &c. the ladies are desired, if the poet should,

"Slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide,"

to

"— hold their fans close, and then smile at ease."

Dyce printed "Demetrius and Enanthe,"

[1] The old reading, "device," is, no doubt, the true one; that is, his "ensign armorial," as Mason explains it. The passage occurs in Act iv. Sc. ii. — J. W. W.

by Fletcher.—245. Russell Smith's *Cat.* 2*s.* 1830.

Prologue to the Chances.

— "Ingenious Fletcher made it, he
Being in himself a perfect comedy;
And some sit here, I doubt not, dare avow
Living he made that house a theatre
Which he pleased to frequent."

Ibid.

"We do entreat that you would not
Expect strange turns and windings in the plot:
Objects of state, and now and then a rhyme,
To gall particular persons with the time."

Chances, p. 73.

"By Britain, Metheglin and *Peeter*."[2]

This, which puzzles the commentators, may perhaps be the Peterman,—strong beer of Louvain.

Bloody Brother. 118. Some couplets.

Is the Wife for a Month by Beaumont and Fletcher? for the Prologue says, "Our *noble* friend who writ this:"

It appears by the Prologue that the Lover's Progress is not printed as Fletcher left it.

Lover's Progress, p. 397. A *woman* is called "a good fellow."

A few rhymes in Boadicea, and in the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

The Prologue to the Knight of the Burning Pestle is in imitation of the Euphues style, probably in ridicule of it, though not likely so to be understood.

Sympson must have been a very dull man to have supposed that there was anything malicious in the comic imitations of Spenser in this play.

Vol. 7, p. 239. Maid in the Mill. An egregiously absurd note upon the word mother, Theobald's emendation being evidently right.

[2] Dyce supposes it to be a corruption of Pédro Simon. See note *in loc.* Act iv. Sc. iii. Vol. 7, p. 297.—J. W. W.

Vol. 9. *Prologue to the Coronation.*

"A WOMAN, once, in a Coronation, may
With pardon speak the Prologue, give as free
A welcome to the theatre, as he
That with a little beard, a long black cloak,
With a starch'd face and supple leg, hath spoke
Before the play the twelve month."

P. 99. "You must not look for down beds here.
Yet there be many lightsome cool Star chambers,
Open to every sweet air."—*Sea Voyage.*

Vol. 10.

P. 81. Two lines which are used as an epitaph in country churchyards:

"The world's a city full of straying streets,
And death's the market-place where each one meets."

129. "The most remarkable point in which kings differ
From private men, is, that they not alone
Stand bound to be in themselves innocent,
But that all such as are allied to them
In nearness or dependence, by their care
Should be free from suspicion of all crime."
Thierry and Theodoret.

The stage read wholesome lectures to kings, even in days of arbitrary principles.

365. Beaumont's letters to Ben Jonson, from the country.

Gifford, for the sake of extolling the Sad Shepherd, abuses the Faithful Shepherdess.[1] —B. J. vol. 6, p. 306.

Waller.

MARGARET FOX writes thus to Waller:

"London, 25th of 4th Month, 1698.

"Dear Friend,

"I should have been glad to have seen thee before I had returned to my outward habitation; understanding that thou hast made choice of that blessed truth that we bear witness to, I cannot but say, it is well that thou hast chosen the better part, which, if thou abide in and obey, it will never be taken from thee. I perceive by some letters from thee, which I have heard read, that there is a work of God begun in thy inward man, where He works in his people the new creation in Christ Jesus, which is unto righteousness, holiness, and purity."—*A brief Collection of remarkable Passages and Occurrences relating to the Birth, Education, Life, Conversion, Travels, Services, and Sufferings of that ancient, eminent, and faithful Servant of the Lord, Margaret Fell, but by her second Marriage Margaret Fox.* 1710, 8vo. p. 532.

SAMUEL BISHOP, *Poetical Works.* 1796.

P. xvii. TOWNLEY, under master at M. Taylor's, when Bishop was on the upper form, was the author of "High Life below Stairs." Garrick had so high an opinion of him, that he submitted all his own works to his correction.

xxiii. Woodward, a schoolfellow of Bishop's, and assisted by him in composing "the Seasons," which was designed for the stage, and to have been exhibited in a style of splendour at that time unexampled. Woodward had two favourite projects; one was, to bring out this superb pantomime; and the other to introduce his black servant, whom he had instructed, with infinite pains, to play Othello. He was disappointed in both.

xxvi. A perfect slave to the school. For the election day he generally supplied above 100 compositions.

xxvii. Warren, Bishop of Bangor, his patron

8. "Oft Fancy, prompted by concern,
To urge an half-form'd tear began;
And Hope, that made her bosom burn,
Finish'd the pearl, and down it ran."

[1] There were three works in my younger days I used to sigh for the completion of:—The *Fasti* of Ovid, the *Story of Cambuscan Bold*, and *The Faithful Shepherdess.*—J. W. W.

This reminds me of poor Trauma's[1] tear in his poem:

"Then from its diamond sluice o'er rubies ran,
That deck the fair one's cheek, and as it fell,
My napkin caught the dear delicious pearl."

138. "Bland Hospitality her happiest sway
To Sunday owes; for Sunday is *her* day."

146. "Let there be light," one only voice could say,
When Nature first beheld emerging day;
But what light *is*, must all unknown remain,
Till the same Voice, with equal power, again
Bid intellectual light more strongly rise,
And God's whole glory beam on human eyes."

204. "Kick up a Ten-toe trot, and ride on Shanks's mare."

216. An old song of the Man in the Moon,
"Which tells us how he swills his claret,
And feasts on powdered beef and carret."

229. Some frivolous gentry of the present day
In *alphabetic buckles* shine away."

I remember some like an M about 1788 or 1790.

229. "Your children living, and your grandsires dead,
Loved while they thumb'd, and tasted as they read,
The Hornbook's best edition, Gingerbread."

Vol. 2.

P. 122. "A CHAMBER, trim as trim can be,
A bed, snugg, with a double G." ??

129. "One semblance more of me, God knows,
The Broomstick, too exactly, shows;
By bands, long! long! perhaps to last,
'Tis, like myself, to *Birch* bound fast.
And shall things ever thus remain?
'Tis fair to hope, though not complain.
I bear meanwhile what must be borne;
And when to a mere stump I'm worn,
Let this eulogium on my tomb stick,
'Here lies the model of a Broomstick.'

Corrige sodes.

246. "Hail! great reformer *of men's* shoes!
Thou Fashion, who with silken noose
So daintily dost provide 'em!
Were Wisdom's self ten times as wise,
She could add nothing to shoe-ties,
Save petticoats to hide 'em."

271. "Youth has unruliness, and age unrest."

The only modern author in whom I have observed this word.

387. The last in the book, and one of the last which he composed, "he considered as descriptive of his own situation in the school."

"Genius, too oft, beneath Adversity's frown,
Drudges, laborious; vigorous, yet kept down:
Never advanced, though never at a stay;
Keeps on, perhaps shines on, but makes no way!
So fares the mettled steed, in harness bound,
To drag some ponderous engine round and round.
His toil is generous effort; but 'tis still
Strength, perseverance, progress—in a mill."

I know no other poet who crowds so many syllables into a verse. How his ear could allow of this, I know not. His domestic poems breathe a Dutch spirit,—by which I mean a very amiable and happy feeling of domestic duties and enjoyments.

Prior.

QUEEN ANNE "doubts whether Mr. Prior's birth will entitle him to the office of envoy, but will give him any other situation that Lord Oxford shall recommend."—*Lansdowne MSS.* No. 1236, 146.

Sharpe's Edition.

P. 29. "With fancied rules and arbitrary laws,

[1] James Jennings is the author here alluded to.—J. W. W.

Matter and motion he restrains,
And studied lines and fictious circles draws,
Then with imagined sovereignty
Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns."

44. Asgill.

50. Horace

"Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,
And set their battles in eternal light."

98. *De-Witted.* Here is this wicked word.

Spenser.

Unfinished parts,—or rather, indications of what the remaining books were to contain.

Fradubio and Frælissa. B. 1, c. 2, xliii.

"We may not change, quoth he, this evil plight,
Till we be bathed in a living well."

Final action of the poem. B. 1, c. 11, vii.

"Fair Goddess, lay that furious fit aside,
Till I of wars and bloody Mars do sing,
And Briton fields with Sarazin blood bedide,
'Twixt that great Faery Queen and Paynim king,
That with their horror heaven and earth did ring."

Though he very rarely carries on the sentence from one stanza to another, he seems fond of carrying on the sound, and continuing the rhyme, or at least repeating the word at the beginning of one stanza with which the last ended. Some link of allusion or of sound he evidently liked to introduce.

Guyon was one who

—"knighthood took of good Sir Huon's hand,
When with king Oberon he came to Faery Land." 2, 1, vi.

Spenser's feeling concerning suicide. 2, 1, lviii.

Concerning burial. 2, 1, lviii. 1, 10, xlii.

Sansjoy is a person who must have been intended to be brought forward again.

If the allegorical names were always as happy as in the instances of Una and Duessa, the effect would be altogether so. Here they are good in themselves, and their significance not too apparent.

Sir Hudibras. 2, 2, xvii.

2, 3, xxvi. A hemistich in the last line.

2, 8, lv.

2, 4, xli. A line of twelve syllables in the penultimate.

3, 4, xxxix. Hemistich, seventh line.

"As Arthegall and Sophy now been honoured." 2, 9, vi.

Arthegall. 3, 3, xxvii.

B. 3, c. 2, st. iv. An oversight,—Guyon instead of the Red Cross Knight.

"Achilles' arms which Arthegall did win." 3, 2, xxv.

In the Bernardo of Bernardo de Balbuena, the hero wins the armour of Achilles. C. 9.

Angela, the martial queen of the Angles, whose armour Britomart wears. 3, 3, lv.-vi.-viii.

B. 3. An oversight concerning Florimel, c. 1. Prince Arthur, Guyon, and Britomart see her flying from the Foster, follow her, and separate. Britomart passes the night in Malecasta Castle, proceeds on her way, and encounters and wounds Marinel, c. 4. And, c. 5, Prince Arthur meets her dwarf, who tells him that she had left the Court in consequence of Marinel's wound.

In the Ruins of Time, he speaks of the Paradise

— "which Merlin by his magic slights
Made for the gentle Squire to entertain
His fair Belphœbe." 523-5.

"Our posterity within few years will hardly understand some passages in the Faery Queen, or in Mother Hubbard's, or other tales in Chaucer, better known at this day to old courtiers than to young students." —Jackson, 3, 746.

Pasquier had the same notion that mo-

dels were as unfixed as they had been before his time.

Kent is said to have frequently declared "that he caught his taste in gardening from reading the picturesque descriptions of Spenser. However this may be, the designs which he made for the works of that poet, are an incontestable proof that they had no effect upon his *executive* powers as a painter.—*Notes to Mason's English Garden*, vol. i. p. 395.

Nor on his *imaginative*, Mr. Burgh might have added.

I think the versification of the Prothalamion an Epith. was formed upon some of Bernardo Tasso's Canzoni. See vol. i. p. 95, 118.

Mother Hubbard's Tale was published separately in 12mo. 1784, "with the obsolete words explained."

"Die hem in zijn luister zien wil, leze slechts zijn eigen bruilofsdicht; het geen alle my bekende epithalamien overtreft."—Bilderdijk, *Notes to his Essay on Tragedy*, p. 173.

Pope says, "After my reading a canto of Spenser, two or three days ago, to an old lady between seventy and eighty, she said that I had been showing her a collection of pictures. She said very right. And I know not how it is, but there is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the Faery Queen when I was about twelve, with a vast deal of delight; and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago."—Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 86.

Bilderdijk (ut supra, 174) says, "Emblemata en Allegorien waren eeuwen lang t' troetelkind onzer Natien. Ik sta toe dat beide nuttig zijn, en hare verdienste en schoonheden hebben; maar zy toonen de eeuw van scherpzinnigheid, niet van het Dichterlijk gevoel, en dus, niet die der Poëzy."

"Spenser (Sir Egerton Brydges says) gave rise to no school of imitators,—unless we attribute to his example the translations of Ariosto and Tasso by Harrington and Fairfax."

His peculiar language was the probable cause. But no poet has produced more effect in kindling others.

"The literary characters of men of inferior genius are made by the character of the age in which they live; and the main features of their writings are entirely of that artificial form: but master minds impose their own shapes and colours upon their compositions, which, if tinged with any marks of their age, only betray them in subordinate parts. If Spenser's designs and characters took the costume of days of chivalry, the *prima stamina* of his poem, his main thoughts and language are founded on the truths of universal nature."—Sir E. Brydges, *Theat. Poet.* p. 34.

Braggadochio is to be found in Gyron le Courtoys, and I think also in "Peele's Old Wives' Tale;" but certes in Gyron.

Sympson concludes his notes on B. and F. by saying, "This is my first essay in criticism, and its good or ill success will either encourage me in, or deter me from prosecuting an edition of Spenser, toward which I have these several years been collecting materials. And as I wish to see a good edition of that fine poet, so I would invite all the learned and ingenious part of the world to contribute their assistance toward the effecting of it. For I am persuaded, that Spenser will make a figure no way inferior to the best Greek or Roman writers, when published like them, *cum notis variorum*."

Pageants and court masques accustomed the people to such personifications as Spenser's.

Lord Chatham's sister, Mrs. Anne Pitt, "used often in her altercations with him to say, 'that he knew nothing whatever, except Spenser's F. Queen.' And no matter,

says Burke, how that was said, for whoever relishes and reads Spenser, as he ought to be read, will have a strong hold of the English language." — HARDY'S *Life of Lord Charlemont*, vol. ii. p. 286.

SIR K. DIGBY published Observations on the twenty-second stanza in the ninth canto of the second book of Spenser's F. Queen. 1644.

"IF it were put to the question of the Water Rhymer's works against Spenser's, I doubt not but they would find more suffrages; because the most favour common vices, out of a prerogative the vulgar have to lose their judgments, and like that which is naught."—B. JONSON, *Discoveries*, vol. ix. p. 174.

1780. "JOHNSON told me he had been with the king that morning, who enjoined him to add Spenser to his lives of the poets. I seconded the motion. He promised to think of it, but said the booksellers had not included him in their list of the poets."—HANNAH MORE, vol. i. p. 175.

1759. Two editions of the Faery Queen, published by Upton and Church.—*Monthly Review*, vol. xx. p. 566-7.

Ditto, vol. xxx. p. 33. Spenser blasphemed by Michael Wodhull and his reviewers.

Ditto, vol. xliii. p. 306. "The Faery Queen is frequently laid down almost as soon as it is taken up! because it abounds with loathsome passages!"

Ditto, vol. xliv. p. 265. The tiresome uniformity of his measure!

Ditto, vol. lii. p. 111. Specimen of the Faery Queen in blank verse, canto 1, 1774. See the Review.

Ditto, vol. lx. p. 324. Prince Arthur, an allegorical romance. The story from Spenser. 2 vols. 1778. (prose.)

WHEN HORACE WALPOLE was planning a bower at Strawberry Hill, he said, "I am almost afraid I must go and read Spenser, and wade through his allegories and drawling stanzas, to get at a picture."—*Letters*, vol. iii. p. 25.

May.

1633. "ON Monday after Candlemas day, the gentlemen of the inns of court performed their masque at court: they were sixteen in number, who rode through the streets in four chariots, and two others to carry their pages and musicians, attended by an hundred gentlemen on great horses, as well clad as ever I saw any. They far exceeded in bravery any masque that had formerly been presented by those societies, and performed the dancing part with much applause. In their company there was one Mr. Read of Gray's Inn, whom all the women and some men cried up for as handsome a man as the Duke of Buckingham. They were well used at court by the king and queen, no disgust given them, only this one accident fell:—Mr. May of Gray's Inn, a fine poet, he who translated Lucan, came athwart my lord chamberlain in the banquetting house, and he broke his staff over his shoulders, not knowing who he was: the king present, who knew him, for he calls him his poet, and told the chamberlain of it, who sent for him the next morning, and fairly excused himself to him, and gave him fifty pounds in pieces. I believe he was the more indulgent for his name's sake."—GERRARD, *Strafford Letters*, vol. i. p. 207.

RICHARDSON.

PAMELA. "I know not," says LADY M. W. MONTAGU (vol. iv. p. 112), "under what constellation that foolish stuff was wrote; but it has been translated into more languages than any modern performance I ever heard of!" And she proceeds to relate a memorable example of its influence in Italy.

Apology for the life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews, in which the many falsehoods in a book called Pamela are exposed. 1741.

Johnson's character of him.—CROKER's *Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 91.

"I RECOLLECT an anecdote (says SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, in the opening address to the subscribers to the Windsor and Eton public library, of which the learned knight is president) told me by a late highly respected inhabitant of Windsor, as a fact which he could personally testify, having occurred in a village where he resided several years, and where he actually was at the time it took place. The blacksmith of the village had got hold of Richardson's novel of 'Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded,' and used to read it aloud in the long summer evenings, seated on his anvil, and never failed to have a large and attentive audience. It is a pretty long-winded book; but their patience was fully a match for the author's prolixity, and they fairly listened to it all. At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived which brings the hero and heroine together, and sets them living long and happily, according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and, procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells a ringing."

THE Card, 2 vols. 1755. *Monthly Review*, No. xii. 1755, p. 117, a satire upon Richardson chiefly.

The History of Sir Charles Grandison, spiritualised in part, a Vision; with Reflexions thereon, by Theophila.—Ibid. Sept. No. lx. vol. xxiii. p. 255.

BROOKE in his Juliet Grenville, says of Pamela and its title: "Can virtue be rewarded by being united to vice? Her master was a ravisher, a tyrant, a dissolute, a barbarian in manners and principle. 'I admit it,' the author may say; 'but then he was superior in riches and station.' Indeed, Mr. R. never fails in due respect to such matters; he always gives the full value to title and fortune."—Ibid. No. I. p. 19.

Brooke blames him for "undressing the sex."

"RICHARDSON's works are more admired by the French than among us. To the generality of readers, if characters are ever so naturally drawn, they will not appear to be so, if they are improperly drest. Foreigners, who are not acquainted with our language and our customs, are unprejudiced by Richardson's defect in expression and manners, which are so very striking to ourselves as to conceal much of his very great merit in other respects."—MRS. CARTER *to* MRS. M. vol. ii. p. 322.

BEATTIE allows that many parts in the first volumes of Clarissa, which seem wearisome, and he had almost said nauseating repetitions, might possibly please, upon a second or third reading, when we are acquainted with all the characters and all the particulars of the story. But few, he says, can afford leisure for this.—*Life of* BEATTIE, vol. i. p. 29.

H. WALPOLE stopped at the fourth vol. of Sir Charles Grandison. "I was so tired of sets of people getting together, and saying, 'Pray, miss, with whom are you in love?' and of mighty good young men, that convert your Mr. M——s in the twinkling of a sermon."—*Letters*, vol. i. p. 322.

Ibid, vol. ii. p. 100. The town called a child of Mrs. Fitzroy's, at whose house the great loo parties were held, *Pam*-ela.

The natural of modern novel, H. Walpole said, was a kind of writing which Richardson had made to him intolerable.—Ibid. vol. iii. p. 27.

"NOUS en avons un modèle prodigieux dans le roman Anglais de Clarisse, ouvrage qui fourmille de génie; tous les personnages qu'on y sait parler ou écrire, ont leur style et leur langage d'eux, qui ne ressemblent nullement aux autres. Cette différence est observée jusque dans les nuances les plus fines, les plus délicates, les plus imperceptibles; c'est un prodige continuel aux yeux du connaisseur; aussi Clarisse est peut-être l'ouvrage le plus surprenant qui

soit jamais sorti des mains d'hommes, et il n'est pas étonnant que ce roman n'ait eu qu'un succès médiocre. Le vrai sublime n'est fait que pour être senti de quelques âmes privilégiées; il échappe aux yeux de la multitude, s'il ne lui est indiqué ou transmis, par tradition."—*Grimm. Correspondance Littéraire*, tom. i. p. 14.

Randolph.

Story of a plagiarism from him. Lady M. W. Montagu. 4. 194.

P. 37. "Live well, and then how soon so-e'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim eternity."

91. "yonder man of wood that stands
To bound the limits of the parish lands."

His brother Robert, noticing his originality, says,

"Here are no remnants tortured into rime,
To gull the reeling judgement of the time;
Nor any state reversions patch thy writ,
Glean'd from the rags and frippery of wit."

4. "Thou several artists dost employ to show
The measure of thy lands, that thou mayst know
How much of earth thou hast; while I do call
My thoughts to scan how little 'tis in all."

22. Bulls' guts must bend their bows.

—"intendunt taurino viscere nervos."
Claudian.

Was it so?

42. "Hath Madam Devers dispossest her spirit?"

Davies it should be, the never so mad a lady, of whom so good a story is told by Peter Heylyn.

43. "My physiognomy two years ago
By the small-pox was marr'd, and it may be
A finger's loss hath spoil'd my palmistry."

47. Ward, the pirate,

—"he that awed the seas,
Frighting the fearful Hamadryades;
That ocean-terror, he that durst outbrave
Dread Neptune's trident, Amphitrite's wave."

His lost finger. 54. 106.

55. "For to my Muse, if not to me,
I'm sure all game is free,
Heaven, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty."

56. To Ben Jonson,—

"Wilt thou engross thy store
Of wheat, and pour no more,
Because their bacon-brains have such a task
As more delights in mast?"

"Thou canst not find them stuff
That will be bad enough
To please their palates."

121. "Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it, yet still,
Still it aboundeth."
Muses' Looking-Glass.

121. "Had we seen a church,
A new-built church, erected North and South,
It had been something worth the wondering at."—Ibid.

123. "It was a zealous prayer,
I heard a brother make concerning play-houses.
Bur. For charity what is it?
But. That the globe,
Whereon, quoth he, reigns a whole world of vice
Had been consumed: the Phœnix, burnt to ashes,
The Fortune, whipt for a blind whore; Black Fryars,
He wonders how it scaped demolishing
I'the love of Reformation. Lastly, he wish'd
The Bull might cross the Thames to the Bear Garden
And there be soundly baited."—Ibid.

135. "There was a time,
(And pity 'tis so good a time had wings

To fly away!)—when reverence was paid
To a gray head."—Ibid.

150. "Thou man of sin and shame, that sewest cushions
Unto the elbows of iniquity!"—Ibid.

151. "Fond fools
Promise themselves a name from building churches,
Or any thing that tends to the Republic;
'Tis the Re-private that I study for."
Ibid.

157. "There is not
Half so much honour in the pilot's place
As danger in the storm. Poor windy titles
Of dignity and offices that puff up
The bubble pride till it swell big and burst,
What are they but brave nothings?
Ibid.

184. "All our thoughts
Are born between our lips. The heart is made
A stranger to the tongue, as if it used
A language that she never understood."
Ibid.

"Wit is grown a petulant wasp
And stings she knows not whom, nor where, nor why."—Ibid.

188. "Now verily I find the devout Bee
May suck the honey of good doctrine thence,
And bear it to the hive of her pure family,
Whence the prophane and irreligious spider
Gathers her impious venom."—Ibid.

193. Fiction of the Muse's Looking Glass.

206. Languages of birds.

324. Wordsworth's Pedlar.

344-5. Commendatory verses in Latin and English by Edward Hide,—to the Jealous Lovers. Is this Clarendon?

352. "I have lived a dunghill wretch,
Grown poor by getting riches, mine own torture,
A rust unto myself as to my gold.
Jealous Lovers.

355. "Hereafter I will never
Wear any thing that jingles, but my spurs."
Ibid.

Randolph died in his 27th year. 1634.

Webster.

There is in his Appius and Virginia a fine example of the passionate use of familiar expressions. Virginius describing the privation suffered in the army, says

"This three months did we never house our heads
But in yon great star-chamber;—never bedded
But in the cold field beds."
Old Plays, v. 364.

"If you be humane, and not quite given o'er,
To furs and metal."—Ibid. 366.

Fulk Grevill, Lord Brooke.

His papers were left to "his friend Mr. Michael Malet, an aged gentleman in whom he most confided, who intended, what the author purposed, to have had them printed altogether; but by copies of some parts of them which happened into other hands, some of them came first abroad, each of his works having had their fate, as they singly merit particular esteem, so to come into the world at several times."

Upon Mr. Malet's death, the trust devolved on Sir J. M. and he gave the licensed copy of the Poems of Monarchy and Religion to the Editor, who *signs* himself H. H. and who says "that the Reader may be more fully informed of the Author and his workings, and how they are related to each other, we must refer to that, wherein besides his friend Sidney's life, he gives account of his own, and of what he had written."

117. Northern kings, he thinks, ought to trust to their own inheritances,—the staple rent of their demesnes; at least they must supply their necessities by Parliaments; if they taxed the people (*i. e.* by their own authority) they would be easily overthrown.

121. He thinks foreign ambassadors an unnecessary charge to the state, and an improper imitation

"Of that long-breathed encroaching Court of Rome."

144. "That many-headed separation,
Which irreligious being, yet doth bear
Religion's name,—affects her reputation,
And which (as it is now used everywhere
Becomes the ground for each ambitious thought,
And shadow of all actions that be naught.

Her name being dearer far than peace and wealth,
Hazard for her of freedom, life, and goods;
Welcome as means to everlasting health,
Hope, with no mortal power to be withstood."[1]

Phillips speaks of a third tragedy, Marcus Tullius Cicero, and says truly that in all his works "is observable a close, mysterious, and sententious way of writing; without much regard to elegancy of style, or smoothness of verse."

When Buckingham in the fifteenth year of James, wished to be Lord High Admiral, in place of Nottingham, then very old, Sir F. Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, and Sir John Cooke, afterwards Secretary of State, projected to do great service to the King, by introducing a new model of the office of the navy under the new admiral.

In the preface to Charnock's Naval Architecture, is a full account of this scheme of reform, the effect of which was to put an end to one system of shameful jobbery by introducing another that was just as bad.

"The world is in great measure indebted to Sir Fulk Greville for Speed's Works."—Malcolm's *Londinium*, vol. 3, p. 299.[2]

"A mourning Song of six parts, for the death of the late Honble Sir Fulke Greville, Knt. composed according to the rules of art, by M. P. Batch. of Music. 1639."—Hawkins' *H. Music*, vol. 4, p. 28.

D'Israeli says the pages cancelled in his original volume, contained a poem on Religion, and that Laud ordered this expurgation. He states not his authority. I am glad to find there has been nothing lost.

H. Walpole (*Letters*, vol. 2, p. 72) "saw a very good and perfect tomb at Alcester of Sir Fulke Greville's father and mother."

Ford.

His friend Wm. Singleton in some commendatory verses, says

"I speak my thoughts, and wish unto the stage
A glory from thy studies; that the age
May be indebted to thee, for reprieve
Of purer language."

[1] Other numerous extracts from Lord Brooke's poems are interspersed amongst Southey's numerous Common-Place Books. He considered him the most thoughtful and the most difficult of our poets,—an opinion in which I altogether concur.—J. W. W.

[2] It is due to honest old Fuller to give the extract following:—"John Speed was born at Farrington, in this county (Cheshire), as his own daughter hath informed me; he was first bred to a *handicraft*, and, as I take it, to a Taylor. I write not this for *his*, but *mine own* disgrace, when I consider how far his *Industry* hath outstript my *Ingenious Education*. Sir Fulk Greville, a great favourer of learning, perceiving how his *wide soul* was *stuffed* with too *narrow* an occupation, first wrought his enlargement, as the said Author doth ingeniously confess (in his Description of Warwickshire, *Margin*), 'Whose merits to meward I do acknowledge in setting this hand free from the daily employments of a manual trade, and giving it his liberty thus to express the inclination of my mind, himself being the procurer of my present Estate.'"—*Worthies*, p. 181. Folio.—J. W. W.

Florisel de Niquea[1] *and the latter books of Amadis.*

THERE cannot be a worse book than this in point of style, but in point of lofty and generous sentiment, there can hardly be a better.

We may form a more impartial judgment of these romances than Cervantes did. They had certainly become a pest in his age. They have now acquired a value from time, and form a curious part of literary history, not as relating to Spain alone, but to all Europe.

Whenever I have had opportunity of comparing the French with the Spanish, I have found that all which is indecent is French.

L. ix. ff. 353. AFTER much ill has been prophesied, the princes who have been disenchanted, say, "Puis donques que nous n'y pouvons mettre remede, nous ne devons desister à nous resjouir a faire bonne chere, et quand il plaira à Dieu il nous fera entendre sa volonté."

There is nothing of this in the Spanish. It is a French feeling.

Sp. ff. 98. Anaxartes slips a letter into Oriana's sleeve.

Fr. 416. "Tels inconveniens avons veu avenir de nostre temps; je m'en raporterois bien à plusieurs peres & meres qui ont mis leurs enfans trop jeunes en Religion, pensant les divertir des affections mondaines, mais parvenus en aage, ont bien monstré qu'ilz en estoyant plus desireux que ceux qui ne bougent ordinairement des bancquets et mondaines assemblées." Not in the Spanish.

L. x. ff. 62. HERE is Joseph Hume's phrase, "A ce que je voy Darinel, dit il, vous nous rendez à tous nostre change."

ff. 68. Falangis, — "Il se fait plusieurs torts au monde, que l'on veut debattre par raison, et quelquefois a tort contre droit, moyennant les promesses que les Chevaliers font souvent, sans sçavoir quoy ne comment."

ff. 128 in the original.

"Señor Cavallero, (to Florisel) bien conozco segun vuestras palabras, que con mas razon os paresce venir vos a mi demanda, que yo para la defender puedo tenermas assi son las cosas deste mundo que muchas sinrazones son con mas razon guardadas que se quieren offendes, y muchas vezes. Mas los cavalleros por no quiebrar sus palabras, defienden lo que con mal titulo sus obras quieren llevar adelante."

French 87, Spanish 138. King Arthur in his enchanted state.

126. The best cosmetic was that with which Urganda provided Amadis, and which he used every day.

228. — in a tempest—"le pire de la trouppe estoit lors fort bon Chrestien."

239. "Mes Seigneurs, le Dieu souverain architecte de ce monde, nous y fait jouër les tragedies tristes et sanglantes quand il luy plaist, puis les comedies et farces joyeuses, quand son divin vouloir le porte."

Not in the Spanish.

265. The kings who could not come to Constantinople to be present at the marriage of Florisel Lucida, Filangis and Anaxartes, at the Emperor of Rome, sent their effigies.

Book xi. ROGEL and Agesilan of Colchos.

24. The breed went on improving in natural course.

197. When Niquea is lost, Amadis of G. thinks it impossible she should have died without his receiving some notice of it from her spirit, or from some heavenly influence.

277. Agesilan better fitted to personate a woman, because his hand was "blanche et mollette."

417. From time to time the Sages conveyed Amadis to the Fountain of Youth.

585. Means used by Alquif and Urganda to prolong the lives and vigour of the race.

[1] See DUNLOP'S *History of Fiction*, vol. 2, p. 344. "El deceno libro de Amadis, que es el Cronica de Don Florizel de Niquea, hijo de Amadis de Grecia." *Valladolid*, 1532.—J. W. W.

Book xii. AGESILAN of Colchos.

46. Arthur enchanted with Amadis and Oriana.

168. All who saw the Infanta Fortune, then a little girl, "presageoyent a bonne raison qu'elle seroit un jour le basilic de la nature humaine pour tous ceux qui oseroyent prendre la hardiesse de contempler sa divinité."

169. The Sages gave them a conserve made from the fruit of the tree of life in Paradise, which added 100 years to the natural term of life.

447. Graiande, the Infanta of Sparta, had her hair dressed to imitate a spider's web, with a diamond in the centre, and a circle of rubies round it.

Book xiii. SYLVES de la Selva.

Ep. to Caterine de Cleremont, Contesse de Retz. She understood Greek, and spoke Latin to the king's physician when he attended her. Francis I. recommended his courtier to read these books.

19. The great city of Russia.

44. "Aussi devez vous entendre qu'en ce temps là tous enfans non seulement des Princes mais de sages gentils-hommes estoyent instruicts à la cognoissance des lettres et de *nager*[1] pour les inconveniens que souvent par voyes lointaines et divers encombriers ils pourroyent encourir."

252. Before arming for a combat, "ayans prins la souppe en vin."

Book xiv. SYLVES de la Selva. Chambery 1575.

Some verses on the back of the title-page say—

"Il estoit tant corrompu qu'on n'avoit
Moyen aucun de le pouvoir entendre."

The translator says he had put into French the three preceding books, "dont l'original Castillan des mains d'une Damoiselle de la feu royne Alienor estoit tumbi és miennes apres avoir esté recherché en vain par l'espace de plus de dix ans, tant en son pays natural d'Espaigne qu'en le Flandre."

— "il y a en iceux Romans fabuleux en apperence, autant de verité occulte, qu'en la plus part des histoires & cronique de mensonge manifeste. Car là gisent des mysteres de science secrette, naturelle et louable."

A Preface pretends to expound the allegories.

437. — for a tournament, "leurs espées fussent sans fil."

460. "——avecques lances mornées et les espées rabbatues."[2]

L. xv. D'SILVES de la Selva.

This book is an interpolation. Query, French?

178. White art.

209. "Ils monstroyent n'estre pas des Chevalier à la douzaine."

320. "En quoy il estoit autant excellent que boufon que l'on puisse voir, et ne ressembloit aux plaisanteurs de ce temps qui brocardent et piquent tantost, l'un, tantost l'autre, en quoy ce qui est le pis, les princes, qui devroyent punir ou à tout le moins reprimer l'impudence de tels boufons et godissours,[3] y prenent plaisir, et y passent le temps, voire mesmes les incitent à dire injure."

367. A religious dispute. A Jew who has been knighted for his services to the Emperor.

L. xvi. SPERANOND & Amadis d'Astre.

151. Two rivals. Whoever can first pass a gate guarded by a serpent and touch the princess first, is to have her to wife. They kill each a serpent, and touch her at the same instant.

547. Orgoglion—a giant.

[1] This is now becoming a modern feminine accomplishment.—J. W. W.

[2] The reader of *Ivanhoe* will readily understand these terms.—J. W. W.

[3] That is *Gaudisseur*, explained by COTGRAVE, *A Jeaster, a Flowter, a Giber*, in v. Ed. Howell.—J. W. W.

681. Why women feel more in absence than men.

778. Amadis d'Astre asks from his mistress, the Infanta Rosaliana, the left sleeve of her chemise, "'comme celle qui est la plus prochaine du cœur."—She withdraws, and has it cut off for him.

L. xvii. Sferamond & Amadis d'Astre.

This was translated from the Italian,—so says the "Privilege."

The Dizain prefixed impudently asserts that the first books were originally French.

"Que Des Essars, par diligent ouvrage,
A retourné en son premier langage;
Et soit certain, qu'Espagne en cest affaire
Cognoistra bien que France à l'avantage
Au bien parler autant comme au bien faire."

Chap. 1. The magician Dragosine having grown fond of the Infanta Fortune, after she had carried her off from her husband, Prince Lucendus, provides her with an enchanted mirror, in which she may at any time see him. Alquife and Urgande send another such to Lucendus,—and they are not long before they discover that when both are looking in these mirrors at the same time, they can not only see each other, but hear, and consequently converse. ff. 4.

ff. 93. The giant Scaranfe says to Lucendus,—"Malheureuse et vile creature, comment prendray-je vengeance de toy?—ce ne sera pas en te faisant mourir de la plus cruelle mort qu'homme sçauroit endurer, puis qu'un tel homonceau que toy ha bien osé m'outrager, et presumé d'entrer au combat contre moy, comme si l'escrevies presumoit, ou vouloit mordre une baleine. Mais je suis deliberé de faire ce qui je ne fis oncques, à sçavoir de te combattre corps à corps: ce que je ne feray pas, pour te faire honneur, mais pour mon plaisir, pour me jouer de Foy, tout ainsi que fait le chat de sa souris, sachant qu'il ne peut perdre sa proye."

116. "Ils deviserent longuement ensemble, mais à la fin les Nains s'ennuyerent de lever la face pour le regarder en parlant à luy, de maniere que la col leur en faisoit grand mal, et le Geant pareillement se lassa de regarder si bas en devisant avec eux."

438. Two bears attack the ladies,—"Daride voulant fuir & ne se pouvant resouldre à laisser *ses* pantoufles & à trousser sa robbe qui l'empeschoit a courir—au premier pas qu'elle fit, tomba."

439. —"laissans leurs pantoufles qui les empeschoient."

L. xviii. Sferamond & Amadis d'Astre.

14. Prince Don Arlange, when his mistress, the Infanta Sestoliana, was carried away, "vouloit mourir, ou la regagner, encores qu'elle fust transportée en enfer, comme Euridice; combien qu'il pensast que plustost on l'eust transportée au ceil, pour ce qu'il disoit que si elle eust esté en enfer, elle eust tellement adoucy le visage et resjouy le cœur des damnez per le moyen de sa divine beauté, que ce lieu eust esté un paradis, non pas un enfer."[1]

224. Enchanted damsels. Time had stood still with them during their enchantment. "La maniere qu'elles se monstroient aussi belles et fresches qu'elles estoient devant qu'elles fussent enchantées: leurs vestements estoient seulement tant envieilliz qu'a grande peine leur tenoyent ils dessus le dos."

L. lxix.

1. Don Arlange. "C'estoit grande pitie de le voir et entendre: pour ce qu'il ne nommoit autre que sa dame, s'estimant infortuné sur tous les hommes du monde, et fut reduit en tel point, que invoquant souvent sa dame bien aimée qui possedoit son ame et ne la retrouvant, ains la tenant pour perdue, il disoit au monde qui luy demandoit qu'il estoit, je suis un Chevalier sans ame. Parquoy il faisoit rire un chacun, considerant qu'il avoit perdu le sens et la raison avec sa dame, et pour ceste cause il

[1] "Quin ipsæ stupuêre domus, atque intima Lethi
Tartara, cœruleosque implexæ crinibus angues
Eumenides, tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora,
Atque Ixionii cantu rota constitit orbis."
Virg. *Georg.* iii. 481.—J. W. W.

fut appellé de tous ceux qui le voyoient et entendoient parler, le Chevalier sans ame."

2. " Monsieur, luy dist l'Escuyer, quand bien vous voudriez aller en Enfer et demourer avecques les damnes, je ne vous abandonneray jamais. Ce sage et amiable escuyer fut cause que ce pauvre et desolé Prince ne perdit du tout le sens: car il le consoloit souvent, et quand il disoit quelque chose hors de raison, il le reprenoit et luy monstroit sa faute. Ce neantmoins, il ne luy peut jamais oster de la fantasie qu'ayant transformé son ame en sa dame bien aimée, et la luy ayant baillé en sa puissance, veu que sa dame estoit perdue, il falloit pareillement inferer de là, que son ame estoit perdue et egarée."

46. — " pource que le martel amoureux ne cessoit point de leur battre le cœur."

188. Constantinople besieged by the Pagan king.

" Les dances et festes estoyant si ordinaires, que plusieurs que avoyant mené grande feste le soir de devant, avec leurs dames, estoient portez le lendemain morts dedant la ville, à cause des continuelles escarmouches des ennemis."

Brussels before the battle of Waterloo.

L. xx.

261. Fuligant, an enchanter, and of the race of the giants, rides a giraffe. Oronzia, the Amazon, kills him.

Bernard's *Isle of Man*. 1683. 16th edition.

Epistle to the reader.

Doubts which prevented certain grand jury gentlemen from bringing in their Billa Vera against some suspected witches.

He published a Guide to Grand Jurymen in cases of Witchcraft,—being himself a full believer; in twenty-eight chapters. " The death of five brethren and sisters lately condemned and executed for witches, one more yet remaining, formerly brought before a judge, and now in danger to be questioned again, hath moved me to take this pains; not to prevent justice, nor to hinder legal proceedings, but that I may not be mistaken nor wronged as I was once, and more should have been, had not the wisdom and goodness of so reverend a judge (Denham) accepted graciously of my upright apology against vain accusers."

He made a petition which Judge Denham approved, and he now repeats it the thirteenth time, that a Divine should be appointed to instruct the prisoners daily: " Twelve pence a quarter of one parish with another in our county (Somerset), would encourage some compassionate holy man thereunto." And that there be " means to set them also on work, that they might get somewhat for food and for raiment."

The Meditation for the Prisoners seems to have been imitated by Bunyan. And so has a passage in the Epistle Dedicatory been, in the beginning of the Holy War.

16. One of the principal informers, or enemies of virtue is " Scrupulosity." " This is an unsociable and snappish fellow: he maketh sins to himself more than the law condemneth, and liveth upon fault-finding. Weaker Apprehension is his father, and Mrs. Understanding his mother, and an Uncharitable Heart his nurse."

23. Sir Silly, one made all of good meaning, who will qualify the fact by thinking no harm, or intending well. " This Sir Silly is he that maketh simple souls plead good meaning for all their foolish superstitions, blind devotions, and licentious merriment."

79. No power can make that sin which God hath not shewn to be so. This is forcibly put in his odd way.—80.

123. " Covetousness, thou art here indited by the name of C., in the Town of Want, in the County of Never-full, that from the day of thy first being thou hast been the root of all evil. Thou art also indited for bribery, extortion, oppressions, usury, injustice, cozenage, unmercifulness, and a multitude of outrageous villanies."

129. Master Church's evidence against Covetousness.—146.

131. Master Commonweal's.
132. Master Household's.
136. Master Neighbourhood's. 149, 150.
137. Master Goodwork's.

There is quite as much wit in this book as in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and more curious traits of the times,—but it wants the charm of story.

139. Poverty's depopulation of estates. 144.

142. What companions made Poverty poor.

216, 7. This also Bunyan has imitated in the poem prefixed to his Second Part.

Sir Philip Sidney.

Dean Lockier thought Sannazari's "Arcadia" had given the hint to him,—but only, as it appears, as being written in prose, interspersed with verses.—Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 158.

Drayton calls "the noble Sidney"—

"That herse[1] (?) for numbers and for prose,
That throughly paced our language, as to shew
The plenteous English hand in hand might go
With Greek and Latin; and did first reduce
Our tongue from Lilly's writing, then in use,
Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Playing with words and idle similies,
As the English apes, and very zanies be
Of every thing that they do hear and see,
So, imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They speak and write all like mere lunatics."
P. 548.

See the *Theatrum Poetarum*.

Drayton, in the Preface to the "Barons' War," calls Spenser "our first great reformer," i. e. of verse.

Peele says—

"And you the Muses, and the Graces three,
You I invoke from Heaven and Helicon;
For other patrons have poor poets none
But Muses and the Graces to implore.
Augustus long ago hath left the world;
And liberal Sydney, famous for the love
He bare to learning and to chivalry,
And virtuous Walsingham are fled to Heaven."
Vol. ii. p. 220.

Ben Jonson said that Sydney had an intention to have transformed all his "Arcadia" to the stories of King Arthur.—*Hawthornden Extracts*, p. 85.

This is impossible. He might have thought of composing a poem or romance on those stories.

Ben says his daughter, the Countess of Rutland, was nothing inferior to her father in poetry.—Ibid. p. 89.

See there an anecdote concerning her and Overbury.

Sir Philip Sidney was no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with pimples, and of high blood; and rare Ben said this, and that "my Lord Lisle, now Earl of *Worster*, his eldest son (?) resembleth him."—Ibid. p. 90.[2]

Laing observes, that Ben Jonson was only thirteen when Sydney died, and was very unlikely to know any thing of his personal appearance.

His mother, "after she had the little pox, never shewed herself in court thereafter, but masked."—Ibid. p. 95.

His niece, Lady Mary Wroth. "unworthily married to a jealous husband."—Ibid. p. 94.

"Shortly you shall hear news from Damætas," is used in one of Dryden's comedies, as an allusion which the audience would understand.—*Wild Gallant. Plays*, i. 38.

[1] The meaning is doubtful here. It would seem to imply the same as the Latin *Felix*, and the Greek ὁ μακαρίτης, as applied to the departed. J. W. W.

[2] As far as I recollect, Lord Brooke, in his *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, not only speaks of his "neglected dress, and familiar manners, but inward greatness."—Reprint by Sir Egerton Brydges, vol. i. pp. 15, 16.—J. W. W.

Hannah More says in a letter, (2, 131), "I do almost think the Tyburn Chronicle a more interesting book than Sydney's 'Arcadia;' for however cheap one may hold the morals of the heroes of the former work, it exhibits a delineation of the same strong passions which actuated 'Macedonia's madman and the Swede,' and furnishes out the terrible catastrophes to tragedies, only operating with a difference of education, circumstances, and opportunity."

Could she ever have read his 'Arcadia,' or even looked into it? or did she talk after Horace Walpole?

Baretti says there are some hundred pastoral dramas (Italian,) still to be found in the collections of the curious. "But as pastoral life never existed but in the innocent imagination of love-sick girls, pastoral plays could never allure the many, and support themselves long."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 39, p. 58.

The "Gentle Shepherd" disproves this.

Horace Walpole had "the billiard-stieks with which the Countess of Pembroke and Arcadia used to play with her brother, Sir Philip."—*Letters*, vol. 4, p. 85.

Cowper.

Sir E. Brydges, *Recollections of Foreign Travel*, &c. vol. 1, p. 242, says,—"His taste lay in a smiling, colloquial, good-natured humour; his melancholy was a black and diseased melancholy, not a grave and rich contemplativeness."

Robert Green.

"For to do,"—a common mode of expression with him, and "For-because."

Stage directions, 2, 67, 42.

Vol. 2.

P. 366. Fashions of female dress.

Bishop Reynolds.

There is in his manner a resemblance both to Burton and Barrow. It is an accumulative style.

Johnson.

"It is surprising that Johnson, whose own mind had been necessarily turned to the archaiology of our language, by having fulfilled the Herculean task of an English Dictionary, did not seem to have himself much relish for our old poetical writers. The fact is, that he loved ratiocination in poetry rather than imagination, that is, he preferred ingenious and vigorous versification to poetry."—*Sir Egerton Brydges' Preface to the Theat. Poett.* xvii.

Chaucer.

Is supposed to have been the son of Richard Chaucer, vintner, who gave to the church of St. Mary, Aldermary, "one tenement in a street called the Old Royal, in the parish of St. Michael, per annum £50 towards the maintenance of a priest; gave also to the same church his tenement and and tavern, with the appurtenance in the Royal-street, the corner of Kerion-lane,—and was buried in that church."—Malcolm's *London*, vol. ii. p. 329-30, from Stowe.

A miniature of him in a vellum MS. of his poems in the Museum.

The Squire's Tale "is said to be complete in Arundel House library."—Phillips.

A supplement to it by John Lane, *Theatr. Poet.* (xxiii.) liv.[1]

"The Prince and Coryphæus, generally so reputed, till this age, of our English poets; and as much as we triumph over

[1] Sir Egerton Brydges' Genevan Edit. is here referred to. The reader will find there an account of John Lane.—J. W. W.

his old-fashioned phrase and obsolete words, one of the first refiners of the English language."—Ibid.[1]

"Dryden (Preface to his *Fables*) says, 'I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester say that Mr. Cowley himself was of opinion that Chaucer was a dry old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving; and that having read him over at my lord's request, he declared he had no taste of him.'

"This fact, says Sir J. Hawkins, is as difficult to account for as another of the same kind. Mr. Handel made no secret of declaring himself totally insensible to the excellences of Purcell's compositions."—*Hist. Mus.* vol. ii. p. 105.

Lord Buckhurst.

At the close of Ferrex and Porrex is some plain advice to Elizabeth that she should settle the succession. The author's intention cannot be mistaken, but I believe it has not been before observed.

George Peele.

P. 78. "Fame—that—
Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories,
Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world."

82. "Dub on your drums,
My lusty western lads!"

103. "But if kind Cambria deign me good aspect,
To make me chiefest Brute of western Wales."

Llwellen says this.

131. "Patience doth conquer by out-suffering all."

150. "Mild is the mind where honour builds his bower:
And yet is earthly honour but a flower."

169. "Barons, now may you reap the rich renown
That under warlike colours springs in field,
And grows where ensigns wave upon the plains."

The Old Wives' Tale is truly an Old Wife's Tale dramatized,—an original and happy thought.

I think Huanebango is as likely to have given Spenser a hint for Braggadochio, as the brothers are to have been the origin of Comus.

Vol. 2.

P. 72. —"not by the course of heaven,
By frail conjectures of inferior signs,
By monstrous floods, by flights and flocks of birds,
By bowels of a sacrificed beast,
Or by the figures of some hidden art;
But by a true and natural presage,
Laying the ground and perfect architect
Of all our actions now before thine eyes,
From Adam to the end of Adam's seed."

73. "O Heaven, protect my weakness with thy strength."
"ravish my earthly sprits,
That for the time a more than human skill
May feed the organons of all my sense;
That when I think, thy thoughts may be my guide,
And when I speak, I may be made by choice
The perfect echo of thy heavenly voice."

This is in a speech of David's to Solomon.

74. The eagle.

"With eyes intentive to bedare[2] the sun."

101. "The twenty-coloured rainbow."

[1] "Since Chaucer liv'd, who yet lives, and yet shall.
* * * * * * *
Unto the sacred relics of whose rhyme
We yet are bound in zeal to offer praise."
Daniel's *Musophilus*.—J. W. W.

[2] See Nares' *Gloss.* in v. *dare*. I may add to the quotations there, "fall down as *dared* larks," from the Third Part of the *Homily against Peril of Idolatry*, p. 235.—J. W. W.

124. "And thrive it so with thee, as thou dost mean:
And mean thou so as thou dost wish to thrive."

142. "From thence to Rome rides Stukely all aflaunt."

158. "Our fair Eliza, or Zabata fair."

He gives as a reason for annexing the Tale of Troy to his farewell to Norris and Drake on their Portugal voyage, "that good minds, inflamed with honourable reports of their ancestry, may imitate their glory in highest adventures; and my countrymen, famed through the world for resolution and fortitude, may march in equipage of honour and arms with their glorious and renowned predecessors the Troyans."

172. "You follow Drake by sea, the scourge of Spain,
The dreadful dragon, terror to your foes,
Victorious in his return from Inde,
In all his high attempts unvanquish'd."

193-210-11. Elizabeth's champion, Sir Henry Lea, resigning the championship to the Earl of Cumberland. 1590.

204. Sir Fulk Grevile.

205. "And haste they make to meet, and meet they do,
And do the thing for which they meet in haste."

210. Elizabeth's birth-day.

"The day, the birth-day of our happiness,
The blooming time, the spring of England's peace."

221. "Harington, well letter'd and discreet,
That hath so purely naturalized
Strange words, and made them all free denizens."

221. "the fairest Phaer[1]
That ever ventured on great Virgil's works."

225. "I laid me down, laden with many cares,
(My bedfellows *almost* these twenty years.)"

226. "Fast by the stream where Thames and Isis meet,
And day by day roll to salute the sea,
For more than common service it perform'd
To Albion's Queen, when foemen, shipt for fight,
To forage England plough'd the ocean up,
And slonk into the channel that divides
The Frenchman's strond from Britain's fishy towns."

226. "Sleeping or waking as alone I lay,
Mine eyes and ears and senses all were served
With every object perfect in his kind."

266. A character of the watermen.[1]

Daniel.

Ben Jonson disliked him, merely, Gifford thinks, from a difference in taste. Ben Jonson, vol. i. p. 155, N.

Ben Jonson, vol. viii. p. 278, N. Vol. v. p. 250-1, N. and proof in the text.

In his volume of "Certain Small Works" heretofore divulged, and now again corrected and augmented, is a prefatory poem to the reader, which is not in the edition of his poetical works,—nor in Anderson. It falls a little into Wither's pedestrian strain, but has value for its feeling, as well as for contributing to the poet's own history.

It shows that he bestowed much after-correction upon his poems, so that the editions ought to be carefully compared.[2]

[1] See Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* in v. *Thomas Phayer.* He translated "Nine Books of Virgil's Æneidos."—J. W. W.

[1] The third volume of Peele's works was published by Mr. Dyce in 1839. It contains Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes, An Eclogue Gratulatory, Speeches to Queen Elizabeth at Theobalds, and the Anglorum Feriæ.

[2] See Southey's remarks on "well-languaged Daniel," in his *British Poets*, p. 572.—J. W. W.

Sir William Temple.

Johnson once said that he had formed his style upon that of Sir W. Temple, and upon Chambers's Proposal for his Dictionary.

"And Sir W. Temple supposed he had formed his upon Sandys's View of the State of Religion."—Croker's *Boswell*, vol. i. p. 196.

Ben Jonson.

Vol. 2.

P. 453. Gifford supposed Crispinus to have been intended for Marston, whom (vol. i. p. 517) he very much disparages.

456. The alternate verses in which king Darius is ridiculed here, are not unlike some of Dryden's tragic snip-snap dialogues in tragedy.

490. A faun or fawne, I suppose, is synonimous with a fawner.

Vol. 3.

P. 54. "That for her own, great Cæsar's, and the pub-
Lic safety."

162. Ded. to the Fox. His notion of the good poet.

164. Abuses of the stage.

206-7. — "Came you forth
Empty of rules for travel?
Per. Faith, I had
Some common ones, from out that vulgar grammar
Which he that cried Italian to me, taught me."

The commentators have not looked for that grammar and its rules.

391. Bride-ale, a note showing that Gifford did not know what the word means.

454. Going away in snuff (in anger) Gifford thinks alludes to the offensive manner in which a candle goes out. I rather think it refers to a sudden emotion of anger, seizing a man as snuff takes him by the nose.[1]

[1] See the extract from Somers' *Tracts*, in Second Series, p. 654.—J. W. W.

Vol. 4.

Gifford could not have looked at Lady Wroth's book.

Alchemist. Ep. to the Reader.

Dances and antic marring the drama at that time.

S. Evremond, vol. 3, p. 207-8, praises Sejanus and Catiline, and condemns all other English tragedies. See the passage.

"It appears that he read Greek invariably, not by quantity, but accent." Vol. 5, p. 339, N. In the text that occasions this note, the line is,

"Old Master Gross surnam'd Αγέλαστος,"

—which yet would read by quantity, if the true reading of the preceding word should be surnamed. But Gifford says it was his invariable rule.

His contempt of romances, with which he oddly classes Pantagruel. Vol. 5, p. 346; 8, p. 416-7.

The metre in his Ode to himself (vol. 5, p. 442), a ten-lined stanza, is sufficiently varied by the different length of the lines, though the rhymes are in couplets.

P. 417. Gifford assents to O. Feltham's criticism,

"When was there ever laid
Before a chambermaid
Discourse so weighed, as might have served of old
For schools when they of love and valour told?"

Now though the discourse is very ill laid considering some of the company, the objection certainly does not hold good with regard to the Chambermaid, who is what Ben Jonson remembered female domestics to be, upon the same footing as pages in the family. The one in this play is the friend and companion of her mistress, and thought a fit wife for a nobleman at the end of the drama.

Vol. 6.

P. 2. The actors, when the Magnetic Lady was first represented, introduced so

many oaths, that they were called before the High Commission Court, and severely censured. As the author was sick in bed, they boldly laid the fault on him. Jonson however completely justified himself from this atrocious charge, as did the Master of the Revels, on whom they had next the audacity to lay it: and the players then humbly confessed that they had themselves interpolated the offensive passages.

11. "I have heard the poet say that to be the most unlucky scene in a play which needs an interpreter."—*Induction to the Magnetic Lady.*

250. Gifford says he was a careful reader of the Polyolbion, and in the Sad Shepherd an occasional imitator.

222. Inigo Jones satirized.

Vol. 7.

P. 19. GIFFORD thinks Milton's Arcades "a very humble imitation of Ben Jonson's masques."

36-7. Dances described in the Masques. 39. 65. 108. 157. 324-5.

16. A double echo finely managed in a song.

79. Masque scenery. 302. Splendour. 328.

> "Sit now, propitious aids,
> To rites so duly prized,
> And view two noble maids
> Of different sex, to Union sacrificed."
> *Masque of Hymen*, 53.

77. Gifford calls "the attention of the reader to the richness, elegance, and matchless vigour of Jonson's prose," upon occasion of a very beautiful passage, which he does not perceive to be an imitation of Sydney's manner.

94. It only cost the masquers about £300 a man for that on Lord Haddington's marriage.

114. Dedication of a Masque to P. Henry.

151. Bel-Anna, James's Queen, a name in which he plainly remembered Belphœbe. Gifford says it is evident that Jonson had made some progress in a work intended to celebrate the ladies of Great Britain.

164. Allusions to Morte d'Arthur.

165. And to Meliadus, which Gifford, by his note, seems not to understand.

265. In the Golden Age Restored he calls up Gower and Lidgate with Chaucer[1] and Spenser.

269. The first folio which Ben Jonson superintended himself has "come down to us one of the correctest works that ever issued from the English press."

274. Excellent personifications in the Masque of Christmas.

298. Dr. Aikin has called Ben Jonson "this *once* celebrated author!" and speaks of the prevalent coarseness of tedious effusions!

305. "The tail of a Kentish man." Thus this was still a current jest.

311. G. Chalmers' glorious confounding of Titan with Tithonus.

315. His Comus.

320. Gifford thinks Swift took a hint hence, and not from Philostratus. But Swift *is* likely to have read Philostratus.

322. The first Masque in which Charles bore a part.

334. Ben Jonson wishes to obtain some knowledge of Welsh.

335. Velhy, "an interjection of surprise, Hey day! So!" &c. Thus in Gifford's note. *Valho me Dios* is the Portuguese exclamation.

348. Praise of the Welsh.

366. Heber has an autograph MS. of the Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsie.

Vol. 8.

P. 31. ANTIMASQUES.

> "Neither do I think them
> A worthy part of presentation,
> Being things so heterogene to all device,
> Mere by-works, and at best outlandish nothings."

43. "Bright day's eyes," and "the *lips of*

[1] The reader should see how HAWES speaks of "moral Gower," and Chaucer, and "Master Lydgate, the monk of Bury," in *The Pastime of Pleasure*, Capitulo xiv.—J. W. W.

cows." This odd inversion is in some very sweet verses.

144. The description of the two loves, Eros and Anteros, is that they were both armed and winged; with bows and quivers, cassocks, breeches, buskins, gloves, and perukes alike.—*Love's Welcome at Bolsover.*

151. In the dedication to his Epigrams he calls them the ripest of his studies.

154. To my bookseller. He requests that his book may

" thus much favour have
To lie upon thy stall till it be sought:
Not offered, as it made suit to be bought,
Nor have my title-leaf on posts or walls,
Or in cleft sticks advanced to make calls,
For termers, or some clerklike serving man
Who scarce can spell the hard names; whose
knight less can."

169. On Sir John Roe. His own anticipation of death. A fine manly strain. 170.

186. Repentance for *some* ill deserved eulogy.

189. To Playwright:

" Playwright, convict of public wrongs to
men,
Takes private beatings, and begins again.
Two kinds of valour he doth shew at once,
Active in's brain, and passive in his bones."

212. His invitation to supper.

240. He did not understand French: this appears by his verses to Silvester.

259. His opinion of the military and legal professions.

282. Complained of as a dangerous person.

288. His prayer.

298. " The gladdest light dark man can think upon."

355. To Brome:

" those comic laws
Which I, your master, first did teach the
stage."

365. Admission that he has overpraised some persons.

382. Ode to himself:

" What though the greedy fry
Be taken with false baits
Of worded balladry
And think it poesy?"

418-19. What the fire destroyed.

442. To the Painter. His own person described.

446. Wager upon his weight.

448. Gifford does not see that this piece relates to the former.

452. To the Lord Keeper Williams.

459. Charles sent him £100 in his sickness, 1629.

Vol. 9.

P. 4. Ben Jonson and the Earl of Newcastle.

6. Lord Falkland.

78. Gifford's praise of his Pindarics. But N. B. that word was not prefixed to it by Jonson. 9.

17. It appears by this note that the edition is not so complete as Gifford might and ought to have made it.

27. An Epistle Mendicant.

35. In this Epithalamion he seems to have had Spenser in mind.

37. *Porting* for *carrying*.[1]

43. Laureate's petition to King Charles.

47. Sir Ken. Digby—a sad conceit.

95. A divided rhyme:

" when or
Diana's grove, or altar, with the bor-
-Dring circles of swift waters," &c.

161. Envious criticism in his age, and success of worthless works. 162.

169-70. His own memory.

172. A vicious tinsel style in vogue. 173.

174. " Dabbling in verse had helped to advancemen both in the law and gospel; but poetry in this latter age hath proved but a mean mistress to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her, or given their names up to her family."

176. His opinion of precocious talents.

[1] Milton uses " ported spears," *Paradise Lost*, book iv. p. 980; and Fuller in his *Worthies*, speaks of Shropshire coals as " easily *ported* by boat into other shires." *Shropshire*, p. 1, folio.—J. W. W.

177. Rough and smooth poets, the scabrous and silky style.

180. Of his own style.

183. Lord Bacon. 184-5.

184. Prose writers, Bishop Gardiner called admirable as such—"now things daily fall, wits grown downward, and eloquence grows backward; so that he (Bacon) may be named and stand as the mark and ἀκμὴ of our language."

"If there was any fault in his language," says Dryden, "it was that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially."—*Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, p. lxxv. See there for Dryden's opinion of Ben Jonson.

See Censura Literaria, vol. 1, p. 94.

Monthly Review, vol. 15, p. 198, Month. Cat. for Aug. 1756, Whalley's Ben Jonson, "To say that we look upon this as the best edition of Ben Jonson's works, will be saying enough for an article of this kind."

Metastasio.

One great absurdity the dramatists of this school proceed upon as a postulate, that as the same passions exist in all times and places, the same *situations* are possible in all.

Vol. 5.

P. 395. A very beautiful sonnet.

There is the same set of characters in all his dramas; he always represents intricate situations, contending duties, and heroic virtue.

No Cæsarerian poet could have presented better examples or loftier morality to an imperial audience.

Vol. 10.

P. 340-1. Injury done to the drama when the music is made the principal part, and the poetry must subserve it.

341. His censure of *bravuras*.

374. His *office* left him no leisure for a prose work upon his own art, which he wished to compose, and in which the imperial commands frequently interrupted him.

He had plainly no sinecure as Poeta Cesareo!

Lord Sterline.

Drummond says, "This much I will say, and perchance not without reason dare say, if the heavens prolong his days to end his day, he hath done more in one day than Tasso did all his life, and Bartas in his two weeks, though both the one and other be most praiseworthy."—*Extracts from the Hawthorden MSS.* p. 28.

Ibid. p. 31. Drummond's notes for an elegy upon him. Here it appears that the supplement to the Arcadia is by him.

"Factions breaking loose
Like waters, for a time by art restrain'd,
Their bounds once pass'd, which do all bounds disdain."
Alexandræan Tragedy, p. 128.

Dryden.

Congreve (Dedication to his *Plays*) says, "I have frequently heard him own with pleasure, that if he had any talent for English prose, it was owing to his having often read the writings of the great Archbishop Tillotson."

An atrocious assertion in some Remarks on Johnson's Life of Milton, extracted from the Memoir of T. Hollis, that Dryden "was reprehensible even to infamy *for his own vices*, and the licentious encouragement he gave in his writings to those of others."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 62, p. 483.

Essay of Dramatic Poesy.

Crites says in this Essay, "it concerned the peace and quiet of all honest people, that ill poets should be as well silenced as seditious preachers. xxxi.

P. xxxii-i. Contemporaries whom he censures.

xlix. Cleveland. He seems greatly to have disliked him.

liii. "If the question had been stated who had writ best, the French or English, forty years ago, I should have adjudged the honour to our own nation; but since that time we have been so long together bad Englishmen, that we had no leisure to be good poets."

This is said with relation to the drama.

lix. "A poet in the description of a beautiful garden, or a meadow, will please our imagination more than the place itself can please our sight."

lxvi. "As we, who are a more sullen people, come to be diverted at our plays, so they (the French), who are of an airy and gay temper, come hither to make themselves more serious. And this I conceive to be one reason why comedies are more pleasing to us and tragedies to them."

lxxi. Attempt to show that rhymed plays are an English fashion.

lxxvi-vii. His definition of humour.

lxxx. Effect of the Rebellion on poetry, and of the Restoration.

lxxxix. Well said and shown that Shakespeare, &c. if born now would not equal themselves.

xci. Blank verse is acknowledged to be too low for a poem, nay more, for a paper of verses; but if too low for an ordinary sonnet, how much more for tragedy!

26. "The *woots?* his customers."[1]

32. "A raw miching boy."[2]

43. "As invincibly ignorant as a townsop judging a new play."

44. "He stands in ambush, like a Jesuit behind a Quaker, to see how his design will take."

48. "With a *wannion*[3] to you."

60. "How my heart *quops*[4] now, as they say."

83. Epilogue. "To make *regalios* out of common meat."

Dedication to the Rival Ladies.

His own stile.

Desires an academy to fix the language.

Blank verse, leading to foolish inversions.

Waller, Denham, Davenant praised for rhyme.

Prologue on Prologues.

115. "Cowards have courage when they see not death,
And feeble hares that sculk in forms all day,
Yet fight their feeble quarrels by the moonlight."

This is a false application: those quarrels are not feeble to them.

151. "I'm too unlucky to converse with men,
I'll pack together all my mischiefs up,
Gather with care each little remnant of 'em,
That none of 'em be left behind; thus loaded,
Fly to some desert, and there let them loose,
Where they may never prey upon mankind."

187. "'Tis the greatest bliss
For man to grant himself all he dares wish;
For he that to himself, himself denies,
Proves meanly wretched, to be counted wise."

197. "Why should we in your mercies still believe,
When you can never pity though we grieve!
For you have bound yourselves by harsh decrees,
And those, not you, are now the deities."

Dedication to Indian Emperors.

"The favour which heroic plays have lately found upon our theatres, have been

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[1] This, I suspect, is a slang term, i. e. his *will you's*, his *known* customers; *to wit, su wissen.* J. W. W.

[2] Todd in Johnson says that *micher* is used in the Western Counties for a truant boy. The words of Hamlet naturally occur, "Marry this is miching malicho; it means mischief." Act iii. sc. 2.—J. W. W.

[3] To this day this word used by Latimer, Fox, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, &c. &c. remains unexplained. See Richardson and Nares in v. It is needless to add another guess amongst many.—J. W. W.

[4] "And lord so that his herte 'gan to *quappe*
Hearing her come, and shorte for to sike."
Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, iii. *ad init.* J. W. W.

wholly derived to them from the countenance and approbation they have received at court."

See what he says of beauty here! and his vile adulation!

See *too* his Defence of his Essay on Dramatic Poesy, prefixed to this play.

249. "As if our old world modestly withdrew,
And here in private had brought forth a new!"

262. "And ye small stars, the scattered seeds of light."

264. "Arise, ye subtle spirits that can spy;
When love is entered in a female's eye;
You that can read it in the midst of doubt,
And in the midst of frowns can find it out;
You that can search those many corner'd minds
Where women's crooked fancy turns and winds;
You that can love explore and truth impart,
Where both lie *deepest* hid in woman's heart."

Cortes says,

269. "If for myself to conquer here I came,
You might perhaps my actions justly blame:
Now I am sent, and am not to dispute
My Prince's orders, but to execute."

266. "*Cydippe.* What is this honour which does love controul?
"*Cortes.* A raging fit of virtue in the soul,
A painful burden which great minds must bear,
Obtain'd with danger, and possest with fear."

269. Montezuma to his gods:

"Ill fate for me unjustly you provide;
Great souls are sparks of your own heavenly pride,
That lust of power we from your godhead's have,
You're bound to please those appetites you gave."

276. Enter Cortes alone, in a night gown.

"All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night dew sweat;
Even Lust and Envy sleep; yet Love denies
Rest to my soul, and slumber to my eyes."

All is in keeping here, the costume, the description, and the character!

287. "As callow birds,
Whose mothers killed in seeking of the prey,
Cry in their nest, and think her long away,
And at each leaf that stirs, each breath of wind,
Gape for the food which they must never find."

302. Montezuma.

"whensoever I die,
The Sun, my father, bears my soul on high;
He lets me down a beam, and mounted there,
He draws it back, and pulls me through the air."

The absurdity of making the Peruvians and Mexicans at war scarcely seems absurd in this most preposterous plan; so utterly has all truth and character, feeling, time, and place been disregarded.

Vol. 2.

Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen.

"Owned in so particular a manner by his Majesty, that he has graced it with the title of his play; and thereby rescued it from the severity (not to say malice) of its enemies."

In this play there are eight female characters and only three male.

P. 19. "I am more and more in love with you! A full nether lip, an out-mouth, that makes mine water at it. The bottom of your cheeks a little blub, and two dimples when you smile."

Dryden had no reverence for his great

predecessors; if he had, he would not have taken the name of Florimel for one of the women in this play.

Epilogue by a Person of Quality.

"The men of business must in policy
Cherish a little harmless poetry,
All wit would else grow up to knavery.
Wit is a bird of music, or of prey;
Mounting, she strikes at all things in her way;
But if this birdlime once but touch her wings,
On the next bush she sits her down and sings."

Sir Martin Mar-all. 115-6. Phrases of recent introduction, *vertuoso, you have reason, in fine.*

Tempest. 209.

"Two winds rise; ten more enter and dance. At the end of the dance, three winds sink; the rest drive Alon. Anto. Gonz. off."

251-3. The weapon salve used.

260. Tritons—sound a calm!

Massinger.

Lloyd in a note in the *St. James's Magazine*, vol. 2, p. 38, says of Massinger, (then recently published by T. Davies), that "he is a poet who wants only to be read that he may be admired!" Contrast this with Goldsmith's contemptuous review of the same edition!

"That many of our readers are ignorant who, or what, this Massinger was, is a circumstance which we may safely take for granted; and which, too, supersedes the necessity of our saying much more concerning either the poet or his works. Had he possessed more merit he had been better known. Suffice it therefore, if we only add, that he was contemporary with, or rather somewhat later than Shakespear; that he wrote many plays, long since forgotten; and that this edition of his works is even unworthy the little repute in which Massinger may be still held by some readers." (!!)—*Monthly Review*, vol. xxi. p. 176.—Coxeter's edition.

"Critical Reflections on the Old English Dramatic Writers, intended as a Preface to the Works of Massinger, addressed to Garrick. 6d. Davies."

"We doubt, however, that Massinger, together with many others of the once famed English poets, have already proceeded too far on the road to oblivion ever to be brought back, whatever may be the endeavours of their few remaining friends for that purpose. Spenser, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Randolph, and others who figured in the days of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. are now almost as little known or read as Chaucer, Lydgate, Gower, and that pithie *Poete Maister Thomas Skeltone.* Notwithstanding which it must be acknowledged, there are great beauties and excellencies in the ingenious cotemporaries above mentioned; particularly in Spenser, whom we are truly sorry to put into the list. His genius was perhaps equal to any that ever appeared in this or any other country; but that kind of allegory and stanza in which he unhappily wrote, are now totally out of fashion, and probably will never be revived." (!!!)—Ibid. vol. xxiv., p. 200.—See Ibid. vol. lx., p. 480.

"Skilful Massinger,
Thou known, all the Castilians must confess
Vego de Carpio thy foil, and bless
His language can translate thee, and the fine
Italian wits yield to this work of thine."
Sir Aston Cockaine.

"Commendatory Verses to the Emperor of the East."—Massinger, 1, clxi.

Vol. 1.

P. 7. Gifford shews a want of ear here. The word may just as well be pronounced persevēre as persēver.

15. Mason an imitator often of Massinger. Gifford says, "he may be right, but in this instance Mason remembered Tacitus, not Massinger."

66. "This tottered world." Is this the same word as *tattered*, or may it not mean shaken, crazed?

71. "Peevish." Does it not rather mean weak and fretful than foolish?

DEDICATIO: to the "Unnatural Combat."

To his "much-honoured friend, Anthony Sutleges, of Oakham, in Kent, Esq."

"Your noble father, Sir Warham S. (whose remarkable virtues must be ever remembered) being, while he lived, a master, for his pleasure, in poetry, feared not to hold converse with divers whose necessitous fortunes made it their profession, among which, by the clemency of his judgement, I was not in the last place admitted.

"I present you with this old tragedy, without prologue or epilogue; it being composed in a time (and that, too, peradventure, as knowing as this,) when such by-ornaments were not advanced above the fabric of the whole work."

Vol. 1.

MASSINGER often weakens his verse by attenuating words which it is the character of our speech to compress.

160. "— let me glory in
Your *action*, as if it were my own."

163.
"To thy *perfections*, but that they are," &c.

"Duke of Milan." Dedication to the Lady Katharine Stanhope.

"— there is no other means left me (my misfortunes having cast me on this course) to publish to the world, (if it hold the least good opinion of me), that I am your Ladyship's creature."

259. "In the management of preparatory hints, Massinger surpasses all his contemporaries. He seems to have minutely arranged all the component parts [of his plots] before a line of the dialogue was written."

266. Gifford well observes, "that those vigorous powers of genius which carry men far beyond the literary state of their age, do not enable them to outgo that of its manners."

276. "If thou wouldst work
Upon my weak credulity, tell me rather
That the earth moves, the sun and stars
stand still."

274. Aviary for aerie, which Gifford charges upon poor M. Mason was, I dare say, a printer's blunder.

Vol. 2.

P. 7. INDICATION of ill-will towards Buckingham. 119.

8. A captious note of Gifford, as if he did not know what is meant by *distant* manners.

6. Specimens of the old editions.

11. "O shame! that we that area populous
nation,
Engaged to liberal nature for all blessings
An island can bring forth; we that have
limbs
And able bodies; shipping arms and treasure,
The sinews of the war, now we are call'd
To stand upon our guard, cannot produce
One fit to be our General."

Was Buckingham meant here also?

86, n. Remember is colloquially used in this sense.

123. Dedication. Renegado to Lord Berkeley, the great patron it here appears, of dramatic literature. See the passage.

429. Dedication to the Great Duke of Florence. See.

Vol. 3.

DEDICATION to Maid of Honour.

To Sir Fr. Foljambe, and Sir Th. Bland, "I had not to this time subsisted, but that I was supported by your frequent courtesies and favours."

11. Not clear that M. Mason is not right.

130. —"You are a king, and that
Concludes you wise; your will, a powerful
reason
Which we, that are foolish subjects, must
not argue.

And what in a mean man I should call folly,
Is in your majesty remarkable wisdom."

Dedication to Emperor of the East. 1631.

" — it being so rare in this age to meet with one noble name, that, in fear to be censured of levity and weakness, dare express itself a friend or patron to contemned poetry."

Prologue—at Court.

" She durst not, Sir, at such a solemn feast,
Lard his grave matter with one scurrilous jest:
But laboured that no passage might appear
But what the Queen without a blush might hear."

264. Tax-projectors.

Vol. 4.

City Madam. Dedication. Reputation of Massinger during his life, and when this play was published in 1659.

P. 35. Gifford did not know how heirs could be pronounced as a dissyllable.

86. Most of our old writers abridged the word Master, and pronounced only the initial letter, e.g.

" At M. Luke's suit. The action twenty thousand."

Duchess of Newcastle.

Dr. Aikin says she was one of the most fertile and voluminous writers—at least of her sex, upon record. Her works at length amounting to thirteen folios, ten of them in print. This enormous mass of her writings is now so completely consigned to oblivion, that probably scarcely any English scholar living has read more of them than a few lines descriptive of melancholy quoted in the " Connoisseur," (No. 69,) and praised beyond their desert.

Dr. Aikin himself has written *much* more in quantity; and his daughter, Miss Lucy, quite as much,—and nothing so good.

Poems and Fancies. 1653.

" Wipe off my tears with handkerchiefs of praise."

Epistle Dedicatory.

" Spin a garment of memory to lap up my name."

" Vanity is so natural to our sex, as it were unnatural not to be so."

" Poetry which is built upon fancy, women may claim as a work belonging most properly to themselves: for I have observed that their brains work usually in a fantastical motion; as in their several and various dresses; in their many and singular choices of cloths and ribbons, and the like; in their curious shadowing and mixing of colours in their wrought works,—and divers sorts of stitches they employ their needle; and many curious things they make, as flowers, boxes, baskets with beads, shells, silk, straw, or any thing else; besides all manner of meats to eat; and thus their thoughts are employed perpetually with fancies; for fancy goeth not so much by rule and method as by choice."

She understood no language but her own, " not French, although I was in France five years. Neither do I understand my own native language very well, for there are many words I know not what they signify."

" The passions are like musical instruments: when they play concords, the mind dances in measure the saraband of tranquillity." P. 51.

123. " I must intreat my Noble Readers to read this part of my Book very slow, and to observe very strictly every word they read, because in most of these Poems, every word is a Fancy. Wherefore if they lose by not marking, or skip by too hasty reading, they will intangle the sense of the whole Copy."

128. Nature's Oven.

" The Brain is like an Oven, hot and dry,
Which bakes all sorts of Fancies, low and high,
The Thoughts are wood, which Motion sets on fire,

The Tongue a Peele which draws forth the Desire.
But thinking much, the Brain too hot will grow,
And burns it up; if cold, the Thoughts are Dough.

128. "Life scumms the Cream of Beauty with Time's spoon,
And draws the Claret wine of Blushes soon."

135. In Nature's Grange,

"Cows of Content, which gave the Milk of Ease,
Curds prest with Love which made a Friendship-Cheese,
Cream of Delight was put in Pleasure's Churn,
Where in short time the Butter of Joys come."

139-40. Nature's City.

"The Citizens are worms, which seldom stir,
But sit within their shops and sell their ware.
The Moles are Magistrates who undermine
Each one's estate, that they their wealth may find."

"The lazy Dormouse Gentry doth keep
Much in their houses, eat, and drink, and sleep."

"The Peasant Ants industrious are to get
Provisions store, hard labours make them sweat."

"But after all their husbandry and pains,
Extortion comes and eats up all their gains,
And Merchant Bugs of all sorts, they
Traffick on all things, travel every way."

154. Fairies

"Making the father rich whose child they keep."

155. Hodmandod shells.

138. She seems to believe in fairies.

148. The centre of the earth their kingdom.

146. "Then on her wings doth Fame those actions bear,
Which fly about, and carry 'em every where.
Sometimes she overloaded is with all,
And then some down into Oblivion fall."

190. "When he was mounted, fast away they went
In the full gallop of a good intent."

Her atomical poems are comical enough. What is most remarkable is the strange looseness of language, as to any thing like syntax or rhyme.

19. "Motion is the life of all things."

31. The fancy of her atoms explained.

38. Shadow and Echo. Never was fancy more poetically conceived, or unpoetically expressed. It may have suggested Sir Egerton's fine sonnet.

PEPYS says in his *Diary*, May 30th,

"To see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle's, called the 'Humorous Lovers,' the most silly thing that ever came upon a stage. I was sick to see it; but yet would not but have seen it, that I might better understand her."

Sir T: Brown.

HANNAH MORE once read through a shelf of books at Hampton. In her list of them she enumerates Sir Thomas Brown's "very learned miscellanies, (and eke very obscure),"—and this is all her comment![1]—*Mem.* vol. 2, p. 198.

Beattie.

"OUR party (at the Bishop's, Fulham,) consists of Dr. Beattie, and Mrs. Kennicott; the former gentle and amiable, but in a low, broken-spirited state. We have formed quite a friendship. He has taken much to me, I believe, chiefly because I cordially sympathize with him on the death of his son, the Edwin of his "Minstrel."—*Mem.* vol. 2, p. 341.—HANNAH MORE.

[1] Sir Thomas Browne, as is well known, was one of Southey's favourite authors.—J. W. W.

Monthly Review, v. 44, p. 286. When the first book was published, the Reviewer said—"We would not by any means have him stop here. The Minstrel's progress to his profession cannot possibly be so entertaining as his practice in it. To represent him in his itinerant life; to invent amusing incidents expressive of the might of his minstrelsy over the natural and moral evils that may disturb the peace of families where he is entertained, and over all

'The strewed ills that watch his way'

would certainly be a glorious field for fancy and variety. What, for instance, could be more striking than the Minstrel's soliciting entertainment at the door of Spleen or Avarice, elevating the heart of one, and opening that of the other? The description of so many different objects would greatly animate and diversify the poem."

Beattie says, "For energy of words, vivacity of description, and apposite variety of numbers, Dryden's 'Feast of Alexander' is superior to any Ode of Horace or Pindar now extant."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 57, p. 31.

"— the pathos of Homer is frequently improved by Pope, and that of Virgil very frequently debased by Dryden."— Ibid. p. 32.

Andrew Erskine says to Boswell (1761) of the country about Aberdeen. "The country around is dismal; long gloomy moors, and the extended ocean, are the only prospects that present themselves. The whole region seems as if made in direct opposition to descriptive poetry. You meet here with none of the lengthened meads, sunny vales, and dashing streams that brighten in the raptured poet's eye."—*Letters*, p. 145.

Beattie says truly enough, that "among contemporary poets we may sometimes observe a similarity of genius, which is probably occasioned by their imitating one another."

But he wanted dates before him when he coupled Donne and Cowley as contemporaries, who introduced the irregular measures and "childish witticisms," about the middle of the last century. And also when he says, that at the time when Cowley had infected the whole nation with witticism, Milton arose.—"Discussions, Moral and Critical."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 69, p. 38.

Churchill.

"Blotting and correction was so much his abhorrence, that I have heard from his publisher," says D'Israeli, "he once energetically expressed himself, 'it was like cutting away one's own flesh.'"

"I have heard, that, after a successful work, he usually precipitated the publication of another, relying on its crudeness being passed over by the public curiosity excited by its better brother. He called this getting double pay. But Churchill was spendthrift of fame, and enjoyed all his revenue while he lived. Posterity owes him little, and pays him nothing."—*Curiosities of Literature*, vol. 3, p. 129.

Pinkerton says, (*Lett. of Lit.*, p. 369), "Churchill's works have passed through more editions, and are more read in Scotland than in England, which shews that the love of that country for liberty is superior even to the most inveterate national prejudices."

Shenstone.

D'Israeli says that he educated the nation into that taste for landscape gardening which has become the model of all Europe."—*Curiosities of Literature*, p. 5.

See the whole article.

Hull's *Select Letters.*

P. 2. Shenstone, 1736, to Mr. D.

"I am at present in a very refined state of indolence and inactivity. Indeed I make

little more use of a country life than to live over again the pleasures of Oxford and your company."

"—I aim at rendering my letters as odd and fantastical as possible, but when I write to a person of your elegant character, my compliments degenerate into downright truths."

Miss F—r to Shenstone. 1745.

P. 13. "Mrs. A. says, though you cut off your hair, she believes your ears will remain, and wishes nothing so much as an opportunity to pinch 'em."

17. "Tell Mrs. A. my ears make great shoots, and such as may tempt her hand egregiously: but if I *am* metamorphosed into an Ass entirely, I will come and serenade her in a morning, when she has been up late the night before."

51. "—during the winter season he describes himself, as being,—without any affectation—'the dullest of the sons of men,' altogether in what 'I think they call Swiss Meditation, that is, thinking upon nothing.'"

110. Duchess of Somerset. "Mr. Lindsey, my Lord's chaplain, (who, by the way is a very good judge, and a pretty sort of man,) prefers his (Shenstone's) Ode on Autumn to almost every modern performance."

115. Shenstone to Lady Luxborough.

"Notwithstanding the supposed qualifications of the Glums and the Gawries excite one's curiosity, the book does not, I think, deserve a place in your Ladyship's library, and I would not have you purchase it. It makes two vols. in 12mo, price 6*s*. It came into my way, so I read it, giving it just attention enough to let it amuse me with the imaginary scenes it describes."

117. His Ode on Rural Elegance.

"I calculated the subject as well as I could; but I am fearful you will discover nothing but common-place thoughts. I think most of my verses smell of nothing but field-flowers, and considering how I spend my time, they can scarce do otherwise."

156. The Gamester.

Shenstone says—"I never yet had any opinion of the genius of Mr. Moore, and I hardly think I shall alter my sentiments on account of this performance."

175. Oct. 25, 1753.

"I am now in some sort of doubt concerning my snuff-box, whether to have it repaired in the cheapest way, with a figured tortoise-shell on the top, and a plain tortoise-shell on the bottom; or to exchange the gold of it, and have a figured tortoise-shell box with a gold rim, like yours with a gilt one, only in the shape of an oblong square, a little rounded at the corners. I should have no thoughts of this, but that my own seems *too little and unmanly*."

191. "I am, as the phrase is, deeply penetrated by the civility of your neighbour."

227. March 21, 1755, to Graves.

"There is nothing that I can less forgive the world than your want of leisure. Do not misinterpret me, or take amiss what I say. I know you to be infinitely more happy than myself, who am cloyed with it; but it would add something to my happiness, if not to your own, that you had more vacant spaces, or intervals of time, to employ in those refined amusements for which you are so exquisitely qualified."

228. "As to sun-dials, I never much affected the things themselves, nor indeed any mottos with which I have seen them inscribed.[1] Perhaps this indifference may arise from no very commendable sources; a reflection upon my own want of proficiency in mathematics, and an habitual consciousness of my own waste of time. However, I have often had thoughts of placing a slight one somewhere upon my premises, for the

[1] Had Shenstone been a member of All-Souls, instead of Pembroke, he would have remembered the beautiful motto on the Dial there:—Pereunt et imputantur! I could never pass it without turning back!—J. W. W.

sake of, inscribing it with a couple of lines from Virgil—

'Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.'

All the lines in Virgil afford me that sort of pleasure which one receives from melancholy music; and I believe I am often struck with the turn and harmony of his expressions, where a person less attached to them can discover no great beauty."

234. 1755.

"— though I first embellished my farm, with an eye to the satisfaction I should receive from its beauty, I am now grown dependent upon the friends it brings me, for the principal enjoyment it affords; I am pleased to find them pleased, and enjoy its beauties by reflection. And thus the durable part of my pleasure appears to be, at the last, of the social kind."

238. Spence to Shenstone. 1758.

"— your works often gave me the greatest pleasure, not only from their spirit and elegance, but from the good heart that shines forth throughout them. Whatever excellencies a writer possesses, and to whatever degree, this is the true sun, that gives the noblest gilding of all to his compositions; and you must give me leave to say, that you are the most sunshiny writer of this kind that ever warmed me."

255 1759.

One of his employments was "perplexing the Birmingham artists with sketches for improvements in their manufactures, which they *will* not understand."

264. Percy was translating Ovid.

266. Dodsley to Shenstone.

"Persfield. A gun fired from the top of this cliff, creates, by the reverberation of the report amongst other rocks, a loud clap of thunder, two or three times repeated, before it dies away; but even this echo, conformably to the pride and grandeur of the rest of the place, will not deign to answer a smaller voice than that of a musket. With a culverin I suppose it would hold a noble dialogue."

93. 1749.

"I lead the unhappy life of seeing nothing in the creation so idle as myself. I am continually piddling in little matters about my farm."

Vol. 2.

Nov. 20, 1762. Shenstone to Anon.

"My dearest friend,—It is a very surprizing and a cruel thing, that you will not suppose me to have been *out of order*, after such a neglect of writing as can hardly be excused on any other score. I cannot, indeed, lay claim to what the doctors call an acute disease, but dizziness of head, and depression of spirits are at best no trivial maladies, and great discouragements to writing. There is a lethargic state of mind that deserves your pity, not your anger: though it may require the *hellebore* of sharp reproof. Why, then, did you not employ this pungent remedy before the disease was gone so far? But, seriously, I pass too much of that sort of time, wherein I *am* neither *well* nor *ill*, and being unable to express myself at large, am averse to do so by halves."

P. 4. "Mr. Percy and his wife spent a good part of the week here, and *he* also would needs write a description of the Leasowes. I am more and more convinced that no description of this place can make any figure in print, unless some strictures upon gardening, and other embellishments, be superadded."

15. To Whistler.

"I used to think this a kind of distinction between Mr. Graves and you, that the one had the knack of making his virtues unenvied, and the other of rendering (what I perhaps unjustly termed) his weaknesses amiable. I am almost afraid of inserting this, lest it should seem to injure the superlative esteem I have of you: but I must add, that I consider a mixture of weaknesses, and an ingenuous confession of them, as

the most engaging and sociable part of any character."

44. WHISTLER to Shenstone.

"Alas! for our poor friend Cobb!

'Who now shall sit with countenance serene,
The inoffensive judge of sacred song,
At once becalmed with Port and Poetry,
While the great Somerville attunes his lays.'"

"Mr. Shenstone considered merely as an author, had the uncommon felicity of attracting the *love* of his readers, and those who from readers had the happiness of becoming acquainted with him as a man, never felt any diminution of that preconceived esteem for *him*, inspired by his works."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 41, p. 156. On the edition of his works, 1769.

"—his writings, for the most part, have undoubtedly very considerable merit."

Cunningham was his direct imitator.—Cowper in one or two pieces. But he long reigned as the model for magazine poetry.

The *Monthly Review* (vol. 61, p. 316,) thinks that Shenstone *perhaps* might *sit* for the more amiable part of Columella's picture in Greaves's book so called.

"—I have been eagerly reading Mr. Shenstone's letters, which, though containing nothing but trifles, amused me extremely, as they mention so many persons I know, particularly myself."—H. WALPOLE, vol. 3, p. 285.

"I FELT great pity, on reading these letters, for the narrow circumstances of the author, and the passion for fame that he was tormented with; and yet he had much more fame than his talents entitled him to. Poor man! he wanted to have all the world talk of him, for the pretty place he had made, and which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of. The first time a company came to see my house, I felt his joy. I am now so tired of it, that I shudder when the bell rings at the gate. It is as bad as keeping an inn, and I am often tempted to deny its being shown, if it would not be ill-natured to those that come, and to my housekeeper. I own I was one day too cross. I had been plagued all the week with staring crowds. At last it rained a deluge. Well, said I, at least nobody will come to-day. The words were scarce uttered, when the bell rang. A company desired to see the house. I replied, tell them they cannot possibly see the house; but they are very welcome to walk in the garden."—Ibid. p. 286.

Connoisseur.

P. 2. COFFEE-HOUSES of that time, 1754.
Garraway's, the brokers.
Batson's, the physicians.
St. Paul's, the hack-clergy.
Chapter Coffee-house, the booksellers.
George's, like.
The Bedford, which was what Button's had been —. The wits.
White's, what it still is.

25. Our army and navy officers sneered at, as deficient in courage. A very noticeable passage. Vol. 2, 198-9. Ignorance of sea officers.

41. The World.—Ill-chosen vignette for that paper.
Printers ornaments often misapplied.
Their use in filling up blanks.

43. When the present manager (?) of Drury Lane first came upon the stage, a new set of types, two inches long, were cast on purpose to do honour to his extraordinary merit.

44. Improved in the Spectator in appearance.

45. Decorations for books becoming necessary.

48. "Perhaps our fine gentlemen may imagine, that by convincing a lady that she has no soul, she will be less scrupulous about the disposal of her body."

51. "I have often observed with wonder the neglect of learning that prevails among the gentlemen of the army; who, notwith-

standing their shameful deficiency in the main requisite, are generally proposed as the most exact models of good behaviour and standards of politeness."

80. Story of Shylock from a story in G. Leti's Life of Sixtus V.

97. A *picture* in the seraglio of the Grand Turk's favourite mistress!!

136. Londoners' Sunday amusements.

For some part of this summer Ranelagh was opened on Sunday evenings.

170. Drinking table beer out of the same mug with a friend.

173. Suburban villas. Summer houses.

179. French stile of declamation on our stage in the generation before Garrick.

181. Stage pomp of the last age, and not yet there exploded.

184. At the Robin Hood Society, "I have seen a tailor a Stoic, a shoemaker a Platonist, and a cook an Epicurean."

Vol. 2.

P. 2. Macklin's school for discussion! He called himself the Martin Luther of the age!

4. The ladies would not speak then.

3. A new cap, or *petenlair*?

5. Pieces of political application revived at the time of the rebellion.

43. Hoaxes à la Theodore Hook.

100. A beau-parson.—"Out of his canonicals, his constant dress is what they call parson's blue, lined with white, a black satin waistcoat, velvet breeches, and silk stockings; and his pumps are of dog-skin, made by Tull."

104. "Persons of fashion cannot but lament that the Sunday evening tea drinkings at Ranelagh were laid aside, from a superstitious regard to religion."

131-2. Certainly this censure is designed for the Rambler.

134. Their mottos.

136. I remember to have seen a curious table, by the assistance of which the most illiterate might amuse themselves in composing hexameters and pentameters in Latin.

A sneer at the poor Water-Poet, of whom they had read nothing.

144. "The Chinese taste, which has already taken possession of our gardens, our buildings, and our furniture, will also soon find its way into our churches: and how elegant must a monument appear which is erected in the Chinese taste, and embellished with dragons, bells, *pagods*, and mandarins!"

147. Tall staves. The walking sticks in fashion, 1755. Hunting poles. Vol. 3, p. 140, 1756.

161. "The orthodox vicar once a week wraps himself up in piety and virtue with his canonicals, which qualities are as easily cast off again as his surplice; and for the rest of the week he wears the dress as well as the manners of his fox-hunting patron." Vol. 3, 59-60.

170. The Wandsworth double post chaise, and the Hampton long coach.

176. One woman "swallows in an ocean of Bristol milk? with as little remorse as she would so much small beer."

191. False censure of alliteration.

197. Fashion of abuse on the Thames.

200. Naval chaplains needed reformation.

219. His privy study.

Vol. 3.

P. 20. The country it seems still bred a race of lowly retainers. "Almost every family supports a poor kinsman, who happening to be no way related to the estate, was too proud of his blood to apply himself in his youth to any profession, and rather chose to be supported in laziness at the family seat. They are, indeed, known perhaps to be cousins to the squire, but do not appear in a more creditable light than his servants out of livery; and sometimes actually submit to as mean offices of drudgery as the groom or whipper-in."

91. If this paper is Cowper's, I wonder at it, it is in so disagreeable a spirit.

92. Walnuts in sack.

96. A. D. 1756. Ridiculous fashion of wearing cabrioles and windmills on the head! 140.

108. Authors who live by the pen well justified.

112. "Brushing the dust from my *black rollers*."

141. Gothic or Chinese taste.

201. Cricket not regarded as an amusement for gentlemen.

210. Neglect of Churches.

Velvet altar pieces, and shabby clergymen in pulpits with rich velvet cushions.

211. Struggle between the Old and New Version of the Psalms,[1] as between the old and new style.

Old and new tunes also, and itinerant psalm-singers in every county, as propagandists.

212. Service waiting for the squire.

213. Display of new fashions at church.

The St. James's Magazine. By ROBERT LLOYD, A. M. 1762.

P. vii. HAD the plan of this Magazine been more enlarged it could never have wanted an occasional support from the correspondence of young gentlemen of sixteen, great geniuses of no education, and great scholars of no genius.

What it is not to contain.

Friends on whom he relies.

18. Lloyd's character of Churchill.

13. His own feelings, perhaps, in this picture of a rake.

25. Conversation at Will's in Swift's time.

30. Swift's opinion that society was at the best in the peaceable part of Charles the First's reign.

81. His own feelings here.

91. Charles Emily's poem first (I suppose) published here.

118. A letter (original) of Swift's, curiously showing his feelings concerning marriage.

127. "None are permitted to wear swords at Bath."

138. A reflection on British courage, by B. Thornton.

139. "The bravery of a man fighting a duel with himself, without second or antagonist, vulgarly called self-murder."—THORNTON.

140. An author's nine lives disposed of. Poor Lloyd must have remembered this in his last days!

150. Imitations in Aureng-Zebe of Samson Agonistes.

156. Gibbeting.

"Such spectacles may frighten crows,
But never scared a thief."—C. DENIS.

188. The experiment of introducing *news* did not answer, and was immediately discontinued.

190. Tullius and Tarquin. I suspect that this has been falsely ascribed to Dryden. There are too many expletives in it for him to have used at that age.

205. The Rubric Posts—still in use.

219. The Poetry Professors. An unlucky second sight in contempt of Scotch poets.

"Harvey's drunken prose," properly enough so called, though perhaps *maudlin* might be the better epithet, the soft mood of semi-drunkenness.

265. Thornton's announcement of his Plautus. Colman intended, Terma suggested the thought.

292. The quatrain said not to be a new elegiac measure, but heroic verse, "and to be met with in Dryden's Ann. Mirabilis, and all through the long and tedious poem of Davenant's Gondibert."

343. A sneer at Gray, Mason, and Whitehead. Churchill. 345, 6.

363. An essay to show that ancient poetry cannot be relished in translations.

374. Lloyd on his own undertaking.

378. A sneer at uneducated poets.

386. Denis.

388. His own style.

383. Gilb. West sneered at.

[1] BP. BEVERIDGE'S *Defence of the Book of Psalms*, published in 1710, is probably the most valuable relic of this well-known struggle. It is reprinted in Horne's edition of his Works, vol. i. p. 613, &c.—J. W. W.

385. Verse properly recommended for comedy.

Vol. 2.

P. 1. Is this R—d B—y Bensley or Bentley?

2. Poetry worn out.

3. A contrast to Wordsworth's sonnet.

13. Shake a Leicestershire[1] woman by the petticoat, and the beans will rattle in her throat.

A story that the mayor is chosen there by a sow. The candidates sit in a semicircle, each with his hat full of beans in his lap, and he is the mayor from whose hat the sow eats first.[2]

72. A complete translation of Racine proposed by the editor to be given in the course of his work—a certain portion every month, separately paged. Was it to be his own? and was it done?

114. Honest satire on Churchill, Colman, Thornton, and Lloyd here. 115-6-8.

118-25. Is this W. C., Cowper?

189. The price of the Mag. (1*s.*) was complained of. The London, Royal, and others being only sixpence.

197. Shepherd's lamentation over Lloyd's drudgery.

241. Coleman's Ep. to Lord Pulteney.

Vol. 3.

P. 1. TRANSLATION by Denis from a MS. poem of Cazotte's.

57. Churchill severely condemned by Lloyd.

63. Blackmore well criticised.

109. Johnson and his imitators — well characterized by Lloyd.

112. Unjust to Whitehead.

118. Praise of acting at school.

The Jesuits seem to have been of this opinion.

Rector of Chellington, Bedfordshire, he published a volume of poems by subscription.

121. This Rogers says that Cowley's odes

"Shall please while wit can pleasure bring,
And Lee and Young, great masters of sublime,
Arrest applause to the last pulse of time."

149. Mason or Warton lampooned here? in an imitation of Boileau.

166. William Ellis the great ballad-singer of that day.

182. A pleasing poem of Lloyd's—in his better mind.

187. This ode, *secundum artem*, is signed L.; but it is exactly what W. C. promised in the last volume, p. 125. And I take it to be his.

201. Poor Lloyd seems now to have admitted any thing, however worthless, in any way.

209. Potter's speech against the repeal of the Jews' Bill,—from his own MSS.

Sterne.

IN Almon's "Life and Correspondence of Wilkes," vol. 5, pp. 7-20, are some letters from Sterne's widow and daughter to Wilkes. Sterne left them in distress. He died £1100 *in debt*; his effects did not produce above £400. All the widow had was an estate of £40 a year, out of which she engaged to pay the rest. A collection was made for them in the race-week at York; it produced £800. He sold the copyright of his sermons, but was to have what copies they could get subscribers for.

WILKES and Hall (Stevenson), promised

[1] "Plenty of these in this county," says FULLER, "especially about *Barton in the Beans*," &c.; and under the proverb, *Bean-Belly Leicestershire*, he adds, "Those in the neighbouring counties use to say merrily, 'Shake a Leicestershire yeoman by the collar, and you shall hear the beans rattle in his belly.' But those yeomen smile at what is said to *rattle in their bellies*, whilst they know *good silver ringeth* in their *pockets*."—*Worthies*, p. 125-6, folio.

[2] In reading this odd custom, one naturally calls to mind the old titles of "Rex Fabarum," —"Roi de la Feve,"—"Rey de Havas," &c. See BRANDE'S *Pop. Ant.* vol. i. pp. 16, 17, 275, ed. Ellis. Reprint. J. W. W.

to write Sterne's life for their benefit,—but though often pressingly reminded of it, neither of them performed their promise.

Almon says, the wife and daughter had retired to France during his life, "rather than live in England under the daily provocations of an unkind husband."[1]

Miss Sterne intimates that Eugenius was designed for Hall.

Hervey.

Hervey's Contemplations on the Night done into blank verse, after the manner of Dr. Young, by T. Newcomb, M.A.

Monthly Review, vol. xvi. p. 289. (175.)

Praised—as also Mr. Newcomb, at considerable length. "To conclude, where the Meditant surpasses the Poet, the former is perhaps so inimitable, that the latter loses his honour; but when he excels his original, he certainly merits our applause." And they wish him to give the other meditations in the same manner.

But the *Monthly Review*, vol. lxii. p. 425, says of Hervey, "a profusion of metaphors was the chief characteristic of his language; and the Shibboleth of Puritanism was the capital distinction of his theology. His object was to soften the harsh features of a Calvinistic creed, by mixing it with the gay and splendid colours of eloquence."

Toplady published two of his Sermons, and said in the Preface,—"With Hervey in their hands, his delighted readers well nigh find themselves at a loss which they shall most admire, the sublimity and sweetness of the blessed truths he conveys, or the charming felicity of their conveyance."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 41, p. 471.

How Toplady, who wrote a good manly style, could say this, is marvellous. Hervey's resembles a confectioner's shop, just before Twelfth Day.

Brown.

Churchill, vol. ii. p. 174, N.

His Estimate ran through seven editions in one year. "His insatiable vanity, dogmatism and arrogance rendered him disgusting to others, and a torment to himself." Yet this ill-natured writer confesses that he understood the theory of composition, and that his Dissertation on the Rise, Union, and Power, the Progression, Separation, and Corruptions of Poetry and Music, evinces a thorough acquaintance with the subjects on which he treats.

One pamphleteer abused him, "that, with an eye to preferment, he had officiously strained all his powers and faculties, to make the people appear sole authors of their own calamities." The same opponent says, "whoever casts an eye on the existimator's scanty page and overgrown margin, will pronounce at once that nobody understands the value of three and sixpence better than he." All which the M. Review (April 1758) appears to commend.

The next article is upon the second vol. of the Estimate (vol. xviii. p. 354). It is thoroughly malignant; and, if the writer had any reason for suspecting the real state of Brown's mind, might almost deserve to be called *murderous*. P. 374.

Glover.

"Mrs. Yates usually selected his Medea for her benefit."—N. Churchill, vol. ii. p. 367.

[1] This is contradicted in Sterne's own Letters. See Letter li. vol. ix. p. 150. The following strong passage occurs in Letter xci. to Miss Sterne: "I am unhappy; thy mother and thyself at a distance from me, and what can compensate for such a destitution? For God's sake persuade her to come and fix herself in England, for life is too short to waste in separation, and while she lives in one country, and I in another, many people will suppose it proceeds from choice. Besides, I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart!" Vol. x. p. 40.—J. W. W.

Oct. 24, 1761. "Mr. Glover has published his long-hoarded Medea, as an introduction to the House of Commons; it had been more proper to usher him from school to the University. There are a few good lines, not much conduct, and a quantity of iambics and trochaics, that scarce speak English, and yet have no rhyme to keep one another in countenance. If his chariot is stopt at Temple Bar, I suppose he will take it for the Straits of Thermopylæ, and be delivered of his first speech before its time."—H. Walpole, vol. 2, p. 311.

Akenside.

Upon the publication of his "Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England," the "Monthly Review" said he "well deserved to be stiled the Poet of the Community."

Goldsmith.

In reviewing his "Beauties of English Poetry," (2 vols. 6s.), "Monthly Review," vol. 36, p. 491, his preface is called unaccountable and uncouth, and his introductory observations on the several poems, "still more wrong-headed, more singular, more affected, and more absurd." Thomson, in the opinion of this *mighty critic*, is a verbose and affected poet, and Shenstone's "Pastoral Ballads," have neither learning nor simplicity; but his "Schoolmistress" is *one of those happinesses in which a poet excels himself!* Gay's burlesque pastorals are in the manner of Theocritus. Who that reads criticisms can forbear crying out with the Shepherd in Virgil,

"Quid facient Domini, audent cum talia fures?"

Cradock used to offer Goldsmith every aid in his power as to his works, i. e. in suggesting amendments.

"As to my 'Hermit,'" said Goldsmith, "that poem, Cradock, cannot be amended."

He had occasion "to pay a journey to Wakefield. As my business then lay there," said he, "that was my reason for fixing on Wakefield as the field of action." Cradock's *Mem.* vol. 4, p. 286.

Goldsmith makes Miss Richland argue "that severity in criticisms is necessary," and says, "It was our first adopting the severity of French taste, that has brought them in turn to taste us."—*Good-natured Man.*

Dedication of "She Stoops to Conquer," to Johnson.

"I have particularly reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a comedy not merely sentimental, was very dangerous, and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so."

Gray.

On the publication of his "Fatal Sisters," "Descent of Odin," and "Triumph of Odin," the "Monthly Review, (1768), vol. 38, p. 408, says—"These turn chiefly on the dark diableries of the Gothic times; and if to be mysterious and to be sublime be the same thing, these deep-wrought performances must undoubtedly be deemed so. For our parts we shall for ever regret the departure of Mr. Gray's muse from that elegantly moral simplicity she assumed in the "Country Churchyard."

Mason's edition. "The whole collection is, for a writer of Mr. Gray's poetical powers and propensities, singularly small. His muse, though certainly the most enthusiastic admirer of Nature, has gathered a mere nosegay from her breast,—an assemblage, indeed, of uncommon and highly-flavoured flowers; but it is in a wilderness of this kind that we wish to range at large."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 52, p. 377.

Ibid. vol. 53, p. 102. His Elegy said here to be imitated from one by Gay. Here is

a former dictum contradicted then. "It is observable, that sublimity of genius has been generally attended with a strong affection for the demonry of the ancient northern fable. Milton was particularly fond of it. It was the study of his youth, and the dream of his age. This passion seems natural. There is something sublime in the *Celtic* mythology,—in the idea of ancient hardyhood, and the feats of former times, that is peculiarly adapted to a natural grandeur of imagination. In the mythology of the Greeks every thing seems little, seems puerile in comparison. Hence Mr. Gray's strong attachment to every thing that breathed of the former. The hall of Odin was heaven itself to him (!!), and Ossian 'the very dæmon of poetry.'" 1775.

"Not long since," says Cradock, (vol. 1, p. 184), "I received a very kind message from the Rev. Mr. Bright of Skeffington Hall, in Leicestershire, to inform me that he had wished to deposit with me all the remaining papers and documents of Mr. Gray, as bequeathed to him by Mr. Stonehewer; but that he found they had all been carried to Rome inadvertently by a learned editor!"

Gray made a little book (of his own travels, I suppose), with delineations of woods, rivers, and remarkable buildings on each side of the road."—Cradock, vol. 2, p. 131.

Beattie gives a very amiable account of him.—*Life of Beattie*, vol. 1, p. 65.

The notes to the two Pindarics, first printed in the Glasgow edition, Beattie thought more copious than were necessary. "But I understand," he says, "he is not a little chagrined at the complaints which have been made of their obscurity, and he tells me that he wrote these notes out of spite."—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 104.

"The next best thing, after instructing the world profitably, is to amuse it innocently. England has lost that man (Gray) who of all others in it was best qualified for both these purposes; but who from early chagrin and disappointment had imbibed a disinclination to employ his talents beyond the sphere of self-satisfaction and improvement."—Mason to Beattie.—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 206.

"Mr. Dillon writes me word, that Mason says he is tempted to throw his Life of Mr. Gray (which is now finished, or nearly so), into the fire, so much is he dissatisfied with the late decision on literary property."—Beattie, vol. 1, p. 346.

"Times," Wednesday, 23d Dec. 1835.—At a sale of autographs, "Gray's assignment of his two Odes, the 'Progress of Poetry,' and the 'Bard,' for forty guineas. 29 June, 1757. Mr. Wilks, M.P., purchased this for eight guineas. (Mason relates that Gray was "too high-minded to receive remuneration for his productions.)"

Gray and Walpole wrote from Italy a little in the style of Erskine and Boswell.

"I agree with you (George Montagu), most absolutely in your opinion about Gray. He is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusively, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily. All his words are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences. His writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable."—H. Walpole. *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 194.

"Gray says very justly, that learning never should be encouraged; it only draws out fools from their obscurity." — Ibid. vol. 1, p. 407.

"And you know I have always thought a running footman as meritorious a being as a learned man. Why is there more

merit in having travelled one's eyes over so many reams of paper, than in having carried one's legs over so many acres of ground?"—Ibid.

"My Lady Ailesbury has been much diverted, and so will you too. Gray is in their neighbourhood. My Lady Carlisle says, *he is extremely like me in his manner.* They went a party to dine on a cold loaf (?), and passed the day. Lady Ailesbury protests he never opened his lips but once, and then only said, 'Yes, my lady, I believe so.'" —Ibid. vol. 2, p. 159.

"Gray has translated two noble incantations from the Lord knows who, a Danish Gray, who lived the Lord knows when. They are to be enchased in a history of English bards, which Mason and he are writing; but of which the former has not written a word yet, and of which the latter, if he rides Pegasus at his usual footpace, will finish the first page two years hence."—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 239.

"Gray has added to his Poems three ancient Odes from Norway and Wales. The subjects of the two first are grand and picturesque, and there is *his* genuine vein in them; but they are not interesting, and do not, like his other poems, touch any passion. Our human feelings, which he masters at will in his former pieces, are here not affected. Who can care through what horrors a Runic savage arrived at all the joys and glories they could conceive, the supreme felicity of boozing ale out of the skull of an enemy in Odin's Hall? Oh, yes! just now, perhaps, these Odes would be toasted at many a contested election."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 234.

Aug. 13, 1771. "I have, I own, been much shocked at reading Gray's death in the papers. In an hour that makes one forget any subject of complaint, especially towards one with whom I lived in friendship from thirteen years old."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 381.

"Gray never wrote any thing easily but things of humour. Humour was his natural and original turn; and though from his childhood he was grave and reserved, his genius led him to see things ludicrously and satirically; and though his health and dissatisfaction gave him low spirits, his melancholy turn was much more affected than his pleasantry in writing."—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 14.

"It may so happen, that a writer, from a happy circumstance, may acquire a reputation as just as it is instantaneous. This was the case with the late Mr. Gray, who, by his happening to be conversant in fashionable company, gained a complete century in point of reputation. For though fashionable writers are most justly set in opposition to good, the very epithet implying that their works will not last, yet fashion is now and then in the right, as well as other fools."—Pinkerton. *Letters of Literature*, p. 103.

"I even admire Mr. Gray's plan of wearing mustachios for a considerable time, to show that he despised every possibility of ridicule."—Pinkerton, *Lett. of Lit.* p. 264.

Lionel and Clarissa.

"*Lady Mary.* I have been telling him of the poem my late brother, Lord Jessamy, made on the mouse that was drowned.

Col. Oldboy. Ay, a fine subject for a poem; a mouse that was drowned in a —.

Lady M. Hush, my dear Colonel, don't mention it! To be sure the circumstance was vastly indelicate; but for the number of lines the poem was as charming a morsel;—I heard the Earl of Punley say, who understands Latin, that it was equal to any thing in Catullus."

Young.

What Mrs. Carter (to Mrs. M. vol. 1, p. 72), says of Rousseau is more applicable to

Young. "He seems to have strong principles of virtue, but in him it seems such an uncomfortable and ever dismal virtue, as strikes one in some such manner as if one was to enter into a noble apartment hung with black."

Thomson.

A BURLESQUE return from the fox chase originally in the Seasons, but omitted in later editions, and restored by Aikin in 1778, and recommended for omission again by the Monthly Review, as not in keeping with the rest of the poem.

Fielding.

HORACE WALPOLE'S Letters, vol. 1, p. 204.

Cumberland.

IN the Natural Son, Jack Hustings brings a brace of trout, the *first* he had taken that season,—and presently he asks whether birds are plenty, and says, "I'll come and brush the *stubbles* for thee in a week or two's time."

DEDICATION of the Brothers to the Duke of Grafton.

Steele.

AN admirable description of flirting and cleaning windows.—*Conscious Lovers*, p. 54.

Fairies.

"A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh, and dull mortality."

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Faithful Shepherdess*, p. 112.

Strange Conceit.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE (Essays, 79) has as odd a conceit as that of Quarles and Hugo. "It is strange," he says, "that the Jew should not from the triangular architecture of his own heart conclude the Trinity of the Godhead, whose temple it was appointed to be."

Metre.

OVID wrote Getic verses in Latin measure.—*Pont.* iv. xiii. 19.[1]

And from a like feeling the monks wrote Latin rhymes.

BISHOP KEN'S *Poems*

DEDICATION.—He seems to have regarded his successor's fate as judicial—which I am sorry to see.

"The dolorous remnant of his days."

P. 3. Philhymno he calls himself.

State earthquakes.

5. "Before the pheasant cocks began their crows."

30. The Virgin Mary—

"Swadling him by the light of his own rays!"

32. "In her soft arms the *boundless* babe embraced."

All this is full of Catholic passion.

59. The innocents

"Vehicled in their own vital flame."

The Milky Way their memorial.

Lucifer and Satan are different devils in his poems.

86. The Abaddons.

112. Belzebub fermenting hell—as thunder spoils barrels of wine.

[1] The lines here alluded to are,

"Ah pudet! et Getico scripsi sermone libellum,
Structaque sunt nostris barbara verba modis.
Et placui, grataro mihi, cæpique Poetæ
Inter inhumanos nomen habere Getas!"

Epist. ex Ponto.—J. W. W.

192. Poetry the language of man before the fall.

193. The Patriarchs made sacred pastorals and sonnets.

197. How the Curetes *overnoised* history.

200. Poets in heaven.

234. "Unappeasable as hell."

274. "Oft with his tears he ballasted his boat."

God who always *tenders* hearts contrite.

276. "Men fierce as fiends they worshipped."

He always writes massacre—the French pronunciation.

Vol. 2.

P. 5. "WHERE Beelzebub sits broiling on his throne."

"On Asafœtida the whole was built."

14. "Despair no disappointment ever knows,
No fear, surprize, or danger undergoes;
Despair feels no ambition, no disgrace,
What every saint of resignation boasts,
Despair is all that to infernal ghosts;
Jehovah conquers all things but despair."

17. Mammon in a gold cage.

20. Dragon, and the remoras, and the syrens.

23. Catching torpedoes.

The storm.

69. The author's prophecy concerning himself by the name of Kennes.

76. Lines which Parnell has certainly imitated in the Hermit.

90-1. Satan disguising himself.

98. "Satan riding a snake," and
"Turning the brute's own stang to spur its flight."

Lucifer's palace.

129-30. Edmund released by natural magic.

138. "Man
His youthful heat and strength for sin engage."

God has the *caput mortuum* of his age.

Edmund, p. 339.

"Soon as morn rising on its wings of light
Takes o'er the world its instantaneous flight."

I think he had Chamberlain's lines in his mind,

"The sun on light's dilated wings had fled
To wake the western villagers from bed."

Edmund, 291.

"Hilda, who kept death always in her eye,
In sickness nothing had to do but die.
With a sweet patience she endured her pain."

293-4. Hilda's death passionate, and at the same time most fantastic.[2]

Maggi's verse may be applied to Ken's devotional poems.

"Belle d'affetti più che di pensieri."
Tom. 2, p. 26.

And these also,

"Più che gl'ingegni alteri
Ama i cuori divoti, e nè suoi canti
Val per esser Poeta essere Amanti."
Ibid.

Matthew Stevenson.

AUTHOR of Norfolk Drollery, or a Compleat Collection of the newest Songs, Jovial Poems, and Catches, &c. 1673. So says Nichols—but this title seems rather to designate a collection.

Robert Wolseley.

YOUNGER son of Sir Charles Wolseley of Staffordshire. The father was one of Cromwell's lords, and the son took an active and honourable part in the Revolution. He went as envoy to Brussels in 1693.

He wrote the preface to Rochester's Valentinian.

[1] No doubt the allusion is to Prov. xxvi. 20: "Hell and destruction are never full," and Habbakuk, ii. 5.—J. W. W.

[2] The edition here referred to is that of W. Hawkins, 2 vols. 8vo. 1721. The copy before me is marked by Southey throughout. He gave it to me in 1834.—J. W. W.

Frederick Calvert, Lord Baltimore.
1731—1771.

This odd man, whose character may well be suffered to sleep with him in the grave, published,

1. A Tour to the East, in 1763-4, with Remarks on the City of Constantinople and the Turks. Also Select Pieces of Oriental Wit, Poetry, and Wisdom, by the Lord Baltimore. London, 1767, 8vo.

2. Gaudia Poetica, Latinâ, Anglicâ et Gallicâ Linguâ composita. A°. 1769. Augustæ Litteris Spathianis, 1770, surmounted by a baron's coronet, with the initials F. B. This is dedicated in Latin to Linnæus, who repaid the compliment with the grossest flattery.

3. Cœlestes et Inferi. Venetiis. Typis C. Palese, 1771, 4to.

Copies of these last works, which are exceedingly rare, were in the collection of Isaac Reed.

John Glanvill.—Broad Hinton, Wilts,
1664.

He published, 1. Some Odes of Horace imitated with relation to his Majesty and the Times, 1690. 2. Poems dedicated to the Memory and lamenting the Death of her late sacred Majesty of the Small Pox, 1695. 3. A Plurality of Worlds, translated from the French, 1688.

Sir Thomas Higgons.—Shropshire,
1624-1691.

One of the few Cavaliers whose services were rewarded after the Restoration. Charles II. knighted him, and gave him a pension of £500 a year, and gifts to the amount of £4000. In 1669 he was sent envoy extraordinary to invest the Duke of Saxony with the Order of the Garter, and about four years afterwards went envoy to Vienna.

He married the famous widow of Robert Earl of Essex, and delivered an oration at her funeral, September 16, 1656. *Oratione funebri, à marito ipso, more prisco laudata fuit,* is part of her epitaph. The copies of this pamphlet were industriously collected and destroyed. But Mr. Granger, who had seen one, was fully persuaded by it of her innocence.

He published, besides this funeral oration, 1656, 2. A Panegyric to the King, 1660. 3. The History of Isoof Bassa, 1684, and translated The Venetian Triumph.

On his return home from one of his embassies, he took the road along the coast of France, and in his audience of the King told him that the French were hard at work in raising a naval force, and pointed out the danger to England. Instead of attending to the intelligence, Charles severely reprimanded him for talking of things which it was not his business to meddle with.

Bevil Higgons.—1670-1735.

Younger son of Sir Thomas Higgons by Bridget his second wife; true to the Stuart family, he accompanied James into France. He published a volume of Historical and Critical Remarks on Burnet's History; and, 2. A short View of the English History, with Reflections Political, Historical, Civil, Physical, and Moral, on the Reigns of the Kings, their Characters and Manners, their Successions to the Throne, and all other remarkable Incidents to the Revolution 1688. Drawn from authentic Memoirs and MSS. 1727.

John Evelyn.—Sayes Court, near Deptford,
1654-1698.

Son of the Sylvan Evelyn. He wrote the Greek Poem which is prefixed to the second volume of his father's work, and translated Rapin's Gardens, Plutarch's Life of Alexander, and the History of the Grand Viziers Mahomet and Achmet Coprogli, and of the three last Grand Seigniors, their Sultanas and chief Favourites, with the most secret Intrigues of the Seraglio. 1677. 8vo.

Edward Howard, Eighth Earl of Suffolk. 1731.

This nobleman, who had, according to Horace Walpole, some derangement of intellect, published Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, by a Person of Quality, 1725, 8vo.; the greater part of which he reprinted under the title of Musarum Deliciæ in 1728. This volume contains some Sapphick verses, which the bookseller acquaints us were so called "not because they are written in the numbers which Sappho made use of, but merely upon account of the fineness and delicacy of the subjects."

Horace Walpole has preserved a curious anecdote of this man (vol. 4, Parke's edition, p. 133, note).

An advertisement prefixed to his last publication announces that speedily will be published Alcander, or the Prince of Arcadia, by the same author.[1]

The Musarum Deliciæ is a scarce book, many of the copies having been burnt by his lordship's executors.

Park, vol. 4, p. 136, gives an extract, Upon a Beau—but it cannot be a characteristic one. From the volume of a mad man something that marks him may surely be selected.

John Lord Cutts.—1706.

Son of Richard Cutts, Esq. of Matching in Essex, and made Baron of Gowran in Ireland, one of the lords justices general, general of the forces in that kingdom, and governor of the isle of Wight.

Marlborough called him a Salamander, from his having escaped in a most tremendous action with part of the French army.

A good specimen in Park's Royal and Noble Authors, vol. 5, p. 222.

Abel Evans.

One of the Oxford wits enumerated in the well-known distich:

"Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedycina poetas,
Bubb, Stubb, Cobb, Crabb, Trap, Young, Carey, Tickell, Evans."

He wrote a volume of Pastorals, six of which, or rather twelve, were preserved by Isaac Reed, and by him communicated to Mr. Nichols's Collection. They have more merit than is usually to be found in such poems; but are by no means equal to Gay's, who succeeded better in sport than his serious predecessors Phillips and Dr. Evans.

Gloster Ridley.—1702-1774.

This worthy man, who was descended from Ridley the Martyr, was born at sea on board the Gloucester East Indiaman. He published the Life of his ancestor, and a Review of Philips's Life of Cardinal Pole, one of those insidious works of the Roman Catholics which it is necessary to watch and to confute.[2] His eldest son was the author of the Tales of the Genii, a book which it is to be hoped will always continue to be printed.

Joseph Trapp, Cherington, Gloucestershire, 1669-17**.

Dr. Trapp was the first professor of poetry at Oxford, and like many other professors in other things, professed what he certainly did not practise. He published his lectures under the title of *Prælectiones Poeticæ;* four volumes of Sermons; Abramule, a tragedy; some controversial treatises against the Papists and Methodists, which are said to have much merit; and sundry miscellaneous productions both in prose and verse. But his best or worst known works are a Latin version of the Paradise Lost, and a blank verse translation of Virgil.

See this Virgil, for surely it *must* have been

[1] Quære? Was not this the name of Pope's epic?—R. S.

[2] Gloucester Ridley's Sermons *On the Divinity and Operations of the Holy Ghost*, preached at Lady Moyes's lecture, are some of the very best on the subject.—J. W. W.

over-abused. So bad as Pope's Homer it cannot by any possibility have been, i. e. it cannot so misrepresent and debase the original.

John Howe.

Mr. Nichols has transcribed an account of this gentleman, which deserves retranscription. (Nichols' Collection, vol. I, p. 209.)

Thomas Lord Lyttleton.—1744-1779.

Poems by a young Nobleman of distinguished abilities, lately deceased, 4to. 1780. These, according to Mr. Park, are admitted to be his. The Letters published as his are said to have been written by Mr. Combe.

The remarkable story of his death is certainly believed in the family.

Mr. Park has published his portrait. I never saw a countenance so thoroughly expressive of a debauched heart.

Sneyd Davies.—1769.

Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, rector of Kingsland in Herefordshire, prebendary of Litchfield, archdeacon of Derby, and D. D.

Sir Thomas Burnet.—1753.

Youngest son of the bishop, consul at Lisbon, and afterwards king's serjeant, and judge of the Common Pleas. A volume of his Poems was printed in 1777.

It is recorded of him in the days of his levity, that his father one day seeing him uncommonly grave, asked what he was meditating? "A greater work," replied the son, "than your lordship's History of the Reformation." "What is that, Tom?" "My own Reformation, my lord." "I shall be heartily glad to see it," said the bishop, "but almost despair of it." It was however accomplished.

He edited his father's History of his own Times, and was concerned in the Grumbler, and in travesting the first book of Pope's Iliad with Ducket, under the title of Homerides, by Sir Iliad Doggrel: for which Pope put him in the Dunciad.

Benjamin Stillingfleet.—169*[1]-1771.

"I have lately," says Gray, "made an acquaintance with this philosopher, who lives in a garret in the winter, that he may support some near relations who depend upon him. He is always employed, consequently (according to my old maxim) always happy, always cheerful, and seems to me a worthy, honest man. His present scheme is to send some persons properly qualified to reside a year or two in Attica, to make themselves acquainted with the climate, productions, and natural history of the country, that we may understand Aristotle, Theophrastus, &c. who have been Heathen Greek to us for so many ages; and this he has got proposed to Lord Bute, no unlikely person to put it in execution, as he is himself a botanist."

See Gentleman's Magazine, 1776, p. 162, 496, and for 1777, p. 440. See also what Pennant says of him, prefixed to his British Zoology, vol. 4.

Walter Pope.—Fawsley, Northamptonshire, 1714.

Walter Pope was elected from Westminster to Trinity College, Cambridge, 1645, but removed to Oxford, where he was successively scholar, fellow, and dean of Wadham. In 1658, when he was junior proctor, an attempt was made to abrogate the statute for wearing caps and hoods; he frustrated it, and this he called the most glorious action of his life.[2]

[1] Watt, in the *Bibliotheca Britannica*, says he was born about 1702. He was grandson to the Bishop.—J. W. W.

[2] "Believe me," says Cumberland, "there is much good sense in old distinctions. When the law lays down its full-bottomed periwig, you will find less wisdom in bald pates than you are

He was half brother to Bishop Wilkins, and one of the first fellows of the Royal Society. His publications were numerous and unimportant; but his Old Man's Wish is one of those ballads which are never likely to lose their estimation and popularity.

One of his works deserves mention, his Moral and Political Fables, ancient and modern; done into measured Prose, intermixed with Rhyme. 1698. By measured prose, blank verse is meant, in which a couplet is occasionally introduced. Daniel had done this before him, and done it far better.

I have seen also the same thing in Spanish.

Nichols, vol. 1, p. 173. The Old Man's Wish.

But see, if possible, for the enlarged edition, in twenty stanzas, published in folio, 1693, under the title of the Wish.

William Duncombe.—1689-1769.

He published, 1. a translation of Racine's Athaliah. 1722. 2. Lucius Junius Brutus, a Tragedy. 1735. 3. The Works of Horace, in English Verse, by several Hands. 1757, 2 vols. 8vo. A second edition in four volumes appeared in 1762. He edited the Works of Mr. Needler in 1724. 2. The Poems of Hughes, his brother-in-law, 1735. 3. The Miscellanies of Jabez Hughes. 4. The Works of Samuel Say, 1745; and, 5. Seven Sermons, by Archbishop Herring.

Thomas Edwards.—1699-1758.

Author of the Canons of Criticism. In the dark age of English poetry, Edwards had feeling enough to admire and study the great masters of the art. Though one of nine children, he had the misfortune to be the last of his family.

The metre of the ode in these selections is singular.

Knightley Chetwood.—*Coventry*, 1720.

Dr. Chetwood was chaplain to James II. who nominated him Bishop of Bristol, but abdicated the kingdom before his election passed the seals. He was made Dean of Gloucester, and went abroad with Marlborough as chaplain to the English forces. The Dissertation prefixed to Dryden's Virgil in 1697, is his.

Charles Dryden.—1704.

Dryden's eldest son. He was usher of the palace to Pope Clement XI. and was drowned in the Thames, near Windsor.

Thomas Catesby, Lord Paget.—1742.

He died before his father, the first Earl of Uxbridge. He published an Essay on Human Life, which was printed in a supplement to Pope's Works, 1757; and is said by Mr. Park to be perhaps the closest imitation of that poet's ethical essays. And a volume of Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, 1741.

Joseph Spence.—1768.

A very amiable man, who was drowned in his own fish pond. In the Tales of the Genii his character is drawn under the clumsy name of Phesoi Ecneps, i. e. Joseph Spence read backwards.

aware of."—*Choleric Man.* This passage is elsewhere referred to by Southey. I may add from the *Gull's Horn-Book*, "Come, come; it would be but a bald world, but that it wears a periwig." p. 48. Reprint by J. N. 1812.

J. W. W.

CHARACTERISTIC ENGLISH ANECDOTES; AND FRAGMENTS FOR ESPRIELLA.

Letters from England by a Spaniard.

A FAR better mode of exposing folly than by novels.

The journals of my own tours shall be given with characteristic minuteness, in a lively stile and full of all the anecdotes that I have collected. They will derive a Spanish cast, from drawing general conclusions from single circumstances, and from the writer's wish to find the English as much upon a level with his own countrymen as he can.

Thus the theatre affords him an opportunity of retaliating the contempt exprest by Englishmen of the Spanish stage. A strolling play may equal my Coruña exhibition.

The Catholic may in his turn deride reformed worship, the vital Christianity cant. The Quaker silence may be described as striking him with awe—till a speaker rose.

Astonishment at the taxes. Stopt windows.

Heretical intolerance. Elizabeth's persecution of the Puritans. Birmingham riots.

Apostle Spoons.

Horses' tails and ears.

Wall bills in London. Persons lost. Rewards for apprehending murderers. Quack bills. Debating societies, &c. &c.

Fashions. The pudding cravatts invented to hide a poultice. Two watches. Many under-waistcoats and the coat at the same time dragged back over the shoulders. Hands in the coat-pockets. Bandalores. Padded coats to look broad-breasted.

Door brass for the servant's fingers, the clean custom of a dirty people.

Novel prospects. Hedges. Hay-making. Country houses.

The Spanish sheep produce good wool: the English good mutton.

I have heard two instances of the mischief done by wasps; the one in Herefordshire,—a gentleman and his wife in a one-horse chair were attacked in a bye-road by a nest of these insects. They were overturned, and escaped with little injury. The horse died in consequence of the stings. Mr. Rowe knows a lady who with her child was attacked in the same way; her bosom was full of them, but she recovered. Myself once suffered five stings at once. An odd circumstance happened at Mr. Lamb's[1]—a wasp's nest was taken by the usual method of suffocation, and brought into the parlour to show the family. They went out to walk, and left it there. By the time they returned, the wasps were recovered, and they found them all flying about the room.

Dr. Hunter's Museum. I can borrow Carlisle's book.

Crimping. Pressing.

State of the poor. Laws of settlement.

Universities. The seminaries of our clergymen.

Excellent roads in England; their disadvantages not obvious. The servants who go to summerize in the country with their

[1] This was his early friend, H. P. Lamb, Esq. of Mountsfield Lodge, near Rye.—J. W. W.

masters, corrupt the women. An emulation of folly and extravagance is excited. The provisions are carried to the great towns, and thus rendered scarce and dear on the spot.

The Catholics' defence of relics, of ceremonious worship, of regulated convents, of purgatory, of a cheerful Sunday. Prayers for the dead, do they not produce a good effect upon the living?

Protestant absolution.

The English have no business to abuse Spanish oppressions and cruelty. The East Indies. The West. The scalping in America. Ireland. Never let them abuse Alva. Besides, English atrocities have been always perpetrated by petty rascals; there has been nothing to counterbalance it in their character, as in Cortes—even in Pizarro. Wyoming. Glencoe.

The remarkable instance of honour in the Spanish prisoner, in Richard II.'s reign.

Fox-hunting.

Stone the plumbs. If this were a dead language, said a Frenchman to me,—what would an antiquarian make of that phrase?

"WHAT is thy disease—a consumption? indeed a certain messenger of death; but know, that of all the bayliffs sent to arrest us for the debt of nature, none useth his prisoners with more civility and courtesie." —FULLER. *Sermon—Life out of Death.*

MEMORANDUM.—Dr. Fothergill intended to leave "a pretty large collection of Quaker Tracts to the Meeting to which he then belonged, in Peter's Court, Westminster."—NICHOLS'S *Anecdotes.*

ESPRIELLA.[1]

SOME empiric chirurgians in Scotland take a journey to the Picts Wall the beginning of every summer; to gather vulnerary plants, which they say grow plentifully there, and are very effectual, being sown and planted by the Romans for chirurgical uses.—R. B. *Adm. Curios.*

GONDOMAR bade a Spanish post who was returning to his own country remember him to the sun, for it was a long time since he had seen him here, and he would be sure to find him in Spain.—R. B.

FANATICS at Newbury.—*Adm. Curios.*, p. 12.

GARSTANG.—*Cyclopædia.*

"REGNUM Diabolorum," was a phrase applied to England, and common in unconsidering foreigners' mouths.—*Preface to* MOLESWORTH'S *Account of Denmark.*

LONDON consumes butcher's-meat to the amount of seven millions sterling annually.

A CALF fed for the London market is said to consume as much milk as would make a hundred weight of cheese.

THERE is a Committee of Art or of Taste who decide upon the designs sent in for public monuments. The best artists will not enter into such a competition, very properly not chusing to trust their reputation to the opinion of men whom they may not deem competent judges. An inferior one will send in several designs, speculating upon the doctrine of chances, and the speculation answers. There is a monument to Captain ——, in St. Paul's, of which the history is this. Ross sent in several designs. The Committee pitched upon one, which was not the best; fixed upon one figure, also not the best of the design which they had chosen; and then desired him to put just such another figure on the other side,—so then they are like an admiral's two supporters!

MRS. WILSON[2] remembers the time when

[1] It is not necessary to note what is worked up in the Letters referred to.—J. W. W.

[2] The kind friend of the children before mentioned.—J. W. W.

the people of this place did not know what an almanack was. She knew the parties. Two men at work were accosted by an acquaintance, who told them he was going to Kendal on purpose to see an almanack, which was to tell every thing about the weather. They desired him to let them know when he came back what sort of thing it was; and his account on his return was: — "Why, why,—I know not;—it maffles and talks: howsoever I'se been considering that Collop-Monday will be on a Tuesday next year."

If a man be found at work in the Christmas week in Kendal, his fellow-tradesmen lay violent hands on him, and carry him on a pole to the alehouse, where he is to treat them.

Croker told me that some of his countrymen brought a man before the magistrate for murder, because one with whom he had quarrelled and fought, died in the course of the same evening. It appeared upon enquiry that the deceased had complained of a pain in his bowels, and that they to relieve him had determined upon spreading the gripe. The way this was effected was by laying the patient on his back, and then putting a plank on his belly upon which all the company stood and jumped.

Palm Soap,—which Patey, Butts and Co. recently removed from Ball-Alley, Lombard Street, to No. 12, Three Kings Court, in the same street, think it an indispensable part of "their duty to inform their friends and the public that they have brought this preparation to the utmost zenith of excellence. It is manufactured wholly from Palm Oil,—which is so vinous and nutritious that the natives of Asia take it internally from choice."

William Hutchinson, when he was in Rome, skaited on the Tyber, to the great astonishment of the Romans.

Turner knew a Londoner who had kept a retail spirit-shop, and retired into the adjoining county when he had made a fortune, to enjoy himself. This man used to amuse himself by having one puncheon filled with water, and measuring it off by pints into another.

He knew another retired cit who used every day to angle in his round wash-hand-basin sized fish-pond for gold-fish. One fish he knew, because it had once lost its eye in being caught,—and he used to say, "Curse that fellow, this is the fifth, sixth, &c. time that I have caught him this season." It used to provoke him.

At Bishop's Middleham a man died with the reputation of a water-drinker; and it was discovered that he had killed himself by secret drunkenness. There was a Roman Catholic hiding-place in the house, the entrance to which was from his bed-room; he converted it into a cellar; and the quantity of brandy which he had consumed was ascertained.

Valentine's Day. Two hundred and fifty valentines delivered at Keswick from the post-office, 1813. The post-woman is given their produce as a gratuity, (they are one penny each), and last year she received fifty shillings. In London they are said to double the receipt of the twopenny post on that day. Long Nanny,[1] the postwoman, has a whole box-full, which were either directed to persons who have left Keswick, or were refused to be taken in.

Of the Arundel marbles, many were stolen while they lay at Arundel House in the Strand, or cut and worked up by masons. Theobald cut some into slabs for his house at Lambeth, and converted part of a column into a roller for his country house in Berkshire. A colossal Apollo (whose head is at Oxford) and an entire small obelisk, are said

[1] This was the post-woman of the day, as might easily be inferred.—J. W. W.

to be buried under the houses in Arundel Street. The upper part of the Parian Chronicle, containing forty-five lines, is believed to have been worked up in repairing a chimney.

Sir Hildebrand Jacob had a pleasant mode of travelling in the earlier part of his life (1735). As soon as the road became tolerably good, and the fine weather began to set in, he and his man set off with a portmanteau, and without knowing whither they were going. Towards evening, when they came to a village, they inquired if the great man loved books, and had a good library: and if the answer was in the affirmative, Sir Hildebrand sent his compliments, that he was come to see him; and then he used to stay till he was disposed to move farther. In this manner he travelled through the greatest part of England, scarcely ever sleeping at an inn unless when town or village did not afford one person civilized enough to be glad to see a gentleman and a scholar."—Nichols's *Anecdotes.*

The appointment of the four canon residentiaries of York Cathedral is in the gift of the dean, who is obliged by statute to give the vacant canonry to the first man he sees after the vacancy capable of taking it.—*Ibid.*

The day after Mr. Robins's murderer was hanged near Stourbridge, a noted party of plunderers assembled under his gibbet, and drank his health! The first Sunday, more than 100,000 persons came to see him hanging in chains; and a kind of wake continued for some weeks for ale and gingerbread, &c. "For the information of Rosanna, who is sadly disconcerted at remaining in ignorance of what all the country knows but herself, I have made a drawing of the scene; but I am sorry to say she would rather see the original." Rosanna is an old servant, too old to go six miles to see the sight.

At Farlam, near Naworth Castle, was this epitaph:

"John Bell of Brekenbrow ligs under this stean,
Four of mine een sons laid it on my weam.[1]
I liv'd all my days but [without] shirt or strife,
I was man of my meat, and master of my wife.
If thou'st done better in thy time than I have done in mine,
Take the stean off o' my weam, and lay it upon thine."

Mr. Beaupre Bell sent to the Antiquarian Society a Latin version, which is truly a masterpiece of mistranslation,—that is, of that sort of translation which effectually destroys the life, spirit, and essence of an original.

"Ipse Caledoniis Bellus bene notus in oris
Mole sub hâc, nati quam posuere, cubo.
Mensa parata mihi, mihi semper amabilis uxor,
Et placidæ noctes, et sine lite dies.
Heus, bone vir! siquid fecisti rectius istis,
Hoc marmor tibi do quod tegat ossa libens."

There is in the Bodleian a tract describing "The most dangerous and memorable adventure of Richard Ferris, one of the five ordinary messengers of her Majesty's chamber, who departed from Tower Wharf on Midsummer day last past, with Andrew Hill and William Thomas, who undertook in a small wherry boat to row by sea to the city of Bristowe, and are now safely returned." Upon accomplishment of this voyage, "The mayor of Bristow, with his brethren the aldermen, came to the waterside, and welcomed us most lovingly, and the people came in great multitudes to see us, in so much as, by the consent of the magistrates, they took our boat from us, not suffering us once

[1] *Stick him i' t' weam*, is a common expression in Cumberland. The etymology of the word is the same as that of *Womb.* Iceland. *Vömb.* Dan. *Vom.* See Schilter's *Thesaur.* in v. *Wamba*, Junii *Gloss. in Evangel.* Vers. Goth. and Kiliana in v. *Wambeys.*—J. W. W.

to meddle with it, in respect that we were all extreame weary, and carried our said boat to the high cross in the city; from thence it was convayed to the Town House, there locked safe all night. And on the next morning the people of the city gathered themselves together, and had prepared trumpets, drums, fyfes, and ensigns, to go before the boat, which was carried upon men's shoulders round about the city, with the waites of the said city, playing orderly in honour of our rare and dangerous attempt atchieved. Afterwards we were had to Maister Maior's, to the aldermen and sheriffs' houses, where we were feasted most royally, and spared for no cost at the time that we remained there."—*British Bibliographer*, vol. ii. p. 552.

When the Sunderlins were on Mont Anver (?), passing the day at Blairs Tower (?) to see the Mer de Glace, up came Lord Paget, the Marquis of Worcester, and his brother, Lord C. Somerset, in dresses made for the excursion. They looked at the glacier, agreed nem. con. that it was "damn'd curious," turned on their heels, and walked down again."

There were in the room of an officer at an inn at Durham, twenty-four pair of boots, twelve pair of shoes, and four pair of slippers.

At Leyburn I saw written up over a shop, "Bride cakes and funeral biscuits."

At Bentham, a village on the road from Settle to Lancaster, "Leeches sold here," at the bakers and pastry cooks.

A dog at Congreve went regularly every Sunday to Penkridge church, during a whole year that the church was under repair, and if he could get in, past the proper time in the family pew.

A man who held his head remarkably high, walked against one who was hurrying along, and knocked him down. The other got up and coolly said, "Who the devil sent you to London without a martingale?"

£100 was sent to a Mr. Averell in Ireland, anonymously, to be laid out according to his judgment among the poorest missionaries who instructed the people in Irish. It came from a Quaker, by the language. Averell, who had been pestered with anonymous letters, not knowing the hand, refused to take it in. It was returned to the Dead Letter Office, and being in due time opened there, was again returned to him.

None but the wearer can tell where the shoe pinches, says the proverb. In like manner, none else can tell where it *fits*.

The age of puberty is the dangerous age in colonies as well as in individuals.

It is a good anecdote of histrionic feeling that Booth hated Cato the most of all the Romans.—Aaron Hill, vol. ii. p. 364.

George Smith Green, a watchmaker at Oxford, published, somewhere about 1750-60, a specimen of a new version of Paradise Lost, into blank verse (?), "by which that amazing work is brought somewhat nearer the summit of perfection."

Locusts, why so numerous? Other creatures lay as many eggs, and yet do not multiply to the annoyance of mankind. Is the *link* destroyed that should have checked them?

The blood of the Jews, like that of the Goths, is a strong blood. For wherever there is a cross of it, the cast of the Mosaic features predominates.

Johnson once heard a fisherman who was skinning an eel, curse it because it would not lie still. He noticed it as a striking instance of human insensibility and inconsideration.

* Johnson tells a story of a man who was standing in an inn kitchen with his back to the fire, and thus accosted the person next him: "Do you know, Sir, who I am?"—"No, Sir," said the other, "I have not that advantage."—"Sir," said he, "I am the great Twalmley, who invented the new flood-gate iron,"—that is, the box-iron with the sliding door, or ironing box, flat heaters alone having till then been used, or possibly the box-iron with the door and bolt.

The cross by the wayside a memento, which, often as it is passed with indifference, must often excite a salutary thought; and he who condemns it as a superstitious memorial, would do well to examine whether there is not in his own frame of mind more of sectarianism than of Christianity.

"The heathens," says South, "attributed a kind of divinity or godhead to springs, because of that continual inexhaustible emanation from them, resembling a kind of infinity."—Vol. ii. p. 539.

Our common laurel was first brought into the Low Countries, 1576, (together with the horse-chesnut) from Constantinople, as a present from David Unguad, the Imperial ambassador in Turkey, to Clusius the botanist. It was sent to him by the name of Trabison-Curmasi, i. e. the Date of Trebisond, but he named it Lauro-Cerasus.—Mason, *Note to the English Garden.*

Josiah Conder knew a man who began to doubt the Scripture in general, because he did not think it possible that Nebuchadnezzar could have lived seven years upon grass. And to ascertain this point, he set about grazing himself, and persevered in it, by his own account, a whole week,—which was six days longer than Edward Williams,—but then the bard's was only a politico-economical experiment. How it agreed with his digestion, I did not learn, but his doubts were satisfied, and he became from that time a zealous professor.

Josiah Conder once heard Huntington the S.S. in the pulpit examine St. Paul and St. James concerning their imputed difference of doctrine. "My dear Paul," he said, "and my dear James," and so carried on the imaginary dialogue in a colloquial and familiar style, suited to his congregation, but never bordering upon vulgarity. At last the examiner brought St. James to a point which gave him occasion to exclaim, "Why you are of the same opinion as Paul after all!"—"To be sure I am," replied James; "the only difference is, that we were speaking to different persons, under different circumstances."

In 1815 I saw written on the walls in London, "God save Napoleon! No imposing kings by a foreign army!"—"No commissioners of hackney coaches!" in another place.

Among the odd things in the streets at that time, was an eagle at the corner of Pall Mall and St. James's Street,—a beggar walking with a ship on his head,—and another mendicant without legs or thighs, drawn in a low cart by two dogs abreast,—and a monkey playing upon a tambourine.

1815. Waterloo gown pieces,—in which the word made the pattern, or the pattern (rather) the word.

* Wellington door-knocker, designed by Bray, ironmonger, of Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square, claims the attention of the nobility and gentry, as well deserving notice, by bearing a public tribute of respect to the hero of Waterloo.

I hear of a goose feeder, who has made a large fortune.

Among the carriages which are going out to Hayti, according to order, is one for some duke who has chosen two hyenas for his supporters.

* All the Anecdotes I have marked with an asterisk have been used up either in *Espriella's Letters*, or *The Doctor*, &c.—J. W. W.

Anecdotes for the Letters.

* I DINED with a Vital Christianity Parson, a fellow whose face was wrinkled into one everlasting smile. He said he had been expending all his money in charity and religious purposes. He explained this to mean erecting an organ in his chapel at London.—"And I shall think myself badly off, if it does not bring me in fifty per cent." Sittings are hired in these chapels, and where there is the best music there is there most custom.

* MR. SEVERNE was told by one of his parishioners, that the fairy rings were made by the Fairies, that the Fairies were never seen now, but they used to be seen in the olden times—in the times of the scriptures. "Nay," said Mr. Severne, "you never read of them in the scriptures." "Oh, yes you do, Sir. I hear you read of them almost every Sunday — of the Scribes and the *Pharisees*."

* MR. HOBLYN said that many of his parishioners he never heard of but when they came up to be buried.

AT Falmouth the Sexton found coal in digging a grave; he concluded it must be a mine, and ran with the news and the specimen to the clergyman. The surgeon explained it, they had stolen a French prisoner who died, and filled his coffin with coal that the bearers might not discover its emptiness.

* AT Falmouth the clergyman was desired to bury a man. "Why, John," said he to the sexton, we buried this very man ten years ago." They referred to the register and found it so, a mock funeral had been made for him that his relations might receive his rents.

MERTHYR TYDVIL. When the forge-men want a day's drinking they find out that the Devil has appeared to one of them, in consequence of which nobody will venture to the forge the next day. A master found these visits of his Satanic Majesty so frequent and so troublesome, that at last he declared he would turn off the first man who should see the Devil. One fellow saw the ghost of a waggon with a great light in it, in a place where no mortal waggon could have got.

A WELSHMAN here had 500 tobacco-boxes made at Birmingham with this inscription in Welsh, "He is an Englishman, take care of him." The man had been cheated by an Englishman.

THERE are several weddings there every Sunday. The bridegroom leads the bride by a pocket-handkerchief to church, preceded by a harper. At a funeral there are always several hundred followers.

A MADMAN was conveyed from Rye to Bedlam. They slept in the Borough, and he suspected whither they were taking him. He rose before sun-rise —went to Bedlam —and told the keepers there that the next day he should bring him a patient, "but that in order to lead him willingly he had been persuaded that I am mad, accordingly I shall come as the madman. He will be very outrageous when you seize him, but you must clap on a strait waistcoat." Accordingly the sane man was imprisoned and the lunatic returned home. He entered a room full of his relations and friends, told the story with exceeding glee, and immediately relapsed into his madness. The other man had a strait waistcoat for about four days before he was exchanged.

AT Merthyr, Danvers used a plaister poll-parrot for an extinguisher.

THE Pool smugglers who were hung for the most cruel murder I remember to have read of, told the judge, who dwelt upon the guilt of murder, that "nobody could have a greater abhorrence of murder than

they had: they had only killed some Custom House officers."

At Tunbridge, while the Sexton was showing me the church, somebody brought him the news of a townsman's death. "Is he dead? is he dead at last? thank God for it! it's the best piece of news I've heard this many a day." He was asked why he was so glad at the man's death? "Why" he replied, "he has left me five shillings on condition that I bury him in a particular corner of the church-yard."

Going from Abergavenny we entered into conversation with a well dressed man in one of the most delightful spots I had ever seen. We were on the edge of a wooded glen, a mountain stream in its bottom—the Brecknock mountains in view. "Here" said he, "is the finest spot in the kingdom to settle—such a situation!—water at command—a canal near—and a railroad to bring coals to the door." The fellow's whole idea of a fine situation was to establish a manufactory.

Wilkins the clergyman at Pill sent to a poor man for his Easter dues. They amounted to two shillings. The man returned for answer that he "could not then pay the money, but on the Saturday next he should *have* his pay and would bring it." The poor fellow had offended a servant who had influence over his master, Wilkins, and prevailed upon him to put him in the Bishops' Court. Here the fees and expences daily increased, and when Saturday came, amounted to a sum which he could not pay. He was arrested and carried to Ivelchester: it was a cold season—he lay upon straw in the prison—he was seventy-eight—died there, and was buried in the grave with a felon who had been hanged. Mr. Kift related this at Danverses this evening. He had ascertained the facts. June 26, 1799.—Smart, the man's name, a tyler, the debt was two shillings, the law charges £30, and more, he ran away and was taken on venturing to see his wife. His wife was seventy-four.[1]

Walking from Sapey to Ledbury with Edmund Seward, he pointed out a cottage on a common. The cottager had planted two apple trees before his door on the common, to him important in value as furnishing him with cyder. The manor came to a clergyman, and he went with a man to cut down the trees.

* Returning to Brixton I saw two instances of English credulity. A woman was shown for a wild Indian. I heard her singing in a true cracked St. Gileses voice. A child was shown as the most surprizing large child that ever was seen: 'twas a four years body, backward in mind, exhibited for one of eighteen months forward in body.

* At Bristol I saw a shaved monkey shown for a fairy; and a shaved bear, in a check waistcoat and trowsers, sitting in a great chair as an Ethiopian savage.[2] This was the most cruel fraud I ever saw. The unnatural position of the beast, and the damnable brutality of the woman-keeper who sat upon his knee, put her arm round his neck, called him husband and sweet-heart, and kissed him, made it the most disgusting spectacle I ever witnessed. Cottle was with me.

My father's Aunt Hannah had a life-hold estate, held at last upon the life of one labouring man. This fellow found out the importance of his life, and never would strike a stroke of work afterwards—he run up a bill at the alehouse—then away went his wife to Aunt Hannah—her husband

[1] The latter paragraph is of more recent date,—but not much. I may note here, that in Southey's early MSS. he wrote "Danverses," and "Gileses," &c. unmodernized.

[2] I saw the like disgusting exhibition in Wolverhampton about the year 1817. The poor beast was then called, as I well recollect, the Polo Savage.—J. W. W.

would be arrested — there was a bad fever in the prison, &c. The poor woman was thus perpetually harassed till the fellow died at last, and she was left destitute and dependant.

*Dr. Graham. I saw this half-knave, half-enthusiast twice: at one time he was buried up to the neck in earth in the midst of his patients; at another, sitting up to the chin in warm mud, with his hair in full pigeon-wing dress. As he was haranguing upon the excellent health he enjoyed from the use of earth-bathing, I asked him why he was then in the mud-bath if he wanted no relief? it puzzled him why — he said, — "Why — it was — it was — to show people that it did no harm — that it was quite innocent — that it was very agreeable — and — it gives me a skin as soft as the feathers of Venuses doves." A farmer once emptied a watering pot upon his head when he was buried, "to make him grow" he said. Latterly Graham was an evident enthusiast — he would madden himself with opium — rush into the streets, and strip himself to clothe the first beggar he met; but the electrical bed was the infamous pandarism of a scoundrel. He lived upon vegetables, and perpetually declaimed against making the stomach the grave, the charnel house of slaughtered bodies: in one of his pamphlets there is a page of epithets for wheat.

*In 1797 there was a fellow, an old man, who professed himself to be the Wandering Jew. He did not adhere to the legend, but laid claim to higher antiquity; he had "been with Noah in the ark" he said, "and received from the he-goat a blow on the forehead" of which the scar still remained. Some person asked him what country he preferred of all that he had visited? he answered, "Spain." The questioner remarked that that was singular as he was a Jew. "God bless you," replied the ready rogue, — "it was long before Christianity that I was in Spain, and I shall not go there again till it is all over." Mr. Sloper told me these circumstances on the faith of the person who asked him this question.

*There is actually now in Bond-street a man who teaches gentlemen for half a guinea to tie their cravatts! Many persons can remember a man who went in his own carriage to dress sallads at the same price.

*At Royston in 1793, I saw a hand-bill announcing that a man whose name I do not remember, would give his annual dinner, on a specified day, where every person should be welcome. I learnt that he believed himself wrongfully kept out of a large estate: that he worked at some day labour, and lived very frugally the whole year, to spend his collected savings in this way, on his birthday every year, at an inn upon the estate which he claimed. — In my childhood there was a man at Bristol possessed with the same idea. He had vowed never to wash himself, or put on clean linen, or comb his hair, cut his nails or shave till he had recovered his right. He kept the vow and died in his dirt: they called him black John.

The Christ Church Smugglers say when a drowned comrade is enquired for, "he's on the other side the water."

The mother of Pat who nursed me lived in service at London, in 1745. It was near Tower Hill, and on the day that some of the rebel lords were executed she was sent for beer to a pot house in that neighbourhood. While she was there a man brought in some liver, which he gave to be drest, affirming with bitter curses that it was the liver of one of the rebels. How have such stories been circulated against the French, as if the mad brutality of an individual characterized his nation! — But this was probably the lie of a brutal bravo.

One day in 1795, when Coleridge and I were dining at the ordinary at the Ship, Small-street, Bristol, we heard a loud quar-

rel between the stable-boy, and young Hanmer the grocer next door. A lady had lost a "curious" pigeon, and employed Hanmer to get it cried and pay a reward of five shillings if it was recovered. The stable-boy had a hawk which he carried to the bell-man—the bell-man looked—"God bless my soul! it is a curious pigeon!"—and away they went to Hanmer.—"Well! this is the most curious pigeon I ever saw! I don't wonder the lady offered five shillings for it,"—and he pays the stable-boy the reward. The lady however knew a hawk from a pigeon—and Hanmer was now come to abuse the stable-boy for a rogue and recover the money—which he had wisely spent.

*When Mrs. Danvers lived at Cirencester a fellow showed for a penny the fork that belonged to the knife with which Margaret Nicholson attempted to kill the king.

Near Rownham I once met two men, who were carefully lifting a square box over a stile. I asked them what was in it? they told me "the little woman," whom they were carrying to show some lady at the Wells. They carried it with short poles like a little sedan something, and gimlet holes were the only air avenues: for the people would have seen her for nothing had there been a window!

Copied from the original. It is in Miss Barker's possession and was sent to her uncle's house near Llandaff.

A messenger and inviter I am to the landlord and landlady of the house, and the rest of the family, as they arise and sleep, them that likes the journey, to the wedding of David Rees, millman at Cyfarthfa, and Gwenny Davies, servant maid at Richard Crawshays Esq., against Saturday the 14th of May, she come out of her own house where they goes to live in burch grove, and he comes out of the next door, to Merthyr church to be married, and back to their own house to enjoy the wedding. There will be meat and drink and all other attendance such as they can afford; it shall be ready for you, not for you to take it an excuse further that you should not be invited to the bride or the bridegroom separately. I do invite you for them both, and you go to which you please. There will be two musicks to divert while you are at meat, and to divert you to dance as long as you chuse to stay after meat: if you don't chuse to dance, you shall have pipes and tobacco to divert you, with ale, either plain ale or sweet ale only acquaint the waiter. There will be a large box of snuff to wait on you if you chuse to take a pinch.

The musicians are David James, harper, and Wm. Jones, fidler.

And Henry Morgan is the Inviter.[1]

Joseph White of Poole was an uncommonly wealthy merchant. His will was very extraordinary. He left each of his ships to the captain who commanded it for seven years, after which they were to return them in good condition to his brother. His brother was to use them with the rest of his fortune seven years—at the end of the fourteen Joseph expected to return to life and reclaim his property.—A sailor in one of his vessels heard on his arrival, of his employer's death and was affected. Howbeit, land, air, and an alehouse abated his feelings—they operated singularly—he went to the merchant's grave—and lay down upon it—"Joe," said he, "Joe—Joe White—what—no answer?—not a word to an old servant!—here, Joe—change me a shilling"—and he threw one upon the grave. "No answer—Ah poor Joe—such a rich fellow—and now canst not give change for a shilling!———" Captain Stokes, whom I met at Faro, and who told me this, was once when a boatswain with a very wicked

[1] The reader should refer to the notes on "Bride-Ale," in Sir H. Ellis's edition of Brand's *Popular Antiquities*. In my younger days these things were common in North Wales, as I dare say they are now.—J. W. W.

captain. One night, in calm weather, the helmsman came to him,—"Boatswain" said he, "I wish I was out of this ship. Just now there came a boat along side with only one man in it—and he went round the vessel 'under the cabin window—and then they disappeared: but the captain directly came up storming and cursing like a mad man." This fellow shocked his whole crew—he used to look up to heaven, and curse the sky and the sun and moon and stars.

Stokes was most amusingly superstitious. He said many ships were haunted, and sailors who knew their character would not embark in them. A captain told him that his mate at daybreak called him, to say three vessels were in sight. After some time he came down again—he did not know what to make of the vessels—whether they were French or English—they vere 'em on—and he was coming up to them. At eight in the morning he again roused the captain—they were close and in danger—they were three pinnacle rocks like the Eddystone. It was between the Azores and Cape St. Vincent. Stokes sailed in that course as near as possible to look for them—but in vain.

A NAVY surgeon loved to prescribe salt water. He fell overboard one day: "Zounds, Will," says a sailor, "there's the doctor tumbled into his own medicine chest."

"DAMN the French!" said an Irish sailor, "they are such ignorant rascals!—here now," and he took off his hat and pointed to it: "What do you think they call this that I have in my hand?" "That!—why a hat I suppose." "No—damn their eyes—they call it a chapeau!"

A MAN advertises an Infirmary for dogs—single dogs taken in to board and nurse at half a guinea per week.

GREAT reputation of Señor Joseph Miller for wit.

THE prospectus for the Beauties of Sentiment says that the Extracts are always complete sense—and not very long.

HYMN after Sore Eyes. Price 6*d.* 1759.

I NEXT with rapture view'd the meadow round
Which I—an oblique plain triangle found.
JOHN LEWIS, *Schoolmaster of Syston. London Mag.* 1759.

IN the Lady's Diary 17.., all the ladies' last years rebus's are answered by ——, in an Elegy on his Father's Death.

* A WOMAN in Herefordshire bakes two cakes annually on Good Friday, and lays them by.[1] People come far and near for the crumbs of these cakes to cure diarrhœa. Faith says they never mould—and never fail as a remedy.

*A MAN in the Strand advertises that he will contract with any person who will send him game from France, Norway or Russia!

* THE female Esquimaux when she stood under the dome of St. Paul's, knowing it to be a temple, was imprest with the strongest awe, and leant upon the gentleman who took her, as though she were sinking. At last she asked, "Did man make it—or was it put here?" Major Cartwright told me this.

IT is a trade to write advertisements. A fellow wrote to Duppa, who he observed, had not leisure to attend to the science. It was his profession: he wrote four for half-a-guinea. Another fellow called upon him, said he was intimate with the nobility and could serve his work. "I suppose, Sir, you allow centage." Dr. Thornton had ac-

[1] This Paschal Loaf is still common in Sussex, and, I dare say, in Herefordshire. It is renewed each year; and the remarkable point is, that many superstitiously keep it who cannot be persuaded to communicate.—J. W. W.

cepted this rascal's offer, who received above £100 for him—and kept it all:—this was his centage.

* A FELLOW exhibited a dragon-fly under a magnifier at a country fair—as the great High German Heiter Keiter.

THE officers of a regiment quartered at Christ Church had offended the town's people and were left to their own society. They made their band play in the mess room from dinner till supper time as a substitute for conversation.

* A WOMAN who begged of Mrs. Somerville told her she had been one of my Lady's groaners—she had been hired to groan at the Huntingdon Chapel.

* SAID a Frenchman, "What a vile language is yours, where the same word, and pronounced in the same way, shall mean three different things—there is ship, *un viasseau*—ship (sheep) *mouton*—and ship (cheap) *bon marché*."

THREE Bishops are necessary to consecrate one; but only two retained their sees at the Revolution and took the oaths. How to replenish their number?—they caught a Franciscan who was bishop of Babylon and him they cajoled and terrified and reasoned into compliance. These three consecrated another—and then they went on merrily.[1]

* WHEN Kosciusko was at Bristol, 1797, a present was made him of plate, and every one was desirous of showing him some mark of respect. Burge, the pastry-cook made him a large plumb cake, for his voyage to America, and inscribed on it in coloured carroways "To the gallant K." This he carried himself, and requested to see the General. They told him the General was ill, fatigued with visitors and lying down, so that he could not see him. "No, no," said the old man, "I know the General wont be angry—go along and shew me the room." When he entered and saw the Pole so pale and emaciated with his wounds—the poor fellow burst into tears, laid down his cake, and ran out of the room.

CHURCH government among the Methodists.—The minister removable by a synod at London, and never suffered to remain long enough in a place to attach the congregation to himself, and so become independent.

IN the Ebenezer at Bristol notice is given if a servant who is of the congregation wants a place.

WHAT is the difference between a Baptist and an Anabaptist? "Exactly the same," said Sir John Danvers, "as between a Whiskey and a Tim Whiskey."

THE sailors of Plymouth say, that if they are married at Stoke it holds good for a month, at Stonehouse chapel for a year, but at the old church for life.

POCOCK, the schoolmaster, by S. Michael's churchyard, has a machine to punish the boys, which they call the royal patent self-acting ferule.

SAYERS the schoolmaster put arms into his boys' hands, and had them exercised during the "alarm." They were taught that they ought to resist their natural enemies, and by an easy and obvious logic discovered that their natural enemies were the master and usher, whom they accordingly resolved to shoot. Some accident discovered the plan, and prevented murder; but it was necessary to call in the military to reduce them. This was hushed up, so many families of consequence here were concerned in it.

"WHAT is become of your dog, Sir John?" said a friend to Sir John Danvers.

[1] This is supposed to be the remark of Espriella,—a Roman Catholic.—J. W. W.

"Gone to heaven," was the answer. "Then, Sir John, he has often followed you, and I hope now you will follow him."

COARSE allegories of our common and popular prints.

"Keep within compass and you shall be sure
To avoid many evils which others endure."

The half-man half-skeleton prints. The tree of life and its companion. The last picture, where the devil catches a fellow by his tail.

A SERVANT informed her mistress she was going to be married. "Very well; and what trade is your husband?" "He is an asker." "An asker?" "Vulgarly called a beggar, ma'am." "And do you think to live?" "Oh, ma'am, he gets five shillings a day, and I expect to get as much."

MRS. DANVERS was once hiring a servant, and the fellow, when they had almost agreed on wages, asked if it was pinch or plain? "What do you mean?" "Why, ma'am, if it is pinch, I find wax candles and Scotch coals for company."

MRS. PARNELL advises us to let Margaret kiss every black woman whom she meets, to make her cut her teeth easily, she has known it tried.

Say the sailors, "A messmate before a shipmate, a shipmate before a stranger, a stranger before a dog, and a dog before a soldier."

MANY women would not upon any account cut a child's nails till he is a year old.

Two Bristol men bought a lottery ticket between them, which the one took with him on his journey to London. A woman of the town was his fellow-traveller in the two day coach, and being short of money he gave her the ticket. It was drawn a £10,000 prize, and he had the half to pay his partner. This is a well known fact.

WHEN Edward Williams kept a bookseller's shop at Cowbridge, his seditious celebrity soon spread abroad. His circulating catalogue was indeed curious, the Reflections on the French Revolution were entered as the Gospel according to St. Burke; and a collection of Jacobinical pamphlets as Directions for Duck-milking, a title which made all the Welsh farmers send for the book. A son of Alderman Curtis resolved to punish the honest old bard, and went in to ask for the Gospel according to St. Burke. The book was out, but Williams had a new copy, which he offered. "No," said Curtis, "this is Burke's Reflections, and what I want is the Gospel according to St. Burke." "Indeed, sir," said Williams, "it is the same book." Curtis said he was going out of town, and had not time to read it. The poor Welchman offered to lend it him for some days. At this time a man who was the spy of government, self-elected to the office in that town, came in, "By God, Curtis, we will have it!" and "By God, Mr. Spy," said Polo, "you shall not." Curtis was now looking every where for some sin against government, and his eye caught a book labelled Rights of Man. "What's the price of this?" "Five shillings." He threw down the money. This shall go to Billy Pitt, and he shook it in triumph at the bard. But when he opened the book, his countenance changed, and he exclaimed, "Damn the rascal—the Bible, by God!"

Poor Williams angrily refused a pension from some wealthy brothers in the West Indies, because he would not partake of the gains made by slavery.

His toast was, "The three securities of liberty. All Kings in hell; the door locked; the key lost."

TELL her in the words of the romance,

* "Que no quiero amores
En Inglaterra,

Pues otros mejores
Tengo yo en mi tierra."

Quote this too at the end of a home sick letter:

* " ¡ Ay Dios de mi alma!
Saqueisme de aqui,
¡ Ay! que Inglaterra
Ya no es para mi."

" WELL, Mary," said my uncle to an old woman, " the King of Prussia's dead." " Hm—hm!" said the old woman, " Is-a, is-a! the King of Prussia! and who's he?"

POOR old Mrs. Poole had been reading the newspaper just at the time when Bonaparte had escaped from Egypt, and was beginning his career in France, to the astonishment of all Europe. " My dear," said she to her son, " who is this Dr. Solomon that all the world's talking about?" She was an invalid, and the balm of Gilead was more to her than a dozen revolutions.

A LIST of all the volunteers in the Tower. A list of the subscribers to Boydell's Shakespeare in a large vellum volume, every subscriber having the privilege of writing his name with his own hand, that his autograph, as well as his name, may be immortalized, the king at the head.

* COLLECTORS.—The collection of halters wherewith men have been executed. Of engraved title pages. Of odd names. Of visiting cards.

* SUPERIOR London picked particular East India Madeira.

AT Gretna Green, Thomas Wallace, aged 78 years (a widower, whose wife departed this life the 25th ult.) to Elizabeth Jobling, widow, aged 59. They are both paupers in Tanfield workhouse, and on account of their marriage being prohibited at Tanfield, they set off and begged their way to Gretna." — *Cumberland Packet*, August 26, 1806.

ON St. Stephen's day in Wales, every body is privileged to whip another person's legs with holly; and this is often reciprocally done till the blood streams down.

SERVANTS in America object to answering a bell; they hold it unfit that Christians should be spoken to with a tongue of metal. Stamping is the usual way of calling them, or knocking. A gentleman having company rung the bell (having one in the room as a fit piece of furniture). He rang repeatedly; at last the servant came up, opened the door, put his head in and cried, the more you ring, the more I wont come.

WHEN Paley first went to Cambridge, he fell into a society of young men far richer than himself, to whom his talents and conviviality made him an acceptable companion, and he was in a fair way for ruin. One morning one of these comrades came into his bedroom before he was up, and he, as usual, thought it was to propose some plan of pleasure for the day. His friend, however, said, " Paley, I have not slept a wink this night for thinking of you. I am, as you know, heir to such a fortune, and whether I ever look in a book at Cambridge or not does not signify a farthing. But this is not the case with you, you have only your abilities to look to, and no man has better, if you do but make the proper use of them. But if you go on this way you are ruined; and from this time forward I am determined not to associate with you, for your own sake. You know I like your company, and it is a great sacrifice to give it up, but give it up I will, as a matter of conscience." Paley lay in bed the whole day, ruminating upon this. In the evening he rose and took his tea, ordered his bedmaker to make his fire overnight, and call him at five in the morning; and from that day forward rose always at that hour; went out first wrangler, and became the fortunate man he was.

This he related to his intimate friend Mr. Sheepshanks; from him it came to Mr. Broome, and he told it me this evening, October 6, 1808.

THERE was a negro slave at Surinam whose language no negro in the colony understood, except one who had been a trader, and whose features were also cast in a different mould. He would not work, and was repeatedly punished for his refusal, after the cursed manner of the Dutch. He however explained his reason for refusing. He could not do it, for he was of a sacred order. And having heard in his own country that there were a sacred order of white men, wiser than their brethren, he travelled to the sea coast for the sake of seeing them, and acquiring knowledge. There he was kidnapped and sold to Surinam.

This man escaped and got to the wild negroes, among whom he soon became eminent. Two settlers, a Dutch and an Englishman, fell into their hands; they were about to be put to death, but he made a long speech in their favour (for he soon learnt the mixed language of the colony,) and dismissed them with an exhortation to show mercy as they had received mercy. He himself afterwards was made prisoner, and sentenced to a cruel death. He reminded the judges of what he had done for the two colonists, but no notice would have been taken of it if the Colonel of Spedding's regiment had not indignantly stepped forward and threatened to expose their injustice. The men were called upon; the Englishman refused to bear testimony in his favour, swearing he would see all the black b——s broiled before he would stir a step to save the life of one. The Dutchman came, and confirmed the truth of a story which was already well known. The negro's life therefore was spared, but he was chained to a post in the market-place or square, and a whip laid by him, with which every passer by might scourge him as a fellow who was lazy and refused to work.

Spedding one day saw one of his corporals stop to scourge him. He went up to the place, collared the wretch, took the whip, gave it to the sufferer, and bade him flog the rascal as long as he could stand. The man lifted the whip as if to strike, then threw it on the ground, saying, "Massa, it is better to be flogged than to flog."

From Spedding and from the Colonel Coleridge heard these circumstances, which I have written down immediately after hearing them.—May 26, 1810.

ADDINGTON chose for his title Lord Viscount Ralegh, of Combe (Budley Saltcombe, I suppose), in the county of Devon. Cobbett affirms this positively, and says, it is said the patent was actually made out in that name. He had a farm, or a house, or something formerly the property of Sir Walter there. There was a person, Cobbett adds, whose real name I forget, who was made a peer since the commencement of the Pitt administration, and who expressed a desire to be called Lord Agincourt!

HUNTINGDON *is* a rogue, and chuckles over the folly of the flock whom he fleeces. When he goes visiting, he carries the seat of his carriage full of his own books; after dinner or supper, he sends for it in, saying, "Now that the wants of the body are supplied, let us think of the soul. What are we in want of at present for ourselves or for others? Bank of Faith, or, &c.

Such fellows have their female jackalls or providers. One of these spiritual procuresses, near York, went to an old lady who had heard the new preacher. "Well, and how did she like Mr. * *, and did she feel comfortable after his discourse; was she benefitted; was she better for it? Why yes, the old lady hoped she was. Well, and what return did she think of making? How would she express her sense of gratitude? I assure you that if you send him a piece of cloth, or a box of moulds, Mr. * * is so good a Christian that he wont be offended at it. But do not send him a silver tea-pot, because he has seven already."

"BRING the tray, John." "Sir," said John, "I will *send* it." "Send it? I told

you to bring the tray." "Sir, I beg your pardon—but I belong to a club." "Belong to a club, sir, and what is that to me?" "Sir, I belong to a club, where we have all of us agreed never to *carry* any thing."

When the late[1] Lord Liverpool died, Toon, who is the family tailor, made the mourning. The servants came and desired him to make theirs of superfine cloth, which he refused to do, as an imposition upon his employer. They then ordered him to fasten the shoulder-knots so that they might be taken off and put on at pleasure. Honest old Toon had no patience with these fellows, and sewed them down firmly, after the old manner. However they got somebody to alter this to their taste,—the shoulder-knots were worn in the house; but when my gentlemen went out, they laid them aside, and walked the streets, gentlemen in mourning.

Berwick was omitted in the first income tax bill, and they escaped it the first year. A local joke of their neighbours was, that they were angry at it, as a mark of neglect.

Lt. Moneypenny, Miss Wood's grandfather, on being paid off, set out with a friend to visit Scotland, and went with that friend to pass a night at Bamborough, at an acquaintance of the companion. The daughter of his host hearing that the lieutenant would have milk for supper, brought him cream, and in consequence he never left Bamborough as long as he lived.

Machinery is dilated personification, as simile is expanded metaphor.

An English sailor at the Island of St. Michael's was attacked by a Spaniard, who twice cut his arm to the bone, above and below. "I got the rascal down," said he to the surgeon to his ship, "and knelt upon his breast with one knee, and I took a case of razors out of my pocket, and opened one of them. *The devil bid me cut his throat, but God would not let me.*"

This story is true. Fenner of the Prince Adolphus, Lisbon packet, told it from his own knowledge.

*A sailor went to a juggler's exhibition. There were to be fireworks, but they took fire with a quantity of gunpowder, and blew up the room. The sailor fell in a potatoe field, unhurt; he got up and shook himself —"Damn the fellow, I wonder what the devil he'll do next."

In Staffordshire arrow heads are very frequently found by the carpenters in cutting up oaks.

South Shields — immense hills of cinders and ashes heaped there from the salt pans. In 1795, some hot cinders being laid on these unpremeditatedly by a *salt* proprietor, set them on fire. Three persons who lived in houses built upon these hills were suffocated in their beds: others much injured, several houses demolished, and the hills, says Sir F. M. Eden, writing nearly two years afterwards, still continue to burn, and to emit a sulphurous smell.

At Worksop, £50,000 worth of bones are annually sold at 2*s.* 2*d.* per bushel. Impossible! what bones?

Adam Clarke's new heresy of the monkey.

"What is your mother?" said Mrs. C. to a boy who came begging one day. "She travels." "She travels! what is that?" "She lates.—? She asks.—? She begs." And thus the word was unkennelled at last.

The Javanese cocks, especially the bantams, are nearly as large as the Norfolk bustard—so false is it that our little feather-booted breed are bantams.

Bears for baiting *bred* near London.

[1] It must be recollected that this extract dates back to the year 1810.—J. W. W.

The rectory of Snoreham,[1] in Essex, contains only a single farm-house; there is no church belonging to the parish, but once a year service is performed under a tree.

Archy (Archibald Armstrong), Charles the First's fool, was born and died at Arthuret in this county,[2] having been banished for saying to Laud upon the news from Scotland, "Wheas feule now?"

At Newport in Monmouthshire, during the fair, the rabble take possession of the churchyard, and put every passer in the stocks who refuses to give them money.

The first (oldest) brass works in the kingdom, are those near Bristol. — *Cyc. Art. Metals.*

The Murex found at Minehead.—*Cycl.*

Tiffin's terms are 12*s.* 18*s.* or 24*s.* according to the nature of the furniture, but by the year he keeps you free for 3*s.*

Quainta.

Shingles on the back. The mushrooms that spring up in the devil-fairy-ring.

Impotent anger compared to a tiger with the tooth-ache.

A rock covered with lichens—as if Nature had white-limed it—or an army of crows volant.

Expectation wire-drawing time.

Rock-spring. A diabetes.

"Amonius Alexandrinus philosophus, Origenis preceptor, Asinum habuit sapientiæ auditorem."—*Officina Textoris*, 1532, p. 212.

Three books of practical use—

"A sober appeal to a Turk or Indian," in English, 1748.

"An Argument (published in 1682) proving the D. of Normandy made no absolute conquest of England."

"Asgill's Argument to prove Man may be translated to eternal Life, without passing through Death."[3]

A surgeon in the Medical writes thus of a poor little girl whom he attended in a case of hydrocephalus, whose head after her death he opened, "I was delighted with the beautiful appearance of the pia mater — it was the finest specimen of inflammation I had ever seen."

The Javanese blacken their teeth,—because monkeys' teeth are white.

Red hair pleases the Italian, and our climate hates it.—Sir G. Mackenzie.

Snow-drops are called in Suffolk, Fair maids of February.

Public Amusements.

Monopoly of the Theatres. Dialogue supplied by song or pantomime at Astley's, &c. the coarsest and clumsiest personifications. I saw Murder, and Rage, and Hatred, and Confusion walk in, each carried a paper upon a stick with his name printed in large characters. In came Peace, and they all ran away.

A Pantomime of the Seven Champions. The clown buys rhubarb and puts in a bottle of liquor, whereof he and his fellow fools drink, and the joke was to see them all make wry faces and run off one after another.

When any news has to be told,—for the subject is always the last great event—the taking the Bastile, the capture of Valenciennes, Death of Tippoo, Peace, &c.—a fellow brings in a great scroll and shows it to the audience.

Wynn saw a piece upon the King's recovery at Sadler's Wells. Minerva was drunk.

[1] "There is not a vestige of the church, and the inhabitants attend that of Latchingdon, with which place the parish is rated to the poor."—Lewis.

[2] i. e. Cumberland. "In the churchyard is a rude cross, with a pierced capital, near which were interred the remains of Archibald Armstrong."—*Ibid.* J. W. W.

[3] See *The Doctor*, &c. p. 446, &c. edit. in one volume.—J. W. W.

Britannia's lion ran off, King seized with the gripes, and Hygeia was taken ill upon the stage.

Master of the Ceremonies. Ball etiquette. All freedom destroyed.

Collections for New Series of Espriella's Letters.[1]

Newcastle Courant, 8 *June*, 1799.

Wooler, June 6, 1799.

"On Wednesday morning next, a pack of hounds will be at Hetton, another pack at West Newton, and another at North Middleton, for the purpose of hunting the dog which has lately destroyed so many sheep in this neighbourhood; when it is expected that all those who may have sheep killed by him on Tuesday (and Monday night) next, will give information at these places, as early as possible, and it is most earnestly requested that a great number of men with guns and horses may then be on the look out for him.

"A reward of twenty guineas will be paid to any person who may kill him (within thirty days from this time) on application to Mr. Nath. Duncan of this place.

"N. B. The dog is a large greyhound, with a very white neck and far fore-leg; some white about his face, breast, and tail-end; rather gray on the back, and a jet black in other parts of his body."

An immense concourse of people assembled to hunt this wild greyhound: he was started near Haslery Dean, but eluded his pursuers among the Cheviot Hills, and that very night returned to the place from whence he had been hunted in the morning, and worried a ewe and her lamb.

Newcastle Courant, Sept. 21.

"A few days ago a dog of a most destructive nature infested the fells of Caldbeck, Carrock, and High Pike, about sixteen miles south of Carlisle. Little doubt remains of its being the same dog which has been so injurious to the farmers in the northern parts of Northumberland, as no less than sixty sheep or upwards have fallen victims to its ferocity. It was thought proper to lose no time in attempting to destroy it, and Tuesday last was fixed upon. Sir H. Fletcher, bart. of Clea Hall, offered his pack of hounds, and several other dogs with about fifty horsemen set out from Hesket New-market. Several persons with firearms were stationed at different parts. The dog was descried upon an eminence of Carrock-fell, and on sight of the pursuers set off by way of Hesket New-market, Stocklewath, and Barwick-field, then returned by Cowclose, Castle Sowerby, and attempted to gain the fells again, when Mr. Sewell, farmer at Wedlock, lying in ambush at Mossdale, fired and succeeded in shooting him. He appears to be of the Newfoundland breed, of a common size, wire-haired, and extremely lean. During the chase he frequently turned upon the dogs which were headmost, and so wounded several as obliged them to give up the pursuit.

"The joy manifested on this occasion was uncommon, insomuch that on the day following about thirty persons sat down to a dinner provided at Mr. Tomlinson's, Hesket New-market. Upon the most moderate computation, excluding the various windings, the chase could not be less than thirty miles, and occupied no less than six hours."

1811. A dog having been hunted for three hours shot about a mile below Ennerdale bridge, who was supposed to have destroyed sheep upon the Ennerdale mountains, to the amount of £200.

The dog has a disposition to return to his wolf state. This one was between mastiff and greyhound.

A fellow at Constantinople was exhibited as a wonderful bear who could play the piano-forte; and in this character he obtained such celebrity that the Grand Seig-

[1] It is very well known from Southey's Correspondence that he originally intended to compile a New Series of these Letters.—J. W. W.

neur sent for him into the seraglio. There he performed so well that the Grand Seigneur ordered his conductor to leave him, and gave him 500 piastres in payment for the musical Bruin. The accomplice decamped readily enough, and Restaurino, which was the bear's name, was left to escape as he could from the eunuchs.

He got out, and crossed the Tophane in a boat which he seized, but the exertion burst his skin, he was seized, carried back, and let off with a severe bastinado.

1799. ATTEMPT to introduce Rein-deer at Greystock.

A TAME fox at the White Hart, Bridgewater, was brought up from a cub to run in the wheel as a turnspit. One day, through the neglect of his keeper, he escaped, got to Sedgemoor, and made wild work among the geese. "The writer of this was out the next morning with Mr. Portman's dogs, and going towards Borough-bridge, found the glutton under Alfred's tump. The dogs being laid on, Reynard presently passed the Parrot, and taking by North Petherton, sought the woods above Monkton; but being driven from thence, dashed through the Tone, a mile below Newton, and turning northward, passed Kingston, and was for a time lost in the thickets above Buncomb. The scent serving, Reynard was at length uncovered, mounted the Cutherstone hills, descended to Kenniton, and mounted the stone mountain in Lord Clifford's park, from whence he was presently driven by the staunch pack. Leaping the pales at Enmore, he took through Lord Egmont's grounds, and getting again into his old track, recrossed the Parrot just below Petherton, and taking slowly along the banks of the river with the pack in full cry, leaped the fence of Mrs. Francis (his mistress's) garden, and immediately entered the kitchen, darted into the spit-wheel, and began to perform his domestic office with as much unconcern as if he had been placed there for that purpose. The fat cook, with whom he was a great favourite, spread the place of his retreat with her petticoats, at the same time beating off the eager hounds with all her might and main; but this would have been unavailing if the huntsman had not whipped them off, and, after a chase of nearly thirty miles, left this unlicensed poulterer in his domestic occupation."

1799. A MAIDEN lady, aged fifty-seven, died at Horsham, of good property. For thirty years she had been a recluse. In 1790 she built a neat and elegant house for herself, and furnished it, but never occupied it. She lived in a small apartment contiguous, from which there was a communication, and would often walk through the uninhabited rooms to inspect the furniture. It is said that she never saw the front of this house. She had all sorts of animals, and used to play a hand organ to them,—dogs, cats, monkeys, guinea-pigs, hares, rabbits, squirrels, peacocks, doves, parrots, &c. and she left fifteen pounds a year to a person to "feed and take care of them for and during their natural lives." By her will her body was to be kept one month, and longer unless there were symptoms of putrefaction. These however were so decided that between £30 and £40 were expended upon it in spirits of wine, to keep it in preservation for the appointed term. By her express direction it was first inclosed in a shell, then in a leaden coffin, thirdly in a coffin of oak; and lastly the whole was let down into a stone coffin of the best Portland stone: the mason, according to her will being to choose either that material or black marble, which ever he believed to be most durable. Silvered breast-plate and ornaments were on the oaken coffin, and on the lid of the stone one she appointed, her name, age, and the day of her death to be cut in letters each three-quarters of an inch deep.

In 1789, when preparations were making in St. Paul's to receive the King, at the thanksgiving for his recovery, a favourite bitch followed her master there up the dark stairs of the dome, and was lost. Eight

weeks and five days afterwards, some glaziers who were at work there, heard among the timbers that support the dome a faint noise, and thinking it might be some unfortunate person who had fallen, they let down a boy by a rope. He found a dog lying on its side, the skeleton of another dog, and a half-eaten old shoe. The boy was humane enough to take up the poor animal which was accordingly drawn up. It was deplorably emaciated and scarcely able to stand; and the workmen placed it in the porch of the church to take its chance. This was about ten in the morning. After a while the dog was seen endeavouring to cross the street at the top of Ludgate Hill, but it could only get on by leaning against a wall, and therefore failed: another boy, with more humanity than is ordinarily to be met with in the streets of London, or among boys anywhere, lifted it over to the pavement; and it crawled on supporting itself against the houses, till at ten at night it reached its master's house, in Red Lion-street, Holborn. She was supposed to have weighed about 20lb. when lost, only 3lb. 14oz. when found. She was with pup when she fell, and having littered in the dome, had devoured her young.

A BOAST being made of the obedience of a dog in fetching and carrying (a Newfoundland) the master put a marked shilling under a large square stone by the road side, and having ridden on three miles ordered the dog to go back and fetch it. The dog set off, but did not return the whole day. He had gone to the place, and being unable to turn the stone, sat howling by it. Two horsemen came by and saw her distress, and one of them alighting removed the stone, and finding the shilling, put it in his pocket, not supposing that the dog could possibly be looking for that. The dog followed the horses for upwards of twenty miles, stayed in the room where they supped, got into the bedroom, got the breeches in which the fatal shilling had been put, made his escape with them, and dragged them through mud and mire, hedge and ditch, to his master's house.

BISHOP WILSON'S *Instruction for the Indians* "has been lately translated into the Welsh language for the use of the ancient Britons."

Cows in the Alps. It is surprising to see how proud and pleased they stalk forth when ornamented with their bells. If the leading cow who hitherto bore the largest bell be deprived of her honours, she manifests her disgrace by lowing incessantly, abstaining from food, and growing lean. The happy rival, on whom the distinguished badge of superiority has devolved, experiences her marked vengeance, and is butted and persecuted by her in the most furious manner till the former either recovers her bell or is removed from the herd.

1799. CARTMEL. As a maid-servant belonging to Mrs. Richardson was going to bed, she was much alarmed by something rushing against the window, and her consternation was greatly increased by instantly seeing a live eel bouncing about the room. Several squares were broken in the window. At morning a large crane was found lying dead under the window. The bird had made toward the light, and wounded itself, so as to occasion its death.

But—how came the crane to keep such late hours, and go fishing by candle light?

1767. GALUP, a Catalan, exhibited some pranks in swimming in Cadiz bay. He set off in his clothes, and with a cask, undressed in the water, took pen, ink, and paper out of his cask, and wrote a note; eat and drank, produced a tinder-box, struck a light, smoked a pipe, fired a pistol, and played the flute, —in an hour and twenty minutes.

ON draining the basin in St. James's Square for the purpose of erecting a statue of King William there, the keys of Newgate were found which were stolen when it was burnt in the riots of 1780. A quantity of chains and fetters, many ale-house pewter-pots, a pocket-book, some cards and false

dice, a number of horse-shoes, some shillings, and two or three guineas. Some ill-starred gamester had perhaps thrown there the instruments of his ruin.

C. NOEL, in a memoir read in the Philomatic (?) Society in Paris (about 1799), recommends naturalizing salt water fish in rivers and ponds, and particularly the herring, by constructing an artificial pond between two islands of the Seine, and depositing in it herrings full of roes, carried there in boats. The same boats might repair to the fishing banks when the herrings have spawned, and take up a lading of fecundated ova to be carried to the artificial pond. [Is it meant that the artificial pond should be salt water, and that they should be gradually used to the change, till admitted into the river?] He mentioned many instances which seemed to prove that the herring is fond of fresh water. Dr. Franklin stocked one of the rivers of New England with herrings, by depositing in the water leaves covered with ova.

1800. Some years ago, the person who lived at the turnpike about a mile from Stratford-upon-Avon, had a dog so well trained to fetch and carry that he used to go with a note round his neck to the town, and return with any bundle of goods suited to his strength. A safer messenger could not have been chosen. One day, however, when he was bringing home tea and sugar from the grocers, he fell in with a party who were hunting water-rats. The temptation was too great. He joined the terriers, and plunged into the ditches with them.

March 26, 1800. Died at Brompton, aged ninety-six, Rowland Nicholson, formerly a shoemaker, and freeman of Carlisle. His party feeling was so strong, that according to his own desire, often and earnestly expressed, he was attended to the grave by four pall-bearers, with blue ribands in their hats, and buried in a blue coffin.

SOME old writer is said to have said that when printes began to use cannon, the authority of the canons of the church was soon destroyed. It was first *mitrum* that governed the world, and then *nitrum;* first Saint Peter, and then Salt Petre.

1682. A HORSE between eighteen and nineteen hands high, which formerly belonged to Lord Rochester, and had killed several other horses, and several people, was baited to death at the Hope, on the Bank Side, being his Majesty's Bear-Garden. "It is intended for the divertisement of his Excellency the Ambassador from the Emperor of Fez and Morocco; many of the nobility and gentry that knew the horse, and several mischiefs done by him, designing to be present." The horse seems to have been one of Diomede's breed, by the character given of him in the advertisement: "For his prodigious qualities in killing and destroying several horses and other cattle, he was transmitted to the Marquis of Dorchester: where, doing the like mischiefs, and likewise hurting his keeper, he was sold to a brewer, but is now grown so headstrong they dare not work him; for he hath bitten and wounded so many persons (some having died of their wounds), that there is hardly any can pass the streets for him, though he be fast tied, for he breaks his halter to run after them (though loaden with eight barrels of beer), either biting or treading them down, monstrously tearing their flesh, and eating it, the like whereof hath hardly been seen; and 'tis certain the horse will answer the expectation of all spectators."

The sequel of the story is in MALCOLM's *Anecdotes.* Several dogs were set at the horse, and he killed or drove them from the area, and the owners then led him away, thinking to make more sport and more profit by future exhibitions. But the spectators insisted that he should be baited to death, according to the promise in the bill. They began to demolish the building; and the horse was therefore recalled to satisfy them, before he had reached London Bridge.

Other dogs were set upon him without effect; and he was at last killed by a sword.

1800. The present mail-man between Shaston and Sarum has travelled, since his employ in the post-office, on that and the Sherborne road, upwards of 326,200 miles, more than twelve times the circumference of the earth.

1800. Aug. 1. Died at Goodleigh, near Barnstaple, in his eightieth year, Mr. Henry Stribling, farmer. He was one of the greatest fox-hunters in Devonshire, and had collected such a number of foxes' pads, all of which he had himself cut off when in at the death, that they entirely covered his stable door and door-posts. At his own particular request, a pad was placed in each of his hands in his coffin, and he was attended to the grave by the huntsmen and whippers in of the packs with which he had hunted.

At Belvoir Castle, the Duke of Rutland's, there is a silver cistern, sixteen feet in circumference, and holding sixty gallons. It was filled with cordial when the father of the present duke was born, and with punch at the christening of the Marquis of Granby, when the Prince Regent stood sponsor, January 1814.

Mr. Malcolm, in his *Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London, from the Roman Conquest to* 1700, gravely says,—"Infidelity in the marriage state was known in the reign of Henry IV."

Domestic *Intelligence*, 1681. "Whereas the yearly meeting of the name of Adam hath of late, through the deficiency of the last stewards, been neglected; these are to give notice to all gentlemen and others, that are of that name, that at William Adam's, commonly called the Northern Alehouse, in St. Paul's Alley, in St. Paul's Churchyard, there will be a weekly meeting every Monday night, of our name-sakes, between the hours of six and eight of the clock in the evening, in order to choose stewards, to revive our ancient and annual feast."

In the *Gazette*, of August 7, 1762, Dr. Pierce, Dean of Sarum, offered £40 reward for the discovery of the person who sent a dead female infant (apparently about a fortnight old), to the King's Arms, Holborn Bridge, directed to him, in a fir box. Upon opening it, he discovered a leaden coffin wrapped in a silk rug; the body was embalmed, and rolled in leather. This letter was found:—"*Normanday*, May 12. Good Mr. Dean, Think me not confident in giving you this trouble, without which I am incapable of performing the will of the dead, whose last request it was to have this infant (if it should do otherwise than well), to be laid in the parish church you now live in, and you being his very good friend in his life, makes me hope you will see this charitable act performed for him; and having no friend left me in the world I can beg the favour of, and I being left so low that I am not able to perform his desire no other way but this; but if ever I am in a capacity, I will repay you, with a million of thanks. In the mean time, I hope God will reward you; and I shall continually pray for you and your good lady and son, so long as ever I shall live, who is your poor, miserable, and unfortunate servant, Ro. Normanveilder."

The first dish which used to be brought to table on Easter Day was a red herring on horseback, set in a corn-sallad.

This is from a MS. of Aubrey's, 1678. He says that before the Reformation ordinary men's houses had no chimneys, but flues, like louver[1]-holes; some were in being when he was a boy. "At the parish-priests' houses in France, especially in Languedoc,

[1] Simply the French *L'ouvert*. Todd gives the following illustration, "The ancient manner of building in Cornwall was, to set hearths in the midst of rooms for chimneys, which vented the smoke at a *louver* in the top." Carew, *Surv. of Cornwall*.—J. W. W.

the table-cloths were on the board all the day long, ready for strangers, travellers, friars, pilgrims; so it was I have heard my grandfather say, in his grandfather's time." Jacks are but of late invention: the poor boys did turn the spits, and licked the dripping for their pains.

"Good Mr. Rogers, a Welsh Boanerges, preaching in the mountains, said,—'Christ is heaven, if I worship God here, and do all to God and for God, without any hopes of reward upon the earth!—My dear brethren, the devil would never be troubled with such a wretch in hell; he would set all hell in an uproar. If a true Methodist was to go to hell, the devil would say, Turn that Methodist out, he is come to torment us.'"

Groaning boards were the wonder in London in 1682. An elm plank was exhibited to the king, which, being touched by a hot iron, invariably produced a sound resembling deep groans. At the Bowman Tavern, in Drury Lane, the mantle-tree did the same so well that it was supposed to be part of the same elm-tree; and the dresser at the Queen's Arms Tavern, St. Martin le Grand, was found to possess the same quality,—which, therefore, cannot be very uncommon. See R. Burton's *Surprising Miracles*, p. 186.

John Andrew, shoemaker in Maybole, sometime teacher of a private school there, and Robert Ramsay, cartwright, were tried at Ayr Circuit Court, upon this curious indictment:—That they did under the shew and pretence of a meeting for Masonry, some time in the year 1796, at Maybole, along with others, their associates, most of them from Ireland, form themselves into an illegal club or association, styling itself the Grand Assembly of Knights Templars;—which club, under the pretence of initiating into the ceremonies of Masonry, did admit various persons as members, and did at said admission perform various ceremonies, partly with a view to vilify and undermine the established religion, and partly to represent the Government of the country as oppressive and tyrannical; and did with this view oblige those who were admitted to take and did administer to them an oath, binding them, among other things, "to conceal the secrets of the Order of Knights Templars, murder and treason *not* excepted,"—or an oath of such import and tendency.

William Hamilton, mason, said he was a member of the Lodge at Maybole—Royal Arch, No. 264. When he was admitted a member, a pistol was fired, and some person called out—Put him to death. He was blindfolded at first, when brought into the room; and the covering being afterwards taken from his eyes, he was shown a stone jug in the corner of the room, and a bush in the jug, and a candle burning in it. He was told by the panel, Andrew, that it was the representation of God Almighty in the midst of the Burning Bush. Andrew was Master of the Lodge, and was reading the third chapter of Exodus. The witness was desired to put off his shoes, as it was holy ground he trod on: the covering was put down again on his face, and he was led under an arch; and after passing under the arch, he was desired to find the Book of the Law: it was taken up by some other person in the Lodge who was called High Priest, and who said he would explain it. The witness was desired to put money on the book, to pay for explaining it to him: the book he was told was the Bible. The passport for a Royal Arch Mason was,—I am *that* I am. After the above ceremonies, the witness being taken out of the room, had his coat taken off, and tied on his shoulders in a bundle, and was then brought in. A carpet with a rent in it was called the Veil of the Temple. He was led through it, and round the room. A sword was put into his hand; and he was ordered to use it against all who opposed him as a Knight Templar. John Andrew read the fourth chapter of Exodus. The witness was desired to throw down the sword, and was told it was become a serpent; after which

he was desired to take it up again, and told it was again a rod. Andrew poured ale and porter on the floor, and called it blood. He was shown thirteen burning candles; one in the middle, he was told, represented Jesus Christ; the other the Twelve Apostles. Andrew blew out one of the candles, which he called Judas, who betrayed his Master. One of them was dim, and was called Peter, who denied his Master. Something on a table, under a white cloth, being uncovered, was perceived to be a human skull, which the witness was desired to take up, and view it, and was told it was a real skull of a brother called Simon Magus. Porter was poured into the skull, which the witness was desired to drink; he did so, and it was handed round to the whole Knights. Andrew put the point of the sword into it, and then touched the witness's head with it, saying,—I dub thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. He took an oath to keep the secrets of the Knights Templars, murder and treason not excepted. The penalty for revealing was, that his body would be rented up like a fir-deal. Quintin Stewart, taylor. He saw a thorn bush in a corner of the room, and a candle in the heart of it burning. Andrew said, Go and deliver the children of Israel from their bondage, and the burden of their task masters. He was taken round their royal encampment in the middle of the room, and was then put into what they called a dark vault, in search of the Book of the Law; and a book was thrown down on the floor, and afterwards put into his hand. When they prepared him to be a Knight Templar, his coat was tied in a bundle on his back, and a staff put in his hand to travel through the sandy deserts. He past through the first and second veils of the temple. The skull, he was told, was the head of a brother who once tasted, heard, and smelled as we do now. The verdict was not guilty.

Jerusalem Whalley, made his journey for a bet. Being asked where he was going, he answered in jest to Jerusalem; the company offered to wager any sum that he did not go there, and he took bets to the amount of £15,000.

In North Wales, when a person supposes himself highly injured, it is not uncommon for him to go to some church dedicated to a celebrated saint, as Llan Elian in Anglesea, and Clynog in Caernarvonshire, and there to *offer* his enemy. He kneels down on his bare knees in the church, and offering a piece of money to the saint, calls down curses and misfortunes upon the offender and his family for generations to come; in the most firm belief that the imprecations will be fulfilled. Sometimes they repair to a sacred well instead of a church.

Is it true that there was till within the last century, retained within the precincts of the royal palace of Westminster a solemn officer, called the King's Cock-crower, whose duty during the whole season of Lent, was to crow the hour, instead of crying it, in order to remind sinners of the crowing of the cock, and its effect on St. Peter?

Courier, January 12, 1814. "The largest twelfth cake in London, part of which will be presented gratis to every purchaser of a ticket or share at Martin's Fortunate office, No. 8, Cornhill."

Martin distributed 1,879 pounds of rich cake gratis, likewise saved the public £29,000 by his mode of doing business.

If a native of the Maldives die at sea, they wash the body with the usual ceremonies, put it in a coffin, and float the coffin upon three or four planks of Candon, a remarkably light and buoyant wood, and then send it adrift. Money is put in the coffin, and a writing declaring who and what the deceased had been, and requesting those among whom it may be thrown up, to inter it decently, and take the money to defray the cost.—*Fran. Pyrard*, p. 120.[1]

[1] I have not the volume before me, but no doubt the *Discours du Voyage des François aux Indes Orientales*, is the authority.—J. W. W.

"En France en général, le peuple est plus liseur. Le plus simple bourgeois y veut sa bibliothèque. Aussi dans Paris seulement tout libraire étoit-il sûr de vendre autant d'exemplaires de l'ouvrage le plus pitoyable, que l'on en vend à Londres pour toute l'Angleterre des ouvrages d'une bonté commune."—L'Abbe Barruel.

Mr. Malcolm commences his anecdotes of the manners and customs of London during the eighteenth century with a politico-physical, or physico-political history of English beauty! "There is something," he begins, "in the composition of the British atmosphere highly congenial to human and animal life: the clouded air and frequent humidity, and consequent coolness, prevent the violent perspirations the nations of finer climates experience; hence the fluids remain in full effect, and expand every part of the frame to its full proportion!" In their struggles against the Saxons and Danes, "the whole race of Englishmen became either hardened into almost supernatural exertion and strength, or were victims to those chronic diseases, which deform the body, and destroy the regularity of features: then the youth of each sex experienced privations incident to war, and the whole population must have suffered in the gracefulness of their persons." We want a beautifying, he supposes, till Edward III.'s time. "After that reign I should imagine," says he, "their stature diminished, and their countenances assumed a less pleasing form." Under Henry VII. and VIII., uglier still; and under Mary, it is to be presumed ugliest of all. Then came Elizabeth, who "raised the people nearer to manhood." Under her auspicious reign, "the person was enlarged, and became more graceful; discontent fled from the features, and the Londoners, still nearer perfection, at last accomplished those two revolutions which have for ever banished despotism. See the consequences in the myriads of beautiful infants that smile on every side of him, with the regular and placid lines that mark their faces, and the straight and truly proportioned limbs that distinguish vast numbers of all ranks of people of both sexes. We find thousands of males and females who appear to have been nursed by the graces, and as far surpass the celebrated statues of the Venus de Medicis and the Apollo Belvidere, as the works of the Creator ever will those of man. Those favoured with an opportunity of seeing the 30,000 volunteers assembled at Hyde Park in 1804, determined to fight for their homes, must agree with me that no nation ever produced an equal number together so finely proportioned and handsome."

London workhouses, &c. Of children born or received there under twelve months in 1763, only seven in the hundred lived two years.

George I. had a Turk called M. Mahomet for his valet-de-chambre.

Weekly Journal, March 30, 1717.

"The thieves have got such a villainous way now of robbing gentlemen, that they cut holes through the backs of hackney-coaches, and take away their wigs, or fine head-dresses of gentlewomen. So a gentleman was served last Sunday in Tooley Street, and another but last Tuesday in Fenchurch Street; wherefore this may serve for a caution to gentlemen or gentlewomen that ride single in the night time, to sit on the fore seat, which will prevent that way of robbing."

The Society for the Reformation of Manners in the year ending 1725, had instituted 91,899 prosecutions.

1729. Street robbing so common, that "people, especially in an evening, choose rather to walk than ride in a coach, on account that they are in a readier posture to defend themselves, or call out for help if attacked. The hackney coachmen were so much injured by this, that 'whereas *a figure*

for driving of an hackney coach used lately to be sold for about £60, besides paying the usual duties to the commissioners for licensing; they are at his time, for the reasons aforesaid, sold for £3 *per figure*, good will.' "

A FEMALE impostress used to live by hanging herself, and telling a pitiful story when cut down, which there was always an accomplice at hand to do.

DURING the first thirty years of the eighteenth century, the numbers of deaths in London from small-pox, was thirty-four out of 1000. During the last thirty of the same century, they were ninety-five out of 1000, nearly a tenth of the whole mortality. Inoculation had thus greatly increased the disease.

A certain physician who had seen more than 40,000 cases of small-pox, said, he never met with a confluent case in a person of red or light flaxen hair.

"'LES régistres de l'affinage de Paris attestent qu'on employoit, ou plutôt qu'on perdoit tous les ans la somme énorme de huit cent mille livres en or fin, à dorer des meubles, des voitures, du carton, des porcelaines, des clous, des éventails, des boutons, des livres, et à brocher des étoffes ou à masquer de l'argenterie." 1790.—BARRUEL, vol. ii. p. 72.

AVIGNON, Barruel says, was the chief seat of the Martinists.

1733. THE stages and hackney coaches made war upon private chaises. The drivers "are commissioned by their masters to annoy, sink, and destroy all the single and double horse-chaises they can conveniently meet with, or overtake in their way, without regard to the lives or limbs of the persons who travel in them. What havoc these industrious sons of blood and wounds have made within twenty miles of London in the compass of a summer's season, is best known by the articles of accidents in the newspapers: the miserable shrieks of women and children not being sufficient to deter the villains from doing what they call their duty to their masters; for besides their daily or weekly wages, they have an extraordinary stated allowance for every chaise they can reverse, ditch, or *bring by the road*, as the term or phrase is."—*Weekly Register*, Dec. 8.

AT the peace of 1713, the master of the Spread Eagle Inn, in Gracechurch Street, advertized shilling tickets for a peace pudding, nine feet in length, twenty inches broad, and six inches deep.

ABOUT 1716, "Sion Chapel at Hampstead being a private and pleasant place, many persons of the best fashion have been lately married there. Now, as a minister is obliged constantly to attend, this is to give notice, that all persons upon bringing a license, and who shall have their wedding dinners at the house in the gardens, may be married in the said chapel without giving any fee or reward; and such as do not keep their wedding at the gardens, only five shillings will be demanded of them for all fees."

IN George I.'s reign, a florist's feast at Bethnal Green, a carnation named after him was the king of the year. The stewards were drest with laurel and flowers, and carried gilded staves; and ninety cultivators followed in procession to the sound of music, each bearing his flowers.

1720. CLUBS of Bold Bucks and Hell Fires. These latter used to call for a Holy Ghost pie at the tavern. How came the Abbé Barruel to overlook them?

1717-18. JAMES AUSTIN, inventor of the Persian ink powder, invited his customers to a feast. There was a pudding promised, which was to be boiled fourteen days, instead of seven hours, and for which he allowed a chaldron of coals. It weighed 900 pounds. The copper for boiling it was

erected at the Red Lion in Southwark Park, where crowds went to see it; and when boiled, it was to be conveyed to the Swan Tavern, Fish Street Hill, to the tune of "What lumps of pudding my mother gave me." The place was changed to the Restoration Gardens in St. George's Fields, in consequence of the numerous company expected, and the pudding set out in procession with banners, streamers, drums, &c., but the mob chased it on the way and carried all off.

When the drawbridge on old London bridge was shut up to be repaired in 1722, some tradesmen had a table placed there in the middle of the street, and sat there drinking punch the whole afternoon, that they might do what no other persons ever had done. Some Englishmen did the same on the top of Pompey's pillar.

A man wagered that he and another would eat a bushel of turnips and drink four bottles of wine within an hour: the other was a bear, who had the turnips for his share, with three bottles of wine poured into it.

Fire of London. "This subject," says Mr. Malcolm, "may be allowed to be familiar to me, and I have, perhaps, had more than common means of judging; and I now declare it to be my full and decided opinion that London was burnt by government,[1] to *annihilate the plague*; which was grafted in every crevice of the hateful old houses composing it!!!"—*Anecdotes of London*, vol. ii. p. 16.

1736. An attempt to diminish the excessive use of gin, occasioned cries from the mob of "No gin, no king!"

1715. A leopard baited to death, and gentlemen who pleased might let their dogs run.

1718. A speaking dog exhibited, who was even said to articulate distinctly sentences in German, French, and English.

1718. A man who called himself the grimace Spaniard, attempted to fight a bull after the Spanish manner, but failed shamefully, and was hooted out of the arena.

1722. "I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me on the stage, and box with me for three guineas, each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops her money to lose the battle."

"I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, God willing, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows, and from her no favour."

Hockley-in-the-Hole was the place. They wore close jackets, short petticoats, holland drawers, white stockings and pumps, and fought a long time to the general satisfaction of the spectators.

1725. At Figg's Amphitheatre, Oxford Street, Sutton, the champion of Kent, and a Kentish woman, fought Stokes and "his much admired consort" of London: £40 to be given to the male and female who gave most cuts with the sword, and £20 for most blows with a quarter-staff, besides the collection in the box.

In Islington Road, on Monday, being the 17th of July, 1727, will be performed a trial of skill by the following combatants: "We, Robert Barker, and Mary Welsh, from Ireland, having often contaminated our swords in the abdominous corporations of such antagonists as have had the insolence to dispute our skill, do find ourselves once more necessitated to challenge, defy, and invite

[1] Dryden, who calls the Fire "this chymic flame," gives no authority to this often repeated notion. He says,

"from what source unknown
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose."

Annus Mirabilis.—J. W. W.

Mr. Stokes and his bold Amazonian virago to meet us on the stage, where we hope to give a satisfaction to the honourable lord of our nation who has laid a wager of twenty guineas on our heads. They that give the most cuts to have the whole money, and the benefit of the house: and if swords, daggers, quarter staff, fury, rage and resolution will prevail, our friends shall not meet with a disappointment." "We, James and Elizabeth Stokes, of the City of London, having already gained an universal approbation by our agility of body, dexterous hands, and courageous hearts, need not preambulate on this occasion, but rather choose to exercise the sword to their sorrow, and corroborate the general opinion of the town, than to follow the custom of our *exparte* antagonists. This will be the last time of Mrs. Stokes performing on the stage. They will fight in the same dresses as before!"

Mrs. Comely died in the Fleet, 1797. Her last speculation was to keep asses at Knightsbridge, and open breakfast rooms for those who chose to drink asses' milk.

1700. A girl with remarkably fine flaxen hair is said to have sold it in London for £60,—being twenty ounces at £3 an ounce?

William III., then Prince of Orange, said to Sir W. Temple of Charles II. "Was ever any thing so hot and so cold as this court of yours! Will the King who is so often at sea never learn the word that I shall never forget, since my last passage; when in a great storm the captain was crying out to the man at the helm all night—Steady—steady—steady!"

1681. Some poor crazy people at Edinburgh called themselves the Sweet Singers of Israel. They set forth a declaration "that it seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to them, to take out of their Bibles the Psalms in metre (being a human addition) and burn them in the prison, and afterwards sweep away the ashes. Likewise, in the Holy Scriptures they renounce chapters, verses, and contents, being only done by human wisdom. They renounce the impressions and translation of both the Old and New Testament, and that for additions put unto them by men and other causes: as first putting in horrid blasphemy, making a Tyrant patron of the church; for putting in horrid pictures, and for drawing scores betwixt the Books of the Bible. They renounce all Catechisms, larger and shorter; the acts of the General Assembly; all the Covenants acknowledging sin and engaging to duties; and that which they call preaching books; and all their works, form, manner of worship, doctrine, discipline, government, the studying of books, the thing they call preaching, by reason that instead of going to God for his mind, they go to their books making their books their God and their leader. They renounce the limiting the the Lord's mind by glasses,[1] ordination by men; the Covenant taken at Queen's ferry, called Carghill's Covenant, as also the declarations of Hamilton and Lanrick, as not being strict enough; wherefore it seems good to the Holy Ghost and to them to burn the said Covenants, together with all the former works of the clergy of Scotland. They renounce and decline all authority throughout the world, and all that are in authority, and all their acts and edicts. They renounce the names of months, as January, &c., and of all days, as well the days of the week as holy days. They likewise renounce all chapels, chaplains, feastings, piping, dancing, laughing, monk-land, frier-lands, churches, church-yards, market-crosses, fount-stones, images, all registers of lands and houses, together with all manner of law works, ballads, romances, play books, cards, and dice. They also renounce all the customs and fashions of this

[1] The allusion is to the hour-glass still to be found, or, at least, its iron frame, in many churches. The custom of preaching by the hour-glass commenced about the end of the sixteenth century. An iron frame remains in the church of Ferring, in Sussex,—a few miles from where I write.—J. W. W.

generation, and their way of eating, drinking, clothing, and sleeping."

These poor creatures made the amend honourable, and were pardoned.

JULY 21, 1699, *Exeter*. "The citizens having showed their zeal for the public good in making our river navigable, on Monday last an heroic company of near 200 women (of the parish of Alphington adjoining) appeared all in white, with clean straw hats, armed with mattocks and shovels, with drums beating, and the city music playing before them; two grave matrons, with shovels in their hands leading the van. In the centre upon a pole was carried a garland of flowers, with a globe thereon: the rear was also brought up by one of the most considerable persons with a shovel; in which posture they advanced to the works, the engineer going along with them: and having fixed their standard they fell to their work with courage, and followed the same diligently till evening, when they returned to the Mayor's door, and gave three huzzas, after which they returned to their own parish, about a mile from hence. Yesterday the gardeners and hatters to the number of 300 marched to the works likewise, with laurels in their hats; and this day 300 Grecians[1] (?) of the parish of St. Sidwell's, headed by their parson on horseback, as also the best of the parish in front and rear, with eight drums, two trumpets, and other sorts of music."

COURIER. 20 January, 1814. It is remarkable that the new river is not the least frozen by the present inclemency of the weather, and never was known to be so from its source near Ware, in Hertfordshire, to its reservoir at Islington, from its first establishment by Sir H. Middleton.

MONTHLY *Magazine*. January, 1814. Among the deaths. "At Loughborough, 81, Thomas Parkinson, tailor, and a prophet."

DR. LAMBE has had more than sixty proselytes for above three years.

MR. THOMAS COLLINSON controverting a scheme of vowels proposed by Dr. Shaw, observes, "that gentlemen as well as himself must be willing to sacrifice on the altar of truth all personal consideration," and that "we must all indeed console ourselves with the reflection that to err is human, but to forgive, divine!"

M. Mag. Jan. 1814, *p.* 485.

"IN the South-hams of Devonshire on the Eve of the Epiphany, the farmer, attended by his workmen, with a large pitcher of cyder, goes to the orchard, and there, encircling one of the best bearing trees, they drink the following toast, three several times,

"Here's to thee, old apple tree,
Whence thou mayest bud and whence thou mayest blow,
And whence thou mayest bear apples enow!
Hats full! caps full!
Bushel—bushel—sacks full,
And my pockets full too! Huzza!

This done they return to the house, the doors of which they are sure to find bolted by the females, who, be the weather what it may, are inexorable to all intreaties to open them till some one has guessed at what is on the spit, which is generally some nice little thing, difficult to be hit on, and is the reward of him who first names it. The doors are then thrown open, and the lucky clod-pole receives the tit bit as his recompence. Some are so superstitious as to believe that if they neglect this custom, the trees will bear no apples that year.

They have likewise a custom in Devonshire on the Eve of Twelfth-day, of going

[1] Southey has put a ?, but no doubt it means "jovial fellows," according to the proverb, *As merry as a Greek*. — See NARES' *Gloss.* in v. Shakespeare calls them *merry Greeks*.

J. W. W.

"after supper into the orchard, with a large milk pan full of cider, having roasted apples prest into it. Out of this each person in company takes a clayen cup (an earthen ware cup) full of liquor, and standing under each of the more fruitful apple trees, passing by those that are not good bearers, he addresses it in these words:

"Health to thee, good apple tree;
Well to bear pocket-fulls, hat-fulls,
Peck-fulls, bushel-bag fulls.

And then drinking up part of the contents, he throws the rest with the fragments of the roasted apples at the trees. At each cup the company set up a shout."—Forsan the remains of some sacrifice to Pomona.

Herrick says among the Christmas Eve ceremonies,

Wassaile the trees, that they may bear
You many a plum, and many a pear:
For more or less fruits they will bring,
As you do give them wassailing.[1]

Brand 1. 28.

[1] These lines of Herrick probably allude to another custom, called in Essex the *Howling of the Apples*, of which the REV. GILES MOORE makes mention when he writes in his *Journal*: "26*th* *Dec.* *I gave the Howling Boys* vi *d.*"

The note following is from the *Sussex Archæol. Coll.* vol. 1, p. 110, on the above:

"On New Year's Eve it was, and it still continues to be the custom, to wassail the orchards. At Horsted Keynes, and elsewhere, the ceremony retains the name of "APPLE HOWLING." A troop of boys visit the different orchards, and encircling the apple trees, they repeat the following words:

'Stand fast root; bear well top;
Pray God send us a good *howling-crop;*
Every twig, apples big,
Every bow, apples enow;
Hats full, caps full,
Full quarts, sacks full.'

"Then they spout in chorus, one of the boys accompanying them on the cow's horn. During this ceremony, they rap the trees with their sticks. This custom is alluded to in HERRICK'S *Hesperides.*" The lines are then quoted, and it is added, "This practice is not confined to Sussex; it prevails in Devonshire and Herefordshire."—J. W. W.

COURIER, January 22, 1814. "Died suddenly, on Thursday morning, at his lodgings in Castle-street, Oxford Road, in the sixty-third year of his age, Mr. William Hughes, formerly faro dealer at the Lady's Banks. This person never had a day's illness, and never went to bed sober for the last thirty years; and drank on an average a quart of gin every day during that period, making in the whole 2,732 gallons.

BARRUEL asserts that there was a Martinist Lodge at Avignon.—"Dans Paris et dans les provinces, surtout dans Avignon, chef lieu des Martinistes, il étoit de ces sortes d'écoles secrètes destinées à l'explication du code mystérieux; j'ai connu, et je connois des hommes appelés, introduits à ces écoles. Elles disposoient à l'initiation; on y apprenoit de plus l'art de tromper les simples par ces apparitions factices, qui ont fini par rendre la secte ridicule; l'art d'évoquer les morts; l'art de faire parler des hommes absens. De voir ce qu'ils faisoient à mille lieues de nous. Enfin ce que les charlatans de tous les âges étudioient pour faire illusion à la populace, et gagner son argent, les Martinistes l'étudioient pour faire des impies et renverser les trônes." T. 2. p. 386.

SWEDENBORG. "Son Dieu, *chaleur et lumière*, ou son Dieu feu et soliel spirituel, et son double monde, et son double homme, ne sont évidemment encore que de bien légères modifications du Dieu lumière, et du double principe de Manes. Les Rose-Croix antiques devoient donc retrouver dans Swedenborg ce que leur rendoit les enfans de Manes si précieux. Leur science magique, et celle des évocations, et celle des Eons de toute la cabale, se montroient encore tout entières dans ses esprits mâles et ses esprits femelles. Enfin cette *Nouvelle Jerusalem*, cette révolution ramenant toute la prétendue égalité et liberté des premiers hommes. Combien d'adeptes ne devoient-elles pas trouver dans les arrière-loges, tout disposés à les accueillir? Ce fut là en

effet, que les mystères de Swedenborg vinrent se mêler à tous ceux des anciens frères. Les nouveaux adeptes se donnèrent le nom d'Illuminés; malgré tout l'athéisme et le matérialisme de leur maître, ils parloient comme lui de Dieu et des esprits: ils affectoient d'en conserver le nom; on imagina qu'ils croyoient à la chose, et on les appella Illuminés Theosophes. Leur histoire se perd dans un dédale d'impiété et de charlatanisme, tout comme les écrits de leur maître, à l'époque où nous en sommes il suffit de savoir que leur chef-lieu étoit dans Avignon, qu'ils avoient encore à Lyon une fameuse loge; qu'ils se répandoient plus spécialement en Suède, et faisoient des progrès en Allemagne. Leurs mystères dès-lors s'étoient mêlés à ceux des Martinistes: ou pour mieux dire, les mystères des Martinistes n'étoient guère qu'une nouvelle forme donnée à ceux de Swedenborg."

Note. "Dans un ouvrage ayant pour titre La Loge rouge dévoilée aux Souverains, on lit "que le rit de ces Illuminés Theosophes paroit avoir pris naissance à Edinbourg, où s'est formée la Loge rouge, séparée de la Blanc; que cette Loge rouge des Illuminés Theosophes s'est fait d'abord une affiliée à Avignon." P. 9 and 10. J'aurois voulu trouver les preuves de cette origine. L'auteur ne donne que son assertion. Quoi qu'il en soit, les Illuminés d'Avignon sont assez connus en France. Depuis 1783 leur loge fut toujours regardée comme la mère de toutes celles qui se répandirent en France avec tous leurs mystères."—BARRUEL. vol. 4, p. 162.

"DES Antres moins connus, mais plus rédoutables encore étoient ceux où les frères d'Avignon, élèves de Swedenborg et de St. Martin, mêloient leurs mystères à ceux des anciens Rose-Croix, des Maçons ordinaires et des Maçons sophistes. Au-dehors, sous le masque de charlatans, de visionnaires, ces nouveaux adeptes ne parloient que de leur puissance d'évoquer les esprits, d'interroger les morts, de les faire apparoître, et d'opérer cent prodiges de cette espèce. Dans le fond de leurs Loges, ces nouveaux thaumaturges nourrissoient des complots semblables à ceux de Weishaupt, mais plus atroces dans leurs formes."—Ibid. vol. 5, p. 75.

"ROME est depuis long-temps, l'objet commune de tous les complots, et le rendez-vous des adeptes de toutes les espèces. Malgré ses anathèmes, les élèves de Cagliostro y ont rouvert leurs Loges maçonniques. Les Illuminés de Suède, d'Avignon, de Lyon, s'y sont formé le plus secret, le plus monstrueux des collèges, et le tribunal le plus terrible aux rois. Celui qui avertit que leur tour est venu, qui *nomme les bourreaux*, et qui *fait parvenir les poignards*, ou *les poisons*."

Note. "Si ce tribunal n'est pas assez constaté par ce que nous en dit l'historien de l'assassinat de Gustave (sect. 4.) au moins est-il bien sûr que ces Illuminés avoient à Rome des frères très-puissans: car le Nonce d'Avignon ayant ordonné à l'Illuminé Pernetti et à ses adeptes, d'évacuer le Comtat dans un mois, ceux de Rome eurent, ou le crédit d'obtenir, ou peut-être l'art de forger et de faire arriver à temps un contre-ordre. Cette affaire fut suivie à Rome de l'arrestation d'un adepte dont le procès jeta les frères d'Avignon dans des inquiétudes, dont ils ne furent délivrés que par les progrès de la révolution."—Ibid. vol. 5, p. 229.

"OUI, la secte a franchi cet Océan qui sépare la Grande Bretagne du reste de l'univers. Les adeptes n'ont point oublié la patrie de leurs ancêtres, les Puritains, les Anabaptistes, et les Indépendans. Ils les ont retrouvés dans le fond de ces mêmes antres, où Cromwell avoit su les reléguer, après avoir par eux détrôné, décapité son roi, dessous le parlement, et comme nos Pentarques, mis la nation, séduite sous le joug. Les frères d'Avignon ont revu leurs aînés dans les Illuminés de Swedenborg; ils se sont souvenus des ambassades de la Loge d'Hamp-

stead; (?) sous les auspices de Maineduc, ils ont vu ses disciples former les mêmes vœux pour cette *Jerusalem céleste*, pour ce *feu purifiant*, (ce sont leurs expressions, je les ai entendues de leur bouche même,) pour ce *feu purifiant*, qui ne doit embraser l'univers par la *révolution Françoise*, que pour rendre triomphantes par-tout, et dans Londres même comme dans Paris, l'égalité et la liberté des Jacobins."—Ibid. vol. 5, p. 299.

These are all the passages in this author which relate to Avignon: and they are sufficiently curious.

I have a note somewhere from Bernino, showing that the old heretics had a masonic way of recognizing each other. What Barruel says of the Knights Templars is monstrous, even so as to outrage common sense. His notion respecting Manicheism is more plausible, and I should like to believe it. It would account for the strange disappearance of a mythology which was not ill conceived, and a good deal better than the Popery which extinguished it. The Abbé says that Manes deserved to be flead alive—for which charitable opinion I should like to have a square half-inch of his posteriors condemned to this operation.

Ecrasez l'infame. I observe that in one place where Voltaire goes on speaking of the wretch, the word is feminine,—elle—what therefore if it mean, as is most likely, the church, the church of Rome being the only one he knew,—the whore? and by this appellation?

With regard to the derivation from the Templars, he relates a story most incredibly absurd, upon the authority of a person "aujourd'hui un grave magistrat, qui, reçu Franc-Maçon dès l'année 1761, avoit d'abord passé une grande partie de sa vie dans le secret des loges." He gave me, in fact, says the Abbé, "des notions plus claires sur la distinction des Rose-Croix et de leurs trois grades, l'un purement chrétien, le second appellé des *Frondeurs*, ou de la cabale, le troisième de la religion purement naturelle. Un objet spécial de ce troisième grade étoit, 1. de venger les Templiers, 2. de s'emparer de l'Ile de Malte pour en faire le *berceau de la religion naturelle*. Il me dit là-dessus des choses que l'on a peine à croire; il me dit, par exemple, en termes exprès, 'A la fin de 1773, ou dans le courant de 1774, la loge dont j'étois alors Vénérable reçut du grand Orient, une lettre qu'il nous assuroit être la copie de celle que lui avoit écrite le Roi de Prusse. Elle ne devoit être communiquée qu'aux chevaliers de la Palestine, aux chevaliers de Kadosh, et au directoire Ecossois. Elle me parvint par les *loges de la correspondance*; quoiqu'elle eut déjà été lue dans quelques loges elle n'avoit cependant encore reçu que trois signatures. Par cette lettre on nous exhortoit à signer, *en execution du serment que nous avions fait*, l'obligation de marcher à la première requisition, et de contribuer *de nos personnes, et de toutes nos facultés morales et phisiques* à la conquête de l'Ile de Malte, et de tous les biens situés sous les deux hémisphères qui avoient appartenus *aux ancêtres de l'ordre maçonnique. On annonçoit comme but de notre établissement à Malte, la possibilité d'y former le berceau de la religion naturelle.*' En lisant cet article, je dis à l'auteur de ce mémoire; mais si j'écris cela, on ne me croira pas: on vous croira ou non, répondit-il, *mais, j'ai vu et reçu la lettre*, que ma loge pourtant refusa de signer. J'ajoute, moi; on le croira ou non; mais j'ai ce mémoire, et je suis bien sûr qu'il est d' un homme très-estimé et très-estimable."—Tom. 4, p. 130.

Professor Robison shows, with much more probability, that the lodges were made use of by the Jacobites.[1]

"En nuestros tiempos he visto yo un hombre agigantado en Andalucia de extraordinarias fuerças, que le llamaban por ironia el Niño que detenia el movimiento de una rueda de molino, impelida de copioso

[1] Perhaps it is hardly necessary to add that all these extracts are from the Abbé's *Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire du Jacobinisme. Londres*, 1797-8. 8vo. 4 vols.—J. W. W.

cance de aguas."—MARQUES DE SORITO. *Exam. Apol.* p. 12.

"THE effect of Mr. Wm. Smith's bill for repealing the laws in force against the revilers of the Trinity, appears to be this; that while men are subject, and properly subject, to criminal prosecutions for any libel upon the sovereign, his ministers, or others, they may now libel their God with impunity!"—*Anti-Jacobin*,[1] *July*, 1813, p. 46.

CHURCH Reformers, "who out of a well meaning desire to make the lamp of truth dart its rays with the greater splendour, snuff it so nearly that they extinguish it quite, and leave us nothing but the stink of its snuff."—SIR G. MACKENZIE'S *Essays*, p. 25.

"CHURCHES do like coy maids lace their bodies so strait, that they bring on them a consumption, and will have the gate of heaven to have been only made for themselves."—Ibid. p. 28.

"IT is a remark of Clarendon's that there is scarce any language which can properly signify the English expression—Good nature."—SPRATT'S *Obs. on Sorbiere.*

RUPTURE Society. Redhead Yorke says that when he was raising a regiment for service during the last war, he was obliged to reject nearly 200 men in the vigour of life, and in every other respect fit for the service, except that they had this infirmity.

THE controversy about standing or sitting during psalm-singing. Lord Monboddo thought that man lost his tail by the habit of sitting, forgetting dogs, cats, and monkeys.

INCREASE of madness. The orders on lunatic petitions were 484 in the ten years from 1737 to 1746; from 1801 to 1810 they were 1139. But this may be as well ascribed to the increase of property.

LA BEATA DE CUENCA was wife of a countryman in the village of Villar del Aguila in that diocese. She said that Christ had consecrated her body, and as in the Eucharist, converted her body and blood into his own. She found believers who worshipped her, carried her in procession through the streets to the church with tapers, &c. and offered incense to her in the church as to the sacrament, kneeling before her. The Cura of the parish, another neighbouring priest, and two friars, were prime agents in these follies. The dissensions which it occasioned were not less remarkable than the cause. Some theologians argued that the thing was impossible, considering the ordinary providence of God, because if it were true, a greater prerogative would have been conferred on the Beata than on M. Sanctissima, the mother of God; and because in this case bread and wine would not be the only element of its elements, which it was a thing certain in divinity that they were. Others admitted the possibility, as a necessary consequence of Omnipotence, but deemed the proof deficient. Others again appealed to the character of the Beata as sufficient proof. It was very properly settled by the Inquisition. She died in their secret prisons,—her image was placed on an ass at a public *auto da fé*, and in that manner carried to be burnt, some of her accomplices were whipped and banished, or suspended from their functions, or sent to the galleys. (In Charles IV.'s reign.)

CLARA, the Beata of Madrid, pretended to be bedridden, and to live wholly upon the wafer. She obtained a bull permitting to make the vows as a Capuchine nun, and dispensing from the clausure and living in community, because of her infirmities. It was at length discovered that the whole was a scheme for getting money, which the dupes who visited her left in large sums to be by

[1] A curious defence of Astrology in this number by J. W. Puckle. *Vide.*—R. S.

her distributed in alms. The mother and a friar were the chief accomplices, and the Inquisition exposed the whole in 1802.

"I KNEW a pedant of so strangely scrupulous a conscience, that he could number it among his sins to make a boy more learned than his father, which he could suppose might unlearn him that duty which hath the promise of a long life." — *The Cloud opened. Harl. Misc.* vol. 7, p. 418.

IN a true and faithful account of the Island of Veritas (1788), which is a Unitarian Utopia, one of the laws is "once in every three months, let some part of the Alcoran of Mahomet be read, and let the minister make such commentaries thereon as he thinks proper."

IT is said of S. Francisco de Paula, that though he appeared fat and florid, he was in reality nothing but skin and bones—this appearance being a gift of grace. Compare him to certain writers. — *Acta SS. April* 2, p. 110.

"UN notable casa, y digno de que no se nos quede en el tintero." — PEDRO SIMON, p. 203.

MAJOS et Majas—compared with the Four in hands,—the Fancy and the Varment Club.

IT has been said of the French, that throw a Frenchman into the sea naked, and he will rise up clothed from head to foot, and with a bag, sword, and pair of ruffles to boot.

ADAM CLARKE has written a pamphlet on the Use and Abuse of Tobacco, addressed especially to religious people. "Do you not think," he says, "that God will visit you for your loss of time, waste of money, and needless self-indulgence." In some of the societies, they will give no band ticket to a snuff-taker!

"THE daughters reverence do
Christess, and praise thee too,
Thou happy *Kyriá* daughter of *Abijah*.
Ve Ruach Elohah sister of Jehovah,
Manness of the man Jeshuah
Out of the *pleura Hosannah*."

Moravian Hymns, 1769. *Hymn* 95. Here quoted from the Satirist, but to be believed even though coming from that quarter.

MISMANAGEMENT of reviews in the British Critic and some others, the same book has been twice reviewed with opposite characters—mere carelessness!

1809. A PROPHET frightened the people of Bath and Bristol by declaring that the two cities would be overwhelmed on the 31st of March.

"WHY may we not improve that waste land of divisions which are in fields, wherein the landmark is set, and make the same of different fruits, that so those excellent liquors of cyder and perry may as plentifully abound in England as wines in many foreign parts, or orange trees in Italy?" DR. LAMBE—"The Helmontists' brewingbook."—p. 21. 28. 45.

WOLSEY had prepared a stone coffin for himself which lay as lumber in a room adjoining St. George's chapel, and was given by the king, for the body of Lord Collingwood. His coffin therefore is as remarkable as Nelson's.

AT Largo in Fifeshire, an institution for the support of twenty old men of the name of Wood, upon a liberal foundation. This family and namesake feeling,—Dulwich College,—Winchester.

THE S. Raphael, one of the Spanish line of battle ships taken by Sir R. Calder, being too bad for a sheer-hulk was purchased by Mr. Hawker of Plymouth to serve for a dry dock,—the stern to be cut off, and a pair of gates hung in its stead. A ship of the like class was used for the same purpose, some years ago in the Thames, and made a profit-

able return to the undertaker. The St. Raphael sold for £1780.

But this is the iron age. The N. Chronicle, vol. 25, p. 219, contains a description of a wrought iron moveable caisson with a rudder for docking a ship while riding at her moorings, in any depth of water, leaving her keel dry in three hours, without removing her stores or masts.

The floating dock of iron is half an inch thick, 220 feet long, 64 wide, and 30 deep, weighing about 400 tons, or when immersed in water 350, and rendered nearly buoyant by an air receptacle which surrounds, and which is capable of suspending the whole weight with great exactness, and which is rivetted to it in such a manner as also to strengthen the caisson, and support the principal shoars from the ship. There is a stanch six feet wide on the top for the workmen to stand upon and also to strengthen the caisson.

While light it draws nine feet of water. When taken to the ship intended to be docked, the water is to be let into it at an opening or plug hole in the bottom, and it is to be suffered to sink until the upper part is even with the surface of the water; the air tube still keeping it buoyant. A small quantity of air is then to be discharged, by opening a plug hole in the air receptacle, until a quantity of water is let in, just sufficient to sink the caisson below the ship's bottom. This being effected, the caisson (nearly buoyant) is then to be raised to the surface of the water by ropes made fast from the caisson to each quarter of the ship. A pump placed within the caisson is then to be worked by a steam engine of twelve horse power, placed in a barge alongside, which will empty it in three hours, and reduce the draft eight feet of water, that is from twenty-six to eighteen feet, when she may be carried up into shoal water *if required*, or alongside wharfs, or jetty heads of the dock yards. The ship's sides and bottom tending to fall outwards by their own weight, and the sides and bottom of the caisson tending to be forced inwards by the external pressure of the water, it is obvious that by placing props, or shoars, between both will be supported, while the ship will ride with all her stores on board, and masts standing, *nearly as easy* as when in water. Should inconveniences be apprehended at any time from blowing weather, the caisson may be cast off and let fall to the bottom, where it cannot be injured; and whence it may be raised to the ship's bottom again with as little labour as weighing an anchor. The caisson will be twelve feet above water when there is a first rate ship in it,—this is a sufficient height to prevent the sea breaking over. By this plan a ship may have her bottom examined and be out of dock again in six hours. A caisson capable of docking a first rate will not cost more than £20,000; judging from the duration of wrought iron salt pans, it will last twenty years without repair, and when worn out it will break up and sell for one third of its original cost.

In the next page. Hollow iron masts—stronger, lighter, more durable, less liable to injury than wood, and easily repaired at sea. It weighs twelve tons, and costs £540. A wooden one weighs twenty-three, and costs £1200. It is made to strike nearly as low as the deck, to ease the ship, when a wooden mast would be cut away. It is also a conductor,—a bolt from the bottom being carried through kelson and keel. This is not all—yards, bowsprits, chain shrouds and stays of iron are recommended, and finally the whole hull.

Cast iron coffins were made at some of the Yorkshire founderies some thirty years ago, packing one within another like nests of pill-boxes, for convenience of carriage; but they did not get into use.

1779. A Mr. Constable of Woolwich passing through the churchyard there at midnight, heard people singing jovially. At first he thought they were in the church, but the doors were locked, and it was all silent there:—on looking about he found

some drunken sailors who had got into a large family vault, and were regaling with bread, cheese, tobacco, and strong beer. They belonged to the Robust, man of war, and having resolved to spend a jolly night on shore, had kept it up in a neighbouring ale-house till the landlord turned them out, and then they came here to finish their evening. They had opened some of the coffins in their dare devil drunkenness (which the N. Chronicle calls jollity), and crammed the mouth of one of the bodies with bread, and cheese, and beer. Constable with much difficulty prevailed on them to return to their ship. In their way one fell down in the mud, and was suffocated, as much from drunkenness as the real danger. The comrades took him on their shoulders and carried him back to sleep in company with the honest gentlemen with whom he had passed the evening.

About forty years ago the Dutch introduced potatoes in Bengal, and sold them in Calcutta at five shillings a pound! This they were enabled to do by the fondness of the English for what they are used to in their own country, and by keeping secret the mode of culture. Other persons planted, but the haulm or stem shot up so rapidly and grew so high that it spent the plant. The Dutch cut it down several times in the early part of the season, and thus forced the plant to produce its fruit under ground. It is said that the potatoe has now accommodated itself to the climate there, and is getting into general use.—*Comm. to the Board of Agriculture*, vol. 6, p. 1.

	Acres.
The area of England is estimated at	31,929,340
Wales	4,320,000
Scotland	16,240,000
S. Isles adjacent to the coast	1,055,080
W. Isles	851,200
Orkneys	153,600
Shetlands	643,840

Christ's Hospital has funds (from private endowment) for the blind, which enable them to distribute £4,500 yearly. 1809.

The country between Colchester and Harwich visited annually by large flocks of rooks, who stay about two or three months, lodging in the woods at night, and then return to the rookeries in Norfolk, eighty miles distant.

Jan. 1809. The rain froze as it fell, and in London the umbrellas were so stiffened that they could not be closed. Birds had their feathers frozen so that they could not fly, and many were picked up as they lay helpless on the ground.

Jan 4, 1809. There being only four cod in Billingsgate, a fisherman gave fourteen guineas for them, and salmon soon after was sold at a guinea a pound!

Prostitution.—Girls bought as property. One dealer has three establishments — at London, Bath, and Cheltenham, shifting the stock according to the season! Where according to relative proportions the children of dissenters ought to be ten, in fact they are only three.—*Panorama*, vol. 6, p. 41.

Half the prostitutes compelled to work in the day for part of their maintenance, so overstocked are the streets, and thousands of women who have plenty of work "try their chance," as they call it.—Ibid. vol. 6, p. 875.

A girl who had been four years on the town begged to be taken into custody at a watch house, and was denied by the men in attendance, because "she had no charge brought against her." The beadle of St. Bride's urged them to take her in for the night,—and at last provided her a lodging. In the morning, after various delays and examinations before parochial officers, the poor girl consented to go voluntarily as a culprit to the Lord Mayor, and thence to the House of Correction, and was even entrusted with the order from the magistrate

for her own commitment during twenty-one days.

The French prisoners manufacture obscene toys, and Italian pedlars are the great agents in this kind of ware.

Meux's brewery sold for £112,000, the stock to be taken at a valuation, and the public houses, 134 leasehold, and eight freehold and copyhold at £61,360.

Bones of all kinds, not excepting human bones, are sent by sea in great quantities from London to the North; many hundred tons of these are ground, or rather broken small in mills contrived on purpose. The quantity necessary for an acre of land being small in comparison of other materials.

A list of cows' names appeared in the advertisement of a set of dairy stock in Shropshire, 1809. Earnest, Curlpate, Jezebel, Judith, Bee, Gayless, Early, Secunda, A. One, Fancy, Firbrina, Firbrella, Roseberry, Pretty, Curly, Browney, Yorkshire, Daisy, Rose, Rosalina, Second, Standfast, K. Wouski, Broad Cap, Rosely, Helen, Fillbowl, Sexta, M. Broadface, Fillpan, Rosebud, Wisky, Doctress, Lovely Lass, Urah, Third, Rurorea, Cot Lass, Rosamond, Rosella, Miss Key, Tertia, Furba.

1793. The bull Shakespere, by Shakespere, off young Nell, sold for 400 guineas, the seller conditioning that he should have two cows bulled by him yearly.

At the lying-in hospital, Dublin, twenty-eight boys baptized at one time by the name of Patrick.

Mr. Lambert, forty years of age, weight 52 stone 11 lb. being 10 stone 11 lb. more than "the greatest weight of the celebrated Mr. Bright." His coffin was built upon two axles and four clog wheels. The window and part of the wall of the room in which he died (on the ground floor) being taken down, he was drawn out with ropes by eight men. The coffin was 6 feet 4 inches long, 4 feet 4 wide, and 2 feet 4 deep; it contained 126 superficial feet of elm. A gradual descent of 12 yards was made to the grave, and the coffin wheeled down. The body a few hours after death was almost in a liquid state.

Courier, Wedn. March 2, 1814.

Dublin. Feb. 21. At the Quarter Sessions, the King at the prosecution of John Miller v. George Hope. The latter was, after a patient hearing, found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment in Newgate, after which he must give good security for his conduct. His offence was fraudulently secreting a farthing belonging to his employer, which it appears was one of three coined by Queen Anne, and esteemed of high value to antiquarians. He wanted to extort a bond for £700 from his master for the farthing, and refused to restore it otherwise. The Recorder regretted that the Court was unable to go as far as it could wish in his punishment."

Money in both pockets. Lord St. Vincent's hornpipe. Long life to the petticoat. Dances.

"The present times," says Mr. Wilson, in his Treasures of Terpsichore, "would give a foreigner a deplorable idea of the English nation, if he were to judge from their country dancing,—which is a credit to the nation when properly conducted and executed; if not, it only wants the addition of grimaces to reduce it to the dances of the savages of Terra del Fuego. It is indeed lamentable that our amusements should be on the decline, while the arts, sciences, and manufactures flourish beyond all precedent among us. At a period, too, when a powerful and inveterate enemy is endeavouring to surpass us in every art and science, and who would perhaps rejoice to hear that we could neither dance, paint, nor write, we should therefore endeavour to do everything in the best manner possible, not only for our own satisfaction, but for the credit of

our country." He goes on to prove, in defiance of ridicule, that good dancing is requisite to preserve a high national character; and hopes that as dancing, being only an amusement, perhaps is not likely to be promoted by its professors, not being formed into a corporate body as the painters are, (i. e. that there is no Royal Academy for Dancing,) that his exertions may reform the present deplorable state of country dancing, which will cause the superior departments to advance in proportion; and we may then perhaps have the satisfaction to hear of an Englishman blending all the powers of attraction, drawing down the reiterated plaudits of approbation from the Parisians, to the credit of himself and of his country.

HORSE-RACING. Newmarket Craven Meeting. Sweepstakes of 100 guineas each, half forfeit, for the produce of untried mares, covered by untried stallions.

IN the first report which was made to the French in favour of re-establishing religion, we heard of the *bons esprits*, the beaux-esprits had had their day! and the difference began to be acknowledged between them. —PORTATIS. L. GOLDSMITH, vol. i. p. 276.

"QUIEN adelante no cata, atras se cae."

"EL creer es cortesia."

PARSONS the *Jesuit*, born at Stowey.

OF the dollar DONNE says,

"Spanish stamps still travelling,
That are become as Catholic as their king."

MISS CHRISTIAN[1] knew a cockatoo turned away by its first owner for its determined hatred of a little girl; by its second, because it disturbed a whole hospital with its screams; and by its third, a married lady, because the bird chose to be jealous of her husband.

AT the siege of Copenhagen,[2] the villa of a wealthy man, about five miles from the city, was taken possession of, and the family fled, leaving the plate on the dining table. By the capitulation, private property was to be respected. The owner returned to his house, and was refused admittance by a sentinel, who told him that his orders were to guard the property, and that no person should enter unless he brought a permission in form from his commanding officer. The owner persisted in asserting his right, till the sentinel threatened to shoot him on the spot if he did not retire. Then he went in search of the colonel, procured the formal order, and upon entering his house found everything just as he had left it,—not a spoon or a salver missing.

"WE know several masters of stage coaches, particularly on the Essex road, who, when their stage horses are past labour, let them run in the pastures, or frequent the stables, as they had been used to do when in service. They come regularly to see the others set out on their journey, and when they are off, they return to their strawyards. We remember some such instances living for years in that condition, and others after having received incurable hurts. If any doubt this humanity, let them enquire of Cracklin of Brentwood."—*Panorama*, Oct. 1809.

ON Saturday evening, 1 July, 1809, being the first club night after the annual feast of St. Peter's society of change-ringing artists of Norwich, which is kept always to the honour of St. Peter, on St. Peter's day, Mr. Samuel Thurston, one of the above society, struck on their peals of musical handbells the five following intricate short peals, in the society's club-room, at the New The-

[1] A neighbour of Southey's, who resided at Keswick, and a descendant of the Deemster Christian,—a name familiar to all readers of *Peveril of the Peak*.—J. W. W.

[2] I have frequently met the person here alluded to in Copenhagen.—J. W. W.

atre public house, that evening, in presence of most of the change-ringers.

1st. A peal of plain-bob-triples, containing 84 changes, and was nobly brought round in 2 minutes and 45 seconds.

2nd. A peal of bob-major, containing 112 changes, and completed in 3 minutes and 48 seconds.

3rd. A peal of bob-major reversed, containing 112 changes, and finished in 3 minutes and 12 seconds.

4th. A peal of double-bob-major, containing 112 fine changes, completed in 3 minutes and 55 seconds.

5th. A peal of grandsire-bob-cators, containing 126 changes, and was nobly finished in 5 minutes and 14 seconds.

N.B. The first four peals he struck on eight musical hand-bells, and the last on a fine-toned peal of ten, being the greatest performance ever completed by one person in the world.

O.P. The Rev. Solomon Hersehell, high priest of the Jewish synagogue, has caused 100 itinerant Jews to be struck off the charity list for six months, for making a noise at Covent Garden theatre. He has also warned them of excommunication in case they should be guilty of the like again.

Died, 1809, at an advanced age, Mr. P. Tompkins, in an obscure lodging near Moorfields. This person was formerly supposed to be not only the most correct, but the most *incorrect* bookkeeper in the kingdom; and obtained a very handsome independence by making sets of books for those persons who were, for their own interest, obliged to appear before certain gentlemen in commission at Guildhall. It is said he was the first person who suggested the idea of imputing the losses of bankrupts to speculations in the lottery, and procured the unsuccessful numbers (collected at 2*s*. each) as having been purchased unfortunately by his employers.

A human being (English) is supposed to consume annually the produce of rather more than 3½ acres of land: half an acre for bread, one-eighth for beer, cider, &c. one-fiftieth vegetables, 2½ animal food, 89 stone of which, on an average population of 10,000,000, each person is computed to devour. In England and Wales there are computed 1,759,000 horses for labour and pleasure, requiring with their colts 7,500,000 acres of land for their support. In Middlesex, 1797, the number of taxed pleasure horses was 18,266; for agriculture, &c. 12,709. The cultivated lands in England and Wales, allowing 3,603,000 acres for hedges, copses, wood, water, and roads, is computed as 39,027,000 acres, of which about 14,000,000 are supposed to be arable, namely, 3,850,000 wheat, 1,050,000 barley and rye, 3,500,000 oats and beans, 1,400,000 clover, rye-grass, &c., a like quantity turnips and other roots, and 2,800,000 lost annually by the generally injurious system of fallow. The commons and waste lands are stated at 7,889,000 acres—the whole superficies 46,916,000. The metropolis consumes butcher's meat annually to the amount of £7,000,000 sterling. About 12,000,000 sheep are annually killed, and 3,000,000 lambs. The number of sheep in England and Wales, according to evidence in the Wool Bill, exceeds 40,000,000.

A calf for the London market consumes as much milk as would make a hundred-weight of cheese.—*Pandrama*, January, 1810.

Dean Nowell was fishing when news reached him which made him fly without "going back to take anything out of his house." He left his bottle of ale covered with grass or earth; and after Mary's death,[1] when he returned, happening to recollect it when fishing on the very spot, looked for it, uncorked it, and found it, says Fuller, not a bottle, but a gun, such the sound of

[1] Fuller's words are—"he found it some days after." *Worthies of England, Lancashire*, p. 115. Folio. His love of fishing is well known, and the motto, "Piscator hominum." See Churton's *Life of Alexander Nowell*, p. 20. J. W. W.

it when opened; and this, as casualty is the mother of more inventions than industry, is believed the original of bottled ale in England.

A. D. 1810. LATELY, as some boys were walking along the beach, opposite the slaughter-house jetty at Portsmouth, one of them found an old leathern glove washed up, which contained 158 guineas, and a few half guineas. Some of the guineas adhered to each other so closely, that they could not easily be separated.

Two *sisters* employed at Windsor as chimney sweepers. Women must have been not uncommonly thus employed, when Fawkes wrote his Epithalamium upon the marriage of a cobbler and a chimney sweeper.

THE first spelling-book in the Irish language was published in London, 1810, at the expense of the Hibernian Society. The *Panorama* complains of this as *late*,—so do I, as being in Irish. Those who are taught to read should be taught in English.

A. D. 1810. IN Dartford workhouse, James Gibson, 106. He had been ten years in the house, and till within these two months used daily to perambulate the town. His faculties were entire to the last. He was so much attached to smoking, that he requested his pipe, together with his walking-stick, might be placed in his coffin, which request was complied with.

Courier, August 3, 1814. Joanna Southcott has lately given out that she is pregnant with the true Messiah, and expects to lie in in a few weeks. She is nearly seventy years of age. A cradle of most expensive and magnificent materials has been bespoken by a lady of fortune for the accouchement, and has been for some days exhibited at the warehouse of an eminent cabinet maker in Aldersgate-street. Hundreds of genteel persons of both sexes have been to see this cradle, in which her followers believe the true Messiah is to be rocked. The following has been given us as a correct description: "A child's crib, three feet six inches, by two feet; of satin wood, with brass trellis, side and foot board; turned feet, carved and gilt, on castors; a swing cot, inside caned, to swing on centre; at each end gilt mouldings, top and bottom for gold letters; a canopy cover, with blue silk; carved and gilt under it, a gold ball and dove, and olive branch; green stars at each corner, gilt; blue silk furniture; an embroidered celestial crown, with Hebrew characters, gold letters; a lambs'-wool mattress, with white fustian down bed, down pillow, and two superfine blankets." £100 expended in plate for the expected child,—and there was an intention of having a gold service for his use!

A MAN at Paris has lately (1810) published a treatise on the game of 81; and to ascertain the chances, obtained 1,560,000 throws, which he conceived equivalent to four years of uninterrupted play.

MR. TUKE, of Wath, near Rotherham, (1810), bequeathed one penny to every child that attended his funeral (there came from 600 to 700); 1*s.* to every poor woman in Wath; 10*s.* 6*d.* to the ringers to ring one peal of grand bobs, which was to strike off while they were putting him into the grave. To seven of the oldest navigators, one guinea for *puddling* him up in his grave. To his natural daughter £4 4*s.* per annum. To his old and faithful servant, Joseph Pitt, £21 per annum. To an old woman who had for eleven years tucked him up in bed, £1 1*s.* only. Forty dozen penny loaves to be thrown from the church leads at twelve o'clock on Christmas day for ever. Two handsome brass chandeliers for the church, and £20 for a set of new chimes.

AN Otaheitean and a Hottentot engaged in the Greenland fishery.

THE Coloured Cloth Hall at Leeds has

its main beams of cast iron. At Newport, Monmouthshire, a building 40 feet long and 21 wide, roofed with iron; the whole roofing was brought in one waggon, and fixed ready for the tiler in five hours. Such roofs cheaper and lighter than wood![1]

October, 1810. Killed in London within the preceding twelve months,—cattle, 144,980; calves, 34,778; sheep and lambs, 1,025,483; horses, 10,118; in all, 1,215,359 skins.

At the Chelmsford assizes the Lord Chief Baron observed, that on examining some ancient deeds a few days before, he accidentally discovered that the Black Boy in that town bore the same sign in the reign of Edward II.

Andrew Robinson Bowes once stood for Newcastle. A cargo of Newcastle freemen were shipped from London for his opponent, and the master was bribed by Bowes to carry them to Ostend, where they remained till the election was over.

A.D. 1811. A wolf and racoon got loose from a caravan in Rutlandshire. N. the breed between the racoon and sheep in Crosthwaite's Museum.[2]

At Ewes Farm, in Yorkshire, Mr. Paul Parnell, farmer, grazier, and malster, aged 76, of whom it is truly said that in his lifetime he drank out of one old family silver cup upwards of £2000 sterling worth of genuine Yorkshire stingo, of which he was remarkably fond. He was the original of Toby Philpot.

Ubeda and Baeza are only a league asunder; and yet there is a manifest difference of race in the inhabitants, says F. Juan Antonio.—*Hist. of the Philippines*, vol. i. p. 140.

A.D. 1753. Gloucester. "Here is a *modernity* (says H. Walpole, *Letters*, vol. i. p. 313) which beats all antiquities for curiosity. Just by the high altar is a small pew hung with green damask, with curtains of the same; a small corner cupboard, painted, carved, and gilt, for books, in one corner; and two troughs of a bird-cage, with seeds and water. If any mayoress on earth was small enough to enclose herself in this tabernacle, or abstemious enough to feed on rape and canary, I should have sworn that it was the shrine of the queen of the aldermen. It belongs to a Mrs. Cotton, who having lost a favourite daughter, is convinced her soul is transmigrated into a robin-redbreast; for which reason she passes her life in making an aviary of the cathedral of Gloucester. The chapter indulge this whim, as she contributes abundantly to glaze, whitewash, and ornament the church."

"I did go to Bristol," says H. Walpole, (1766, *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 197), "the dirtiest great shop I ever saw, with so foul a river, that had I seen the least appearance of cleanliness, I should have concluded they washed all their linen in it, as they do at Paris. Going into the town, I was struck with a large Gothic building, coal black, and striped with white; I took it for the devil's cathedral. When I came nearer, I found it was an uniform castle, lately built, and serving for stables and offices to a smart false Gothic house on the other side of the road. —"two windows of painted glass in the cathedral, given by Mrs. Ellen Gwyn. (?) There is a new church of S. Nicholas, neat, and truly Gothic."

"Wrether got by imitation, or some hereditary defect in their tongue, or proceeding from some secret quality in their soil, it is observed in a village at Charleton, in Leicestershire, that the people therein

[1] This extract was made in 1810; and it is curious, when we look to the great use of iron now in our railway stations and steamers particularly, to say nothing of tubular bridges.—J. W. W.

[2] This N. means Note the animal in the Museum referred to, at Keswick. It is still to be seen,—or was so very recently.—J. W. W.

are troubled with *wharling*[1] in their utterance."—Fuller, *Pisgah Sight*, p. 183. Camden referred to.

Coals carried coastwise by sea are liable to a duty of *5s. 4d.* per ton. Coals shipped in a river, and proceeding up that river, pay none. Hence a curious distinction. To the east of the Holms is the river Severn, to the west is the Severn sea; the Newport colleries therefore can send coal to Bristol duty free, but the Cardiff colleries must pay it. The western ports therefore petitioned to be relieved from their onus, and were stiffly opposed by their luckier neighbours. A still nicer line of demarcation affects Bridgewater. It is so very nearly due south of Newport, that vessels can make the passage to it at certain times of the tide by keeping east of the Holms, and these, by sailing in the river, avoid the charge of the sea duty. But the westward passage is much the best, and therefore it is not to be supposed "that every captain bound from Newport to Bridgewater should, in all winds and weather, respect with extreme accuracy the distinction between the Severn river and the Severn sea."

Culm is small pieces of coal, understood not to exceed two inches in diameter; and this pays but *1s. 9d.* sea duty per ton; men are therefore employed to break the coal to this size. Here is an easy means of evasion afforded. Larger pieces are shipped as culm, but sorted out before sale.

1811. Twelfth-day. A cake in a shop-window as big as a large cart wheel, and weighing ten hundred weight.

Joanna Southcott's cradle cost £500. It has this inscription, "The free offering of faith to the promised seed." Knox saw it at Seddons's. Tozer, her high priest, was showing it off, and said that information of the expected birth had been sent to the prince and to the archbishops, &c. that they might send persons to be present, and set a watch upon Joanna. It is the Branch in Isaiah, Shiloh I suppose, the Son of the Messiah. He spoke of the uncertainty of religious belief in these times, and said there were 108 sects; upon which Knox observed, that it was then 107 to 1 against him. "It was very true," he replied, "but what was that when the Lord was on their side." The baby linen with its laces, &c., has cost £500 more, for all which a cheesemonger is responsible.

Enormous prices exacted by those who take in cattle on their way to the London market, at Carlisle for instance. As soon as the cattle are turned into these meadows, the drover begins upon the bagpipes, and immediately at the signal they fall to grazing. These prices, which have no limit but the conscience of those who set them, one cause of the high price of meat. The graziers are more at their mercy since so many commons have been inclosed.

Charity children at St. Paul's. Haydn said the most powerful effect he ever felt from music, was from their singing.

The first paper mill is about half a mile south of Dartford, Kent, erected by John Spelman, of German extraction, and Queen Elizabeth's jeweller, who had a license for the sole gathering of all rags, &c. necessary for making writing paper, for ten years. James knighted him. He is said to have brought over in his portmanteau the two first lime trees, which he planted either here, or at Bexley.[2]

[1] "All that are born therein, have an harsh and wratling kind of speech, uttering their words with much difficulty and *wharling* in the throat, and cannot well pronounce the letter R."—See *Worthies, Leicestershire*, p. 126.—J. W. W.

[2] I suppose Hasted's *Kent* is the authority for this. The name originally was Speilman. Loudon says in his *Arboretum*, &c., "The lime, however, is represented by Turner as growing to a large size in 1562; so that the trees introduced by Speilman could not have been the first brought into the country." Vol. 1, p. 24. J. W. W.

A CANNON foundry in the midst of London. "We know that several lives in the vicinity of such an establishment have fallen victims to its deleterious fumes. We know that many families have been forced to abandon their dwellings, and seek a *living* elsewhere. This greatly injures the property round-about."

THE old cockpit was leased by Christ's Hospital, who refused to relet it for the same purpose. A new one built at Westminster, near the Abbey, and looking like a chapel of ease! Henry VIII. erected the cockpit at Whitehall. Cromwell prohibited the sport 31st March, 1654.

THOMAS FIELD, who died near Richmond, Yorkshire, 30th September, 1810, will long be remembered by sportsmen for the races which he rode. He was "allowed to be one of the best judges, and most skilful trainer in England, for the last twenty years of his life."

MONTAGUE GILES, of York, died 1810, aged seventy-nine, a most correct valuer of wood. He could estimate the worth of a tree to a great nicety, by simply fathoming it with his arms, and scanning it with his eye. "Whoever is at the head of his profession, as he has earned celebrity, he deserves praise, and ought to be remembered."

THE Courier François makes extracts from *Perruque l'Indépendante;* the Independent Whig; and the Moniteur speaks of the arrival of *Le paquebot dit, l'overland*, (the overland packet) from India.

November, 1810. WORKMEN in the church at Aldermanbury discovered a leaden coffin with the name of Chancellor Jeffries.[1] It was not opened; but should have been, to have examined whether the heart was *stony*.

1807. THE Bavarian government commands all parents to vaccinate their children before they are three years of age, unless they prefer to pay a fine which increases annually with the age of the child. 1811, the edict was removed. It had almost banished the small-pox, which used to be very destructive.[2]

STORM of May 28, 1811. At Worcester, more windows broken than could be mended, and the inconvenience very great from the long and heavy rains which succeeded the hail, or rather ice-storm, for pieces of ice fell five or six inches long. One hundred and fifty rooks killed by this hail in one rookery. The Severn rose six feet in one hour, twenty in less than twenty-four. The glass broken at Worcester alone estimated at £5000. About Shrewsbury, the thunder compared to the report of many cannon immediately over head. Near the White Grit, hailstones two inches in circumference lay almost a foot deep. A cloud burst upon a ridge of hills called the Stiperstones, which swept every thing before it. "The water has made, perhaps, a dozen holes in these hills, at a considerable distance from each other, and the soil with pieces of the rock are worn away, from one to four yards deep. At or near the spot from whence several of these channels are cut, small springs formerly issued. In one instance, several yards of marshy ground, which it was unsafe to pass across, are now perfectly sound and dry. If a stranger enquired from whence the waters came, the inhabitants generally stated that it gushed out of the slips in the mountain. The generally attributed cause, however, of the phenomenon, was the sudden condensation at these different points of the skirts of one immense cloud, or of several clouds combined."[3]

[1] When the church was repaired in 1810 the coffin was found, Lord Campbell says, "still fresh, with the name of Lord Chancellor Jeffries inscribed upon it."—J. W. W.

[2] Unless my memory very much misgives me, a certificate of vaccination is required in Denmark previous to Confirmation.—J. W. W.

[3] In the part of Shropshire adjoining the Stiperstones the burst is called THE INUNDATION to this day. I lived in the neighbourhood,

(Why then were the springs dried up, and the bog rendered firm? Is it not rather some reservoir burst, as in the Solway moss?)

The quantity of water so great, that the Severn rose four feet perpendicular in ten minutes. Many lives lost.—*Pan.* vol. x, p. 139.

After the fall of the cliff at Dover, which buried a whole family, a hog was found alive five months and nine days after it had thus been buried! It weighed about seven score when the accident happened, and had wasted to about thirty pounds, but was likely to do well.

From Jackson's *Oxford Journal.*

"Next presentation.

"To be sold by auction, by Hoggart and Phillips, at the Auction Mart, opposite the Bank of England, on Thursday next the 11th day of April, 1811, at twelve o'clock, the next presentation to a most valuable living, in one of the first sporting counties: the vicinity affords the best coursing in England, also excellent fishing, an extensive cover for game, and numerous packs of fox hounds, harriers, &c.: it is half an hour's ride from one of the first cities, and not far distant from several most fashionable watering places: the surrounding country is beautiful and healthy, and the society elegant and fashionable. The incumbent is about fifty years of age. Particulars may be had fifteen days preceding the sale, of Mr. Annesley, Solicitor, Temple; at the Mart, and of Hoggart and Phillips, 62, Old Broad Street, Royal Exchange, London."

Law. Is the office of chancellor properly compatible with that of speaker of the House of Lords? "It has at least this inconvenience; that appeals from the Court of Chancery are considered by the profession too much as mere removals from the chancellor in the court to the chancellor in the house. With what grace can a man revise, or reverse, his own decrees? If he was satisfied in his conscience before, what shall induce him now to change his opinion?" In 1810, the balances of money and securities of the suitors in the Court of Chancery, amounted to £25,162,430 13*s.* 2*d.*

It was affirmed before the committee, that many appeals were entered for the mere purpose of delay.

The three vicars of Bampton, Oxfordshire, give beef and beer on the morning of St. Stephen's day, to those who choose to partake of it. This is called St. Stephen's breakfast.

1811. A cloth for pantaloons made from aloes at Paris, the colour of a lady's finger nails, between rose tint and delicate blue. Time was when the *ca-ca* du Dauphin was the fashionable colour!

1810. In Permisch, Russia, winter set in so suddenly, that the oats were covered with snow before they could be gathered. Next spring when the snow melted, they were found uninjured, and were cut and gathered as in common seasons.

Mr. John Coxetter, of Greenham Mills, Newbury, had two South down sheep shorn at his factory exactly at five o'clock in the morning, from the wool of which, after passing its various processes, a complete damson coloured coat was made, and worn by Sir John Throckmorton, at a quarter past six in the evening, being two and three-quarter hours within the time allotted, for a wager of 1000 guineas. The sheep were roasted whole, and a sumptuous dinner given by Mr. Coxetter.

The Ophion, in opposition to Dr. Clarke's monkey. Mr. Bellamy contends that it was a crocodile! The Nachash, however, it is called by the disputants, to agree upon an undisputed term, whatever the meaning may be.

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and though quite a child, can well remember the blackness of the darkness, and the awful thundering, and the rush of the waters. They flowed through my father's house.—J. W. W.

Nearly 6000 tons of lead are produced yearly by the Greenwich Hospital mines; about 34,000 in the British dominions; not more than 50,000 in the world, and of this not less than 5000 is manufactured here into small shot! 10,000 used in pigments and in glazing. — *Greenwich Report of Mines and Roads*, 1823.

1811. A flight of birds, supposed to be flamingos, seen at Banberg at midsummer. Some flamingos had lately been seen near Strasburgh.

Before the marriage act, husbands as well as clergymen were always in waiting at the frequented chapels, for such ladies as wished to become *femmes couvertes*. They regularly changed their names at each marriage, and so were married fifty or one hundred times over. The lady received a certificate of marriage, which was her object, and the parties never saw each other afterwards. Yet the removal of these abominations was inveighed against as a violent infringement of liberty!

A beggar in Moorfields used daily to have a penny given him by a merchant on his way to the Exchange. The penny was withheld, and the appearance of the merchant manifested his embarrassment and distress. The beggar at length spoke to him, offered him a loan of £500, and another of the same sum if it were required. It re-established his affairs.

A shoeblack who employed six or eight pair of hands in his cellar, had £2000 stock. A milkman from a cellar in Holborn purchased a landed estate, on which he retired to live like a squire. And a Billingsgate fishwoman gave her daughter £10,000.—*Panorama*, vol. x. p. 881.

A. D. 1712. Whiston predicted that the comet would appear on Wednesday 14th October, at five minutes after five in the morning, and that the world would be destroyed by fire on the Friday following. His reputation was high, and the comet appeared. A number of persons got into boats and barges on the Thames, thinking the water the safest place. South Sea and India stock fell. A captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ship might not be endangered. At noon after the comet had appeared, it is said that more than one hundred clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth, to request that proper prayers might be prepared, there being none in the church service. People believed that the day of judgment was at hand, and acted some on this belief, more as if some temporary evil was to be expected. On the Thursday, more than 7000 kept mistresses were publicly and legally married. There was a prodigious run on the bank, and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time the head director, issued orders to all the fire offices in London, requiring them to keep a good look out, and have a particular eye upon the Bank of England. —*Panorama*, vol. x. p. 1095.

The comet of 1680 passed, according to Hadley's calculation, within sixty semi-diameters of the earth's orbit, November 11th; and if at that time the earth had been at that part of her orbit, what the consequences might have been none can tell.

It is now supposed that comets are of subtile substance, their nucleus being nothing more than a conglomeration of vapours of very little density, so little, perhaps, as to be transparent. The first comet of 1770 passed and repassed through the very middle of the satellites of Jupiter, without occasioning among them the slightest disorder (i.e. apparent disorder). Such a body might very possibly be an incipient world, just passed its gaseous state, and which is to derive solidity from the precipitation and condensation of the matter surrounding it.

That of 1811 was 32 millions of geographical miles from the earth in its nearest approach. Its nucleus in diameter 860 miles, its tail 800,000 in length.—Ibid.

The resident members at Oxford, May 27th, 1811, were 1015.

Since the year 1782, no person hanged from Appleby assizes; a good proof of the general morals of the country, but also of its scanty population. And also to be remembered that it has become a point of honour to keep up this character; and when a man was beyond all shadow of doubt guilty of having fired at his neighbour, with intent to kill him, an Appleby jury returned a verdict of not guilty; because they said in private, as the murder had not been committed, it was a pity to hang the man.

Meux has one porter tun which holds 4,500 barrels, 4 hogsheads, 24 tuns, containing in all 35,000 barrels.

The old Joe Millar of the nobleman and his tailor — "*Made your breeches, Sir, — Major Brydges*"—may be instanced to shew the difficulty and looseness of the English pronunciation.

David Sands, the Quaker preacher, was exercising his functions in a family at Newcastle, as the spirit moved, when at the close of his discourse he turned to the lady of the house, and said, "The mistress of this family will do well to set her affairs in order, for before twelve months are past, the eldest daughter will be called upon to perform the part of a mother to her sisters." The lady was in perfect health, and though this greatly distressed and disquieted her through the year, is living still after seven or eight have elapsed,—and the daughter retains so strong and just an abhorrence of this presumptuous and mischievous fanatic, that she has turned back from the meeting house when she saw that David Sands was there.

The Quakers hate priests, and exclaim against a priesthood; yet never were any people more completely priest-ridden.

"I am assured that in Spain there are a kind of men called Saludadores,[1] who having for the most part a mark or sign of a wheel, (called St. Catharine's wheel) in their mouths from their nativity, do cure divers diseases with their breath or spittle, without any medicine or charm, and their practice is allowed by the inquisition as void of witchcraft or superstition, and approved also by Navarre and other Spanish canonists as a supernatural gift of God."—Fitzherbert, *Concerning Policy and Religion*, p. 180.

Greig or Gleig, one of the agriculturists, was describing Holkham to me at Woburn. "The person who built it had been in Italy, and planned it so that there should be in that house every thing that was necessary, and voluptuous, and right." I wrote down the happy sentence immediately in my tables.

The art of Megalantropogenesié — the French have a treatise upon it.

Howell Davies, who was Whitefield's Welsh coadjutor, walking one Sunday morning to preach, was accosted by a clergyman on horseback, who was on the same errand, and who complained of the unprofitable drudgery of his profession, saying he could never get more than half-a-guinea for preaching. The Welshman replied that he for his part was content to preach for a *crown*. This so offended the mounted priest that he upbraided him for disgracing his cloth. Perhaps, said Davies, you will hold me still cheaper when I inform you that I am going nine miles to preach, and have only seven pence in my pocket to bear my expenses out and in. But the crown for which I preach is a crown of glory.

A person in Cheshire gave to the Missionary collections £1. 3*s*. 6*d*. the produce of two cherry trees; and promised their annual profit from that time forth.

What Hobbes says of invocations in poetry applicable to Quaker preaching. "I can imagine no cause, but a reasonless imitation of custom,—of a foolish custom, by

[1] *Saludador* is the Spanish name for a quack. J. W. W.

which a man enabled to speak wisely from the principles of nature and his own meditation, loves rather to be thought to speak by inspiration, like a bagpipe."—*Preface to Gondibert.*

False ornaments in poetry—the public are taken by them as larks are caught by *doring*[1]—a net and a looking glass.

Aaron Hill, vol. 1, p. 41, describes the raptures of a rural walk from Buckingham Gate to Tothill Fields.

Aaron Hill sought to reform the dresses of the theatre, vol. 1, pp. 141-2-3.

His scheme for an academical theatre.—Ibid. p. 194.

Cannibals who have tried both, assure us that white men are finer flavoured than negroes, and Englishmen than Frenchmen.—Langsdorff, vol. 1, p. 141.

Baddeley, the comedian, left to the theatrical fund his cottage at Hampton, in trust, that they should elect to reside in it, four such of the fund pensioners as might not object to living sociably under the same roof. The house has two parlours and four bedchambers, and that they might not appear in the neighbourhood like dependents, he left a certain sum to be by them distributed in charity. There was to be a little smoking summer house built for them of wood from old Drury, bought for the purpose, and so situated as to command a view of the Temple of Shakespeare erected by Garrick. He also left the interest of £100 3 per cents, for an annual twelfth cake with wine and punch in the great green room, to make the future sons and daughters of Thespis remember an old friend and member of the profession.

A.D. 1805. Miss Mudie, eight years old, and little for that age, played the Country Girl at Covent Garden, and when she was talked of as "a wife and mistress, and an object of love and jealousy," the thing was too monstrous, and the audience would not suffer her to finish the part.

Some time before the revolution, Bonnet was going to engage the theatre in the Thuilleries for English plays, under the patronage of the Court. Our best actors would have been of the party. It was Harris's scheme, in 1784, and it was put a stop to probably by the cloudy politics of that day, and the Court's embarrassment.

A MS. note in a copy of the Coll. of Verses on the Cotswold games, in the possession of Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, says, "Dr. John Dover was born in the *sixty-second* year of his mother's age, as his own daughter now living (1747) attests, who is wife to Mr. Cordwell, the city carpentor."

When Woodward the Comedian was in Dublin, and lodged opposite the Parliament House, a mob who were making the members swear to oppose an unpopular bill, called out to his family to throw them a Bible out of the window. Mrs. W. was frightened, for they had no such book in the house, but she threw out a volume of Shakespere, telling the mob they were welcome to it. They gave him three cheers, swore the members upon this book, and afterwards returned it without discovering its contents.

Inoculation opposed in America by Dr. Douglas, a Scotchman. See Boylston.

Allen's *American Biography.*

London is annually supplied with about 4000 dozen larks from the country about Dunstable.

At Leipsic the excise on larks is said to produce 6000 dollars yearly! about £900.

[1] To *dor* certainly means to outwit or impose upon; and to *dor the dotterel* is an old saying, used by Ben Jonson, *Bart. Fair*, Act iv. sc. 1. But I cannot help suspecting that the word here should be *daring*, which has been explained before.—J. W. W.

Cardinal Albander's epitaph, written by himself—

Κάτθανον οὐκ ἀέκων, ὅτι παύσομαι ὢν ἐπιμάρτυς
Πολλῶν, ὥνπερ ἰδεῖν ἄλγιον ἦν θανάτου.

Richard Alleine, the Somersetshire Nonconformist, who was ejected from the living of Batcomb, in that county, wrote a book called Vindiciæ Pietatis, or a Vindication of Godliness, which was published in 1665 without a license, and therefore the copies were seized, and sent to the King's kitchen for waste paper. This was done upon an information of the king's bookseller (his name?), and this fellow then bought them up at a cheap rate, and sold them himself! For this he was brought on his knees to the council-table, and the book again sent to the kitchen and *bisked*,—inked so as to be illegible.

Allelophagi, so those flies are called which eat each other,—and under this term are many of our authors to be classed.

Alerion,[1] an invention in heraldry of the French to insult the empire,—a spread eaglet without beak or feet.

Mikepher Alphery. Toward the close of the sixteenth century, this prince, with two brothers, being of the imperial line of Russia, were sent to England to save their lives, in consequence of the state of things, and consigned to Joseph Bidell, a Russia merchant. He sent them to Oxford, where the two brothers died of the small-pox. The survivor took orders in the English Church, and had the rectory of Wooley, in Huntingdonshire. From thence he was invited to put himself at the head of his friends, and recover the throne of his ancestors, but he preferred his own humbler, happier, and holier life. The Puritans used him ill, and ejected him; but the Presbyterian who was put in his place, treated him with much kindness. He lived to be replaced, and died at 80, at the house of his eldest son, at Hammersmith, much respected.[1]

Vincent Alsop, the Nonconformist, escaped persecution, because the informers could not find out his Christian name. I remember a man escaping death for forgery because his Christian name was written in the indictment Bart., instead of Bartholomew.

Annotto. Odd that what some Indians used to paint themselves with, should be used in Europe for purposes as silly,—by the English to dye their cheese, and by the Dutch as well as English to dye their butter!

Courier, February 2, 1815. Curious India shawl. The admirers of Oriental genius are invited to an inspection of the most perfect specimen of Indian workmanship ever produced; which, from its elegant intricacy of design, and beautiful combination of colours, is justly esteemed as the chef d'œuvre of Eastern ingenuity. Price, 500 guineas, at Everington's India and British Shawl warehouse.

There is at Vicenza a benefit of art, analogous to our benefit of clergy. A criminal who can prove himself the best workman in any useful art, has his life spared for the first offence. This would have saved poor Ryland,[2] and the man who made the self-moving carriage.

Some old empirics persuaded certain patients of more rank than intellect, that gold, being a royal metal, was peculiarly well cal-

[1] See Menage in v. *Alerions*.—J. W. W.

[1] The reader should refer to Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, part ii. p. 183. It is stated in the *Biog. Brit.* that "Mrs. Alphery, the last descendant of this family, married one Johnson, a sadler at Huntingdon, and was living in 1764, when she confirmed these facts to the late Lord Sandwich." in v.

[2] William Wynne Ryland, the engraver, executed for forgery in 1783.—J. W. W.

culated to cure the diseases of royal and noble personages.

BABOONS have an antipathy to men.

JUDGE JENKINS,[1] a Welshman, expected to be hung by the Parliament for his zeal in Charles's cause. He had a great desire for this political martyrdom, and had resolved to go to the gallows with Bracton on his left shoulder, the statutes at large on his right, and the Bible round his neck, that these books, as having been his counsellors, should hang with him. "And first," said he, "I will eat much liquorice and gingerbread, thereby to strengthen my lungs, that I may be heard far and near."

EARL OF ARUNDEL, in Charles I.'s time, brought over the new way of building with brick in the city, greatly to the safety of the city, and preservation of the wood of this nation.

HARRY CAREY. See Cyclopædia for an account of the procession of booksellers, authors, printers, and musicians to his benefit.

UNDER our Danish king, the Carnifex was an officer of great dignity, being ranked with the Archbishop of York, Earl Gordon, and the Lord Steward. — *Flor-Wigorn.* An. 1040.[2]

ROYAL Ark Mariners and Sons of Noah: some hyper-foolish Freemasons. See M. Magazine, vol. vi. p. 426.

CEPHALONOMANTIA, — divination by an ass's head.

CHACE. Under this head in Rees's Cyclopædia an account of the horns in Russia, which the men learn to blow as men learn bell-ringing, one man learning only one note.

*THE changes on seven bells are 5040; on twelve, 479,001,600, which it would take 91 years to ring at the rate of two strokes in a second. The changes on fourteen bells could not be rung through at the same rate in less than 16,575 years; and upon four-and-twenty, they would require more than 117,000 billions of years.

TALFORD knew a cat and dog who, when the family removed house, travelled back in company to the old habitation, thirty miles distant,—the cat under convoy.

Cattle.

*THE most important point for feeders is, that they should *die well.* This is Lord Somerville's phrase.

Some bulls of the middle-horned breed are reproached with being *throaty*, the skin too profuse and pendulous. The neck perhaps thick and *goary* in the estimation of strangers,—but with this property the oxen are not to be reproached, or they would not labour as they do.

The flesh must be *mellow in handling.*

The coarse square Dutch beefy breed is the basis of the short-horned breed.

The common Lincolnshire are coarse in head and horn, large boned, and high upon the leg. Those that never fatten are called *lyery.*

Never was a more fortunate cross than between the Alderney and the Northern short horns. They are unrivalled for great milking, and famous for carrying a vast depth of natural flesh, and tallowing within in the first degree. But in fineness of flesh they can never compete with certain other breeds without the entire overthrow of their Dutch basis by a repeated use of some other cross.

The Holderness are too often the worst-shaped cattle in the island, and perhaps the

[1] See Second Series, p. 194, and SOUTHEY's opinion that "his works ought to be collected."

[2] This same passage is quoted in DU CANGE, and in SPELMAN's *Gloss.* in v.—J. W. W.

least profitable; — long, gaunt, deep carcasses, without adequate substance, placed upon high stilts of the coarsest timber, slow feeders, never fat, and the flesh excessively coarse.

Some of the Glamorganshire cattle cloddy.

The Pembroke ox is too leggy, but he becomes early ripe, and will make fat at four years old, and *stands his drift*, that is to say, his journey, better than any from Wales.

In the Agricultural Report of Middlesex the London dealers in milk are said to keep 8590 cows. They have been driven farther from town by the scarcity of grass land, and therefore carry the milk there in light carts, wherein it is slung in tin jars. One dealer had nearly 1000, worth £23 each, affording annually a return of £38 each, and a net profit of £6000 per year.

Each cow affords about nine quarts per day, 3285 per year.

The retailer by adulteration and cream clears £26. 13*s*. 4*d*. a year by every cow. They divide among themselves an annual sum of £308,833, and London pays annually for milk £626,233.

The water adulteration is carried on openly. One keeper calls his pump from its colour the famous black cow. By this name it is known, and is said to yield more than all the rest of his cows together. Look for the trial upon this subject.

Conus princeps. One variety of this shell called the King of the South. Three specimens were known in France before the Revolution, the finest of which was in the possession of Comte de la Tour d'Auvergne: this came from the Isle of France, and was known by the appellation of *Le Cedo-nulli aux Isles*. Of the Queen of the Isles, it is contested whether there be one or two specimens, Lyonet's *Cedo-nulli* being affirmed by some, and contested by others, to be the celebrated *Cedo-nulli* of La Faille's cabinet; but this last is said to have been purchased at the Hague, about the year 1728, for the King of Portugal's cabinet. The fate of Lyonet's is not known; but it is believed at present "to enrich one of the Parisian museums."

The ducking stool was a legal punishment. Roguish brewers and bakers also were liable to it, and they were to be ducked in *stercore*, the town ditch. Cathedra stercoris it is called in Domesday Book.

Dagenham breach.[1] The injustice of Parliament to Captain Perry, leaving him, after five years of exertion, anxiety, and care, £500 poorer than when he began.

Ergot, a disease in corn, and especially in rye,[2] which produces in those who eat it dry gangrene and death!

Artificial asses milk! The receipt is in the Cyclopædia under the word Eryngo.

A.D. 1809. A barge was going along the new cut from Paddington with casks of spirits and barrels of gunpowder. It is supposed that one of the crew bored a hole in a powder barrel by mistake, meaning to steal spirits, the gimblet set fire to the powder, and eleven other barrels were driven to the distance of 150 yards; but only the single barrel exploded.

The Bretons buy from Norway the offal and entrails of the large fish caught in the North seas, which of late years has become a considerable article of trade. These they cut in pieces and strew along the coast, when the wind is not off shore, and this bait brings the pilchards in shoals.

Mackerel come to feed on the narrow-leaved, purple, palmated sea-wrack,—herrings on an insect called the sea caterpillar.

[1] This irruption of the Thames took place in 1707. The land was recovered by Captain Perry at an expense of £40,000.

[2] This is now used medicinally, as is well known; but it *has* a poisonous effect, and requires the utmost caution.—J. W. W.

NINON LENCLOS said, "If such a life as I had spent had been proposed to me as my lot, I would have hanged myself rather than have passed through it."

THE arch *of* a bit called "Liberty of the Tongue." If a certain person were to be saddled and bridled like an ass, his bit must have no void space.

THE Pope *shuts the mouth* of a new Cardinal;—how glad would the Opposition sometimes be if they had a like power with their members!

JULY 13. Read two pamphlets by William Hale upon the London Female Penitentiary. His argument that such institutions do more harm than good, is like some of the arguments against the Bible Society, made of right stuff, but spun too fine. But he clearly shows how exceedingly important it is that the parish offices should be served by men of respectability, activity, and principle, who would discharge them as parts of their civil and religious duty. Each parish is in itself a little commonwealth, and it is easy to conceive that before manufactures were introduced, or where they do not exist, a parish may be almost as well ordered as a family. Note this as one of the most practicable and most efficient means of reform. Good overseers would make the workhouse at once a house of asylum, of correction, of industry, and of reform.

Hale's argument, that, reform as many prostitutes as you may, their places will be filled, and the number not diminished, is, I dare say, well founded. According to him, the greater number are single women who work by day at various trades, and try their luck *to boot*. But these cannot be the rampant whores who render the streets dangerous at night.

JOHN MINNS, of Norwich, at the age of 78, had his coffin made, set it up, and used it as a cupboard. He lived sixteen years. The worms attacked the coffin, and when he died, his friends were obliged to send it to the carpenter to be repaired.

CHRISTMAS, 1815. The postboy has brought this "shocking news," as Mrs. Lloyd's[1] man calls it, from Kendal to Ambleside; that there was a poor man there who had eels in him, and never any poor creature was known to bide so much as he did with these eels. They made a hole in his side to see if they could get the eels, but it was found that they could not be got out without killing him; and at last he was in such pain that the doctors *sleeped* him to death. The interpretation of this Mr. Scambler supposes to be, that the man had an aneurism of the aorta, the visible pulsation was supposed to be the motion of the eels, and he died in the usual course of the disease soon after some dose had been given to allay the symptoms. Cupping or leeching may explain the other exaggeration.

"THE Bible," says Mr. OWEN, "as it proceeded originally from the sacred penmen, would (if it were in existence) give us in a manner the autograph of God."

MISS HUTCHINSON'S great grandmother was one of a party who sat down to the first pound of tea that ever came into Penrith. It was sent as a present, and without directions how to use it. They boiled the whole at once in a kettle, and sat down to eat the leaves with butter and salt; and they wondered how any person would like such a dish.

AT Rowland Hill's Chapel is an organ by Elliot, of great power. It is said that, on the performance of one of the hymns descriptive of thunder, many of the congregation have fainted.

IN 1806, the United Lodges of Druids

[1] The wife of Southey's friend, C. Lloyd. Mr. Scambler was the medical practitioner at Ambleside.—J. W. W.

were twenty-nine in number, some containing from 900 to 1000 members. The aspirant was blindfolded, a chain is put round his neck, when he is led to the Arch Druid who administers the oath. In some lodges this is administered by the Right Hand supporter, who holds a naked sword; in others, by the most worthy secretary, who wears a hideous mask and an enormous pair of spectacles. The aspirant kneels while he swears, and when the bandage is taken off, he is startled at seeing a ghastly hue thrown over all the persons present, by a flame which had been kindled during the ceremony. They wear beards à la Druid at their meetings.

El mentir de las estrellas
es un seguro mentir,
porque nadie puede ir
A preguntarselo a ellas.

Descartes used to say that though he could not promise to himself to render a man immortal, yet he was sure he might go so far as to make him as long lived as the patriarchs.

A Cambridge dandy who found fault with Chauncy Townsend's neckcloth, assured him that in Cambridge the neckcloth makes the man.[1] The neckcloths are sent home starched and folded, and kept in a rack made for the purpose. The aforesaid personage said that he often put on two or three before he could satisfy himself, and threw them aside to be fresh starched and folded. Another of these fellows said that when he undressed at night, it was like heaven; but that a man must suffer in order to be captivating.

A. D. 1538. The archbishop of York attempted to save Hexham at the suppression of the religious houses. He wrote to Cromwell, saying, "that it was a great sanctuary when the Scotch made inroads; and so he thought that the continuing of it might be of great use to the king."—Burnet, vol. i. p. 251.

"Body-stealing has commenced: the dissecting lectures will require more than 200 bodies every week to be dragged from the wood coffins. *Several persons have been deterred, which they have lamented at our manufactory*, from adopting the only means of safety by iron coffins, by interested persons stating they would not be received at the burial grounds. We are informed at the Bishop of London's office, they cannot be refused."

Lamps, *Middlesex*, vol. i. p. 81. (Beauties of England.)

A preacher who differed in opinion with Adolphus Gunn, called upon him, and being known was denied admittance, "Mr. Gunn being busy in his study." 'Tell him,' says the importunate visitor, 'that a servant of the Lord wishes to speak to him.' Gunn replied upon this message, "Tell the servant of the Lord, that I am engaged with his Master."

Preston, the M. P. who published pamphlets upon the corn laws, and the ruined condition of the landed and agricultural interests in 1816, was originally an attorney's clerk in *Sussex* (*I believe*). His master pushed him forward, finding him a clever fellow. He won the heart of his master's daughter, and they were to be married as soon as his circumstances would allow him to settle. He went to London, succeeded in business, and came down after a while to his old master, not to fulfil his promised marriage, but to break it off. "I know what you will do," he told the father; "you will bring an action for breach of promise, but that won't do." So he desired

[1] At this time, it is well known there was a club at Cambridge called "the Beautiful Club," in which *dimples* are said to have been painted. But men outlive such follies!—J. W. W.

to see the lady in the presence of her father and her brothers. "I promised to marry you," said he; "I acknowledge the promise. I am a man of my word, and here I am ready to fulfil it. I am ready to marry you, but mark what I say, I am a man of my word, and never break it. If you become my wife, I will treat you like a servant; you shall never associate with me; you shall live in the kitchen, do the work of a servant, dress like a servant, and clean my shoes. You know I never break my word, and now I am ready to marry you, and all who are present are witnesses to this." One of the brothers, as might be expected, took this excellent scoundrel out of the room, and horsewhipped him till he was tired. But Preston liked this when the smart was over, as it gave him an opportunity of bringing an action for an assault.

A QUAKER who was the proprietor of some wire mills, related to Talford an adventure of his in a double-bedded room. The stranger in the one bed snored intolerably, so much so that the Quaker got out, took him by the shoulder, shook him, and entreated him just to suspend his nasal trumpet till he (the Quaker) could fall asleep, which would require only a few minutes, and then he might blow away as he pleased. But before the poor Quaker was well warm in his bed, Sir Naso was trumpeting again; "Our wire mills," said the Quaker, "were a fool to him. I got out again, went to him, took hold of his nose, and held it not only till he was awake, but till he was so angry that he could not easily get to sleep again; and when I saw that, it was my turn. I jumped into bed again, got to sleep before him, and then I defied him."

IN a window in Oxford Street is a paper announcing that Alderney *double* cream is sold there.

"IN 1791 a small pool of water suddenly appeared in a natural hollow of the ground, about a mile above the ebbing and flowing well at Giggleswick,[1] which has maintained its place, with little or no diminution, in the driest seasons, from that time to the present (1807). It is situated near the summit of a mountain, and surrounded on all sides with limestone rock. The ground about it is remarkably dry; and though several springs, and among them the ebbing and flowing well itself, break out at the foot of the mountain, none of them appeared to be affected by the appearance of the pool."

I do not see much difficulty in accounting for these facts. A casual fall of stones and earth might accidentally block up the course of the spring beneath the surface; by which means the water, after accumulating in this hollow, may easily be supposed to have found another channel connected with the former, and to supply the springs beneath with the same uniformity and plenty as before.

At all events it is to be considered as a providential gift, since it supplies an herd of sixty cattle with water in the driest seasons, when they court the highest exposures, and had, till this appearance, to descend with great labour for their refreshment to the springs below.

The figure of the pool is nearly an ellipsis, of which the axis major is rather more than thirty yards; the axis minor rather more than twenty-three yards, and the greatest depth, three yards three inches.—WHITAKER'S *History of Craven*, p. 134.

"The village of Faizer in Craven consists of ten houses, seven of which are in the parish of Clapham, one in the parish of Giggleswick, and the other two, one year in the one parish, and one in another, the inhabitants having seats in both churches, re-

[1] This pool of water is said to be now dry. DRAYTON, in his *Poly-olbion*, alludes to the ebbing and flowing well:—

"At Giggleswick, where I a fountain can you show,
That eight times in a day is said to ebb and flow," &c. *Song the Twenty-Eighth.*

J. W. W.

sorting to them alternately, and paying their corn tithe to the rectors, and Easter dues to the vicars alternately; but all pay their assessed taxes to Stainforth."—Ibid. p. 137.

Scene on the banks of Ullswater between Dr. May and Mrs. Cockbaine.

The place at Enstone was called Bushell's Wells. Evelyn went to see it in 1664. "This Bushell had been secretary to my Lord Verulam. It is an extraordinary solitude. There he had two mummies, and a grot, where he lay in a hammock like an Indian." He published a pamphlet respecting his contrivances here, and there is a print of them in Plott's *Oxfordshire.*

In Edward the Sixth's reign, when it was intended to establish a free mart in England, the mart was to begin after Whitsuntide, and to hold on five weeks, "by which means it shall not let St. James's fair at Bristol, nor Bartholomew fair at London." These then were the two great English fairs.—Burnet's *Reform.* vol. ii. part ii. p. 79.

The introduction of railroads in the north of England, which were at first all made of wood, destroyed the New Forest, the colliers carrying wood back. So difficult is it to manage concerns of this kind, that the government's own wood from the forest, when delivered at Portsmouth docks, was found to cost 4*s.* 6*d.* per load more than that which they purchased.

At Moor Park near Farnham, Sir William Temple's heart, according to the directions in his will, was buried in a silver box under the sun-dial in the garden, opposite to the window from whence he used to contemplate and admire the glorious works of nature.

Lithgow calls the river Weir, "Durham's dallying and circulating consort."

The Cob at Lyme.—*Life of Lord Keeper Guildford*, vol. i. p. 228.

Shields would become the port town, if Newcastle had not a privilege, that no common baker or brewer shall set up between them and the sea.—Ibid. vol. i. p. 233.

Canal coal.—Ibid. vol. i. p. 278.

It was a superstition concerning Stonehenge (noticed in the history of Allchester), "that if they be rubbed and water thrown upon them, they will heal any green wound or old sore."

Kew Bridge. Londres, vol. 1, p. 320, Est-il vrai?

Westminster Hall. — Ibid. vol. 3, p. 134-8.

In York Castle, a collection of instruments which had been employed by robbers and murderers, brought into court, and deposited there by public authority.

Mr. Senhouse's[1] grandfather colonized the Solway Firth with good oysters, and they bred there,—but as the population of Maryport (which he founded) increased, the people destroyed them.

He was the first gentleman in Cumberland who *sashed* his windows.

About 1600, some strollers were playing late at night at a place called Perin (Penryn?) in Cornwall, when a party of Spaniards landed the same night, unsuspected and undiscovered, with intent to take the town, plunder it, and burn it. Just as they entered the players were representing a battle, and struck up a loud alarm with drum and trumpet on the stage, which the enemy hearing, thought they were discovered, made some few idle shots, and so in a hurly-burly fled to their boats. And thus the townsmen were apprized of their danger, and delivered from it at the same time.—Heywood, *Somers' Tracts*, vol. 3, p. 599.

[1] Southey's old and intimate friend, Humphrey Senhouse, Esq. of Netherhall.

J. W. W.

At the Lord William Howard's house at Naworth, a hare came and kennelled in his kitchen upon the hearth. Lilly gives this as a note to Mother Shipton's prophecy, that "the day will come that hares shall kennel on cold hearth-stones."

Near Cadbury, in Somersetshire, the Wishing Well, where women fill their thimbles with the water and drink it, and form their wish. The story is, that a girl of low degree drinking there one day, wished she were mistress of that well and the estate to which it belonged,—and ere long the lord of the estate married her.

Richard II. when his queen died at Richmond cursed the place and pulled down the palace.

Tillotson was curate at Cheshunt in 1661-2, and lived with Sir Thomas Dacres at the great house near the church. (?) He prevailed with an old Oliverian soldier, who set up for an Anabaptist preacher there, and preached in a red coat, and was much followed in that place, to desist from that encroachment upon the parish minister, and the usurpation of the priest's office, and to betake himself to some honest employment.[2] Some years afterwards, he and Dr. Stillingfleet hired that house for their summer residence.

The key-stones of the centre arch of the bridge at Henley are ornamented with heads of the Thames and Isis, in Portland stone, designed and executed by Mrs. Damer.

At Grantham a handsome *pelourinho*. I lost my book of the roads here, which I left in the sitting room at night, and no inquiries in the morning could recover it. We made as much stir as my temper would permit, and I left a direction. The next day it was sent, with a note, saying the chamber maid had found it under our bed,—which was most certainly false.

We were at Stamford on a fair day in September. Among other things I observed a patchwork quilt for sale in the market-place. A waggon laden very high with hay went through the crowd in so perilous a state that I verily expected every moment it would fall and kill somebody; the hay was so ill fastened that it was swaying from side to side. I stopped several doors, and made them get into the houses till it passed. A sudden jolt must have upset it. The man knew not what to do when I spoke to him. It was in such a state that no person could get upon it to secure it; and to have let it fall in the town on fair day, would have blocked up the street. So he went on at all hazards, and by God's mercy cleared the street.

Stee roots in Huntingdonshire. Road passes in sight of Huntingdon and St. Neots. *Black* hospital at Norman Cross.

At Biggleswade, an old gateway has been made into a handsome hall as entrance, so that sleepers are not disturbed by carriages driving in under them. The stables have been thrown back, and the stable-yard made into a garden, like a nunnery garden.

Dartford. List of every kind of costly wines at the inn. Churchyard on the hill above the town, farthest from London.

Rochester.—The landlord, as we departed, came to apologize for not having waited on us in person. He had been fifteen years, he said, a cripple, with rheumatic gout.

"Chester boasts of being the burial place of Henry, a Roman emperor, who, after having imprisoned his carnal and spiritual father, Pope Paschal, gave himself up

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[1] Not an uncommon superstition in former days. Witness those of Walsingham chapel in Norfolk.

[2] See Birch's *Life of Tillotson*, p. 23.

to penitence, and becoming a voluntary exile in this country, ended his days in solitary confinement." Harold, after the battle of Hastings, where he lost an eye, is said to have retired to this city also. "The truth of these two circumstances was declared (and not before known) by the dying confession of each party."—Hoare's *Giraldus*, vol. 2. p. 166. "The Countess and her mother keeping tame deer, presented to the Archbishop three small cheeses made from their milk; a thing which Giraldus had never seen before."—Ibid.

Christopher Smart was at school at Durham, patronized by the Barnard family, and after at Raby.

Warner (*Albion's England*), buried at Amwell, which was also a favourite haunt of Izaak Walton.

Mickle educated at Langholm.

Dr. Cotton (*The Fire Side*) lived at St. Albans.

Allstone Moor.—Children sent to wash lead as soon as they are able. The miners old at thirty, and seldom reach their fiftieth year.[1] The smoke of the smelting kills the heath on the hills when the wind blows it that way.

A young man, Bateman his name, killed himself by fagging at Cambridge, not for ambition, but fear. He used to bind wet towels round his head at night, drink strong green tea, and lest that should not stimulate the nervous system sufficiently, took at last to sugar and cold water, which is said to irritate still more.—See Barbe Robert's *Letters*.

Biscuits, *Cyclopædia*. — How made at the Victualling Office, Plymouth.

Brampton.—A ruined church about a mile from the town, near the banks of the Irthing; the chancel yet remains, and the burial service is generally read there, most of the inhabitants desiring to be buried in the same ground as their forefathers. About two miles distant, on a rock overhanging the river Gelt, the "celebrated," Roman inscription noticed by Camden.

The refuse of collieries called Gobbins[2] in some districts. In Stafford and Derbyshire they take fire after some time, unless the air is excluded. A thin stratum near the coal, called duns, tow, tawe, or catdirt, heating, swelling, and spontaneously inflaming by the contact of air and moisture. At Donisthorp, Derbyshire, they prevent this by casing the Gobbins in walls of tempered clay.

One thousand eight hundred and forty dozen wheatears (Motacilla Oenanthe) caught annually about Eastbourne,[3] 6*d.* a dozen the common price.

Sneinton, Nottinghamshire, a village cut in a rock.

In the bar of an inn at Nottingham, I saw a most despicable portrait, "painted and engraved by E. W. Mayking," of George Osbaldiston, Esq. M. P. in a white jacket and white hat, with a cricket bat under his arm, and a standing on a race-ground in the distance.

Kendal, a quaker-coloured place; picturesque chimneys there. In the inn the rooms on the first floor a very great height from the street. A strange looking *settee*

[1] This is found to be the case in the smelting houses in Shropshire; the effect, it is said, of the arsenic.—J. W. W.

[2] In Shropshire and Staffordshire, *Gob* is the name for a specified measure in a coal pit. To *work in the Gob* is a common expression.

[3] White remarks in his *Natural History of Selbourne*, "Though these birds are, when in season, in plenty on the South Downs round Lewes, yet at East-Bourn, which is the eastern extremity of those downs, they abound much *more*;" vol. i. p. 281. J. W. W.

there, covered with pepper and salt cloth, the back being about three feet and a half high, five long, and six inches thick. A brazen chandelier in the room, the part above the candles perfectly blackened with smoke. Clothstretchers about the town.

Between Kendal and Kirkby Lonsdale one alehouse has on its sign "Good ale to-morrow for nothing." Barns along the road remarkably substantial and good.

Ingleton.—Handles of the bells shaped like anchors. Single church not a mile from the town; when we passed there was a light in it, and four bells were ringing. There had been three manufactories in the town, two of cotton, and the third of tow? but they had all been given up,—which an old man who told us this thought better for the people of the neighbourhood. The mountains are table-formed. Before Settle you leave an old road on the left. Its *green* line is a very characteristic object: the ground hereabout park-like. Ebbing and flowing well. Long church at Giggleswick; the schoolmaster's salary here has risen from £50 to £1000. Proctor[1] born at Settle, but very little known there, though we inquired of his own relations at the inn. An old market-house, a pillar like a *pelourinho*, and stocks.

At Skipton there was a print of the Short-horned Bull Patriot, engraved by William Ward, engraver extraordinary to their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duke of York.

When we were at Witham Common, September, 1815, they were foddering the cows for want of grass, and brought all the water for sixty horses from a mile distance, such had been the drought. In the north we had had rain enough.

Baths at Ilkley high up the hill, and the water beautifully clear. Wharfdale, a fine prospect below. We saw an iron gate near this pretty village.

After the Norman conquest, Harold's mother Gytha, and the wives of many good men with her, went to the Steep Holme (Bradanreolice)—is this rightly translated?—and there abode some time, and thence went over sea to St. Omers.—*Saxon Chronicle*, p. 268.

1584. Sir John Yonge, of Bristol, sends Lord Burghley stones from St. Vincent's Rocks, to be used in a device in a chamber at Theobald's.—Lansdowne *MSS.* No. 43, 14.

Dec. 18, 1737. "This day, according to annual custom, bread and cheese were thrown from Paddington steeple to the populace, agreeable to the will of two women, who were relieved there with bread and cheese when they were almost starved; and Providence afterwards favouring them, they left an estate in that parish to continue the custom for ever on that day."—*London Magazine*, 1737, p. 705.

Fonthill, then called Funtell, belonged to Lord Cottington, and Garrard thus describes it in one of his letters to Strafford. 1637. "It is a noble place both for seat and all things about it, downs, pastures, arable, woods, water, partridges, pheasants, fish, a good house of freestone, much better for some additions he hath newly made to it; for he hath built a stable of stone, the third in England, Petworth and Burleigh-on-the-Hill only, exceed it; also a kitchen which is fairer and more convenient than any I have seen in England anywhere. £2000 land a-year he hath about it; and whilst I was there his park-wall of square white stone, a dry wall, only coped at the top, was finished, which cost him setting up £600 a mile, but it is but three miles about. The finest hawking-place in England, and wonderful store of partridges, which is his

[1] Thomas Proctor, the sculptor, is alluded to. J. W. W.

chiefest delight when he is there."—STRAFFORD *Letters*, vol. 2, p. 118.

TUNBRIDGE Castle. The inclosure turned into a vineyard by its owner, Mr. Hooker, and the walls spread with fruit; and the mount on which the keep stood, planted in the same way. He sometimes makes eighteen sour hogsheads, and is going to disrobe the "ivy-mantled towers," because it harbours birds.—H. WALPOLE's *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 259. A. D. 1752.

"WITHIN a mile or less of Bristol city, there is a navigable river that runs for about two or three miles between two prodigious high rocks of hard stone, (supposed by some to be as high as the Monument in Fish-Street-*Hill*,) just as though it was cut out by art."

Query. Your opinion whether that river was the product of nature or of art!

British Apollo, vol. 2, p. 600.

"— IN a mere near unto Staffordshire, small eels, about the thickness of a straw, abound so much about a set time in summer, lying on the top of the water as thick as motes are said to be in the sun, that many of the poorer sort of people that inhabit near to it take such eels out of this mere with sieves or sheets, and make a kind of eel-cake of them, and eat it like as bread."—IZ. WALTON, p. 188.

"A BOY about twelve years of age, belonging to most respectable parents at North Shields, was during the summer taken to Gilsland Wells by a near relation. The scenery pleased his youthful imagination to such a degree, that he formed the romantic notion of making a plantation in that neighbourhood the place of his residence for life, where he designed to build a hut to screen him from the winter's blast. On his return home he used every endeavour to raise money, in which he in some degree succeeded. His next care was to select a brother hermit to accompany him, and he at last found a schoolfellow, rather younger, who appears to have been as romantic as himself. These two worthies last week, after packing up their wardrobes, and securing a pistol, powder, and shot, to furnish themselves with game, actually set out on their pilgrimage, and were some miles west of Hexham before one of the persons employed to seek the fugitives overtook and brought them back."

A MAD Welshman, in BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's *Pilgrim*, says—

"The organs at Rixum[1] were made by revelations,
There is a spirit blows and blows the bellows,
And then they *sing*."—Act iv. sc. 3.

This Welshman "ran mad because a rat eat up his cheese."

MARBLE discovered at Dent by two upright slabs set up as a *stile* in the churchyard, which in process of time were polished by those who rubbed against them in passing through.

BIBLE Society.—Book worship substituted for idol-worship by the Jews, Heretics, and Moslems.

Catholics in Ireland and England, how they have acted.

Spectacle Society desiderated, and of course to follow.

It will soon be a question whether the Bible be created or uncreated.

THE Admiralty has ordered that one Bible, one Testament, and four Books of Common Prayer, shall be allowed to every mess of eight men in the navy. The books are to be in charge of the purser, to be frequently mustered, and considered as sea-store. A proportion is also allowed to all the naval hospitals.

G. G. S. from Birmingham, suggests "me-

[1] i. e. Wrexham. The pronunciation is pretty much the same to this day.—J. W. W.

thods by which generous persons in middling circumstances, during these trying times, may keep up their charitable subscriptions:—First, by selling all or most of their jewels, trinkets, hoarded coins, &c. Secondly, by leaving off or diminishing the use of wine, spirituous liquors, tobacco, and snuff. Thirdly, by decreasing expenses,—there are professors who keep carriages or horses, some of which they could do very well without. And lastly, by disusing the expensive custom of treating parties at dinner or supper. Here I must also add that if reputable persons would restrict their families during this season to the use of cheap provisions, they would thereby have more to spare for the poor."—*Evangelical Magazine*, March 1813.

"This opinion of Inspiration, called commonly Private Spirit, begins very often from some lucky finding of an error generally held by others, and not knowing, or not remembering by what conduct of reason they came to so singular a truth (as they think it, though it be many times an untruth they light on), they presently admire themselves, as being in the special grace of God Almighty, who hath revealed the same to them supernaturally, by His Spirit."—HOBBES, p. 36.

SECTARIANISM of the wilder sort—like love

"que siempre en estas materias
aquello que no se sabe
es aquello que mas prenda."

D. FRANC. de ROXAS. *Los Vandos de Verona.*

A DIGNITARY of the Church is said to have found Bolingbroke reading CALVIN'S *Institutes*, and being asked his opinion of the book, to have replied,—"We do not think upon such topics; we teach the plain doctrines of virtue and morality, and have long laid aside those abstruse points about grace." "Look you, Doctor," said Bolingbroke, "you know I don't believe the Bible to be a divine revelation; but they who do can never defend it on any principle but the doctrine of grace. To say truth, I have at times been almost persuaded to believe it upon this view of things,—and there is one argument which has gone very far with me, which is, that the belief of it now exists upon earth, when it is committed to the care of such as you, who pretend to believe it and yet deny the only principles on which it is defensible."

Madan relates this as communicated to him by a person to whom Bolingbroke reported the conversation.

SECESSION of the Baptists from the *Evangelical Magazine*, because in *A Concise View of the Present State of Evangelical Religion throughout the World*, which the Editors admitted "without making themselves responsible for every sentiment they contain," (for thus they premised),—this sentence occurred:—"The Particular Baptists have greatly enlarged their numbers, not perhaps so much from the world by awakenings of conscience in new converts, as from the different congregations of Dissenters and Methodists." This was complained of by the Baptist Brethren. The Editors took the subject into consideration, and came to this resolution:—"That the Editors having reconsidered the paragraph complained of, are by no means convinced that it contains any mistake in point of fact; and they are further of opinion, that recurring to the subject in the Magazine can have no possible good effect." Upon this the secession followed; and the Editors in announcing it say—"While it is painful to separate from brethren whom we respect and love,—we feel ourselves liberated from the restraint which our connection with them laid upon us, to refrain from all observations in favour of Infant Baptism, which we firmly maintain in common with our fellow Christians in general throughout the world. To this important subject, therefore, we shall occasionally recur, and endeavour to defend

our practice as freely as others oppose it; at the same time by no means ranking it with the essentials of vital religion, or treating those of a contrary spirit with asperity."

The sale of the *Evangelical Magazine* is stated in this notice to exceed 20,000. More than eighty poor widows of evangelical ministers were annually assisted with sums of four or five pounds from its profits. In this manner, since its commencement in 1793, £6000 had been distributed, besides several hundreds to missions.

After Lord Exmouth's victory, some British speculators sent bricks and tiles to Algiers, expecting to find a sure market for them, in a city which had, as they supposed, been battered to pieces.

Revival of religion at Bristol in Rhode Island.—*Evangelical Magazine*, January 1813, p. 30.

Wanted, in the vicinity of Cavendish Square, an improver in the millinery and dress-making business. If seriously disposed, the more desirable. Is this an inventor of fashions?—Ibid. Feb. 1813.

Sirrah, said an old Scotch minister to Mr. Haliburton when a boy, "unsanctified learning has done much mischief to the kirk of God."

"Of all discourse, governed by desire of knowledge, there is at last an end; either by attaining, or by giving over."—Hobbes, *Leviathan*, p. 30. At Cateaton Street we had not this consolation in view!

"Last of all, men, vehemently in love with their own new opinions, (though never so absurd), and obstinately bent to maintain them, gave those their opinions also that reverenced name of conscience, as if they would have it seem unlawful to change or speak against them; and so pretend to know they are true, when they know at most but that they think so."—Ibid. 31.

"Without steadiness, and direction to some end, a great fancy is one kind of madness; such as they have, that, entering into any discourse, are snatched from their purpose by every thing that comes in their thought, into so many and so long digressions and parentheses, that they utterly lose themselves."—Which kind of folly I know no particular name for.—Ibid. 33.

A tame crow at a public house in Swallwell, Durham, bred there from a young one. It used to fly at large during the fine season, and return in winter. Sometimes, in summer, it would visit the village, perch in the trees, and come down to take meat, or bread from those who offered it to their old acquaintance. It would alight upon their shoulder, and take the food from the hand.

Names of Gooseberries, at the Annual Gooseberry Show, held at the house of Mr. Robert Huxley, Sign of the Angel, Chester.

Mr. Blead's,—Creeping Ceres,
Glory of England,
Apollo,
Colossus,
Golden Lion.

Mr. Cooper's,—Worthington's Conqueror,
Somach's Victory,—
Bell's Farmer,
Green Chissel,
Game-Keeper,
Langley Green,
Green Goose,
Apollo,
White Bear,
White Rose,
Yellow Seedling.

Mr. Huxley's,—Royal Sovereign.

Greyer Lloyd had two hunters, whose names were Heretick and Beelzebub.

The London bills of mortality for 1812 enumerate 1550 of old age; 4942 of consumption; 3530 convulsions; 1287 smallpox; 4 of grief; 9 of leprosy.

In 1811 only one single case of small-pox at Copenhagen,—such had been the progress of vaccination.[1]

At Mr. Mummery's academy, near the seven mile stone, Lower Edmonton, young gentlemen are boarded and educated at twenty-six guineas per annum, including washing. For the accommodation of those parents who may be desirous of sending their daughters to the same school with their sons, Mrs. Mummery takes young ladies on the same terms."

Mary Bateman, the Taunton witch.

"For, as for witches," says Hobbes, "I think not that their witchcraft is any real power, but yet that they are justly punished for the false belief they have, that they can do such mischief, joined with their purpose to do it if they can;—their trade being nearer to a new religion than to a craft or science."—*Leviathan*, p. 7.

A man and woman, for coining, were hanged at the same time with Patch the murderer.

"Caution to officers going abroad, and to sportsmen in general. Whereas the Patent Elastic Anticra Enodros Absorbent Military Fulax Kleistrow will be ready for inspection in a few days. And as whenever talents are on the tapis, imbecillity and avarice are ever on the watch, this is solely to caution those persons whose ardent imaginations might lead them to support those servile and illiberal imitations which we have no doubt will be offered to the public."—*Courier*, Dec. 28, 1813.

"It was a good race, the winner being much spurred."

"As for whipping such a dishonest brute as Hambletonian, it would answer no end but to make him swerve, or bolt, or probably stop him outright; but of spurring he had a good bellyfull in the late race, and it must be owned in his favour, he ran very truly to it."

"Diamond is in the second degree from Herod; Hambletonian from Eclipse. The Herods are in general hard and stout; the Eclipses, jadish, speedy, and uncertain."

1799. The Hambletonian and Diamond of their day, Sandy-o'er-the-lee, a few years since the property of Mr. Baird at Newhythe, and Whitelegs, about the same period belonging to Sir Hedworth Williamson, Baronet; horses by which, at a moderate computation, their owners may be supposed to have realized £5000 a-piece, are at this time running together in one of the diligences between Glasgow and Edinburgh.

"As a sportsman, I cannot but congratulate you, and all true lovers of the British turf, upon the late evident increase of the noble and heroic sport of horse-racing."

Fitness of having summer and winter apartments in great houses.

Absurdity of verandas in the streets of London, and by the side of its dusty roads.

Hedge-hog crocus pots.

"On Saturday, January 1, 1814, will be published, continued weekly, at Swansea, a provincial newspaper, in the Welsh language, under the title of *Seren Gomer*."

"St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, Dec. 24, 1813. "Whereas many of the sepulchral stones and buildings in the above churchyard are, through the lapse of time, fallen into a very ruinous and dilapidated state; notice is hereby respectfully given to the families and friends of those to whom such sepulchral conveniences may have been appropriated, that unless the same shall be put into decent repair within the space of three months from this time, they must be considered as exclusively the property of the

[1] I have noticed before the great care taken on this head. See *suprà*, p. 394.

parish. — Robert Joy. — S. L. Curlewis. — James Sant, Churchwardens."

Sir Rowland Hill bought Dash, a favourite pointer of Colonel Thornton, for 120 guineas, and a cask of Madeira, on condition that if the dog were disabled for sporting at any time he should be resold to the Colonel for *fifty* guineas, to breed from. Which repurchase accordingly took place.

The history of Baillie the renegade, who was going to cut off Arthur Aikin's head because I had spoken of him in the *Annual Review*, is to be found in Dr. Neale's *Travels*, p. 232.

* Mrs. Whitbread hired a servant in Cornwall, who at the time of hiring thought herself bound to let the lady know that she had once had a misfortune. When the woman had been some time in service, by a slip of the tongue she spoke of something which had happened to her just after the birth of her first child. "Your first," said Mrs. Whitbread, "why, how many have you had then?" "O ma'am," said she, "I've had four." "Four!" exclaimed the mistress, "why, you told me you had had but one. However, I hope you will have no more." "Ma'am," replied the woman, "that must be as it may please God."

"When we reason in words of general signification, and fall upon a general inference which is false; though it be commonly called *error*, it is indeed an absurdity, or senseless speech. For error is but a deception, in presuming that somewhat is past, or to come; of which, though it were not past, or not to come, yet there was no impossibility discoverable. But when we make a general assertion, unless it be a true one, the possibility of it is inconceivable. And words whereby we conceive nothing but the sound are those we call absurd, insignificant, and nonsense.

"I have said that a man did excel all other animals in this faculty, that when he conceived any thing whatsoever, he was apt to inquire the consequences of it, and what effects he could do with it. And now I add this other degree of the same excellence, that he can by words reduce the consequences he finds to general rules, called theorems, or aphorisms: That is, he can reason, or reckon, not only in number, but in all other things, whereof one may be added unto, or subtracted from another.

"But this privilege is allayed by another, and that is by the privilege of absurdity, to which no living creature is subject but man only. And of men, those are of all most subject to it who profess philosophy." — Hobbes, pp. 19, 20.

"They that have no science, are in better and nobler condition with their natural prudence, than men that by mis-reasoning, or by trusting them that reason wrong, fall upon false and absurd general rules.—Ibid. p. 21."

Wortley Stuart's motion for a change of ministry: "The resolutions of a monarch are subject to no other inconstancy than that of human nature; but in assemblies, besides that of nature, there ariseth an inconstancy from the number. For the absence of a few that would have the resolution once taken continues firm, (which may happen by security, negligence, or private impediments,) or the diligent appearance of a few of the contrary opinion, undoes to-day all that was concluded yesterday."—Ibid. p. 96.

"Good reason had Xenocrates to give order that children should have certain aurielets or bolsters devised to hang about their ears for their defence, rather than fencers and sword players; for that these are in danger only to have their ears spoiled with knocks or cuts by weapons; but the others to have their manners corrupted and marred with evil speeches."—Plutarch, p. 52.

"The reply of that great sufferer, the noble Marquis of Worcester, to the maior of Bala in Merionethshire, who came to ex-

cuse himself and town for his lordship's bad lodging: 'Lord! what a thing is this misunderstanding! I warrant you, might but the king and parliament conferre together as you and I have done, there might be as right an understanding as betwixt you and I. Somebody hath told the parliament that the king was an enemy; and their believing of him to be such hath wrought all the jealousies which are come to these distractions; the parliament being now in such a case as I myself am in, having green ears over their heads, and false ground under their feet.' The parlour where the marquis lay was a soft and loose ground, wherein you might sink up to the ancles: the top of the house was thatcht with ill-threshed straw, and the corn which was left in the straw wherewith the house was thatcht, grew, and was then as green as grass."—BAYLY'S *Worcester Apothegms.* FOULIS, *Pretended Saints*, p. 187.

"THERE is a place near St. Paul's, called in old records Diana's Chamber, where in the days of Edward I., thousands of the heads of oxen were digged up; whereat the ignorant wondered, whilst the learned well understood them to be the proper sacrifices to Diana, whose great temple was built thereabout.[1] This rendereth their conceit not altogether unlikely who will have London so called from Llan-Dian, which signifieth in British the temple of Diana. And surely conjectures, if mannerly observing their distance, and not impudently intruding themselves for certainties, deserve, if not to be received, to be considered."—FULLER'S *Church History*, p. 1.

"THE learned know that the Tauropolia were celebrated in honour of Diana. And when I was a boy," says Camden, "I have seen a stag's head fixed upon a spear, (agreeable enough to the sacrifices of Diana) and carried about within the very church with great solemnity and sounding of horns. And I have heard that the stag which the family of Baud in Essex were bound to pay for certain lands, used to be received at the steps of the quire by the priests of the church, in their sacerdotal robes, and with garlands of flowers about their heads. Whether this was a custom before those Bauds were bound to the payment of that stag, I know not; but certain it is that ceremony savours more of the worship of Diana, and the Gentile errors, than of the Christian religion."—*Camden*, p. 315.

NEIGHBOURHOOD of Smithfield and Warwick Lane. It is become a more fatal place for oxen, and perhaps also for the souls of the inhabitants; for of an idolater there is more hope than of a heretic. The true Diana's worship has disappeared.

THE seraphim or musical glasses, to which the above title is truly appropriate from their divine harmony, offer "a powerful attraction to the lovers of harmony in general, and particularly to taste and science, in the decline of the wonted powers of instrumental performance, from the gentle movement whereby the music of the seraphim is produced; whilst to the sensibility of pain or sorrow it infuses the balm of consolation by the most soothing and delightful harmony."—COURIER, January 1st, 1814.

A CEREMONY respecting a peculiar tenure for lands in the parish of Broughton, Lincolnshire, takes place at Castor church every Palm Sunday. A person enters the churchyard with a green silk purse, containing ten shillings and a silver penny, tied at the end of a cart whip, which he smacks thrice in the porch, and continues there till the second lesson begins; when he goes into the church and smacks the whip three times over the clergyman's head. After kneeling before the desk during the reading of the lesson, he presents the minister with the purse, and

[1] The learned Selden is the author of the conceit here alluded to. The reader is referred to the notes in the Clar. Press edit. of FULLER'S *Church History*.—J. W. W.

then retiring to the choir, waits the remainder of the service.

S. Guthlake at Crowland, "that is the raw or crude land, so raw indeed, that before him no man could digest to live thereon. The devils called it their own land. Could those infernal fiends, tortured with immaterial fire, take any pleasure, or make any ease to themselves, by paddling here in puddles, and dabbling in the moist dirty marshes?—If his prodigious life may be believed, ducks and mallards do not now flock thither faster in September, than herds of devils came about him."—Fuller, p. 95.

"It is observed of the country people born at Carlton in Leicestershire, that they have all (proceeding from some secret cause in their soil or water) a strange uncouth wharling in their speech." Fuller's *Church History*, p. 125.

Rhotacismus is Camden's word, and he says *most* of the natives have it, "a harsh and ungrateful manner of speech, with a guttural and difficult pronunciation." Perhaps originally a colony from Durham or Northumberland, whose descendants had the burr still sticking in their throats.

Queen Catharine, buried at Peterborough. See Fuller, p. 206.

"It is Luther's observation, that in Scripture *Son* of man is always taken in a good sense; but *sons* of men, generally in the worst acceptation." Fuller, book viii. p. 22.

Atalanta at Ennis race in Ireland, threw her rider, but won the race, looking back and quickening her pace as the other horses approached her. At the close she trotted a few paces, wheeled round, and came up to the scale as usual.

In the golden speech of Queen Elizabeth to her last parliament, me and my are always printed with capital initials.

A Norfolk gentleman farmer rode his own boar, for a wager from his own house to the next town, four and-a-quarter miles distant, twenty guineas the wager, the time allowed an hour. Porco performed it in fifty minutes.

Cards. The manufacturers work at them from seven in the morning till ten at night: and the consumers from ten at night till seven in the morning.

Leominster, 1796. One of the Oxford dragoon horses got loose in the stable, and probably scenting a better supply of provisions, found his way up a crooked staircase into the hay loft. The soldier who had the key of the stable in his pocket, came back presently, and missing the horse, ran in the utmost consternation to his officer. But on his way he heard the horse, who had put his head out of the pitching hole, and was neighing as if to say, "Here I am." There was no enticing or forcing him down the stairs; and they were wearied with attempting it, when he trod upon a trap door which covered a hole for sacking hops; it gave way, his hinder part went first, for which there was just room; his feet touched the ground, and in a few moments the rest followed, and he alighted with very little injury, only the loss of a few hairs and a little skin.

Benjamin Smith, of Peter House, Rector of Linton in Yorkshire, died 1777; a mighty dancer before the Lord. He paid twelve guineas for learning one dance in France; and when riding on a journey, or to visit a friend in fine weather, he would sometimes alight, tie his horse to a gate, and dance a hornpipe or two on the road to the astonish-

ment of any who happened to pass. He was equally fond of cribbage, and when he met with a poor person who could play well, he would maintain them three or four months for the sake of playing with them.

The house at Huntingfield in Suffolk where Lord Hunsdon entertained Queen Elizabeth. "The great hall was built round six straight massy oaks, which originally supported the roof, as they grew; upon these the foresters and yeomen of the guard used to hang their nets, cross bows, hunting poles, great saddles, calibres, bills, &c. The roots had long been decayed when I visited this romantic dwelling, and the shafts sawn off at bottom were supported either by irregular logs of wood driven under them, or by masonry. Part of the long gallery in which the queen and her attendants used to divert themselves, was converted into an immense cheese chamber.

"Her oak still standing. Hearne made a drawing of it for Sir Gerard Vanneck; seven feet from the ground it is nearly eleven yards in circumference." — C. Davy, Esq.

In the parish of Caer y Derwyddon, which is between Corwen and Kerneoge Mawr, lived a weaver who played admirably upon the violin by ear, without any knowledge of music. He was a great cocker, and was supposed to have the art of judging by the egg whether the bird would be a good one. He had procured some eggs of an excellent breed, and entirely to his liking, when the hen was carried off by a badger. No other hen was at hand, nor other bird to supply her place. He immediately went to bed himself, took the six eggs into his own care, and hatched them himself in about two days. Four of his brood died, a cock and hen were reared. The cock proved conqueror in a Welsh match, by which he won half a flitch of bacon, and he used to say that the cock and hen of his own hatching, had supplied him with bacon and eggs for half a year.

A story circulated, that, as a party were at the pharo-table at Mrs. Sturt's, having begun their game after returning from Saturday's opera on Sunday morning, a thunder-clap was heard, a slight shock of an earthquake felt, the club became the colour of blood, and the hearts black.

Rowland Hill made a good remark upon hearing the power of the letter H discussed, whether it were a letter or not. If it were not, he said, it would be a very serious affair for him, for it would make him *ill* all the days of his life.

At the cliffs about Seaford, Sussex, the eggs of the sea-fowl are taken as in Scotland, by lowering a man from above.

"June 18, 1796, a main at the Cock-pit Royal, Westminster, between J. H. Durand and J. Reid, Esquires, Bromley and Walter feeders, for bonâ fide twenty guineas a battle, and a thousand the odd, "a more numerous assemblage of opulent sportsmen, or a greater field for betting money, has never been remembered."—"Candour compels us to confess the energetic fervour of each party could not be exceeded, nor could the *honesty* of *feeders* be ever brought to a more decisive criterion. Employed by gentlemen of the most unsullied honour, the cause became enthusiastically sympathetic, and it is universally admitted, a better fought main has never been seen in the kingdom. Walter had certainly a most capital accumulation of feather, the Lowthers, the Elwes, the Holfords, the Basingstoke, &c. &c., which (luckily for Bromley) were put in the back-ground of the Picture, by the old blood of the late Captain Bertie, Vauxhall Clarke, Cooper of Mapledurham, and a little of Bromley's Cock-bread from Berkshire."

A cricket match at Bury between the married women of the parish and the maidens.[1] The matrons won. The Bury women

[1] Such a match was played here at West-

challenged all the women in their own county.

An alphabetical cricket match between Lord Darnley and Lord Winchelsea. The former to choose players whose names began with the first eleven letters of the alphabet. Lord Winchelsea from the next eleven.

The Duke of Queensberry betted 1000 guineas that he would produce a man who would eat more at a meal than any one whom Sir John Lade could find. The Duke was informed of his success (not being present at the achievement,) by the following bulletin from the field of battle:—"My Lord, I have not time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your Grace that your man beat his antagonist by a pig[1] and an apple-pie."

1796. Sunday afternoon, June 26, was interred in the churchyard of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, the remains of Mr. Patrick, the celebrated composer of church-bell music, and senior of the Society of Cumberland Youths. His productions of real double and treble bob-royal, are standing monuments of his unparalleled abilities. The procession was singular and solemn; the corpse being followed by all the ringing societies in the metropolis and its environs, each sounding hand-bells with muffled clappers, accompanied by those of the church ringing a dead peal, which produced a most solemn effect on the eyes and ears of an innumerable concourse of spectators. Mr. Patrick was the person who composed the whole peal of Stedman's triples, 5040 changes, (till then deemed impracticable), for the discovery of which the citizens of Norwich advertised a premium of £50, which was paid him about three years since, with the highest encomiums on his superlative merit. He was well known as a maker of barometers.

Dog tax. Dent received some hundred dead dogs packed up as game. The slaughter was so great, and the consequent nuisance, men not thinking themselves bound to bury their dogs, that the magistrates in some places were obliged to interfere. At Cambridge the high-constable buried above 400. About Birmingham more than 1000 were destroyed.

As a boy was climbing a tree in Gibside Wood, Durham, to rob a hawk's nest of its young, the old hawk attacked him, and he was soon covered with blood. After a most severe conflict of several minutes, hands proved superior to beak and claws, and the boy took his antagonist prisoner.

1796. A bet that within two years the beard would be commonly worn upon the upper lip and the point of the chin, à la Vandyke.

July 30, 1796, was rung by the Society of Cambridge Youths, at the church of St. Mary the Great, in Cambridge, a true and compleat peal of Bob Maximus, in five hours and five minutes, consisting of 6600 changes, which, for the regularity of striking and harmony throughout the peal, was allowed by the most competent judges that heard it to be a very masterly performance; especially, as it was remarked, that, in point of time, the striking was to such a nicety that in each thousand changes the time did not vary the sixteenth of a minute, and the compass of the last thousand was exactly equal to the first, which is the grand scope of ringing.

The time of ringing this peal shews that the late Professor Saunderson's calculation is pretty accurate, respecting the time it would take to ring the whole number of changes on twelve bells, which he stated at forty-five years, six days, and eighteen hours, without intermission.

Tarring in the summer of 1850. The stool-ball is likewise kept up here.—J. W. W.

[1] A *pig* is still a provincial term for an apple puff.—J. W. W.

CRICKET match between Greenwich pensioners, eleven with one arm against eleven with one leg. The one legs beat by 103 runs. In the course of the match there were five *legs* broke, four in running, one by the blow of a bat.

1796. FRIDAY, August 20, was rung a complete 5040 grandsire triples at St. Mary's, Kendal, in three hours, twenty minutes, by the Westmoreland youth,—being the greatest number of changes ever rung upon that noble peal at one time. The peal was divided into ten parts, or courses, of 504 each. The bobs were called by the sixth; a lead single was made in the middle of the peal, and another at the conclusion, which brought the bells home. Distinct leads, and exact divisions were observed throughout the whole of the peal.

SUNDAY, August 28, was rung at Kidderminster, a compleat peal of 5012 grandsire triples. The peal was conducted through with one single, which was brought to the 4984th change, viz. 1267453. It is allowed by those conversant in the art to exceed any peal ever yet rung in this kingdom by that method. The same peal was composed and called by Stephen Hill. Time, three hours and fourteen minutes.

AN old ringer of Milford (Southampton), left three-fourths of an acre, the rent to be applied in the purchase of bell-ropes for the use of the church.

MONDAY, September 12, 1796, was attempted to be rung by eight Birmingham youths, some of whom were under twenty years of age, a compleat peal of 15120 bob-majors. After they had rung in a most masterly manner for upwards of eight hours and a half, they found themselves so much fatigued, that they requested the caller to take the first opportunity to bring the bells home, which he soon did, by omitting a bob, and so brought them round, which made a compleat peal of 14224 changes in eight hours and forty-five minutes; and was allowed to be fine striking through the whole performance, and the longest peal ever rung in that part of the country.—*Magnis tamen excidit ausis!*

AUGUST 22, died at the Bald Buck, Lichfield, the noted Jack Lewton, chaise-driver. He was buried on the Wednesday following in St. Michael's churchyard, and by his own request as near to the turnpike road leading to Burton as possible, that he might, as he said, enjoy the satisfaction of hearing his brother whips pass and repass. He particularly desired that he might be carried to the grave by six chaise-drivers, his late companions, in scarlet jackets and buckskin breeches, the pall to be supported by the like number of hostlers from different inns, and the mourners to consist of six publicans with their wives. The procession on their way to the grave were desired to stop at the Old Crown inn, and refresh themselves, each with a glass of Hollands, his favourite liquor.

MARGARET YCH EVAN, of Pennllyn, who inhabited a cottage on the borders of Llanberris Lake, was the greatest hunter, shooter, and fisher of her time, rowed stoutly, played the violin, was a good carpenter and joiner, and wrestled so well at seventy, that there were few men who dared to try a fall with her.

IN some parts of Italy they make holes in the ground, and put in them conical caps of paper bird-limed, with meat at the bottom; the crows come to the bait, and are hooded.

RATS, it is said, will forsake a house if their road is bird-limed so as to besmear one of them!

A PITMAN'S wife in Northumberland suckled two lambs whose dams were killed in a storm.

1799. A GENTLEMAN in Herefordshire

is said to have lately married his grandmother. It is thus related :—"On Friday Mr. John Palmer, second son of Mr. William Palmer of Yatton Marsh, Aymstrey, was married to Mrs. Mary Palmer, relict of the late Mr. John Palmer of Leinthall Earls, who was grandfather to her present husband. The bride, though she may be properly called grandmother to the bridegroom, is no more than thirty years of age."

At Alnwick, every burgess who takes up his freedom goes in procession to a large pond at some distance from the town, dressed with ribbons, makes a jump into it, and gets through as he can. A party generally perform at the same time, and then gallop back to the town, the foremost in the race being pronounced winner of the boundaries. They are entertained with ale at the gate of the Castle by the Duke's steward,—a holly tree is planted at the young freeman's door, and the day ends with such merriment as is usual—dancing, drinking, and sports.[1]

Courier, July 18, 1814. "Real red-legged Partridge-eggs. Noblemen and gentlemen may be supplied with any quantity just imported from France, by applying to Mr. Joseph Clark, Poulterer, South Audley Street."

There are odd persons all the world over, but in other parts of the world they die and their oddities with them. In England every man's oddities find some faithful chronicler. Thus a chapter of Obituary Anecdotes.

Want of churches in large towns. Marybone *contains not* less than 60,000 inhabitants. Pancras in the same predicament —very populous, with only one church. Yet we found Catholic colleges, and have no money for churches!

Preserves the main cause of poaching; the madness of vying with each other in the quantity of game killed. Game book. List of the killed at Woburne. One of these homo's had 800 head of game in his larder at one time.

The three sweet fire-side sounds — the song of the tea-kettle; the chirping of the cricket; and the purring of the cat.

"J'ouy un jour bien naifvement un enfant de grande maison, faire feste a chascun dequoy sa mere venoit de perdre son procés, comme sa toux, sa fiebvre, ou autre chose d'importune garde."—Montaigne, vol. 8, p. 344.

1824. The steam-engines in England represent the power of 320,000 horses, which is equal to that of 1,920,000 men. They are worked by 36,000 men, and thus add to the power of our population 1,834,000 men.—*Morning Herald.*

"There is a house on London Bridge built entirely of wood, without any mixture of iron nails therein; therefore commonly called Nonesuch, for the rarity of the structure thereof."—Fuller's *Pisgah Sight*, p. 261.

Projected Contents.

New System of Education.
Young Roscius. Missions.
Religious Magazines. Gipsies.
Strolling Players. Sandemanians.
Parliamentary Reform.
Catholic Emancipation.
Public Schools.
Astley's, Royal Circus, &c.
Pidcock. Travelling Elephants at Bristol Fair.
Moravians. Luddites.
Death of Mr. Perceval. Almanacks.
Navy and Army Lists, and Periodicals of this nation.
Gas Lights. Insurance Offices.
Police. Prostitution.
O. P. The Green Man.

[1] The miry pool is called the "Freeman's well," and the custom still exists.—J. W. W.

Mr. Coates. Bible Society.

English Orthography. Elphinstone. Pinkerton. Gil's Logonomia Anglica, 1621, 4to. is said in Rodd's Catalogue to be the first attempt to write the English language as it is spoken.

Freemasons.

Popular Songs and Ballads. Tract Societies.

Want of a Dictionary. Skaiting.

Country Sports.

Population. Bills of Mortality. Proportion of the Sexes.

Lotteries.

Nunneries — Protestant. Connect this with the chapter on Prostitution. See Mary Astell, in the Biographies.

The Varment Club. Four-in-hand Club.

Patent Coffins. Funerals. Burial-places. At Lambeth they probe! before they open a grave.

Bullion. Richmond. Windsor.

Tunbridge. Hastings. Winchelsea. Rye. Brighton.

Bristol. Ilfracombe.

The Wye. Merthyr. Hereford. Worcester.

Norwich. Nottingham.—So through the cave country.

Fools.

When or where did this character originate?

Charles the Fifth had an excellent fool, Don Frances; he was staunch to the last, for when some assassins had mortally wounded him, and his wife hearing a disturbance at the door, enquired what was the matter? "Nothing, Mistress," said he; "they have only killed your husband." A fool, Perico de Ayala, who was his friend, begged him to pray for him in the next world, Frances replied, "Tie a string round my little finger, lest I should forget it."—Floresta's *Espanola*, p. 123.

Perico de Ayala, the Marquis of Villena, once ordered his wardrobe-keeper to give the fool *un sayo de brocado;* the man only gave him the *mangas* and *faldamentos*. Away went Perico to the court brotherhood, and requested them to bury one who had died at the Marquis's, and then away went the funeral procession, with the little death bell tinkling before them. The marquis seeing them at his door, asked why they came? "For the body," said the fool, "as the chamberlain only gave him the trimmings." —Ibid. p. 125.

A knight once asked him what were the properties of a turquoise?[1] "Why," said the fool, "if you have a turquoise about you, and should fall from the top of a tower and be dashed to pieces, the stone would not break."—Ibid. p. 124.

It is a good remark of Davies (*Dramatic Miscellanies*), that fools seem to have been employed to supply the want of free society. A jest from an equal was an insult; yet conversation wanted its pepper, and vinegar, and mustard.

During Lockyer's reign at Bristol, 6000 houses were planned; an increase which would have required at least 60,000 inhabitants, they were houses of such size. It was like the South Sea infatuation.

Spermaceti manufactory. No dog was safe in the neighbourhood, and no horse.

Debat and his Sermons. My Uncle T., having heard the text of one, could name the texts for the next six weeks; which he did once for a wager. When Debat was told this, he readily answered, "I am very glad to find that any one of my congregation is so attentive."

My Uncle T. made a good stand against erecting the pulpit so, as that the preacher should have his back to the altar. "I shall live," he says, "to see a great many asses

[1] The turquoise, it is well known, was thought to possess the rare power of giving warning to its owner, as it looked pale or bright. *True as a turquoise* became a proverb, and is used by Ben Jonson.—J. W. W.

get up in that pulpit; and I should not like to hear them braying at the congregation, and —— at the Altar and the Decalogue."

LACK of employment for females.

GEORGE LUKINS. Man walking on the water. Colliers. Penpark, Hol, and Tucker. Mr. Levi. A conjurer at Mangotsfield.

MORAVIANS.

ENGLISH loyalty. Vivat Rex et Regina on the play bills.

CRIMPING.

PRYNNE was imprisoned at Dunster under Cromwell.

MINEHEAD in 1772 a place of respectable trade. A West India trade in connection with Barnstaple or Bristol, and pilchards to the amount of 300 or 400 barrels arrived and exported to the Mediterranean.

USE of saffron in old times.

OUR fashionables might almost keep Ramadan all the year round, without altering their present mode of life.—*Koran*, vol. i. p. 34.

FOR low-born gentry I heard T. Southey use a strong expression:—"Fellows," he called them, "who have not nails enough to scratch their heads with."

GEORGE ROBART'S mother died during the great election at Bristol, and her death was kept secret till it was over, because he was too active a man to be spared. Just when this had been settled between him and T. Southey, T. went to the post office and found a letter to tell him his own mother was dead. That also was not made known till after the poll was closed.

ON the authority of James the waggoner's son, it is stated that every Bristol apprentice must draw a truck, in order to acquire his freedom.

CHEDDAR. The whole parish clubbed their milk to make a cheese for the lord of the manor (the late Lord Weymouth, so called, 1772), when he came of age. Tasting it, it proved not good, and was therefore not presented. When it was scooped out, the cavity was large enough to hold a girl of thirteen.

GLASTONBURY waters. The history of one patient here is very remarkable. When a lad, he was so terrified at the ghost of Hamlet at Drury Lane, that in consequence of the shock, a humour broke out, and settled in the king's evil. After all medicines had failed, he came to these waters, and they effected a thorough cure. Faith cured what fear had produced.

JAPAN ink and Japan blacking.

THE celebrated Belleish convent soap can only be had in a fair and unadulterated state at the original *Opificium* of C. Mason & Co., No. 116, Pall Mall.

RUSSIA oil, which restores hair on bald heads, and prevents it from growing grey; and of which no bottles are genuine unless they have the Russian eagle on the outside, and are signed in red ink by the proprietors, Mochrikufsky and Prince, to counterfeit which is felony. May we not hint that the difficulty of counterfeiting would be greatly increased if *Mochrikufsky* would sign his name in the Russ character.—*Mockery* en verdad.

BAJAZET'S oriental depilatory. Athenian wiggery.

Bloom of Circassia. Milk of roses. Violet soap. Almond paste. Palmyrene soap. Pearl dentrifice.

The man who makes pearl soap advertises for old pearls.

Udor Kallithrix, or Circassian water. Neureticopeklicon.

The celebrated Polish vegetable soap paste, prepared by M. Delcroix in *Poland*

Street, from a recipe of M. Brufkosky, his friend, an eminent chemist at Warsaw, the sole inventor of this precious composition, which has been universally approved of by persons of the first rank inhabiting that blank and frozen country.

Athenian wiggery.

High beds. Feather bed.

Mrs. K. knew a servant man, remarkably parsimonious, who gave an itinerant female quack ten guineas for a bottle of stuff, which was to bring hair on his head (he having been bald twenty years), if he rubbed one tea spoonful every night, and took another, as long as the bottle lasted. He bargained very hard to let it be pounds.

Patent elastic India cotton invisible petticoats, manufactured for the spring.

Beauty improved, preserved, and rendered permanent by the habitual use of the Sicilian soap, or Italian washing paste, prepared from cosmetic flowers, balsams, and herbs collected in Sicily and the fruitful plains of Italy. The use of this soap renders the operation of shaving most luxuriously agreeable.

"By Divine Providence,"—Wither's balm of Quito.

The Reverend Mr. Barclay, of the antibilious pill, and solvent nervous specific drops, is now metamorphosed into Barclayoni.

At Brough, four bells the largest in the county. One Brunskill, who lived upon Stanemore, and had many cattle, said one day to one of his neighbours, "Dost thou hear how loud these bulls low? and if all these cattle should low (*crunen* is the word), might they not be heard from Brough hither?" The man said yes. "Well then," said he, "I'll make them all crune together." And he sold them, and bought these bells for the church.[1]

[1] The reader should refer to the ballad. See *Poems*, p. 466. One vol. edit. To *croon*, says Brocket, in v. is to "bellow like a disquiet ox." Dut. *Kreunen*.—J. W. W.

There is a well here, once an object of pilgrimage; but whether dedicated of St. Mary or St. Winifred, now doubtful.

The Provence rose, as it is called, was found by a nurseryman near London, at a farmer's in Suffolk. He took a slip, nurst it secretly till he had offsets in abundance, then advertised it perseveringly, and made a fortune! He gave the farmer a very handsome piece of plate, which is shown at the house with great pleasure and pride.

Old Winstone! benefit advertisement at Jacob's Well, "that on that night Cynthia would appear in all her glory."

Turner knew a man retired from business, whose daily employment was to angle in one of the round citizen-garden fish-ponds, where he had some unlucky gold and silver fish, &c. One fish, which had once lost an eye by the hook, used to bite so often as to provoke him. "Hang that fellow," he would say; "this is the sixth time I have caught him this season."

He knew another man, a spent merchant, in like manner retired, who was miserable till he invented, as an amusement, the daily work of emptying a water cistern by a pint measure!

At Knightsbridge, William Ick, purveyor of asses' milk to the royal family.

Regularity of a stage-coachman's life. At one house where he called about half past seven, he said at going away, "In a week I shall see you by daylight."

City wall at Salisbury. Mud walls in that neighbourhood thatched. Walking to Hale, I saw a cripple boy playing with his crutches; leaning on the one, he used the other as a bat to play with the stones in the road.

Park paling.

Blackbird is the commonest name of a horse in Somersetshire.

At the Bridgewater arms, the poor traveller who arrives in the night mail can get no tea, "the key is not left out." This is because cold meat and spirits pay better. There is in the room an Argands lamp, a stationer's almanack, a list of constables, pawnbrokers, and fire engines on one paper, and on another a table of the posts, when they enter and when they go out.

The mayor of Stafford has a very beautiful mausoleum near the road side. I never saw a building in better taste.

At Congleton, an immense silk manufactory; the largest I ever saw in front.

Great glasses on the mantelpiece at Stowe, said by the waiter to be 100 years old.

Psalmody is regularly taught in these northern counties. Once in five or six years a teacher comes to Keswick, and all the young in the parish who have good voices, learn of him at their own expense; it is a part of education as regularly as dancing is. They teach in the church, and the bell rings at evening, after all other work, for the purpose. This is necessary every five or six years, because by that time they are in want of tenors. After the teaching, the poorer parents go about asking money, to help bear the expense.

Nightingales heard in Lord Lonsdale's gardens at Whitehaven, 1808.

Forty years ago they slept naked in this place.[1]

Mrs. Wilson's father, who was clerk of the parish, had only one shirt *with sleeves*, which was for Sundays.

When last in Legberthwaite, I saw a little water wheel made by the boys in a dyke by the road side; an interesting boy's work.

Candlemas is the day for lending money here,—the nearest Saturday to it, or if it be in the middle of the week, the two nearest. Men who never appear in the market any other day come then, with their money bags. "The shabbiest coats," says Mr. Edmondson, "carry the money bags to market, and the sprucest rides home with it."

Half way up Skiddaw I saw scratched on a *stone*:—

"Hail, lofty hill!
Thee whom great nature bade arise,
And lift thy lofty summit to the clouds.
Hail, lofty mountain, hail!"

View from the bottom of the first summit, where the vale and lake are seen lying immediately below; the mountain arch forming the foreground, and the whole descent lost.

The ladder at Bowder stone is now painted white, and has a rail on each side; a complete ladies' ladder! being thereby rendered seemingly more safe, and really less secure.

Newcastle.—On the way from Durham three coal waggons travelling up hill by steam. Patent shot tower—it declined from the perpendicular—a man proposed to undermine it on the opposite side, and load that side so as to make it sink. It was done, and the building sinking on one side became again perpendicular. But the patent is evaded by dropping shot down an old coal pit.

The castle has a draw-well half-way up. The entrance through a lousy-looking old clothes house. One church whose tower Sir C. Wren said was worth coming from London to see. The walls threatened with destruction.

Monkchester its old name.

Near Moffatt, a dog used for many years to meet the mail and receive the letters for a little post town near.

Ramjam House between Stamford and Grantham.

Carr's Folly, near St. Helen's. How

[1] i. e. at Keswick. Legberthwaite mentioned below is near Leathes' Water.—J. W. W.

surely these pleasure houses of one generation, become monuments in the second!

WHITTON LE WEIR.—Castle there, and tomb to Mr. Farrel, erected in the church by his pupils.

THIS odd inscription over an inn at Garstang—

"Address to Commercial Travellers. So much opposition from the south, and from the head inn and second inn, I can expect but little. Yet to that little every attention shall be paid, by good supplies, moderate charges, and grateful acknowledgment."

DANVERS addressed Mr. Lightbody by the name of Heavysides. A better blunder of the same kind was made to a schoolmistress near Reading, whose name was Littleworth, and who was once addressed Mrs. Goodfornothing.

HUNTINGDON, S. S. has married Lady Saunderson, once Lady Mayoress.

A PONY bought at Banbury and taken to London, found his way back. James Rickards knew the circumstances. A sheep driven from Radnorshire into Essex for the London market, returned to his old pasture *two* succeeding years. This poor Thomas assured me of, naming place, owner, &c.

THE dust at Christ's Hospital.—It has been made a question at law whether the Hospital can dispose of it, or whether it belongs to the Ward of Farringdon Within, in which it is situated.

STAGE coaches write licensed to carry so many insides, which is useless, because they cannot by any possibility stuff in more; it is the number of outsides that ought to be specified to public view.

BURNETT'S uncle and the night-mare. He tells us this other story. He had a mare turned out in Sedgemoor—a woman vehemently suspected of witchcraft had cattle also on the waste, and twice or three times prevented him from going to see his mare by saying she had seen her, and he need not go. At last, however, he went. He found the mare dead in the midst of a thicket, standing upright, her head raised, her eyes wide open. This woman went on crutches,—an unlucky lad had once offended her, and she began to strike him with her crutches, he ran away, but in vain, she followed as fast as a greyhound, beating him with both crutches, till she had well nigh killed him. There was an old elm in the village where she lived, one bough of which grew out at right angles from the tree; it was the general belief that she had bent it down to that shape by riding upon it.

THERE is a wild tradition of Sir Francis Drake current in Somersetshire, that when he set out on his voyage he told his wife if he was away ten years she might then marry again. Ten years elapsed, during which Madam Duck was as true as Penelope, but when they were over she accepted the offer of a suitor. On her way to church a huge round stone fell through the air close by her, and fixed upon the train of her gown,—and she turned back, for she said she knew it came from her husband. It was not long before he returned, and in the shape of a beggar asked alms of her at his own door: in the midst of his feigned tale, a smile escaped him, and she recognized him and led him in joyfully. The stone still remains where it fell. It is used as a weight upon the harrow of the farm, and if it be removed from the estate always returns.

BIRMINGHAM.—Baskerville's dog by him. "Alas, poor Tray!" Hammering at three in the morning. Ale-houses called *smock-shops*. Tripe and cow-heel cried at seven in the evening. Near 3000 houses empty last war. John Hunter's opinion. Smoke of the steam engines.

My garter's loose. You tread on my toes. Cream of the jest.

Driving four-in-hand.

Plover's eggs. Mrs. Glass.

Men-milliners damned the farce. Pink knee strings. This in a letter about prostitutes and stews.

Tea—quantity consumed.

Flat cocked hats worn corner-ways.

Bull baiting. They had a better sport at Ispahan—a wolf was turned loose in the Meidan, and the mob baited him without weapons, and indeed without hurting him. They only provoked him by flapping their cloaks at him and shouting, and the amusement was to see one half the crowd running away while he pursued, and the other following, hallooing and teasing him till he turned, and they in turn took to flight. A fellow or two got bit sometimes, but with so many at hand no serious mischief could ever be done. Shah Abbas was often a spectator of this sport.

The first ring of bells in England was at Croyland. The venerable Abbot Turketule who restored the monastery of Croyland (see his Hist. Cressy, 844-6-83), had left one very large bell there called *Guthlac*. His successor Egelric added six in this order, *Bartholomew*, Bertelin, Turketule, Tolwin, *Pega*, and Bega. The reason of these three names appears from Yepes. G. the man who sanctified the spot. B. his especial saint. P. his sister.

Handel asked the King, then a young child, and listening very earnestly while he played, if he liked the music, and the Prince warmly expressed his pleasure, "A good boy—a good boy," he cried, "you shall protect my fame when I am dead."

Music—fingers moving like the legs of a millepedes.

Oxford.

All Souls. A noise often heard under the kitchen, and exorcised; at length on opening the drain, a swopping mallard found which used to come and feed there. An annual song about this.

Their silver cups at the college are called ox-eyes, and an ox-eye of wormwood was a favourite draught there. Beer with an infusion of wormwood was to be had nowhere else.

Boar's head at Queen's. The legend that a scholar of this college walking out and studying Aristotle, was attacked by a wild boar, whom he killed by thrusting the book down his throat, and choking him with logic.

A row of elms before Balliol gateway, 1771. The old hall had its central fire, and every member of the University had a right once a year to spend an evening there, and be treated with bread and cheese and ale, on condition that when called upon he should either sing a song, tell a story, or let a —. Can this be true? Where did the five's court stand?

An urn at St. John's containing the heart of Dr. Rawlinson.

Here is the portrait of Charles I. of which the face and hair contain the whole Book of Psalms—the writing forming the picture.

Altar-piece at Wadham. Cloth of ashes colour, the linen and shades in brown crayon, the lights with a white one. These were pressed on with a hot iron, which producing an exsudation from the cloth, so fixed them that they were proof against a brush. Isaac Fuller was the artist, who lived in the 17th century. The subjects are these—the Last Supper, Abraham and Melchisedec, and the Gathering the Manna—well drawn.

St. Mary Hall,—the heart of the principal Dr. Key in a marble vase.

Some fifty years ago, when there were scarcely any houses between Ely Place and the Foundling Hospital, at one of these houses, then considered as in the country, there was a little boy about three years old who used to have his bason of bread and milk given him for his breakfast; and to eat it sitting upon the step of the door. It was

noticed that he became hungry unusually soon after breakfast; but one day the mother overheard him talking at his meal. "Now your turn, now my turn, now your turn—no, no, you take too much—my turn now." Upon this she looked to see who it was that shared the child's breakfast; and she could see nobody; but coming nearer she perceived a snake, who it seems came regularly from his hole in the opposite bank to breakfast with the boy upon bread and milk. I am afraid the poor reptile paid his life for this intimacy.

The Philipsons of Colgarth coveted a field like Ahab, and had the possessor hung for an offence which he had not committed. The night before his execution the old man (for he was very old) read the 109th Psalm as his solemn and dying commination, v. 2. 3. 8. 9. 10. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. The curse was fully accomplished; the family were cut off, and the only daughter who remained sold laces and bobbins about the very country in which she had been born to opulence.

Bristol water in clean vessels may be kept for any length of time. This has been attributed to the lime which it contains. A pint of quicklime should be put into every butt of water when it is filled.

Sept. 1808. A supernatural appearance at Woolwich,—a faint but very evident blue light in two windows of the rigging house, sometimes at one sometimes at the other, appearing and disappearing at unequal intervals. The inside of the windows was stopped with double canvas, and therefore it could not possibly proceed from any thing in the room. It was from the churchyard that it was visible, and hundreds assembled there. A sentinel was said to have left his post on first discovering it, the sentinels therefore, report added, had all been doubled. The ready solution was that it was the ghost of a man who had hanged himself in the rigging house. A little investigation ascertained that it was the reflection of a light from an apple stall on Parson's Hill, a rising ground opposite, a little to the east of the churchyard, and it was sometimes at one window, sometimes at the other, as people stopped at the stall and impeded the light.

A Sir Simeon Stuart is said in looking over some family paper to have met with a memorandum that 15000 (00?) pieces of gold were buried in a certain field, so many feet from the ditch, towards the Forth. He dug there, and found the money in a large iron pot, with these words written on a parchment which covered it, "The devil shall have it sooner than Cromwell."

Back-scratcher. Macgill, vol. 2, p. 136, says that certain dervises in Turkey use them, because they are not permitted to scratch themselves with their fingers.

Some fifty or sixty years ago, Henry Erskine travelling through Winsley Dale, halted at Askrigg, and while his horse was resting, inquired of the landlord whether there was any thing in the neighbourhood worthy of a stranger's notice. The landlord answered with alacrity that there was, and that he should be happy to show it him. Boniface led him — not to the falls of the Ure, nor to Hardra Scar, but into a field which had a cow-house in it, and a solitary tree besides, like all the fields at the upper end of that beautiful dale where it runs up into the mountain. "There, Sir," said the landlord, rubbing his hands with delight, "do you see that cow-house, Sir?" "Yes." "And do you see that tree, Sir? That, Sir, is a very remarkable place—under that tree, Sir, Rockingham was foaled."

COLLECTIONS FOR THE DOCTOR, ETC.

Doctor Daniel Dove.

MYSTERY
Somewhat above our art.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER,
Prologue to the Captain.

" THOSE that love to laugh, and those that think,
And damsels, if they mask the matter thro',
May stumble on a foolish toy or two,
Will make 'em show their teeth."—Ibid.

" RIEN ne pousse davantage les curieux à faire part au public de leurs éclaircissemens, que l'aveu que font les auteurs qu'ils ne savent pas telle ou telle chose. C'est ce qui m'obligera à proposer souvent mes doutes."—BAYLE, *Dict.* tom. 1, p. 67.

BALZAC says of an exuberant youthful style, " Facile est remedium ubertatis, sterilia nullo labore superantur." — BAYLE, tom. 1, p. 121. The latter part of this remark is true; the former not always so. Very many remaining leafy and florid to the last.

ACHILLES was bred up by Chiron on lion's marrow, and that of other wild beasts, instead of bread and milk, bears, wild boars, and wolves' marrow and lions' *entrails.*

BOILEAU.—"Combien de gens, dit Leclerc, ne comprendront pas que cela veut dire, buveur d'eau."—BAYLE, *Dict.* tom. 1, p. 416.

ALLALIUS, who was librarian at the Vatican, was grieved almost to tears when he lost a pen with which he had written Greek forty years."—Ibid. p. 456.

EITHER Amphitryon, Alcmena's husband, or Amphictyon, King of Athens, invented wine and water, a marvellous invention, forsooth!—Ibid. p. 553.

" COULD I but *unthink* the thought."
DANIEL, vol. 1, p. 219.

" BUT this is only sweet and delicate,
Fit for young women, and is like the herb John,
Doth neither good nor hurt: but that's all one;
For if they but conceive it doth, it doth,
And it is that physicians hold the chief
In all their cures,—conceit and strong belief." Ibid. p. 184.

ANAXAGORAS said snow is black. His reason for so saying being as absurd as the assertion; for he said it was nothing but condensed water, and black is the proper colour of water.—BAYLE, vol. 2, p. 21.

WHEN Anaxagoras was dying, the magistrates of Lampsacus requested to know his last wishes; and he asked that the month in which he died should be always a month's holydays for the boys, which was granted, and observed in the time of Diog. Laertius.—Ibid. p. 23. More likely, as in the note, p. 26, he asked for *a day.*

In the pronunciation of the modern Greek, Alfieri says the most melodious language in the world becomes a continual *iotacism*, like the neighing of a horse.

Camels have been taught to dance exact measures, which is no more strange, says Lancelot Addison, than the Balletto di Cavalli, that not long since graced the nuptials of a Duke of Florence.

"Some one mentioned to Pope the opinion that animals have reasoning. He replied, 'So they have, to be sure. All our disputes about that are only a dispute about words. Man has reason enough only to know what it is necessary for him to know, and dogs have just that too.' 'But then,' it was rejoined, 'they must have souls too, as imperishable in their nature as ours.' 'And what harm,' said Pope, 'would that be to us."—Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 60.

Ibid. p. 281. He thought that the metempsychosis was a very rational scheme, and would give the best account for some phenomena in the moral world.

"On the 6 Germinal will be performed a Miaulic concert, in which twenty-six cats will execute the air of Ran tamplan tire-lire, and of the Epoux assortis. The concert will conclude with a grand chorus by all the twenty-six cats in perfect concord and excellent time."

The English Gruntetto was produced by a pig-piano-forte, every note of which corresponded to a nail or other sharp point.

King of the Maldives. "Il s'estonnoit fort quand je luy disois que la teinture d'escarlate rouge se faisoit avec de l'urine d'homme qui ne beuvoit que du vin; de sorte qu'il se fist oster un bonnet d'escarlatte qu'il portoit, et il ne s'en voulut plus servir a cause de cela."—Pyrard, p. 168.

Pagoyum, the Paracelsian Being who presides over unknown diseases, which have been supposed to be produced by enchantment. For which vide the great Bombast.

"Je crois que les François descendent des Centaures qui étoient moitié hommes et moitié chevaux de bât; ces deux moitiés-là se sont séparées; il est resté des hommes comme vous, par exemple, et quelques autres, et il est resté des chevaux qui ont acheté des charges de conseiller, ou qui se sont fait docteurs en Sorbonne."—Voltaire to Helvetius.

Caligula's horse.

Brama first made man with one leg and one eye; seeing that did not do, he unmade him and tried another with three legs. At last he hit upon the present form.—*Memorias*, vol. 1, p. 2.

A personage was very desirous of believing in Kreeshna, and yet doubted of his divinity. At length it was put to a pretty good test, "Topou com outro, que havia doze annos não tinha comido, e estava em jejum, o qual lhe disse, se he verdade que Cusna he Deos, hei de eu puder comer doze candius de arroz, e ficar sempre em jejum." The rice was brought, ready boiled,—he eat it all, and remained fasting still!—Ibid. p. 16.

The Bramins opine that a man has a right to live one hundred years, and dying before that term, returns to earth to make it up in another body.—Ibid. p. 125.

Cardinal Ascanius had a parrot who could say the Creed. Aldobrandus has immortalized him.—Marquis de Sorito, *Exam. Apol.* p. 16.

The pride of old Cole's dog, who took the wall of a dungcart, and got his guts squeezed out.

Without a daily supply as well from celestials as terrestrials, the Archeius, the Red Man, the servant of Nature, could not

have any matter to work upon. *W. Yworth, Medicinæ Professor, Ingenuarum Artium Studens, et per Ignem Philosophus.*

This man's notion is, that the wild and unruly gass is the grand enemy and fatal destroyer of the life of man,—"the wild gass the sword of mankind." Scurvy, stone, and gout proceed from it, "for the gass is mineral and excrementitious, and hath in it such wrathful qualities as stagmatize the vital functions, for it is endued with a coagulative and forming quality, and will make stones or excrements, and sometimes taken in the bodily form of arsenic or poison, it must be doing, although evil."—P. 31.

Beaucaire, Bishop of Metz, wrote a Treatise *Contra Calvinianorum dogma de Sanctificatione Infantium in uteris matrum*, —it was to oppose "l'opinion qu'ils ont que les enfans des fidèles sont sanctifiés dès le ventre de leur mère; et qu'ainsi quoiqu'ils meurent sans recevoir le baptême, ils ne laissoient pas d'être sauvés."—Bayle, vol. 3, p. 219.

Concerning Toads.

Had the Greeks thought this animal as odious and as deformed as we do, they would have given another name to Phryne.

"In time of common contagion they use to carry about them the powder of a toad, and sometimes a living toad or spider shut up in a box; or else they carry arsenic, or some other venomous substance, which draws unto it the contagious air, which otherwise would infect the party; and the same powder of toad draws unto it the poison of a pestilential cold. The scurf or farcy is a venomous and contagious humour within the body of a horse; hang a toad about the neck of the horse in a little bag, and he will be cured infallibly; the toad, which is the stronger poison, drawing to it the venom which was within the horse."—Sir K. Digby, *Powder of Sympathy*, p. 77.

Boun-Dehesch. The great toad. P. 384.

1585. Three women at Deptford reputed as witches, because that either of them kept a monstrous toad. One of them was ordered to resort to the minister every Sunday and holyday to testify her faith.—*Panorama*, vol. 9, p. 544.

When Vaninus the Atheist (?)[1] was seized at Thoulouse, there was found in his lodgings a great toad enclosed in a phial.—Ibid.

The male toad acts as accoucheur to the female, who, it is said, could not lay her eggs without his help. And the number of females is believed to be very inferior to the males. John Hunter, at Belleish, dissected some hundreds, and found not a single female among them.

Lord Hungerford, who was hanged and degraded, had a toad put into his coat of arms.—Defoe's *Tour*, vol. 1, p. 301.

Toads near Salerno eight inches long and five broad, and so tough as to be almost unstoneable.—Galiffe's *Italy*, vol. 2, p. 246.

"I knew him for a rogueish boy,
When he would poison dogs, and keep tame toads."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Cupid's Revenge*, act iv. sc. 1.

"'Tis an ordinary remedy, though a nasty one, that they who have ill breaths hold their mouths open at the mouth of a privy, as long as they can; and by the reiteration of this remedy, they find themselves cured at last, the greater stink of the privy drawing unto it and carrying away the less, which is that of the mouth."—Sir K. Digby, *Powder of Symp.* p. 76.

An old gallant taking this remedy would be a good caricature; and it would be in the spirit of old comedy to mark an invincible breath by saying that he had gone to the jakes to cure it, and brought away the whole stink of the privy.

[1] Mosheim says the charge of Atheism is not made out against Vanini, which is probably the intent of the ?.—J. W. W.

"THY bodies bolstered out with bumbast and with bags,
Thy rowles, thy ruffs, thy cauls, thy coifs, thy jerkins, and thy jaggs,
Thy curling and thy cost, thy friesling and thy fare—
To court, to court, with all those toyes, and there set forth such ware."
GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

"WITH sweet enticing bait I fisht for many a dame,
And warmed me by many a fire, yet felt I not the flame.
But when at last I spied that face that pleased me most,
The coals were quick, the wood was dry, and I began to tost." Ibid.

GREGORIA GARCIA. *Origen de los Indios.* The mariner's compass was known to Adam, the angelic doctor St. Thomas, and with him *toda la Escuela de los Teologos*, teaching that he knew all things which God has made, and all arts, crafts, and sciences,—and better than any one else. Vide p. 13. This Glorioso Doctor he calls him presently, where he proves that Noah knew everything also. They twain were the great encyclopædists of the old world, and Ephraim Chambers and Dr. Abraham Rees of the new.

PIERRE d'automne. Dr. Dove made some, and when making it, as it blackened and thickened said, "Verily this must be the true pissasphaltum."

PIG-CASE,—for making brawn,—to keep the pig in.

THE pigtail of the field, a small strip in grass.

PITYLISMA,[1] a name of one of the exercises described by the ancient physicians as of great service in chronic cases. It consisted in a person's walking on tip-toe, and stretching his hands as high above his head as he could, keeping the whole body also as much upon the stretch as might be. In this condition the patient was to walk as far as he was well able, all the while moving about both hands as much as he could in all directions.

BELLARMINE at his death bequeathed one-half of his soul to the Virgin Mary, and the other half to Christ! It is said that he would not allow his own vermin to be molested, saying that they had no other paradise than the present existence, and that it was cruel to deprive them of it.

I SHOULD like to see the tales which Jean Pierre Camus, Bishop of Bellay, wrote to inspire horror and disgust for love.

CHAMBERLAYNE, who wrote the Angliæ Notitia, had notice given upon his monument, that he had caused some of these books, wrapt in cere-cloth, to be buried with him, as they might possibly be of use to a remote age.

JOHN ZEPHANIAH HOLWELL (of the Black Hole) published Dissertations on the Origin, Nature, and Pursuits of intelligent Beings, &c. 1788; wherein he argues that men are fallen angels, condemned to suffer in human bodies for the sins committed in their former state.

HORTENSIUS the orator used to irrigate his fine plane trees with wine, of which he left at his death 10,000 casks!

NICHOLAS VAUQUELIN, Seigneur des Ivetaux, a French poet, and preceptor to Louis XIII. retired to a handsome house in the Fauxbourg St. Germaine, where, fancying that happiness was to be found in a pastoral life, he habited himself as a shepherd, and his mistress, who was a player on the harp, as a shepherdess, and led imaginary

[1] On turning to *Fæs. Æcon. Hippocrat.* in v. πιτύλοις, I find these words: —"Inter corporis gymnasia recenset Galenus, lib. de San. tuendâ 2." I have not Galen at hand.—J. W. W.

flocks along the walks in his garden, singing pastoral songs to his paramour's harp.—See MORERI.

JOHN AVENTINE, the Bavarian historian, published in 1532 (Ratisbon) a work upon the art of conversing and counting by the fingers.

AT Littleburne, in Kent, aged 86, the wife of S. Maple, who had a single lock of hair growing from her head measuring 7 feet 9 inches.—*M. Magazine*, July, 1814.

SQUASHES and pumpkins certainly degenerate if grown near gourds; the latter even communicate an emetic quality to their neighbours. In like manner melons will degenerate if planted near squashes and pumpkins. An action was brought against a gardener in Charles II.'s time for selling cabbage-seed instead of cauliflower-seed. On trial it appeared that both had been planted near each other by the purchaser, and to this error, the gardener contended, was owing the degeneracy of the true seed which he had sold. He was cast, but later discoveries show that he was right.

POTATOES. Cycl. chapter of names. A list also from the Old Testament.

WILLY CALVERT, lying flat on his face, and Isabel and Kate, one on each side, trying to kiss him. John Ponsonby exhibited a similar scene here upstairs. An infant St. Anthony in point of persecution, though not of temptation.[1]

PETERSBURGH. In the coldest and brightest weather, you see an infinite multitude of little shining darts or spiculæ flying in all directions through the sky. They seem to be about a quarter of an inch in length; they have not more thickness than the finest hair, and their golden colour, glancing as they shoot through the deep azure sky, has a great deal of beauty."—RICHARDSON'S *Anecdotes of the Russian Empire*, p. 53. Arrows of frost. Arrows of love in the snail. So peradventure disease has its arrows, thought the doctor.

"Two Russian peasants saluting one another, have by the suddenness and intenseness of the frost, had their beards unexpectedly frozen together."—Ibid.

"BEHOLD the world, how it is whirled round,
And for it is so whirled is named so."
SIR J. DAVIS'S *Poem on Dancing*.

THE Greeks called those persons Δευτερόποτμοι, who had been thought dead, and had recovered after the celebration of the funeral rites. Such persons were not admitted to the holy rites, or allowed to enter the temple of the Eumenides, till they had been purified by being let through the lap of a woman's gown, that they might seem to be born again.

THE Greeks used pieces of wood eroded by a worm for seals. Dex[2] they called the worm, which is the larva of a beetle.

JAMES BOWDOIN, Governor of Massachusetts, a philosopher and statesman, wrote treatises to "prove by phenomena and Scripture the existence of an orb which surrounds the whole material system, and which may be necessary to preserve it from that ruin to which, without such a counterbalance, it seems liable, by that universal principle in matter, gravitation." He supposes that the blue expanse of the sky is a real concave body encompassing all visible nature, that the milky way and the lucid spots in the heavens are gaps in this orb, through which the light of exterior orbs reaches us, and that thus an intimation may be given of orbs on orbs, and systems on

[1] This is a domestic scene, and the names will be familiar to many readers.—J. W. W.

[2] Δηξ γάρ ἐστιν εἶδος σκώληκος ἐγγινομένου ἔνδον ξύλου. Schol. in Hes. Ἔργ. καὶ Ἡμερ. v. 418.—J. W. W.

systems innumerable, and inconceivably grand.

F. MARTENE says that some abbesses formerly confessed their nuns, but their excessive curiosity carried them such lengths that there arose a necessity for checking it.

MR. JAMIESON tells us that among the ancient Scandinavians the manner of extolling a person was to call him or her, not the flower of the family, but the *leek* of the family.

IN Rees's Cyclopædia it is very gravely said, under the word Abbé, that the abbés are a numerous and useful body,—persons of universal talents and learning,—held in esteem and respect by people of various descriptions, and particularly by the female sex, to whom they are devoted!

'Ακακία, a purple bag filled with earth or sand, and borne by the Greek emperors and princes in the left hand, to remind them of mortality.

ACIDALIUS edited a treatise entitled, *Mulieres non esse Homines*, — to appease the ladies, he said; the author was right, for women certainly more resembled angels.

THE number of adepts is believed to be never more or less then twelve.

ÆLURUS, the Egyptian God of the Cats, —a man with a cat's head. Sir Thomas[1] might have sat for him.

AGLA.—CYCL. the initials of "thou art strong in the eternal God." This word the Jews applied to the Deity, and wrote it in the three angles, and the middle of two triangles laid one above the other, which they called the shield of David, saying it was a security against wounds, would extinguish fire, and do other wonders.

[1] A splendid cat belonging to the cat's Eden of Greta Hall.—J. W. W.

AGYEI, posts or obelisks, sacred to Apollo, or Bacchus, or Mercury, with sometimes a head of one of them, placed in the vestibule of houses for their security, and as Steph. Byz. says, serving like our directing posts, —which is most likely.

ALLUMÉE, a term in heraldry, when the eyes of a beast are drawn red or sparkling.

THE Guernsey lily (Amaryllis Sarniensis), a native of Japan, became naturalized in Guernsey by the shipwreck of a vessel returning from Japan. Some bulbs being cast on shore, took root in the sand, and Mr. Hatton, the governor, observing the beauty of the flower, propagated it.[2]

WORTHY is this book to be written with indelible ink upon incombustible paper of amianthus.

SIR EDMUNDBERRY GODFREY, "I find murdered by rogues," or "By Romie's rude finger die."

PILATE'S question, "Quid est veritas," makes the best answer, "Est vir qui adest."

ANASTATICA,—Resurrection plant. The Rose of Jericho, or Rosa Mariæ, is one. The dry woody plant being set for some time in water, will dilate and open, so as to disclose the seed vessels and seed.

PALUMBULA, a Latin term of endearment, but so was Anaticula. Odd that in vulgar life this last should so long have been preserved.

THE mite was anciently thought the limit of littleness, but we are not now surprised to be told of animals twenty-seven millions of times smaller than a mite! A mite! how vastly swifter does it run than a race-horse! *Cyclopædia.*

Animalculæ have been discovered equal in size only to twenty-seven ten thousand billion parts of a cubic inch! And Leeu-

[2] See Third Series, p. 628.—J. W. W.

wenhoeck calculates that a hundred millions of animalculæ which are discovered in common water, are not altogether so large as a grain of sand. Query, may we not for Leeuwenhoeck read Lying-hoax!

The ancients say there was a stone found in Arcadia of the colour of iron, which, if it were once heated red-hot, never grew cool again. They called it Apsyctos. A "warming stone" is used in Cornwall and Yorkshire, to lay at the feet in bed, because of its property of retaining heat. Near Cordoba, also, there is such a stone, which retains heat for twenty-four hours.

The Aspalax of Aristotle has been discovered. Olivier brought it from the Levant. It lives under ground, and certainly has no eyes; the skin is not even pierced in the place of the eyes.

Naples, or Italy itself, might properly be called *Sol-fa*-terra.

Bezozzi. See the history of these two musical brothers. *Cyclopædia.* See also Damiani for a Burney-Mus-Doc-ism.

The earliest account of the contagious catarrhal fever, or influenza, published by Boeckel, 1580, who calls it a new disease, which had grievously afflicted, not Germany alone, but almost all Europe.

Caramuel's scheme was, to write about 100 volumes in folio, which all powers were to compel all their subjects to read. (?)—*Cycl.* Were these to supersede all other books?

There is a painter known by the name of Hellish Breughel, because of his infernal subjects.

Buffalmacco was engaged to paint a whole-length St. Christopher, twelve *braccia* high. The wall not being high enough, he painted him lying on his back, and turned up the legs perpendicularly to the body. This was cutting the coat indeed according to the cloth. But Dr. D.D. must have canvas enough, &c.

Ringelberg recommended bearing burdens as the best exercise for men of study. He had a gown lined with lead, as much as he could lift with both hands, which he used to wear, and thus write and exercise at the same time. Dr. ——, following this rule, has his wig lined with lead,—a needless precaution, when the head was already so well lined with the same materials.

Caffarelli, the singer, lived in a palace of his own building, over which was this inscription, "Amphion Thebas, ego domum;" and he purchased for his nephew and heir a dukedom,—Sante Dorato!

Dr. Spurzheim, the craniologist, shows that there is a great difference between the skulls of men and of women; that in Germany the difference is greater than in England, in England than in France, where, indeed, it scarcely exists at all.

The canary fanciers in London have a pattern bird engraved and coloured, as the standard of perfection at which they are to aim, with his characteristic requisites explained in technical terms. So Nobs might have been the fugel horse.

Dido was Jezebel's grand-daughter, says Rees's *Cyclopædia!*

Louis Bertrand *Castel.* See Cyclopædia for his scheme of a Clavecin Oculaire, and the music of colours. See also *Clavecin*, ibid.

The Cyclopædia says that the petrified child at Copenhagen is actually what it is said to be. It was cut out of a woman at Sens, 1582, having been in her about twenty years. As far as petrifying the heart, such changes are but too common.

THORNET ARBEAU, canon of Langres, wrote a treatise called Orchesographia, and the art of expressing a dance by characters like music, was practised after his time. Beauchamps so much improved it, that he was pronounced the inventor by a decree of the French parliament. And, in 1775, Mr. Steel published an essay in which he undertook to record in his notation how Garrick played his principal parts. Choregraphy, however, as it was called, prevailed for half a century, and Dr. Burney tells us he learnt to dance by it—at least under a dancing-master by whom it was used.

SIGNORA CORNARO-PISCOPIA. It was proposed to give her a seat among the doctors of theology, at Padua; this the Bishop opposed; but she was made a doctor in philosophy, 1678, in the cathedral of that city.

THE craw-fish discharges itself of its stomach, and, as M. Geoffroy thinks, of its intestines also. These, as they putrify and dissolve, serve for food to the animal; during the time of the reformation, the old stomach seems to be the first food which the new one digests.

SEVENTY-TWO kinds of *cross* in heraldry. —*Cycl.* See them named.

"THE panther is so greedy of men's excrements, that if they be hanged up in a vessel higher than his reach, he sooner kills himself with the overstretching of his windless body than he will cease from his intended enterprize." *Quære?*

A HOT iron for warming old men's feet is called a Damsel, or Nun. I have named Mrs. Coleridge's bottle, therefore, the Friar.

COLTIE timber,—so called when the heart is loose, and slips out.

DOUBLE stars, so near each other as to appear one; and it requires the strongest glasses to ascertain that they are two distinct bodies. Here may be a communication,—and perhaps a war of world against world!

DOTHEL FIGLIO, a celebrated performer on the German flute, is said to have slit his tongue in order that he might excel all others in what is called double-tonguing.

IN beating the drum there is the roll, the swell, the flam, and the ruffle, &c. See *Cycl.*

THE Romans used to breed up boys for dwarfs! by inclosing them in a box, or binding them with bandages.

ENEOREMA, those parts of the urine which float about in the middle resembling a cloud, formed, according to Boerhaave, chiefly of muriatic salt.

Ἐντελεχεία, term by which Aristotle defines the soul, and which has so puzzled all critics and commentators, that Hermolaus Barbarus is said to have consulted the devil about it. He renders it—*perfectihabia;* and somebody need consult the devil to explain this also.

CONSIDERING the matter entitatively, that is to say, secundum entitatem.

ERMESIA, a mixture of honey, myrrh, saffron, and palm-wine, beaten together, and taken mixed in milk, to make people beget handsome children. An ancient prescription.

DR. SMITH named a plant Goodenia, in honour of the Bishop of Carlisle, not recollecting that Goodenovia would have been nearer the original and equally unexceptionable. But he constructed the former after the example of Tournefus, "who not without much consideration, contrived to form Gundelia out of Gundelscheimer."

GUN barrels (*the twisted sort*) made of old horse-shoe nails.

About the beginning of George the Third's reign, the guitar was so much in vogue as nearly to break all the harpsichord and spinet makers; and indeed the harpsichord masters themselves. All the ladies disposed of their harpsichords at auctions for one third of their price, or exchanged them for guitars; till old Kirkman, the harpsichord maker, after almost ruining himself with buying in his instruments for better times, purchased likewise some cheap guitars, and made a present of several to girls in milliners' shops, and to ballad singers in the streets whom he had taught to accompany themselves, with a few chords and triplets, which soon made the ladies ashamed of their frivolous and vulgar taste, and return to the harpsichord.

The King of England is a mixed person, say the lawyers, priest as well as prince.

The milt of one cod fish contains one hundred and fifty thousand million animalcules!

A fine specimen of adequate *style*.—*Cycl.* Moscow.

"The French army, under the command of Buonaparte, Emperor of France, took possession of Moscow, after several engagements with the Russians, 14th September, 1812, but the place was previously set on fire by order of the Governor, and so much desolated that it afforded no satisfactory accommodation for the Emperor and his troops. After enhancing the distress of the city and its vicinity, the French were under a necessity of abandoning the city, and making their retreat homeward!"

Morhoff mentions a certain Dutchman of the name of Petter who broke a glass by the sound of his voice.

The sense of smell supposed to have been given to man for pleasure. See *Cycl.* Nose. Apply this to the facts respecting odours in medicine. Sebastian lay on a bed of roses, in a fever, and was cured.

Oaristus or Oaristys. A Greek term for a poetical dialogue between husband and wife, of which Scaliger says that in the Sixth Iliad is the only proper ancient specimen. Upon the death of Nobbs, what a subject for one!

"The merits and demerits of husband and wife are equally divided between them, and their fruits extend to both in a future state; as, for instance, if a wife perform many meritorious works, and the husband die first, he will enjoy heaven as the fruit of his wife's good works; and if the wife be guilty of many wicked actions, and the husband die first, he must go to hell for the sins of his wife. In the apprehensions of a Hindoo, therefore, marriage ought to be a very serious business."—Ward, vol. 2, p. 48.

"The juta is the hair behind, which is suffered to grow by the Sunyasees, till it is sometimes three, four, and even five cubits long. They mix ashes with it till it is as hard as a rope, and then tie it round their head like a turban."—Ibid. p. 123.

A pundit sent word to Ward, that the mysteries of the Hindoo astronomy lay hid in 300,000 books.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 270.

It is an act of merit among the Hindoos to read a book, even if you do not understand it. When a Hindu opens one of the shastrus, or even an account book, he makes a bow to it.—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 220.

Ward saw a Hindu play the flute with his nose.

Form of concluding a letter in Hindostan:—"What more shall I write?"—or, "This."

The Hindoos believe that a person can receive only one blessing at a time from his god. They relate a story of a man who put a trick on his guardian god, and obtained three at once: he asked that he might see

his child eat from off a golden dish every day. He was blind, childless, and poor.—vol. 3, p. 153.

Four things, according to the Pend Nameh, are undoubtedly the work of Satan, sneezing, bleeding at the nose, gaping, and vomiting.

A Moor who had been in England said to Lancelot Addison, it was a shame to see women, dogs, and dirty shoes admitted into a place sacred to God's worship.

The Roman ladies used to dye their hair yellow, (that being the favourite colour), with the flowers of the mullein, or of the genistella,—probably of both.

"Some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination; as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself."—Sir William Temple.

Timothy Rogers says, melancholy is "one of the sad effects produced by that black humour that has vitiated all the natural spirits."—Michaelis, N. T. xi.

"Do not attribute the effects of mere disease to the devil, though I deny not that the devil has a hand in the causing of several diseases. The envy and rage that he is filled with prompts him to disturb the health and peace of man; and, by God's permission no doubt, he brings a great many sicknesses upon him."—Ibid. xv.

"I would not have you bring a railing accusation against the devil, so as to attribute to him a thousand things wherein he has no hand at all."—Ibid. xvi.

See pp. 104, 5, of Tim. Rogers.

What is the authority for this anecdote of Augustin,—that once a year he turned beggar, and received alms of the common people who would give it, because he mistrusted his own felicity, and dreaded that—so frightful in those days—Invidiam Numinis. (?)—Ibid. 419.

"Tristitia enim, non secus atque tinea vestem, vitam rodit."—Van Helmont, p. 737.

M. Petit, a French physician, asserted that St. Augustine "avoit la force de boire beaucoup, et s'en servant quelquefois, mais sans s'enivrer."—Bayle, vol. 2, p. 551.

"Videri B. Aug. non invalidum potorem fuisse," is the title of Petit's chapter on his *Homeri Nepanthes*, and he quotes a passage from the Conf. in which Augustine prays against a propensity to tippling.

Harrington's Mechanics of Nature,—and his notion that spirits produced diseases.—See his *Works*, xxxix.

Agues, it is said, have not unfrequently been cured by electricity;—the mode by drawing sparks through flannel or the clothes for ten or fifteen minutes, either at the time of the fit or before it is expected.

The botanical theory of diseases. The sorts which blossom, seed, and die. They will not grow in every soil. The fungous tribes, as wens, cancers, &c.

Alkahest—the universal solvent of Van Helmont.

Languis held that all diseases were animalcular.

Thomas Bovius, an empiric, who called himself Zephiraelim, after his tutelar and assistant spirit, contrived a preparation of mercury and gold, which he called his Hercules, and an "aurum potabile." He wrote *Flagello contro de medici communi delti rationale*. Veneci, 1583, et *Fulmine contro de medici putatiti rationali*. Verona, 1592.

PHOSPHORUS was discovered by Nicolas Brandt (or Sebastian), in a course of experiments upon urine, made with a view of extracting a fluid proper for converting silver into gold.

CUCUPHA, a cap with cephalic powders quilted therein, worn of old for such disorders as particularly affected the head.

MNEME Cephalicum Balsamum. The power of which was to preserve in the mind the memory of all things past. Charles Duke of Burgundy gave an English physician 10,000 florins for the receipt, for which SENNERTUS, *Pract.* lib. 1, cap. 5, is referred to. What would some princes give for an amneme, &c.—a counter balsam!

WE read in the *History of the Academy of Sciences*, of a musician who was cured of a violent fever by a concert at his bedside.

THE red oil of the glass of antimony—the universal medicine of Basil, Valentine, and others, for which Kerkring has given an unintelligible process. He says he saw a confirmed dropsy cured by it, the patient swimming in his own exudations, which ran in drops through the bed upon the floor.

MONTAGNE, (vol. 8, p. 213), says it was an opinion held by some gardeners, "que les roses et violettes naissent plus odoriférantes près des aulx et des oignons, d'autant qu'ils succent et tirent à eux, ce qu'il y a de mauvaise odeur en la terre."

"NON si sanano le malatie de gli huomini con le contemplationi di medicina."—LODOVICO DOLCE, *Dialogo de Memoria*, ff. 104.

But contemplation will bring on diseases, though it cannot cure them.

HOSPITAL of Sultaun Bayazed at Adrianople, with a medical academy.

There were eight rooms here, which "are ever full of sick people, poor and rich. In some of these rooms fire is lighted at winter time according to the desire of the sick, and they are fondled with silk cushions, good beds, &c. for the spring, when madness is particularly raging. The madmen sick of mystic love are seen to lie here chained like lions in their dens, looking to the basin, and speaking in the cant of Kalenders. Others dispersing in the garden amongst the flower beds, yell and shout to the song of the nightingale, without measure or art. In the season of the flowers, the sick are often cured only by the sight and smell of them; and some lose their wits by the sweet scent of them. The greater number of the madmen enchained here are love-sick, and their sight may cure those who are in danger to become mad by the number of pretty faces to be seen here. Some of the mad are cured by music; and therefore Sultaun Bayazed, the founder, established a living for some musicians, who come thrice a week and play in the winter and summer rooms to the sick and mad. The mad begin then to jump like apes at the tunes, *Rast*, *Neva*, *Sigah*, *Behargah*, but above all to the tunes *Zeugoole* and *Boslik*, which being accompanied by the great kettledrum gives particular pleasure to the mad. Briefly, there is no hospital (*Dareshifa*), and no madhouse (*Bimarestaun*), in the whole world like that of Adrianople. The sick and mad receive three times in four and twenty hours, not only common food, but birds and all kinds of aviary dainties from the kitchen founded for that purpose. Twice in the week the apothecary's room is opened, and medicines are distributed to all those who ask for it; preparations of cardamom, caryophils, and all kind of aromatic spices. On the door of the room a curse is written against those who without being sick should ask such medicines, that they should fall sick immediately." EVLIA EFFENDI concludes this account with a benediction, which he frequently uses, but seldom with such propriety as in this place,—"Health to you."—Vol. 3.

"A COUNSELLOR at law once asked me," says HUARTE, "what the cause might be, that in the affairs where he was well paid, many cases and points of learning came to his memory; but with such as yielded not to his travail what was due, it seemed that all his knowledge was shrunk out of his brain." Whom I answered, "that matters of interest appertained to the wrathful faculty, which maketh its residence in the heart, and if the same receive not contentment, it doth not willingly send forth the vital spirits, by whose light the figures which rest in the memory may be discerned: but when that findeth satisfaction, it cheerfully affordeth natural heat, where through the reasonable soul obtaineth sufficient clearness to see whatsoever is written in the head."

"A VESSEL lying at Gainsborough some time ago had on board a sheep, which was become a good sailor, would eat beef, pork, and biscuit with the crew; made no scruple at mutton, and took the water like a dog." —*Naval Chronicle*, vol. 26, p. 385.

"ON the 17th of November, 1807, during an inundation of the Rhone, a beaver was killed in the island of La Barthalasse, opposite Avignon. M. Costaing has given a very particular description of the animal, and among other things, remarks that the fourth toe of each hind paw has a double nail, the parts of which close on each other, so as to form a sharp and cutting beak, opening and shutting like that of a bird of prey."—*Panorama*, vol. 6, p. 979.

ASCLEPIADES the first physician who prescribed wine, and allowed his patients cold water."—BAYLE. "Utilitatem vini æquari vix deorum potentiâ pronuntiavit."—PLINY, xxiii. § 1.

PIERRE BRISCOT, a French physician of the sixteenth century, was the first who perceived that the Arabians had corrupted the science of medicine; and who endeavoured to bring it back to the precepts of Hippocrates and Galen.—BAYLE, vol. 4, p. 143.

"QUÆDAM enim ignorantibus ægris curanda sunt; caussa multis moriendi fuit, morbum suum nosse."—SENEC. *de brev. vitæ*, § xviii. vol. 1, p. 312.

HENRY VIII. a quack.—ELLIS's *Original Letters*, vol. 1, p. 287.

VICES and diseases.—BISHOP REYNOLDS, vol. 3, p. 299-302.

"I THINK it be troubled with the worms: Carduus Benedictus and mare's milk were the only thing in the world for't."—*Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

MUSICAL medicine. See a treatise by CASPAR LÆSCHERUS. "Dissertatio historico theologica de Saüle per musicam curato."[1]—Wittemberg. 1688.

QUESTION of possession. A diseased will. The kind which goes out only by fasting and prayer.

PARALLEL between a legislator and a physician.—PASQUIER, vol. 2, p. 326.

"AFTER I've beat thee into one main *bruist*, (*bruise?*[2])
And made thee spend thy state in rotten apples."—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Love's Pilgrimage*, act iii. sc. 3.

"THERE is nothing that can cure the king's evil but a prince."—EUPHUES.

HISTORY of the three Welsh physicians. —*Cambro Briton*, vol. 2, p. 313-15.

Laws for the chief physician.—Ibid. p. 396.

APOTHECARIES' roguery. — MALCOLM's *London*, vol. 2, p. 381.

[1] The reader may see some very curious remarks in the celebrated JOHN SMITH's *Discourse of Prophecy*, on the words, "Bring me a minstrel," 1 Kings, iii. 15, p. 264.

[2] Dyce has edited *bruise*, as Southey conjectured,—but both the folios have *bruist*, and probably it is right.—J. W. W.

WHY a physician should be chearful.—EUPHUES his *England*, Q. e.

AUGSBURG. Dr. Hahnemann believes that the miasma of the cholera proceeds from very small insects, which escape from the eye, and fasten themselves to the hairs of the head, the skin, and the clothes. The vapour of camphor being fatal to these insects as well as others, Dr. Hahnemann prescribes a spoonful of camphor dissolved in spirits of wine, and mixed with warm water, *every minute.*(?) Rub the body with camphor, put on a camphorated garment, and fumigate the room with camphor; and then, if the disease is produced by these invisible insects, and his theory is right, the patient infallibly recovers! — *Times*, July 17, 1831.

BURLEIGH'S gout.—ELLIS, vol. 3, p. 35.

"DIE of the jaundice, yet have the cure about you; lice, large lice,[1] begot of your own dust and the heat of the brick kilns."—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S *Thierry and Theod.*, act v. sc. 1.

"OFT taking physic makes a man very patient."—B. JONSON, *Every Man in his Humour*, vol. 1, p. 23.

SIMPLE remedies.—ERAS. *Adag.* p. 121.

MEDECIN *d'eau douce* sometimes the safest practitioner.

HIPPOCRATES says, "Θεῖόν τι ἐστὶν ἐν τῇσι νοσῇσι, μάλιστα δὲ τῶν γυναικῶν."—*Garrasse. Doc. Cur.* p. 696.

DAIMONIAN diseases. The devil is in them but too often.

SIR EDWARD BARRY (Dr.), author of the book on wines, thought that pulsation produces death by attrition, and that therefore the way to preserve life is to retard pulsation.—CROKER'S BOSWELL, vol. 3, p. 398.

ANCILLON, whose fine library was pillaged by the priests after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, bought always the handsomest editions he could get. "Il disoit qu'il est certain que moins les yeux ont de peine à lire un ouvrage, plus l'esprit a de liberté pour en juger. Que comme on y voit plus clair, et qu'on en remarque mieux les grâces et les défauts lorsqu'il est imprimé, que lorsqu'il est écrit à la main, on y voit aussi plus clair quand il est imprimé en beau caractère, et sur du beau papier, que quand il l'est sur du vilain, et en mauvais caractères."—BAYLE, vol. 2, p. 70.

Ancillon used to say, "On trouve dans certains auteurs negligés, des choses singulières qu'on ne trouve point ailleurs: et ne fût-ce que du style, on y trouve toujours quelque chose à prendre."—Ibid. p. 72.

Waiting for second editions.—Ibid. And value of first.

MARC ANTONY'S daughter, Antonia, had a pet fish (muræna), and adorned it with ear-rings; so odd a fancy, that many persons went to see it. Where did the lamprey wear his ear-rings?—PLINY, vol. 9, c. 55. BAYLE, vol. 2, p. 145.

BALDUS, when he was asked why laws were so often contradictory, used to say, "quod intellectus, qui ratiocinatur, non semper sit idem, sed varius."—BAYLE, vol. 3, p. 53.

Cardinal Mazarin said, "que les plus habiles gens étaient comme les victimes; qui, pour si exactement qu'elles eussent été choisies, avaient toujours quelque chose de mauvais, quand on en examinait les entrailles."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 58.

A BASE opinion of P. Rapin in the same page: "Que souvent la réputation ne vient point tant aux héros par l'adresse qu'ils ont de faire voir leurs belles qualités, que par

[1] Mr. Dyce quotes SCHRODER'S *Hist. of Animals as they are useful in Physick*—"They are swallowed of country people against the jaundice." P. 154, 1659.—J. W. W.

celle qu'ils ont de cacher les mauvaises, et de ne se pas laisser pénétrer."

HERMOLAUS BARBUONI raised the devil, that he might learn from him the meaning of Aristotle's word, ἐντελεχεία, which is rendered *perfectihabia*.

"BELZEBUL, maître mouche," said M. Matras to a devil of this name, "fort ennemi des Huguenots," who threatened to strike him, "Belzebul, maître mouche, si vous vous jouez à moi, je vous battrai en diable;" and taking a stick, he frightened this devil, who beat every body else."—BAYLE, vol. 3, p. 208.

SOME of those remembrances which used to be our gala thoughts go into mourning, as the friends of our youth drop off; and whenever we lose one whom we dearly love, a part of our own existence mortifies.

DALETH occurs in the Scriptures 32,530 times.

INITIAL chapter. Dispute when the new century began. Pye's Carmen Sæculare. Diluvian world, and what happened therein. The creation of the pig, and Noah's son, are told by Eulia. Also the history of Eve's second fall, the forbidden potatoe, and her son Mirphi.

She brought forth a son, and she called his name the Great O, query in Hebrew?

And the great O begat Kainor, and Neehil, and Mairah, and his brethren; and Kainor begat Faelim, and Faelim begat Thadi, and Thadi begat Mahoc, and Mahoc begat Mirphi, and Mirphi begat Mahoone, and Mahoone begat Patteric, who is Pahat, and in her days was the deluge.

Balunder would imitate Jeroboam, and so he set up a calf, but it was a live one, and a bull calf, and all the people when he grew up, worshipped the bull. Jupiter, Lavir, they kill his bull, and make a feast and eat it: his curse that the bull shall be in their mouths, and that the curse shall continue as long as they are slaves to the bull. And these heard of the whore of the hills, who had a herd of bulls, and how she milked them, and obtains exceeding great riches by this milk; and they believed in the whore of the hills, for her bulls were token to them.

Pahat begat Balunder, and Balunder begat Boddarajon, and Boddarajon begat Phun, and Phun begat Ryhot, and Ryhot begat Merdar, and his brothers Doal and Dorel, and Myrrhdur.

The whore of the hills, and yet a pure virgin, and the bread which she did eat was mutton.

Therefore they scorned their own bull for her, because he gave no milk, and they turned unto the whore of the hills, and believed in her, that she was a pure virgin, and that the bread was mutton, and whatever she commanded them to do, this did they, and they worshipped her herd of bulls.

The daughters of Pahat were Truhust, and Phort-hin, and Undurs-tand-din, and Cheef, who was his favourite child, and he called them all Mig, which was the title and honour that he gave them.

He said by the power he would make his people to see also.

Corn and oil and wine for her bulls, yea, silks also, and cloth of gold and of silver; and silver and gold also, and precious stones.

And she made a brazen bull, and did heat it with fire, and put there all those who denied that she was a pure virgin.

NOAH left ten volumes.

Some say he made the circumnavigation in the ark.

PAHAT's lamentation for having forgotten the wet fire[1] which Mirfi had made. Noah cannot let him in, because of the mischief he would do. He admits this, "I dare say I should set the beasts a fighting." He

[1] There is a most humorous letter of Southey's made up from this rigmarole, — which, no doubt, some day or another will be printed. —J. W. W.

begs Noah to roast some of his roots for him. And he tried to cut a hole in the bottom of the ark, that he may creep and surprize the old fellow; but in the attempt he brakes his knife. "If it be the Lord's pleasure to save thee thou wilt be saved, and this verily I hope for there is much good in thee, and had it not been for the forbidden root, among all the generations of Adam none would have excelled that."

Causes and consequences.—Actions more prolific than herrings or insects.

Advice to princes who will read this opus.

Reward asked for the pleasure they derive.

Conjectures guard the author.

Sly the any churchman, and Sophist the true churchman, and Smooth the all churchman, and Sour the no churchman, — and Savage the no king man, and Stiff the high churchman, and Supple the moderate churchman, and Sneak the low churchman.

Dove's foot is another name for geranium.

Something should be said of dove-tailing.

Nomancy, or onomatoncy. Ὀνομαντεία? Thus an even number of vowels in the name signified an imperfection in the left side of a man. An odd number indicated it in the right.

The body of Moses, according to the Rabbis, was so pure and holy, that no fly dared to settle on it.—Michaelis, vol. 4, p. 385.

December 29, 1819. Seriously proposes hay tea as a beverage for the fasting and evening refection, as much superior to the dry leaves of China, as gold or silver are superior to copper and lead.

The skin is wise, and the stomach is wise, and the heart is wise. The head is generally the most foolish part.

The ague. Fear often cures it in the country where wise physicians practice.—Nabbe's *Microcosmus*, O. P. ix. p. 129.

Sir William Temple. Necessity of a state physician. Body politic. Constitution. "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" How often might a kingdom be saved by hellebore? Bile corroborants.—See p. 56.

Evlias's, "my compliments to you." A chapter upon the proper understanding between author and reader, and the courtesy due from one to the other.

Oom maunee paimee oom.—Tibet.

"Aquinas was once asked with what compendium a man might best become learned? He answered, 'By reading of one book,'—meaning that an understanding entertained with several objects is intent upon neither, and profits not."—J. Taylor.

The title-page must turn over, for the sake of the long mottos.

There are hindermates as well as helpmates in marriage.

Hall says that Henry VII. "saw as farre in the Frenche Kynges brest as hys physicion did in his uryne."

Ways and means.

Daniel Dancer warming the stewed trout by putting it under him in bed.

Every man his own fulling mill in Iceland.—Horrebow.

"The Hebrew, then, appears to be the most ancient of all the languages in the world; at least it is so with regard to us, who know of no older.

"Some learned men have asserted it to be the language spoken by Adam in Paradise; and that the saints will speak it in

heaven; alleging that it is so concise, and yet so significant, so pathetic, and yet so free from levity or bombast, as of all languages to approach nearest to that of spirits, who need no words for conveying their ideas to each other."

Some Frenchman has written upon the *Chimie du gout et de l'odorat*, and illustrated it with plates.

" As 'tis in nature with those loving husbands
That sympathize their wives' pains, and their throes,
When they are breeding; and 'tis usual too,
We have it by experience."
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wife for a Month*, act iii. sc. 1.

Fred. Taubman published *Columbæ Poeticæ*, 1594.

Effect of tea in promoting scandal. In what a different temper must the old maids and Mrs. Candours of old have talked over their strong beer.

Novalis.

" Philosophy is properly home sickness; —the wish to be every where at home.

" We are near awakening when we dream that we dream.

" Every beloved object is the centre of a paradise."—*Foreign Review*, vii.

Erasmus says, " nihil fere tam fœdum quod non aliquando niteat ætate." —*Adag.* 148.

His notions of cookery. The Escurial worthily built in form of a gridiron.

The Gorgon's eye.

Advantage of reticules.—Col. M'Donnel's widow, coming from Lisbon, as she stepped from the packet into the boat, in her trepidation dropped one into the sea, containing one hundred six-mil-fours.

They estimate distances in Holstein by pipes of tobacco. To such a place it is two pipes, or a pipe and a half. The barrister who made a speech at Kendal forty miles long.

A Scotch laird and his *tail*. Suns and stinkards of the Natches. Limb of a dog in Ceylon. *Criados.*

Sepher Aothiioth. Liber literarum. A mystical application of the alphabet.

There is another MS. with the same title, which poetically describes a contest for supremacy among the letters.

Eldad Haddani, i. e. Danita de Tribu Dan.

How the tribe of Dan forsook Jeroboam and retired into Ethiopia.—Bertolacci, vol. 1, p. 108.

Some of them in Paris.

In the days of the Messiah the Jewish women are to lie in every day.

In a late number of an Edinburgh medical periodical, a case is given of a young gentleman about thirteen years old, who had been affected with constant sneezing for three weeks; at first in rather violent paroxysms with intervals of many minutes, but afterwards occurring from three to six times every minute, each occasioning a slight degree of bodily agitation, and accompanied with a forcible expulsion of air between the nearly closed teeth, producing the sound " tchee." He had been taking considerable quantities of magnesia on account of constant acidity of stomach. The sneezing was always suspended during sleep, but recommenced immediately on waking, as he sometimes seemed to awake sneezing. He was cured by blisters, purging, injecting olive oil into the nostrils, followed by carbonate of iron and gradual exposure to the cold air.

Humanity made him sometimes doubt whether those men really had souls, who for

the paltry temptations of this world were so willing to risque and to lose them: and thus BEAUMONT and FLETCHER say, "Part with their essence."—*Queen of Corinth*, act i. sc. 1.

"NON mihi si latices Siloe, si porrigat Hebron
Pocula, si cunctis destillent collibus undæ,
Et vatem Dan ipse riget, tua dicere *dicta* (*facta*)
Sustineam, casusque tuos."
BARLÆUS, l. 16.

HERODOTUS mentions the Gandarii, Γανδάριοι.—Lib. iii. 91. vii. 66.

"SHARP and sententious, pleasant without scurrility, witty without *affection*, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy."—*Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 1.

JOSHUA BARNES, when he edited Euripides, preserved with the name of one of his plays the only remaining word of it,—a trisyllable, which has not been found elsewhere.—STEEVENS's *Preface*. BOSWELL's *Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. 117.

THE Devil—*como gran Filosofo, que es*, says PIEDRAHITA.

YOU are entering into the story with the deepest interest. You are all animation in pursuit of it,—all anxiety to reach the end next; turn and see what will open with the new point of view. Be not so impatient, not so fast, reader: whither are you hurrying so fast with whip and spur,—gently, gently, draw up, for heaven's sake,—stop, you are on the brink of a hawhaw.

DOGDAYS.—The Romans sacrificed dogs to the dogstar.—See *Pensées sur la Comète*, vol. 1, p. 171.

THE Dr's opinion of what he himself had been in prior stages of existence,—he holding the Druidical notion of progressive life. This notion applied, as a mode of explaining propensities. Lord B. supposed to have been a discontented devil in the condition of Klopstocks—who, because he was always promising how well he would behave if opportunity were allowed him, was granted a second trial, and placed in the most favourable circumstances,—the effect being to prove himself fit for nothing but damnation.

THE famous *Père tranquille* of the Capuchins (who was he?) teaches "que le diable dûëment exorcisé est contraint de dire la vérité."—VIE DU P. JOSEF, p. 309.

A NOTION prevailed almost generally among the Christians of the third century that "they who took wives, were of all others the most subject to the influence of malignant demons."—MOSHEIM, vol. I, p. 218.

TIMOTHY PRIESTLEY in his brother's pulpit. Introduces with this the question, advice, &c. to great personages.

PLINY says, l. xxviii. c. 3, "A *scorpione* aliquando percussi, nunquam postea à crabronibus, vespis, apibusque feriuntur." If he had said that they hardly felt the sting, there might have been some show of probability in this assertion.

IT is said of S. Jerome, that he filed away his teeth to the very gums, that he might pronounce Hebrew with greater facility.

This I find in the Evangelical Magazine, on what authority the absurd story is given does not appear, but the absurd repeater gives it as an example of "diligence in study."

A gentleman is said to have had a front tooth drawn, that he might spit, like a coachman, with the greater effect.

COKE said of Garnet upon his trial, that he was "a doctor of Jesuits, that is, a doc-

tor of five DD's, as dissimulation, deposing of princes, disposing of kingdoms, daunting and deterring of subjects, and destruction."

PROGERS, who had been about the person of Charles the Second, died at ninety-six in cutting his teeth; he had cut four, and many others were coming, which so inflamed his gums, that it proved fatal.

THE Romans when travelling from home recommended themselves to the goddess Abeona; when returning, to Adeona; when resting, to Statilinus; when weary, to Fessonia.

ST. BARBARA a saint for the mountains. St. Agatha for the vales.

"THERE's no making a whistle of a pig's tail."—SHADWELL. *Squire of Alsatia.*

"THE most solemn act of worship performed to the Syrian Baal by his ordinary devotees, was to break wind and ease themselves at the foot of his image."—SKELTON's *Deism Revealed.*

AN odd notion that
"The *greatest* heads and *smallest* eke were wont
To bear in them the finest wits away; (qy. alway.)
This thing is true, thou can'st it not denay."
HIGGINS, *Mirror for Magistrates*, vol. 1, p. 222.

"GELDINGS, with their goddess Epona, are objects of admiration to you."—TERTULLIAN's *Apology.*

"*Alhahor* it seems is the name of heaven's fierce dog."—*M. Magazine*, vol. 3, p. 819.

"JAQUES GOHORY disoit que ce qu'il avoit traduit du Roman d'Amadis passeroit un joir pour aussi veritable que l'histoire de Paul Jove."—BAILLET, vol. 2, p. 319.

"CE que je fis de fort bonne encre."—CARD. D'OSSAT.

"PER *persona positiva* les Italiens entendent ce que nous apellons un honnête homme, un homme de mise. Amelot de l'Houssaie."

CAMBLES, a King of the Lydians, such a gormandizer, that one night after he had supped and went to bed, he eat up his wife that lay by him; and in the morning when he found one of her hands in his mouth, he killed himself.

GRUNDULES. Lares of the pigsty, appointed by Romulus in honour of a sow who had thirty pigs at one litter.

TAKE then the book to thy pocket, the doctor to thy heart, Nobs for thy hobby-horse, and M. Urgandus, the unknown, for thy guide, philosopher, and friend.

TELLIAMED theory.

"ANTIPHERON, one who," Aristotle says, "met with himself, and saw his own image before him wherever he went."

ASPENDIUS, a harper, who would finger the harp so lightly, that none could hear it but himself.

HE goat, dog wolf, buck rabbit, Jack hare.
Tom cat, Jenny ass.
Bull-child in Chinese.

IT was a comfort to the doctor, that the relative to whom his paternal estate would pass was named Lamb.

Sapientia, the ancients connected wisdom with *taste*.—See VAN HELMONT, p. 737.

ABERNETHY says "nature seems to have formed animals to live and enjoy health upon a scanty and precarious supply of food;" and argues that men produce diseases by the repletion to which their tables

tempt them. But surely as to animals, he is wrong.

THE leagues Docteur Boucher, preaching in the church of Notre Dame at Paris, 1593, affirmed that the words of the Psalm lxviii. or lxix. "Eripe me, Domine, de *luto*, ut non infigar," were a direct and positive prophetic command to the French de se *debourbouner*, and not to receive a king of that family, however Catholic he might appear to be.

Sermons.

"I NEVER yet knew a good tongue that wanted ears to hear it."—O. FELTHAM.

"'Tis a wonder to me how men can preach so little and so long;—so long a time, and so little matter. As if they thought to please by the inculcation of their vain tautologies."—Ibid.

"If we out of copper, lead, or pewter preaching can extract pure gold, 'tis no impeachment to our wise philosophy."—Ibid.

OPIATE sermons; drastic, laxative, alterative, sedative, carminative, corroborent.

"FOR you must know strange things in pulpits
Are told to please the listening dull pates."
Hudibras, Redivivus, i. 12.

WHEN the elder Sheridan advertized his Attic Morning Entertainment, "that it might answer some purposes of all as well as amusement, he proposed to read part of the Liturgy, and to deliver a sermon, with strictures upon the manner in which those acts of public worship are usually performed."—CHURCHILL, vol. i. p. 43. N.

Libertin, says the Jesuit Garasse, signifies a Huguenot and a half.

"*Le cueur leur devint foye*, et se rendirent."—MARTIN DU BELLAY.

WHEN a Venetian ambassador, endeavouring to dissuade Louis XII. from making war upon Venice, spoke of the wisdom of that republic, Louis replied, "J'opposerai un si grand nombre de fous à vos sages, que toute leur sagesse sera incapable de leur résister.—*Note to* M. DU BELLAY, from FERRON.

THE proprietor of the Imperial Magazine assures the public "that its type and paper will not shrink from the most rigorous inspection."

"As the strokes in music answer the notes that are prickt in the rules, so the words of the mouth answer to the motions and affections of the heart. The anatomists teach that the heart and tongue hang upon one string. And hence it is, that as in a clock or watch, when the first wheel is moved, the hammer striketh, so when the heart is moved with any passion or perturbation, the hammer beats upon the bell, and the mouth sounds."—FEATLEY. *Clavis Mystica*. p. 867.

A WOMAN named Nanny Wilkey, seventy years of age, living in St. James's-street, having at different times been afflicted with inflammation, was told that if she carried about her person a coffin ring[1] which had been dug up from a grave, it would prevent a recurrence of her complaint. The old dame, placing the fullest reliance on the charm, has carried a ring of that description for the last five years, during which time she has been free from her old complaint.

"A *corrected* pigeon (let blood under both wings) is both pleasant and wholesome nourishment."—FULLER'S *Worthies*, vol. ii. p. 158.

[1] The rings and screws of coffins have been supposed to possess virtue from PLINY'S time to our own, who tells that "prodest præfixisse in limine è sepulchro avulsos clavos adversus nocturnas lymphationes," lib. xxxiv. c. 15.

J. W. W.

"Cuckoo time and hot weather. When mad brains are most busy."

M. Le Cat was of opinion that taste is not confined to the mouth, but that mouth, œsophagus, and stomach are one continued organ, and taste, hunger, and thirst only modifications of the same sensation.

Dr. Short says that punch is a notable cooler in hot weather, and a preservative in an infectious air.

"The prawn or shrimp was (and perhaps is) believed in some unknown way to be necessary to the production of soles,—acting as a sort of nurse or foster-parent to the spawn."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 9, p. 369.

Stephen Wespremi, a Hungarian, wrote to advise inoculating for the plague.

Evans's Analysis of the Middle British Colonies.

Redemption for animals.—Bishop Reynolds, vol. 1, pp. 21, 297-8.

When any great and noble qualities are observed in a woman, the poet says it

"drives into a stound
The amazed shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man."
Faithful Shepherdess, act ii. sc. 2.

1775. "Tell Mrs. Damer," says Horace Walpole, "that the fashion now is, to erect the *toupée* into a high detached tuft of hair, like a cockatoo's crest; and this *toupée* they call *la physiognomie*,—I don't guess why."—*Letter IV.* p. 32.

An absurd respect to the direct line of descent is shown by St. Jerome, when he supposes that God delayed the flood till after Methusalem's death, because there was then an end of Seth's generation, so that none of it suffered in the vengeance.—Van Scrieck, 2.

Lawyers:

"These are small devils,
They care not who has mischief, so they make it;
They live upon the mere scent of dissention."
Fletcher. *Elder Brother*, act iii. sc. 1.

"You give good fees, and those beget good causes.
* * * * * * *
Live full of money, and supply the lawyer,
And take your choice of what man's lands you please, Sir.
What pleasures, or what profits, what revenges,
They are all your own."
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Spanish Curate*, act iii. sc. 1.

"We surgeons of the law do desperate cures, Sir."

"She plays and sings too, dances and discourses,
Comes very near essays,—a pretty poet,—
Begins to piddle with philosophy."
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, act i. sc. 2.

"There be three kind of fools:—
* * * * * * *
An innocent, a knave fool, a fool politic."
Ibid. act ii. sc. 2.

"You've a tongue,
A dish of meat in your mouth, which, if 'twere minced,
Would do a great deal better."
Ibid. act iii. sc. 1.

"Physicians at Damascus are paid no fee unless the patient recover."—*Pisgah Sight*, p. 9 (2nd paging).

"For sure sometimes, an oath
Being sworn, thereafter is like cordial broth."
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Knight of the B. Pestle*, act ii. sc. 1.

"About sixteen years ago, I met, on the banks of the Danube, with a work in four volumes, entitled, "L'Art de la Guerre," by a Colonel Faesch, a Saxon officer. The author like every other German collector, had culled his treatise from all the books that had been written upon the subject; and he had the honesty to name them. I was forcibly struck with one passage, in which he sums up the qualities of a good officer, and which the present subject has recalled to my recollection. He says that an able officer ought to be a sound mathematician, a good lawyer, an acute surgeon, an excellent historian, a good judge of beef, pork, and mutton, and *a sound divine!* Although his ingredients of an officer combine much taste with science, I will not go so far as to assert that all these qualifications are necessary to a *British*, however proper they may be to a *German* officer. But I will venture to affirm, that an uninstructed lad of sixteen years of age, whose mind is incapable of commanding himself, is not fit to command others."

"M. Antonius, Triumvir, corporis excrementa non nisi vasis aureis excipiebat." —Textor. *Pref. ad Cornucopiam.*

He loved Erasmus, because Erasmus, writing to Daniel Benedictus of Milan, says to him, "Dictus est Daniel vir desideriorum, quid itaque mirum si desiderius Desiderium desideras?"—*Ep.* p. 908.

Tamerlane used to boast that he was descended from the tribe of Dan."—R. B. *Mem. Remarks concerning the Jews*, p. 29.

"Ba-ba, black sheep, have you any wool?" Applied to a wicked book, from which some good may be extracted.

The report of an Irish society tells us that Lord Chesterfield's Letters are often met with among the books used in the low Irish schools. Munster is the part spoken of.

"Of two Evils choose the least.—The following singular bequest, made by Thomas Nash, of Bath, to the ringers of the abbey there, is contained in a codicil to his will, proved in Doctors' Commons:—'I do hereby give and bequeath to the mayor, the senior alderman, and town clerk of Bath for the time being, the sum of £50 per annum, in trust, payable out of the Bank Long Annuities, standing in my name at the Bank of England, for the use, benefit, and enjoyment of the set of ringers belonging to the Abbey Church, Bath, on condition of their ringing, on the whole peal of bells, with clappers muffled, various *solemn and doleful changes* (allowing proper intervals for rest and refreshment), from eight o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening, on the 14th day of May in every year, being the anniversary of my wedding day; and also the anniversary of my decease, to ring a grand bob major and *merry mirthful peals unmuffled*, during the same space of time, and allowing the same intervals as above mentioned, in joyful commemoration of my happy release from domestic tyranny and wretchedness, and for the full, strict, and due performance of such conditions, they, the said ringers, are to receive the sum of £50 per annum, in two payments of £25 each, on those respective days of my marriage and my decease. And now that dear divine man (to use Mrs. Nash's own words) the Rev. ——, of ——, may resume his amatory labours, without enveloping himself in a sedan chair for fear of detection. I further will and direct that the aforesaid ringers do enter upon office (for the first time only) the very next day following after my interment, and to receive £25, one half-year's dividend, for so doing. Written with my hand, this 14th May, 1813.—Thomas Nash.'"

Lud. "Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?"

Iago. "He is, that he is:—
What he might be,—if what he might, he is not,—
I would to Heaven he were!"

Othello, act iv. sc. 1.

Concluding motto,—

"Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail."
Ibid. act iv. sc. 2.

Anecdotes relating to some of the books in my possession, would supply matter enough for an amusing paper.

Annals of G. Hall. The great little events that have occurred there:—

Bursting the oven.
Night attack on the windows.
The great wet.
The blowing open the door in the night.
Putting up the roof.
Invasion of the pig.
Invasion of the cows.
Invasion of the sheep.
Invasion of the asses.
Falling in of the trap door.
Firing out of the window.
Carrying away the seat of the "commodité."
Misfortunes among the maids.
Catching the foremost.
Catching eleven rats.
Mice in my cupboard.
Derwent swallowing the money.
The great snow.
The great rime.
Owl in the church.
Wedding in service time.
Mr. Fisher's cow. And my opinion of the man who kept his cow.
The bums.
Crazy woman at Musgrave's.
Northern lights.
Hartley splashing his hat.
Harry's shoe.
Shirt island.
Holly bush and beak.
Buonaparte's cuirasse.
Dancing bears.
My reputed propheeies.
The strange fish.
The Irish clergyman.[1]

[1] A portion of this list has appeared before. This is an amended one.—J. W. W.

Imitative talent is, I believe, as common, as creative genius is rare. When Columbus had once broken the egg, there were plenty of gentlemen who could *all do it.*

The imitative poems, good in their kind, which are continually produced by persons incapable of producing any thing good of their own, prove this.

Thus too we have mimics, who can personify the best actors, but would be utterly incapable of acting any one of their parts.

Avellaneda's Don Quixote is perhaps the best example of a good imitative work;—as to conception I mean, for what the style may be, I have no means of judging, never having seen the original. It shows also what not unfrequently accompanies this talent, a base mind, a low vile envious desire of depreciating his original; having beyond all doubt its root in a consciousness of inferiority, and an ambition with no worth to support it. Lord Byron is another instance of this.

It is very much to the credit of the Spaniards that Avellaneda's talents have not in any degree saved him from the disgraceful fame that he deserves.

Tomfoolites, or Noodelitarians.

The new press gang.
A black fellow, who had been in the guards.
An old waterman.
Smearing them with printer's ink, and tossing them in wet sheets.

Old Cob, sometimes called the sergeant, and sometimes the bone-stealer, having once been engaged in the resurrection trade, is now, in consequence, employed as bully in the house of an infamous old woman, well known by the name of Mother Scarlet.

The Jerry Bedlamites. These fellows have the same sort of dislike to black that bulls have to scarlet.

Colburne's gang, who go about with bellowses.

And Jeremy B., with his riff-raff.
And there is the mill, that grinds nothing but chaff.
There is Jamie the great, and Jeffrey the small.
And there is Lord ——, the nothing at all.

"But I am proof against their flashy stuff;
And for their scornings, I have scorn enough."—Wither, *To the King. B. Remembrancer.*

"And I am willing to be thought
A fool, that they more wisdom may be taught."—Ibid.

"I am no statesman;—
But being set on such a middling height,
When I (by God's permission) have the sight
Of many things, which they shall never see,
Who far above, or far below me be.
What I observe, I ponder and compare;
And what I think may profit, I declare."
Ibid.

"*Nis.* Ay, concerning his being sent I know not whither.
Dor. Why then he will come home I know not when.
You shall pardon me, I will talk no more of
This subject, but say the gods be with him
Where'er he is, and send him well home again.
For why he is gone, or when he will return,
Let them know that directed him."
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Cupid's Revenge*, act ii. sc. 3.

"They say that we tailors are
Things that lay one another, and our geese
Hatch us."—Ibid. act iv. sc. 3.

Effect of diet.—Sir William Temple, vol. 1, p. 52.

Vinum Theologicum.—Holinshed, vol. 1, p. 281.

Mr. Cut-and-come-again, the surgeon.
Dr. Drastic, and his apothecary, Mr. Doseum.

General civilization missionary society, in which all religious denominations and all parties may join.

"Do you say *rash* or *tisha* when you sneeze?" said Isabel just now.

"A gentleman now resides near Exeter, who has not washed his face or hands for forty years, and speaks of the circumstance with pleasure. He is about four-score years of age, strong, and in good health. Though he does not apply water in cleansing his skin, he is, however, in the daily habit of dry rubbing himself."

"Quod ad omnes res veniat dicta est Venus." She was worshipped also as the eldest of the Parcæ, and goddess of death, by the name of Libitina.

They have a good *fashion* in Valencia of making the chairs of unequal heights, so as to accommodate persons of different statures.

Never trust the heart of any man who wears it on the outside of his waistcoat; for what he has within his sternum or its stead, is sure to be either as hard as a pippin, or as hollow as a pumpkin.

The morality and duty of merriment.—Th. Jackson's *Works*, vol. 3, p. 125.

Rabba saith a man is bound to make himself so mellow on the feast of Purim, that he shall not be able to distinguish between "Cursed be Haman," and "Blessed be Mordecai."

The Rabbis say "they were sweetened," for they got drunk.—Lightfoot, vol. 8, p. 376.

They say a demon called Cordicus possesses them, who are drunk with new wine.—Ibid. p. 377.

An odd thought concerning Lord Byron came into Bertha's head, "that there was in him two pounds of devil to one pound of man."

Akbar's seal, "I never saw any one lost on a straight road." But a man may be *lost* there if he travel on snow, or in the dark.

"Nonumque prematur in annum."
Horace, A.P. v. 388.

Dekker uses to wihy, for neigh.—*Wonder of a Kingdom*, p. 15.

It may, perhaps, not be known to the generality of readers, that the following twenty-two occupations are engaged to produce a single book:—"The author, the designer, the rag-merchant, the paper-maker, the stationer, the type-founder, the press-maker, the ink-maker, the roller-maker, the chase-maker, the reader, the compositor, the pressman, the gatherer, the folder, the stitcher, the leather-seller, the binder, the coppersmith, the engraver, the copper-plate printer, and the bookseller!"

There are more than these:—the smelter, the tanner, the gold-beater, the book-binder's toolmaker, the miner,—and then it supports reviews and small critics, brings money to newspapers, and contributes by its duty on advertisements to the revenue.

"It is enough for me that I do know
What they commend, and what they disallow.
And let it be enough to them, that I
Am pleased to make such faults for them to spy."
Wither, *Remembrancer*, p. 137.

"The chiefest cause why I wrote this, was on set purpose to please myself."—Taylor, the W. P., *Preface*.

Taylor's Revenge, or William Fenner firked, ferreted, and finally called over the coals.

"Not a letter but what is fair: in technical language no pick, blot, bur, friar or monk is to be seen in the work."—Isaiah Thomas, vol 1, p. 54.

"Conjecture is all that one can go upon here; and it is better to conjecture at Satan's mind, in such a thing as this, than to be acquainted in it."—Lightfoot, vol. 9, p. 365.

"O thou vinegar, the son of good wine!" a Rabbinical expression for "O thou wicked son of a good father."—Ibid. vol. 12, p. 407.

"Who would marry a woman, though of a comely and well-proportioned body, who had the head of an ugly dragon? Certainly, although she had a great dowry, none would covet such a bedfellow."—J. Taylor, vol. 3, p. 445.

"Apollinis simulachrum quatuor olim auribus Lacedæmonii donarunt, ut sapientiam ostenderent, cujus imaginem Apollo referebat, multarum auditione rerum enutriri."—*Orationes*, Jo. Aloysii Cerchiarii, p. 76.

"Quin ipsi physiognomones, qui indolem animi ex notis corporis, cum quâdam veritate conjectant, ex auribus pressis, et simiarum ad instar adherentibus, stuporis et imperitiæ signum eliciunt; quæ si paulisper promineant et extent, mentem ad omnia compositam arguunt, et in studiis mirificè profuturam."—Ibid. p. 71.

"The circle is ὁλογωνία, a totangle: it is also ἰσογώνιος ἰσόπλευρος, as well as ὁλόπλευρος."—Jackson, vol. 2, pp. 103-4.

One in merriment proposed this question in the schools, "An Chimera, calcitrans in vacuo terat calceos?"—Ibid. p. 152.

"Alphabet de l'imperfection et malice des femmes"—*par* J. Olivier, *Rouen*, 1635.

Why he would have liked a deaf and dumb wife, not meaning any reflection upon

Mrs. D., but because of the perfect dog-like attachment and dependence which this deficiency would have occasioned.

INDIGNATION at the charge of making Doncaster a *peg* on which to hang my loose thoughts.

A FAREWELL to the two letters which pass—Potential through all Freeling's wide domain.

I who came from Rhedycina Bovin![1]—the most unlettered of her sons—proceeding not even to A.B.

My Oxford apotheosis—where I was LL.D. ified.

Honour from Banff, which came after me by the mail coach, and found me at Elgin.

RABBI KIMCHI says, "Homo cum dormiturus est, commendat Spiritum suum D.O.M. ne forte surgens crastino mane requirat animam suam nec inveniat; aut repereat suam in corpore alterius, alteriusve vicissim in eo."—GARMANNUS, *de Miraculis Mortuorum*, p. 26.

RABBI ALEXANDRINUS:—"Scito tibi rem ita se habere: Homo expedit opus suum interdiu, unde vespertino tempore anima ejus fatigata est et attrita. Cum igitur ipse dormit, Deus laborat et redintegrat animam, ut sequenti mane revertatur in corpus suum vegeta, nova et quieta."—Ibid.

PLINY'S[2] story of Hermotimus Clazomenius, whose body was burnt by his enemies while his soul was on an excursion more suo.—Ibid.

WITCHES' souls fly out of their mouths in the shape of a fire-fly.—Ibid. p. 27.

UNION of Trades, the one public and the other secret. Shoemaker and corn factor. Brewer and druggist. Baker and pipe-clay dealer. Patriot and dealer in scrip. Bookseller and pirate. Coffeehouse keeper and slop seller. Taylor and cabbage cutter.

DUKE OF GRAFTON'S motto.

BURLEIGH.

GULLEY'S fortune more comfortable than if it had been made in many other ways.

DR. GREEN, and Kemp his merry-Andrew.

NEXT to your real great secrets, secrets which are no secrets produce most effect. —Sir Walter's *e.g.*

And so with jokes. The joke that is no joke tells well in parliament, as Lord K. and Mr. B. know.

"WHAT was the subject of this day's conference will be the subject of an accusation to-morrow; and that secret which we thought we did but lately *depositate* in our friend's breast, will shortly fly in our faces from the mouth of our enemies."—SIR G. MACKENZIE, p. 133.

PIECES of ash tree, cut at a critical moment, supposed to cure most diseases. Concerning the moment, doctors differ.—*British Apollo*, vol. 3, p. 770

A MAN speaking at random was said to "talk like an apothecary."—Ibid. 777.

WHY the beating of a drum in an alehouse should turn their drink sour?—Ibid. p. 785.

Will it do so? and if so, is the same effect produced by bell-ringing?

A NOTION said to be confirmed by grave-diggers, that the earth which is dug out of a grave will not fill it after the coffin is put in!—Ibid. p. 795.

[1] It is hardly necessary to say that Rydychen, and Vadum Boum, and Oxford, are the same. Rydychen is the old British name.

[2] Cf. lib. vii. c. 52. J. W. W.

Old Nick said to be so called from Nic Machiavelli!—Ibid. p. 822.

Harcourt (Longeville), "Histoire des personnes qui ont vecu plusieurs siècles, et qui ont rajeuni."—A. D. 1715.

I knew a man to whom all the middle walks of life were open in his youth, and yet in spite of all dehortation he would be nothing but a tailor. He was not, as might perhaps be supposed, either effeminate in disposition or fractional in person, but an absolute integer in form, stature, appearance, and in heart also. Inclination, however, for an art is no more a proof of aptitude or genius for it in a sartorian aspirant than in a stage-struck youth, or votary of the muses. The person in question made me one pair of breeches, and they did not fit.

"An aged saying, and a true,
Black will take no other hue."
Peele, vol. 1, p. 13.

Some one was asked which of Cicero's orations he liked best, and he answered—"eas sibi videri optimas quæ essent longissimæ."—Languet. *Epist.* p. 175.

The Scotchman who said men were divided into those who preyed upon others and those who were preyed upon.

But neither all men nor all animals can thus be classed.

The elephant, which is the noblest of quadrupeds, neither preys nor is preyed upon.

"Much matter decocted into few words."
This is Fuller's definition of a proverb.

"A continual emanation of unsavouriness, so that the stink doth never cease or give over."—Bishop Reynolds, vol. 4, p. 203.

The Gridiron.[1]

Broiling is best, bear witness, gods and men,—
From five begin the strain.

Gridiron the A and Z in the humanizing art. Savages begin with it—the Boucan. Epicure's end—the Beef Steak Club.

Sacrifices.

Homeric cookery.

Escurial.

Aurigrills—Utopia.

Jove who rules the roast.

The pot, the stewpan, and the spit,
Give them their honours fit,
Nor let the oven go without its praise.
A wreath of garlic flowers, or shalott—
Odify the gridiron, odiate the frying man.

The devil uses frying pans.

Pepper and salt.

Vulcan makes a gridiron.

The golden age, when every man will be his own priest, his own king, and his own cook.

Jupiter's prophecy of beef and Blenheim—beef and Waterloo. Apis looking at the battle of the Nile.

The land of Shakespeare and beef steaks.

Towton—when beef met beef.

Pepper from Malabar.

Potatoes from the Tupinambas.

Creation of the gridiron from ferruginous particles.

Connoisseur. No. 63. April 10, 1755.

—"You must have observed with the utmost concern a late account in the newspapers, that 'Whitenose died at Doncaster of a mortification in his foot.'"

"It is remarkable that all those who are employed in the care of horses grow as mere brutes as the animals they attend."—Ibid. No. 84, vol. 2, p. 197.

[1] The reader will see this humorous Pindaric in the Appendix to the Fifth Vol. of Southey's Life and Correspondence.—J. W. W.

JOHN JACKSON, the Arian, Master of Wigstow Hospital, Leicester, when his eyes began to fail, was immoderately fond of cards, and devoted every evening to the quadrille-table. "The seven o'clock bell at the hospital called him to evening prayer in the midst of a dispute at the game, and he crossed St. Martin's churchyard in great haste to his constant duty. As soon as prayers were over, he returned to the card-table, and said 'I am confident I was right as to that card.' 'I submit,' replied his opponent, 'for you have had leisure to consider the state of the game attentively.'—A reply at which he took no small offence."—CRADOCK's *Works*, vol. 4, p. 88.

MRS. BRAY.—DR. VIAL, vol. 3, p. 200.

HIS father was Vicar of Doncaster, and he, who was born at a farm-house, Sensey, near Thirsk, was educated at Doncaster, where Dr. Bland, after head-master of Eton, dean of Durham, and provost of Eton, was master. He was born 1686; and studied Hebrew under Simon Ockley at Cambridge. Warburton said of him, that he had spent his days in the republic of letters, just as vagabonds do in London, in one unwearied course of begging, railing, and stealing.—NICHOLS, vol. 2, pp. 519-31.

IN Defoe's time there was a great manufacture of stockings, gloves, and knit waistcoats there.

Wish that Drayton and Barnabee had said more of it.

HUNTER in his *History of the Deanery of Doncaster*, says, "it is distinctly related by Bede, that the church at Doncaster was founded by Edwin, under the auspices of Paulinus."

"WE have notable fellows about Doncaster; they'll give the lie and the stab both in an instant."—WEBSTER, vol. 3, p. 186.

Kate, the innkeeper's daughter, says this.

A. D. 1812. A SERVANT of Williamson, the horsedealer of York, was trying a horse on the road toward the High Street, Doncaster, when it took fright between the Rein Deer and Ram inns, and leaped through the shop window of Mr. Whalley, shoemaker. The rider crouched, or he must have been killed, the height from the ground to the under part of the beam being only seven and a half feet. He was thrown upon the counter, which, being near the window, prevented the horse from getting wholly into the shop. The window was of course shivered, but neither horse nor man much injured.—*Edinburgh Annual Register*, p. 61.

THORESBY, (*Diary*, vol. 2, p. 13,) speaks of a delicate parsonage-house at Cromwell, thought to be one of the best in England, (1708): It was built by Mr. Thwaits, a Yorkshireman, (formerly schoolmaster at Doncaster), at the expense of £1000, on the road from Leeds to Grantham.

MARTIN LISTER.
Dean Waddilove.
Sterne.
Hall Stevenson.

"VOICI un dogme fort choquant; c'est que les choses qui n'ont jamais été, et qui ne seront jamais, ne sont point possibles. C'a été sans doute le sentiment d'Abelard; et je ne vois pas que ceux qui disent que Dieu est déterminé par sa sagesse infinie à faire ce qui est le plus digne de lui puissent nier sans inconséquence la doctrine de ce philosophe."—BAYLE, tom. 3, p. 335.

PHILIPPUS CAROLUS, a commentator upon Aulus Gellius, says, after the Hebrews, "que ceux qui auront été mal mariés, seront absous devant Dieu, sans comparoître devant son tribunal."—Ibid. p. 450.

"NESCIO quomodo nihil tam absurdè dici potest, quod non dicatur ab aliquo philosophorum."—CIC. *de Divinat.* l. 2, c. 58.

"Nemo ægrotus quicquam somniat tam infandum, quod non aliquis dicat philosophus."—Varro *in Eumenid. apud Nonium.*

At Hurdenberg, in Sweden, M. Huet says the mode of choosing a burgomaster is this: the persons eligible sit with their beards upon a table, a louse is put in the middle of the table, and the one in whose beard he takes cover is the magistrate for the ensuing year.—Bayle, vol. 3, p. 484.

Jacobus Gaddius must have been an odd fellow, for he thought the "Batrachomyomachia, nobilior, propriorque perfectione" than the Iliad or Odyssea.—H. N. Coleridge, *Intr.* p. 184.

Laissez nous faire—
What is it men do when this maxim is acted upon?
Soldiers before exchanges were in use, or parole granted.
Privateers.
Quacks.
Cotton manufacturers.
Brewers.
Post office *è contrà*, as compared with posting and carriers choosing religions.

The Malays have so great a prejudice against a great book, that though they now ask for the Englishman's Koran, they are literally afraid to receive so large a book, and invariably refuse to take it, though they will accept any portion of it. The Bible Society has therefore been asked to publish it *in parts*.

"This is most certain. God had rather have his trees for fruit, than for fuel."—Bishop Reynolds, tom. 2, p. 365.

"For God will not suffer his gospel to be cast away, but will cause it to prosper unto some end or other; either to save those that believe, or to cumulate the damnation of those that disobey it!"—Ibid. p. 271.

"Methinks a marble
Lies quieter upon an old man's head
Than a cold fit of the palsey."
Beaumont and Fletcher,
Captain, act i. sc. iii.

Travelled gentlemen—
—"Those that went out men, and good men,
They look like poached eggs, with the souls sucked out,
Empty and full of wind: all their affections
Are baked in rye-crust to hold carriage
From this good town to t'other, and when they are opened
They are so ill-cooked and mouldy.'
Ibid. *Queen of Corinth*, act ii. sc. iv.

"The root out of which the fruits of the earth do grow, is above, in heaven: the genealogy of corn and wine is resolved into God."—Bishop Reynolds, vol. 3, p. 203.

"For such great overthrows
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
A glow-worm's tail too full of flame."
Beaumont and Fletcher,
Bonduca, act i. sc. i.

"Or dare your vamping valour, goodman cobler,
Clap a new sole to the kingdom."
Ibid. act i. sc. ii.

"Out, ye flesh flies,
Nothing but noise and nastiness."
Ibid.

"All other loves are mere catching of dottrels,[1]
Stretching of legs out only, and trim laziness."
Ibid. act iv. sc. ii.

[1] One of the commonest allusions in our old authors,—dramatic or other. See the well known lines of Drayton, in the *Polyolbion*, Song twenty-fifth:—
"The dotterels which we think," &c.
J. W. W.

" If himself
(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)
Should find himself in love,—
Surely his wise self would hang his beastly self,
His understanding self so maul his ass-self."
Ibid. act v. sc. ii.

" No owl will live in Crete."—*Euphues.*

Old Merrythought's advice to his son is, " Be a good husband; that is, wear ordinary clothes, eat the best meat, and drink the best drink; be merry, and give to the poor, and believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods."—*Kt. of the B. Pestle*, p. 378.

" Plusieurs blâmeront l'entassement de passages que l'on vient de voir; j'ai prévu leurs dédains, leurs *dégoûts* et leur censures magistrales, et n'ai pas voulu y avoir égard.—Bayle, vol. 4, p. 461.

P. Caussin's sympathy with the sun, which he called " son astre, et duquel il ressentait des opérations fort notables. Tant au corps qu'en l'esprit, selon ses approches et ses éloignemens, et à proportion qu'il se montrait, ou qu'il était couvert de nuages."—Ibid. p. 612.

The tongue made less for *language* than for *taste*,—beasts the proof, and that men can speak without tongues."—Ibid. vol. 5, p. 15. *Cerisantes. Theban Legion.* Sir J. Malcolm's *Sketches of Persia.*

" Plura proponere est tutius; ne una definitio parum rem comprehendat, et, ut ita dicam, formula excidat."—Seneca, *de Benef.* vol. 1, p. 283.

Occasional drunkenness advised by Seneca.—Ibid. p. 229.

August 18, 1830.—If the parents or next kin of a boy who was left in the passage of the Coach and Horses public-house, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, so far back as the 20th of February, 1801, and who was then supposed to be only fifteen months old, and his linen marked with the letter C, will apply personally, or by letter, post paid, to Mr. Jordan, solicitor, 7, Lincoln's Inn Fields, they will hear of something greatly to their advantage.

St. Jerome.

" Infans eram, nec tum scribere noveram: Nunc, ut nihil aliud profecerim, saltem Socraticum illud habeo, Scio quod nescio."—Bishop Reynolds, vol. 3, *Ded.*

" Do you not," Bishop Sandford asks, " find yourself continually inclined to forget that inanimate things have no volition?" " Yes," he answers himself, " I do, but so did Dean Swift, a wiser man than I, who used to say that nothing was more provoking than the perverseness of inanimate things."—*Remains*, vol. 1, p. 216.

" I remember," says Bishop Sandford, (vol. 1, p. 205,) " once hearing old Dr. W. with the mild appearance of an old lion tormented with the tooth-ache, utter this charitable wish,—' I wish,' said he, ' that more people would die of diseases in the spleen, that we might know what purposes the spleen is intended to answer.' Nothing would have tempted me to trust myself in the old Ogre's hands. I never heard a wish so truly professional."

" Je ne crois pas que l'on ait pensé dans ce siècle rien de grand et de délicat, que l'on ne voie dans les livres des anciens. Les plus sublimes conceptions de métaphysique et de morale que nous admirons dans quelques modernes, se rencontrent dans les livres des anciens philosophes."—Bayle, vol. 5, p. 295.

Curion, the Piedmontese reformer, who found a place of refuge in Switzerland, published a treatise *de Amplitudine beati regni Dei*,—" où il tâcha de montrer que le nombre

des prédestinés est plus grand que celui des réprouvés. Il y a lieu d'être surpris qu'il osât prêcher cet évangile au milieu des Suisses ; car une telle doctrine est fort suspecte aux véritables réformés ; et je ne pense pas qu'aucun professeur-là pût soutenir aujourd'hui en Hollande impunément." —Ibid. p. 346.

"Dum dubitat natura, marem faceretne puellam,
Factus es, ô pulcher, penè puella puer."

Doret so greatly admired this epigram of Ausonius, that he insisted a demon must have been the author of it.—Ibid. p. 426.

There was a law at Abdera, that he who had dissipated his patrimony should not be interred in the burial place of his fathers." —Ibid. p. 460.

In old times state promotion was a burthen upon a wise man's head, and not a feather in a coxcomb's cap.

"He was a copious subject," what Aristotle describes as ἀνὴρ τετράγωνος, a four square man that had in every capacity, —place him how and where you would— "a basis of honesty and integrity to fix upon." And yet no rough diamond, no angular sharpness about him ; but *teres atque rotundus* in his virtue, "in his disposition made up of love and sweetness ; of a balsamic nature ; all for healing and helpfulness."—Bishop Reynolds, vol. 4, p. 474.

"This a jewel of a book." Fuller and Reynolds. See my extract inserted in Johnson. *Joya* is of Arabic extraction. See the Post-Arab. Lexicon. We have the word, "as children look on fine *gays*."—Barrow, vol. 2, p. 271.

"Innocence and indolency do ever go together, both together making Paradise : perfect virtue and constant alacrity are inseparable companions, both constituting beatitude."—Ibid. p. 447.

Animals not reflective.—Ibid. p. 461. The Dr. *doubted* that they were.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 32.—"Truth and knowledge, which is the possession of truth. Knowledge a virtue."

The Hebrew word which signifieth to praise or applaud, signifieth also to infatuate or make mad."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 213.

"Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought." Sydney.

"Infected minds infect each thing they see." Ibid.

"The arrow being shot from far doth give the smaller blow." Ibid.

"They say those roses are sweetest which have stinking weeds grow near them."[1]—Reynolds, vol. 5, p. 192.

"Philosophers use to reckon but eight steps to the highest and most intense degree of a quality."—Ibid. p. 276.

"'Namque coquus domini debet habere gulam,'—the cook must dress the meat to his master's palate, not to his own."—Ibid. p. 527.

Perfect polity in insect communities ;—and this always under absolute laws.

As the scale of intellect rises, there is nothing of these individual affections which show themselves,—with all their evil and their good.

In our likings and dislikings there are moral as well as physical idiosyncrasies.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—I observe a paragraph in your journal of yesterday, stating that Grub

[1] I quite recollect when a boy to have seen Rue planted under the double yellow Rose. J. W. W.

Street has thought proper to lay claim to be the birth-place of Milton. If your supposition be founded upon the circumstance of the street in question being now called Milton Street, I beg to inform you, that "Milton" happens to be the name of a very respectable carpenter who has lately taken a lease of the whole street, and who is swayed by the very pardonable ambition of perpetuating that fact. I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

Sept. 10. *A Constant Reader.*

"But since my thoughts in thinking still are spent." SYDNEY.

"Ces discours je faisois d'une pensée gaye,
Ne pensant point adonc que la suite en fust vraye;
Mais à mes propres cousts j'ay du depuis apris
Que bien souvent le vray se loge dans le ris." PASQUIER, tom. 2, p. 871.

ONE of those happy men who have been "anointed with the oil of gladness above their fellows."

I SHALL not administer to thee "a drachm of Ovid's art, nor a grain of Tibullus's drugs, nor one of Propertius's pills."—*Euphues.*

CHINCHE, in Spanish, signifies a stinking wall louse, says Theobald in a note upon Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. 7, p. 9. He then did not know the name of bug.

"THE canker soonest entereth into the white rose."—*Euphues.*

"I KNOW, sir,
Both when and what to do without directions,
And where and how."
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Love's Pilgrimage*, act ii. sc. ii.

"AND as occasion stirr'd her, how she started, Though roughly, yet most aptly, into anger." Act iii. sc. ii.

A HUGE fellow.
—"that gross compound cannot but diffuse
The soul in such a latitude of ease
As to make dull her faculties and lazy."
Ibid. *Maid in the Mill*, act ii. sc. i.

"FOR my part, sir,
The more absurd, I shall be the better welcome." Ibid. act ii. sc. ii.

"A FOUNDER of new fashions,
The revolutions of all shapes and habits
Run madding through his brains."
Ibid. act iii. sc. ii.

This, which Beaumont and Fletcher say of a tailor, may be parodied to a constitution-fashioner of these days.

"KNAVE is at worst of knave
When he smiles best." Ibid. p. 258.

"THE eagle dieth neither for age, nor with sickness, but with famine."—*Euphues.*

"THOUGH the tears of the hart be salt, yet the tears of the boar be sweet."—Ibid.

"THE adamant, though it be so hard that nothing can bruise it, yet if the warm blood of a goat be poured upon it, it bursteth."—Ibid.[1]

"THE breath of the lion engendereth as well the serpent as the ant."—Ibid.

"THE eagle at every flight loseth a feather, which maketh her bald in her age."—Ibid.

"THE stone Pantura draweth all other stones, be they never so heavy, having in it

[1] It is very well known that few of LILLY'S similies are to be relied upon, — but I have several instances of this old notion, which, as this sheet passes through the press, I cannot lay my hand upon.—J. W. W.

the three roots which they attribute to music,—mirth, melancholy, madness."—Ibid.

"I DO believe her stedfastly, and know her
To be a woman-wolf by transmigration,
Her first form was a ferret's, under ground."
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER,
Act iv. sc. v.

SOME have asserted "that the same crocodile of Egypt is the lizard in Italy, and the eft in our country."—NICHOLS's *Conference with a Theist*, vol. 1, p. 165.

He seems to believe this, using it as an argument in analogy.

VULCAN was conceived by the wind.—BAYLE, vol. 2, p. 222. LUCIAN, *de Sacrificiis*.

LIPSIUS's poem dedicating his pen to our Lady of Montaigne.—BAYLE, vol. 2, p. 340.

NICOLAS LE FEVRE, preceptor to the Prince of Condé, and afterwards to Louis XIII. "eut le malheur de se crêver un œil en taillant une plume."—*Coll. Mém.* tom. 53, p. 50, N.

CROW quills.—LADY LUXBOROUGH's *Letters*, p. 73.

MATTHEW HENRY's pen.—THORESBY, vol. 2, p. 151.

"YE fools that wear gay cloaths, love to be
gaped at,
What are you better when your end calls on
you?
Will gold preserve ye from the grave? or
jewels?
Get golden minds, and fling away your trappings.
Unto your bodies minister warm raiment,
Wholesome and good: glitter within, and
spare not."
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Maid in the Mill*, Act iii. Sc. ii.

"I AM a labouring man,
And we have seldom leisure to run mad,
We've little wit to lose too."

THE tailor says,
"O sleeve, O sleeve! I'll study all night,
madam,
To magnify your sleeve!"
Ibid. act v. sc. ii.

"ARE you not he that have been of thirty callings, yet ne'er a one lawful."—Ibid. *Martial Maid*, p. 413.

"THOU comedy to men,
Whose serious folly is a butt for all
To shoot their wits at." Ibid. p. 423.

EUPHUES begins his discourse upon education by requiring that the child be true born, no bastard. "Whosoever he be that desireth to be the sire of an happy son, or the father of a fortunate child, let him abstain from those women which be either base of birth, or bare of honesty."

"WHEAT thrown into a strange ground turneth to a contrary grain: the vine translated into another soil changeth her kind. Certes, I am of that mind, that the wit and disposition is altered and changed with milk, as the moisture and sap of the earth doth change the nature of that tree or plant that it nourisheth. Wherefore the common by-word of the common people seemeth to be grounded upon good experience, which is, this fellow hath sucked mischief even from the teat of the nurse."—*Euphues*.

"HE should talk of many matters, not always harp upon one string; he that always singeth one note, without descant, breedeth no delight: he that always playeth one part breedeth loathsomeness to the ear. It is variety that moveth the mind of all men."—Ibid.

"SUCH gross questions are to be answered with slender reasons, and such idle

heads should be scoffed with addle answers."—Ibid.

"THE snail that crept out of her shell was turned into a toad, and thereby was forced to make a stool to sit on, disdaining her own house."—Ibid.

"WHY wit having told all his cards, lacked many an ace of wisdom."—Ibid.

"So much wit is sufficient for a woman, as, when she is in the rain, can warn her to come out of it."—Ibid.

"ALL things were made for man as a sovereign, and man made for woman as a slave."—Ibid.

"I SPEAK softly, because I will not hear myself." Philantus says this.—Ibid.

"AH, fond Euphues, my dear friend, but a simple fool if thou believe now the cooling card (?)[1]; and an obstinate fool if thou do not recant it."—Ibid.

THE supposed magician in Euphues says, "It may be your strong imagination shall work that in you, which my art cannot; for it is a principle among us, that a vehement thought is more available than the virtue of our figures, forms, or characters."—Ibid.

ENCHANTMENTS in love.

"Do you think that the mind, being created by God, can be ruled by man, or that any one can move the heart but He that made it? But such hath been the superstition of old women, and such the folly of young men, that there could be nothing so vain but the one would invent, nor anything so senseless but the other would believe.

"Though many there have been so wicked to seek such means, yet was there never any so unhappy to find them."—Ibid.

"YOUNG is the goose that will eat no oates, and a very ill cock that will not crow before he be old, and no right lion that will not feed on hard meat before he taste sweet milk."—Ibid.

—"WHICH I omit, lest I set before you coleworts twice sodden."[2]—Ibid.

"LET thy practice be law," says Euphues to his friend; "for the practice of physic is too base for so fine a stomach as thine, and divinity too curious for so fickle a head as thou hast."—Ibid.

"ON obscure topics double light is necessary."—PINKERTON. *Corr.* vol. 1, p. 442.

"His means are little,
And where those littles are, as little comforts
Ever keep company."
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Night Walker*, vol. 8, p. 90.

"SHE is a woman; and the ways unto her
Are like the finding of a certain path,
After a deep-fallen snow."
Ibid. *Woman's Prize*, act v. sc. i.

"TAKE my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a most amusing business."—GRAY, 2, 3. See, too, p. 348, ibid.

"IT is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly."—Ibid. p. 8.

MORAL and intellectual improvement of animals, contrasted with that at which the breeders and feeders aim.

[1] GIFFORD, in his Introduction to FORD'S *Works*, says it means "a *bolus*." It is not unfrequently used by our dramatic poets, *e.g.* SHAKSP. 1 *Henry VI.* v. 3, BEAUMONT & FLETCHER, *Faithful Friends*, act ii. sc. ii., *The Island Princess*, act i. sc. iii.—J. W. W.

[2] The allusion is to the Greek proverb, Δὶς κράμβη θάνατος;—in the line of Juvenal,
"Occidit miseros *crambe repetita* magistros."
Sat. vii. 154.—J. W. W.

Cockchaffers he thinks might be as grateful food as locusts, and their grub as delicious as the groogroo, or palm caterpillar.—Darwin's *Phytologia*, p. 364.

Water rats in America destroyed in great numbers by the tape-worm. Could some of these diseased American rats, he asks, be imported into this country, that they might propagate their malady?—Ibid. p. 583.

The broad-bottomed Adm. the ὀπισθοβαρεῖς,—the heavy behinds.

Keeping *a folly*.

One may say of certain authors, with Garasse, Doc. Curieuse (p. 21), "Qu'il est permis à un chacun de s'immoler à la risée publique; leurs fautes ne sont préjudiciables qu'à eux-mêmes; leurs chimères n'ont aucune suitte; elles pourront servir de divertissement et de recréation aux gens d'honneur après un estude serieux."

Among the writers who lead him to make these remarks, he includes Copernicus.

Cardan's notion of three orders of spirits or minds, which, combining with matter, form beasts, men, and prophets; and why there can be no prophet near the poles, and must be many in Judea.—Ibid p. 25. Vanini's notion, p. 32. Plato's remark, p. 56.

"Lorsque Cardan escrivoit ces sornettes, il n'estoit pas fort esloigné d'asnerie."—Ibid. p. 26.

"Pour moy, je dis que la plus grande folie qui soit au monde, c'est de s'écarter du grand chemin."—Ibid. p. 29.

An Irish gentleman just now sentenced to be hanged, as he richly deserved, said, "This is an extremely awkward business!"

Cardinal Du Perron's extraordinary memory has been accounted for by the fact that his mother longed for a library!—Salgues, vol. 1, p. 56.

The Egyptians made all the elements male and female. Wind was male, a damp and relaxing air female. The sea, male; all other waters female. Only cultivated earth female, and only innocuous fire.—Seneca. *Nat. Quæs.* l. 3, § 14, t. 2, p. 557.

"Woman, they say, was only made of man;
Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike!
It may be all the best was cut away
To make the woman, and the naught was left
Behind with him."
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Coxcomb*, Act iii. sc. iii.

"'Tis an odd creature, full of creeks and windings;
The serpent has not more: for she has all his,
And then her own beside came in by her mother."
Ibid. *Wit at several Weapons*, Act iii. sc. i.

Pliny says that an owl's egg, eaten in an omelette, will cure a drunkard of his passion for wine.—Salgues, vol. 1, p. 439.

"Une princesse d'Allemagne entreprit de rassembler un grand nombre de nains des deux sexes; elle les réunit en petits menages; elle essaye d'en multiplier l'espèce; mais ses vues furent trompées, ils ne produissèrent rien."—Ibid. p. 474.

Some, of whom S. Augustine speaks in his Civ. Dei, thought that at the resurrection all would rise males.—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 2.

At the council of Mâcon (fifth century) it was debated whether Christ died for the female sex, and determined in the affirmative.—Ibid.

Gall saw a man who had lost his memory

for all substantives, and he knew another who had in like manner forgotten all adjectives.—Ibid. p. 279.

"Pious and *ponderous* men."—Cobbler of Aggávam, 3.

His "sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness merry."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Two Noble Kinsmen*, act v. sc. iii.

The age of all horses is dated from the 1st of May.

Custom of female inheritance in Lesbos. (*Calcutta Magazine*, vol. 3, pp. 267, 339.)

"Handsome is, as handsome does;" —— therefore is one of the ugliest fellows I know.

The Ascrodupetes believed that the first of the human race was not Adam, but Barbeloth. Or did they believe that this was Adam's proper name?—Garasse, p. 232.

Eunomian baptism, to be dipt three times in warm water, head downward, and waist deep, "pour estre baptisé à profit."—Ibid.

Ramon Lullis said to have said that a man might be *made*.—Ibid. p. 234.

The Doctor's shoemaker held his custom by *cornage* tenure.

Mr. Farell, who was G. Taylor's schoolmaster, lay down on the grass one day, and fell asleep. A hairy grub crawled over his face, and was found resting on one of his eyes. When he was awakened, the eye was inflamed, and he lost the sight of it by this extraordinary cause.

Ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν ἴσως ἐξωτερικωτέρας ἐστὶ σκέψεως.—Arist. *Pol.* p. 8, l. 1, § 5.

"Affliction, when I know it, is but this,
A deep alloy, whereby man tougher is
To bear the hammer; and the deeper still
We still arise more image of his will."

Verses upon an Honest Man's Fortune, Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. 10, p. 468.

D.D. described by Ennius.—Erasmus, *Adagia*, p. 153.

The variety, or rather uncertainty, of some seeds is remarkable, as contrasted with the invariable character of others. Fruits and flowers, e. g., compared with the oak, elm, cedar, and other trees.

Accidental defects may be propagated in trees and in animals; but query whether it be not only by grafts in the former?

Turner the artist has seventeen cats, all without tails, kittened by a favourite who accidentally had lost hers.

"Such servants are oftenest painful and good,
That sing in their labour, as birds in the wood." Tusser, p. 252.

An executioner complained, "Qu'il demeuroit en une meschante ville, et qu'il y avoit long temps qu'il n'avoit pendu ni foüetté personne."—Bouchet, vol. 2, p. 97.

Odorous plants in a chamber occasion dreams.—Ibid. p. 197.

Melancholy men likely to predict what is to come.—Ibid. p. 200.

A story of resetting eyes that have been plucked out, on Guicciardini's authority! And a goat's eye instead of a human one, if the real one has been injured. You will not see with this, but it will live and retain its beauty, though not its use!—Ibid. p. 344-5.

Ronsard against learned women.—Ibid. p. 481.

Socrates' choice of a wife.—Ibid. p. 482.

THERE are some who say that new-born infants cry, not for pain, nor the sense of sudden cold, "mais que c'est qu'ils se plaignent de nos premiers parents, et que le fils crie A. A. comme se plaignent de Adam, et la fille E. E. comme se plaignant et voulant dire Eve."—Ibid. p. 495.

"HIC nimis vivax queritur caducæ
Damna senectæ."
M. ANT. FLAMINIUS, l. 1, c. 42.

"QUIPPE Imperia et aliæ res terrenæ, similes sunt cœlestibus; sicut et res maritimæ rebus terrestribus. Unde inventus piscis episcopus, vitulus et calamarus (?); quandoquidem omnes ab ordine rationis primæ, seu divinæ ideæ, quod Verbum æternum est, dependent."—CAMPANELLA. *De Mon. Hisp.* p. 12.

"QUIA et Deus ipse rem omnem creavit in numero."—Ibid. p. 14.

"I CAN wear a horn, and blow it not."—*Damon and Pithias, Old Plays*, vol. 1, p. 238.

"THERE is no instance of any man whose history has been minutely related, that did not in every part of life discover the same proportion of intellectual vigour."—JOHNSON. CROKER'S *Boswell*, vol. 1, p. 11.

Vieyra is one, and (in my own knowledge) C. C. another.

DOUZA had a pet hedgehog, and Lipsius wrote a poem upon its death.—DOUZA, p. 669.

STERCULUS,—a god mentioned by Prudentius. Lactantius also names him, "qui stercorandi agri rationem primus induxit."

"COGLI viola, o gelsomino, croco,
E Rosa condannata a viver poco."
CHIABRERA, vol. 2, p. 196.

THE Italians had a sword-dance,—"il ballo della spada." Chiabrera (vol. 2, p. 139) has a sonnet to a lady who danced it.

"GOOD Jove! what a pretty foolish thing it is to be a poet.—*Chloe in the Poetaster.* BEN JONSON, vol. 2, p. 469.

"To play the fool by authority, is wisdom."—Ibid. p. 479.

"To play the fool wisely, is high wisdom."—Ibid. p. 480.

CUPID,—the little greatest god.

THE Dance of Cupid.—*Tancred and Gismunda, Old Plays*, vol. 2, p. 162.

"WHY this indeed is physic! and outspeaks
The knowledge of cheap drugs, or any use
Can be made out of it! more comforting
Than all your opiates, juleps, apozems,
Magistral syrups, or—"
BEN JONSON, *Sejanus*, vol. 3, p. 30.

LAW.
— "Would you have more?
I would no more,
Nor less; might I enjoy it natural,
Not taught to speak unto your present ends,
Free from thine, his, and all your unkind handling,
Furious enforcing, most unjust presuming,
Foul wresting, and impossible construction."
Ibid. p. 71.

"IL saggio
E' tetragono ai colpi di ventura"
CHIABRERA, vol. 2, p. 246.

SEMINAL thoughts, compared with the Pantheistic and omnidependent system.

— "IN proportion as we think we can
Control ourselves, ourselves we shall control." LLOYD'S *London*, p. 58.

— "'TIS pleasanter to paint effects,
Than flounder in the dark abyss of causes."
Ibid. p. 74.

HERACLIDES held that man fell from the moon.

Some Romanists have started the question how Enoch could cut his hair and his nails.—Garmann: p. 270.

The argument has been advanced by Gregorius Nyssenus, that sickness cannot be contagious because health is not.—Ibid. p. 342.

"He has no faith in physic; he does think
Most of your doctors are the greater danger
And worse disease to escape."
Ben Jonson, *Fox*, vol. iii. p. 188.

"I muse the mystery was not made a science,
It is so liberally profest." Ibid. p. 231.

"With such we mingle neither brains nor
breasts." *Prologue to Epicæne.*

"But that he knew this was the better way.
For to present all custard, or all tart,
And have no other meats to bear a part,
Or to want bread and salt, were but coarse
art." Ibid.

"In the days of the bear-garden, bears used to be named after their owners. Ned Whiting and George Stone were of good repute in their day. George was killed by the dogs at last; and the keepers in their petition for a renewal of their license, call him 'a goodly bear,' and 'feelingly lament his loss.'"—Gifford. Ben Jonson, vol. 3, p. 395, N.

"Ubi terrarum vitium cultura, aut racemorum proventus non est, adoptatur in vini locum, fœtus supposititius, *natus ex adulterio Cereris et Neptuni*, quam Cerevisiam appellamus."—*Laurembergii Horticultura. Præloquium*, p. 8.

Ibid. p. 9. A notion of the ancients, that they who lived upon locusts were eaten up in their old age by winged vermin, bred in their insides.

An odd reasoner, for he presses silk and wool into his vegetable ranks, one as made of mulberry leaves, the other of grass. By the same logic he might make mutton a vegetable.

"He that hath love and judgment too,
Sees more than any other do."
Heliconia, vol. 2, *Phenix Nest.* p. 7.

"Lend me but your attentions, and I'll cut
Long grief into short words."
Revenger's Tragedy, Old Plays, vol. 4, p. 303.

"Quòd si quis quæ dico non intelligit, secum agat studiis et votis ut proficiat; non mecum querelis et convitiis, ut desistam."—S. Augustin. Garasse, p. 551.

A thief said there was only one plant in the world which he could not bear, and that was hemp; for it had been the death of his father, and might likely enough be his own too.—Garasse, p. 599.

Could we, in the American sense of the word, realize those points of our faith in which all Christians are agreed, we should have in these the true panacea,—the philosopher's stone,—the elixir of life.

Akenside's *I.* The third personal pronoun is the most comprehensive word in the world; for except you and me, reader, it comprises everything else in existence.

A sophist in the Controversies of Seneca, wishes he were a Spanish horse.—Garasse, p. 705.

Augustine used commonly to end his sermons with, "Parcite mihi, fratres mei; nolo dicere quod sequitur."—Ibid. p. 731.

"La laideur du diable est nonpareille; et il n'y a créature au monde si difforme que le plus beau Diable de l'Enfer."—Ibid. p. 839.

"Il est vray que les Diables ne sont pas

laids en leur essence, mais seulement en leurs accidens."—Ibid. p. 481.

In the Miracle Plays he was made as ugly as possible, hairy like a bear, with a bottle nose, and a tail.—COLLIER'S *Stage*, vol. 2, p. 263.

What beauty there is in hell, and why the Devil is to be respected.—Vide GARASSE, pp. 841-2.

COLLIER'S *Stage*, vol. 3, p. 96.

"Your ale is as a Philistine fox,—there's fire in the tail on't."—*Merry Devil of Edmonton, Old Plays*, vol. 5, p. 238.

"I ADVISE you," says Johnson, "and I advise you with great earnestness, to do nothing that may hurt you, and to reject nothing that may do you good. To preserve health is a moral and religious duty, for health is the basis of all social virtue: we can be useful no longer than while we are well."—CROKER'S *Boswell*, vol. 2, p. 119.

SOME Mr. Steele published *Prosodia Rationalis*, or an Essay towards Establishing the Melody and Measure of Speech, to be expressed and perpetuated by peculiar Symbols. 1779. He pretended to show how Garrick's recitation might be transmitted to posterity by notation.

Boswell thought he had succeeded.—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 201.

J.'s intention of writing a cookery book. —Ibid. vol. 4, pp. 143-4. See Turner's Sacred History, p. 124.

HORNED woman.—RUSSELL'S *Tour in Germany*, vol. 1, p. 250.

BEARDS.

S. Paula Barbata. Acta SS. Feb. 3, 174.

Goat's beard fixed upon a sinner.—Ibid. March 2, 570.

J. Southcote's followers.

"Ducit opes animumque ferro."—HOR. De Guigues, vol. 2, p. 189.

Pulci MM. T. 3, p. 328. Take away the beard, and how you mar the picture.

Ænobarbus. Suetonius. Nero. § 1.

SHEIKH JAMAL ODDIN EL SAWI, head of the Karenders, "who shave their chins and eyebrows." A woman of Sawah acted the part of Potiphar's wife towards him. Having no other escape, for she had entrapt him into an inner apartment, he asked permission to retire, and having a razor about him, he shaved off his beard and eyebrows. Upon which, horrified at his deformity, she had him driven out of the house. Hence his sect followed the fashion.—IBN BATISTA'S *Travels*, p. 11.

MODERN machinery is frightful,—as if properly to deter one from its use,—whereas it is beautiful in all the old—necessary, beneficial inventions.—CICERO, vol. 1, p. 339.

See Turner's Sacred History, p. 138.

B. Jonson, vol. 5, p. 392.

Stewart's Visit, p. 72. A ship.

EVEN most of the fish "which are most abundant, and come most frequently in our sight, have pleasing forms," and are beautiful.—TURNER, pp. 16, 259.

OIL from seeds, and walnuts.

WHALES. Connubial affection in them. —Ibid. p. 285.

LOGAN, quoted by TURNER, (ibid. p. 376), says of animals, that "in all their actions they discover no sense of Deity, and no traces of religion."—*Sermons*, vol. 1, p. 3.

We cannot be sure of this.

HARTLEY on the possible immortality of brutes.—Ibid. p. 376.

"AGAINST the multiplicity of watches,
Whereby much neighbourly familiarity,
By asking 'What d'ye guess it is o'clock?'
Is lost, when every puny clerk can carry

The time o' the day in his breeches.
Antipodes, quoted by GIFFORD, B. J. Vol. 5, p. 42.

" — for the increase of wool,—
By flaying of live horses, and new covering them
With sheep skins."—Ibid.

"AND this for keeping of tame owls in cities,
To kill up rats and mice, whereby all cats
May be destroyed, as an especial means
To stop the growth of witchcraft."—Ibid.

THE public—
" No, give them grains their fill,
Hasks, draff, to drink and swill."
B. J. *Ode to himself.*

" — we have divers that drive that trade now, poets-poetaccios, poetasters, poetitos, and all haberdashers of small wit—I presume."—*Induction to the Magnetic Lady.*

COOKERY.

A trade from Adam. — B. J. *Staple of News.*

" He holds no man can be a poet
That is not a good cook, to know the palates
And several tastes of the time. He draws all arts
Out of the kitchen, but the art of poetry,
Which he concludes the same with cookery."
Ibid. p. 256.

HAY tea, &c. show that cookery is good for cattle.

" HE will not woo the gentle ignorance so much. But careless of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, he is confident it shall superplease judicious spectators, and to them he leaves it to work with the rest, by example, or otherwise."—BEN JONSON. *Magnetic Lady, Induction*, vol. 6.

A YOUNG physician,—
" That, letting God alone, ascribes to Nature
More than her share: licentious in discourse,
And in his life a profest voluptuary,
The slave of money, a buffoon in manners,
Obscene in language, which he vents for wit;
Is saucy in his logics, and disputing
Is any thing but civil or a man."
Ibid. p. 18.

" SHE was both *witty and zealous*,
And lighted all the tinder of the truth
(As one said of religion in our parish."
Ibid. p. 24.

" ALL men are
Philosophers to their inches."—Ibid. p. 27.

" — we ever make the latter day
The scholar of the former; and we find
Something is still amiss that must delay
Our business, and leave work for us behind,
As if there were no sabbath of the mind."
DANIEL. *Ep. prefixed to Philotas.*

LANDER, the African traveller, speaks of a wood-pigeon which had seen its mate caught and killed, lingering about the spot and wasting away in mourning the loss of her companion.—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 248.

THOSE wretched horses worked to death in this service. The affection, he says, of these poor brutes towards each other is quite extraordinary.—Ibid. p. 269.

" EVERY one is a virtuoso of a higher or lower degree. Every one pursues a Grace, and courts a Venus of one kind or another."—SHAFTESBURY, vol. 1, p. 138.

" SICKNESS, be thou my soul's physician,
Bring the apothecary Death with thee."
NASH. *Summer's Last Will. Old Plays*, ix. 55.

"Care that is entered once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession ere it rest."
Ben Jonson. *Tale of a Tub*, vol. 6, p. 162.

"But as I am now here, just in the mid way,
I'll set my sword on the pummel, and that fine
The point falls to, we'll take.—Ibid. p. 206.

"Such things ever are like bread, which the staler it is, the more wholesome."—Ben Jonson. *Case is altered*, p. 326.

It is well said by Shaftesbury, that "profound thinking is many times the cause of shallow thought."—Vol. 3, p. 226.

"Neighbour, sharpen the edge-tool of your wit upon the whetstone of indiscretion."—Lodge. *Wounds of Civil War*, *Old Plays*, vol. 8, p. 83.

Trenchard the Whig.

"He was always excellent company; but the time of the day when he shined most, was for three hours or more after dinner. Towards the evening, he was generally subject to indigestions. The time he chose to think in was the morning."—*Preface to* Cato's *Letters*, xxx.

"The opinion of a physician or a medicine does often effect the cure of a patient, by giving to his mind such ease and acquiescence as can alone produce health."—Cato's *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 126.

"Without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk."—*Merchant of Venice*, act. iii. sc. i.

Pasquier, vol. 2, p. 395. Regilian made emperor in the days of Gallienus, for his name's sake.

M. de Pisany, who had been governor of the Prince of Condé, and whom Pasquier, (vol. 2, p. 408), calls "l'un des plus sages preud'hommes que nous ayons jamais halené en ceste France," never drank any thing;—"vray que pour supplement, le fruitage dont il usoit luy estoit fort familier et commun."

"—in amplissimâ causâ, quasi magno mari, pluribus ventis sumus vecti."—Plin. *Epist.* vi. 33. p. 165.

"Ut enim terræ variis mutatisque seminibus, ita ingenia nostra nunc hâc nunc illâ meditatione, recoluntur."—Ibid. *Epist.* vii. p. 174.

"For these men's palates let not me answer, O Muses! It is not my fault if I fill them out nectar, and they run to methegelin."—Ben Jonson, *Masque of Hymen*, vol. 7, p. 50.

"Marriage Goddesses."—Ibid. p. 63.

"Every sickness is not unto death, and therefore the Lord hath appointed drugs for the maladies of the body. *Altissimus creavit medicinam*, says the Son of Sirach; the Most High hath created medicines, and a wise man will not despise them; therefore they chose an ill matter to commend who praised S. Agatha, that she would never take any remedy for the infirmities of her body. 'Habeo Dominum Jesum qui solo sermone restaurat universa: this was rash adventuring.'"—B. Hacket's *Sermons*, p. 325.

"For Beauty hath a living name,
And will to Heaven from whence it came."
Ben Jonson, vol. 7, p. 210.

—flies and insects, Ben Jonson, (ibid. p. 255), calls the "trespasses and scapes of nature."

"And the nature of the onion is to draw tears,
As well as the mustard:—peace, pitchers have ears." Ibid. p. 304.

"THERE's twice as much music in beating the tabor,
As in beating the stockfish, and somewhat less labour." Ibid. p. 305.

"How better than they are, are all things made
By wonder! Ibid. p. 308.

"I'LL put thee to thy oftener What and Why." Ibid.

"— ANTIQUA historia est Herculem poculo tanquam navigio ventis (?) immensa maria transisse."—MACROBIUS's *Satur.* 5, c. 21.

ALEXANDER drank out of a cup in this shape, and called Hercules's.—BEN JONSON, vol. 7, p. 318.

UNDER my guidance—
"Though Pleasure lead,
Fear not to follow.
They who are bred
Within the Hill
Of Skill,
May safely tread
What path they will;
No ground of good is hollow."
Pleasure reconciled to Virtue.
Ibid. p. 323.

"IF we here be a little obscure, 'tis our pleasure; for rather than we will offer to be our own interpreters, we are resolved not to be understood."—Ibid. p. 373.

"TOM TICKLE-FOOT with his tabor."—Ibid. p. 398.
A good name for a musician at a dance.

"THIS must be an officer or nothing, he is so pert and brief in his demands: a pretty man! and a pretty man is a little o' this side nothing."—Ibid. p. 427.

WHEN any one greatly excelled another he was said—"eum albis equis præcedere;" either because white horses were used in triumphal cars, or thought more lucky in races.—ERASM. *Adag.* p. 167.

PROVERBS, that the children of great men degenerate, but that good sons never proceed from ill parents.—Ibid. p. 241-2.

SCALE of longevity.—Ibid. p. 255.

ERASMUS (*Adagia*, p. 361) says he had seen the Ice-worm in the Alps.

PLINY's winged Salamander.—ERASMUS *Adag.* p. 361.

ANNOS, an Egyptian invented ovens.—Ibid. p. 397.

Δυσδαίμων εὐδαιμονία—infelix felicitas. Ibid. p. 406.

ACCO was a remarkably silly woman, who used to converse with herself at the glass. *Adag.* p. 490.

"LONGIUS hæc ratio, puteoque petatur ab imo;
Haurio si lenté, da veniam, alta latet."
COWLEY, *Plant.* 3. 167, p. 109.

Σφόδρ' ἔστιν ἡμῶν ὁ βίος οἴνῳ προσφερής,
Ὅταν ἡ τὸ λοιπὸν μικρὸν, ὄξος γίνεται.
Antiphanes. ERASM. *Adag.* p. 607.

Πρὸς γὰρ τὸ γῆρας ὥσπερ ἐργαστήριον
Ἅπαντα τἀνθρώπινα προσφοιτᾶ κακά.
Ibid.

"MORE copper has, in some years, been consumed in the pin trade than in the royal navy."—J. NICHOLS. FULLER's *Worthies*, vol. 2. *N. P.* 492.

Dreams. THE proverb that "Dimidio vitæ nihil felicis ab infelicibus," is not true.—ERASMUS' *Adagia*, p. 418.
Nor his reasoning upon it. Quod vide.

FEAST which is to be made at the restoration of the poor with wine from Adam's cellar.—BURTON, p. 670.
See for the bill of fare.

"The ancients used to plant betony in church-yards, because it was held to be an holy herb and good against fearful visions, did secure such places it grew in, and sanctified those that carried it about them."—Ibid. p. 721.

Burton, p. 723, recommends his patients to the advice of good physicians and divines, which Navarrus calls "contraventio scrupulorum,"—men, whose words are as flagons of wine.

That continence came to him.

"Así hermoso, y de alegre luz vestido,
Que solo la pudiera ver dormido."
Babbuena, tom. 2, p. 253.

"Quo siempre los favores de fortuna,
Crecen para menguar como la luna."
Ibid. tom. 1, p. 7.

Political music.—De Guignes, vol. 2, p. 147.

"Those vegetives
Whose souls die with them."
Massenger, vol. iv. p. 476.

"Many are fortunate, but few are blest."
Lord Stirling, p. 10.

"I think the soul
Hath by inheritance an heavenly power,
Which some fore-knowledge gives of ill and good,
But not the means to 'scape a fatal hour."
Ibid. p. 17.

"Not lip-sick-lover like, with words far sought,
Whose tongue was but an agent for his heart,
Yet could not tell the tenth part that it thought." Ibid. p. 41.

Garasse, *Doct. Cur. p.* 21, *could have thought* that some minds as well as bodies were made only to be laughed at.

"True is it that divinest Sydney sung,
O he is marr'd that is for others made."
Nash. Summer's *Last Will*, *Old Plays*, vol ix. p. 19.

Timothy Bright is said to have been the inventor of short hand.—*Old Plays*, p. 9, N. 35.

Love,—"in a word the Spanish inquisition is not comparable to it."—Burton, p. 505.

"Fismenus non nasatus was,
Upon a wager that his friends had laid,
Hired to live in a privy a whole year."
Nash. Summer's *Last Will*, p. 61, *Old Plays*, ix.

"Bake Venus' doves in pies: drown Chloris' Cloe." Allan Cunningham, *Maid of Elvar*, p. 133.

"But on a round what wonder tho' things roll,
And since within a circle, turn about?"
Lord Stebline, *Julius Cæsar*, p. 253.
Sir J. Davies.

Excellences of Swedish horses.—Olaus' *Magnus*, p. 665.

"Midnight visitors effectually destroyed by C. Tiffin, bug-destroyer to his Majesty. He has made it his only study, and thus has succeeded in accomplishing that most desirable object, in which so many pretenders fail. Orders executed with that attention which has secured the business to my family only, nearly 100 years."—*Court Journal. July* 7, 1832.

"Esso es lo que yo no sè
Y saber quisiera."
Calderon, *Autos S.* tom. 1, p. 8.

"Ma non è cosa
Di si lieve momento

Trovar divertimento
Allegro insieme, ed innocente, e nuovo."
METASTASIO, *Le Cinesi*,
tom. 2, p. 354.

COATS of temperament, moral and physiological armoury.—GWILLIM, p. 8.

BOARD of suicide.

DOMESDAY Book.—CADASTRE.

Names. GEO'DE CUSA; an Aaren and a Sharon. I have known a Hercules and a Samson, a Job, a Shadrach, a Solomon, a Cupid, and a Psyche, no way connected with each other; (Cupid was a Carpenter), a Damon, a Phillis, and a Cloe. A Julius, a Cæsar, and an Augustus.
Alexander every body knows.
An Æneas.
Sir Hector Munro, Sir Ulysses de Burgh.
Brute Brown, Sir Fr. Drake's friend.

"SE 'l piè da l'orme mie non torcerete,
Fia 'l cammin buono; e non vi farà mai
Acqua torbida ber soverchia sete."
TANSILLO, *Il Podere*, cap. 1.
Parnass. tom. 23, p. 187.

"DE la memoria mai non vi se leve,
Che nè poder nè altro che si cole,
Comprar cupidamente unqua si deve.
Membratèvi quest altre due parole,
Quando al vedere e al parteggiar voi siete
Che ciò che mal si compra, sempre duole."
Ibid.

DR. LETTSOM ascribed health and wealth to water, and happiness to small beer, and all diseases and crimes to the use of spirits: making of the whole a moral thermometer. —SIR R. PH. *Facts.*

THE Abbé Galiani derives all crimes from animal destruction; thus treachery from angling and ensnaring, and murder from hunting and shooting. He asserts that the man who would kill a sheep, ox, or any unsuspecting animal, would kill his neighbour if he were not afraid of the law.—Ibid.

BLACK rats are tamed in Germany, and a bell being put about their necks, they drive away other rats.—Ibid.

"O DONNA,
Datemi aita, ed ambi duoi forami
Siatemi larga de l'orecchio vostre."
MAURO, *Opere Burlesche*,
tom. 1, p. 163.

IN Norway eagles dive into the sea, then roll in the sand, and afterwards destroy an ox by shaking the sand in his eyes, while they attack him.
SIR R. PHIL. *Facts.* Throwing dust in his eyes is indeed the way to destroy John Bull.

DARWIN says that pigeons have an organ in the stomach for secreting milk.

"ALL persons from convenience, economy and feeling, ought to prefer metallic pens." —Ibid.

THE art of sailing, says this wiseacre, is merely an imitation of the nautilus. Thus saying that there were some large species now extinct. He concludes that "man has exerted his power as the universal destroyer."

A SHOWER of crabs fell, with heavy rain, in the summer of 1829, in the yard of the poor-house at Reigate, and were lively, weighing two ounces.—Ibid.

THERE is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men to make a ploughshare weighing about twenty-four pounds.—Ibid.
And brass enough in Mr. —— face.
And lead enough in Mr. —— brain.

A chesnut tree at Tortworth planted (so said) A. D. 800, made a boundary in Stephen's reign, 1135, and then called the great

chesnut tree; bore in 1759 nuts which produced young trees.—Ibid.

Onion soup the best of all restoratives after fatigue.—Ibid.

Constitutions are perhaps as different as faces.

"Music—
removeth cares, sadness ejects,
Declineth anger, persuades clemency,
Doth sweeten mirth, and heighten piety.
And is to a body, often, ill-inclined,
No less a sovereign cure than to the mind."
Ben Jonson, vol. 8, p. 238.

"Beauty
That asks but to be censured by the eyes,
And in those outward forms all fools are wise." Ibid. p. 283.

Court de Gebelin's Etymon of Etymology, vol. 3, p. 19, given in *Cambro-Britan.* vol. 1, p. 367.

"— Che fra noi vaglia a far la cose chiare,
Senza tanto stencarsi lo 'ntelletto."
Molza, *Op. Burl.* tom. 1, p. 317.

"E chi sa che 'l suo nome entro la Torre
Di Babel non restasse impastojato,
E là si stia, poich' altri nol soccorre?
Il qual perchè non fu poi ritrovato,
Ella restò senza la propria voce,
O fosse caso, o pur contrario fato."
Ibid. p. 312.

"Ma se gli è antico, e se l'usar le genti
Che furo innanzi che Noe succiassi
Quel vin, che trasse de' primi sermenti;
Questo è bene un de' più profondi passi
Che noi habbiamo ancora oggi tentato,
E non è mica da huomini bassi."
Agnolo Firenzuola, *Op. Burl.* p. 364.

"Ch'a questi gran poeti dan le forme
Da far sonetti petrarchevolmente."
Mauro, Ibid. p. 223.

The three gold-shoemakers of Britain.—*Cambro-Britan.* vol. 2, p. 437-8.

"I have heard of a man, who having given half of his estate to mend highways, for the good of his country, said he would willingly give the other half, that England had never a ship, nor a merchant, nor a dissenter belonging to it."—Cato's *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 251.

There was a mad monk at Heidelberg, who was for knocking every man on the head that did not like Rhenish wine.—Ibid. p. 282.

Drums and trumpets make men bold. And Marshal Biron, one of the bravest men that ever lived, died like a coward for want of them.—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 278.

Giles Fletcher says that John Basilowitz sent to the city of Moscow to provide for him a measure full of fleas, for a medicine. They answered that it was impossible, and if they could get them, yet they could not measure them because of their leaping out. Upon which he set a mulct upon the city of 7000 rubles.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 153.

Chalcondylas says, "that when Constantinople was taken by the Turk, the Romans said that all the destruction brought upon the Greeks by the barbarians, was but a judgment upon them for the destruction of Troy."—Ibid. p. 326.

This if said, was said in jest.

"When we denominate a man mad, or a fool, we mean only that he is more so than most other of his species, for all men at times have a mixture of both."—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 215.

"Madness too is undoubtedly to be learned and acquired by habit and exercise, as well as covetousness, pride, ambition, love, desire of revenge, and other qualities,

all which carried beyond a certain degree, become madness."—Ibid.

"MADNESS is a superabundance of vital spirits, which must burst their vessel, if they do not overflow, or are let out by tapping; but which way soever they find their evacuation, they generally ferment first, and make a terrible combustion within."—Ibid. p. 420.

WM. CHARLESLEY killed by Bow bell, 13 April, 1604.—MALCOLM's *London*, vol. 2, p. 156.

A MOTHER and daughter both christened Britannia, are buried in Bow Church. The former was daughter of Thomas Cole, Esq. and wife of Matthew Howard of Thorpe in Norfolk.—Ibid. p. 158.

January 7th, 1771. "MRS. THORPE, pew opener, and searcher of the parish of St. George the Martyr, aged 100 years and upwards, and her son, aged seventy, were found dead together in the same room. The son had never been separated from the mother from the day of his birth;—and in death were not divided."—Ibid. p. 306.

AMONG the accounts of Christ Church, St. Katharine, Aldgate, under the year 1564, this entry occurs, "Paide for a booke with eight quire of paper, for to wright in the maryages, christnings, and burials, and binding, 6*s.* 8*d.*"—MALCOLM's *Londinium*, vol. 3, p. 309.

Also in the same year, "Paid for an hour glass that hangeth by the pulpitt, when the preacher doth make a sermon, that he may know how the hour passeth away."—Ibid. p. 309.

A. D. 1380. "JOHN NORTHAMPTON, then mayor, compelled the fishmongers to acknowledge that their occupation was no craft, and therefore unworthy to be reckoned among the other mysteries."—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 426.

"HE wore not the perriwig of other men's wits."

Triana, or a threefold Romanza of Mariana, Paduana, Sabina, written by THOMAS FULLER, D. D. 1662.

"IL s'est trouvé des hommes, à qui la seule veuë de la médecine faisoit l'opération."—AMADIS, liv. xxiii. p. 66.

AFFECTIONS and dreams of dogs: "mais tout cecy se peut rapporter à l'estroicte cousture, de l'esprit et du corps, s'entrecommuniquans leurs fortunes."—Liv. xxiii. D'AMADIS, p. 66.

SIGHS,—

"Mudo idioma de los tristes
Pues con el solo se entienden."
CALDERON, *El Magico Prodigioso.*

"ADOLESCENS fui olim,
Solus mecum ibam,
Tunc viis aberravi.

Ungr var ek fordum,
Fór ek einn saman
Thá vard ek villr vega.
Hava-Mál. Edda, vol. 3, p. 89.

Ibid. p. 93. BE not too wise.

HEAR, with Alexander, the answer the musician gave him: "Absit, o rex, ut tu melius hæc scias, quàm ego."—BEN JONSON, vol. 9, p. 155.

"THERE are no fewer forms of minds than of bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible. Some are fit to make divines, some poets, some lawyers, some physicians; some to be sent to the plough, and trades. There is no doctrine will do good where nature is wanting."—Ibid. p. 176.

"THERE was not that variety of beasts in the ark, as is of beastly natures in the multitude."—Ibid. p. 186.

"NE' piccioli suggetti è gran fatica:

Ma qualunque gli esprime ornati e chiari,
Non picciol frutto del suo ingegno coglie."
Rucellai, Le Api. P. Ital. xxiii. p. 147.

Commemoration of Handel. "The king expressed his wonder that the full *fortes* of so vast a band, in accompanying the singers, had never been too loud even for a single voice; when it might so naturally have been expected, that the accompaniments even of the softest pianos in such plenitude, would have been overpowering to all vocal solos. He had talked, he said, both with musical people and with philosophers upon the subject, but none of them could assign a reason, or account for so astonishing a fact." —Dr. Burney, *Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 19.

"They received the use of the five operations of the Lord, and in the sixth place he imparted them understanding, and in the seventh, speech, an interpreter of the cogitations thereof."—*Ecclesiasticus*, chap. xvii. v. 5.

Good seed. I never purposely cast it among thorns, nor on stony places.

For atheists, he thought an appropriate punishment after dark would be, to leave their immortal, sentient, and conscious soul to that nature and that chance in which alone they had believed.

"The thread of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity."—Massinger, *Virgin Martyr*, vol. 1, p. 67.

"Physic's hand
As apt is to destroy as to preserve,
If heaven make not the medicine."
Ibid. p. 76.

Breeching used to be the single day of glory in male life. "He put upon him perfect glory, and strengthened him with rich garments, with breeches." —*Ecclesiasticus*, chap. xlv. ver. 8.

Giants. Cattabriga, Fallalbacchio. —Pulci, vol. 3, p. 35.
Barigazzo.—*Orl. Inn.* vol. 4, p. 152.

Horses. Knight *of the Sun*, vol. 2, p. 12; vol. 6, p. 246. His horse Cornelin, pp. 378, 541-2.
P. 61. Rondart the next best in the world, which Rositles won when he slew the giant Mandraqui: "Il estoit si fort et si grand, qu'autre que luy n'eust pu porter le geant, ny soustenir ce grand corps, et ces grosses et pesantes armes."

Vol. 3, p. 24-5, 226. Cornen carries double on an occasion.
P. 227, 235-6. That which Lugande provided for the Prince of Dace.

Vol. 4. p. 184. Zephyr.

Mattafellone was Gans, the good horse of a bad master.—*Cont. of Orl. Fur.* p. 345.

Sisifalto, Agramanti's.—*See Orl. Inn.* tom. 4, p. 85.

Brigliador.—*Orl. Fur.* tom. 1, p. 246.
Batolda, Brandimartes.—Ibid. tom. 3, p. 364.

A story of horses running wild with fear. —Ellis's *Original Letters*, vol. 1, p. 217.

Swords. Tassale, Agesilan of Colchos. —Amad. vol. 11, p. 672.

Altachiara was Ulaviers.—*Orl. Inn.* tom. 1, p. 182.
Tranchera, Agricans.—Ibid. tom. 2, p. 26.
Rodamonte had Nimrod's, but it has no name.—Ibid. tom. 4, p. 38.

Music. A woman might keep her temper in tune by attending always to the key in which she speaks.

"E CHI non lo vuol credere, suo danno."
RICCIARDETTO, tom. 1, p. 141.

"CHE il cercar di saper quel che saputo
Accresce duolo, non m'è mai piaciuto."
Ibid. vol. 1, p. 149.

"SON gli affanni d'amore e le sue pene
Cose da nulla, e mere bagattelle
Rispetto a gotta, calcoli e renelle."
Ibid. p. ii. 122.

"THE rough high going sea,
Over whose foamy back our ship, well rigg'd
With hope and strong assurance, must transport us." MASSINGER, *Renegado*, vol. 2, p. 217.

"How much pure love that hath his birth in heaven,
And scorns to be received a guest, but in
A noble heart prepared to entertain him,
Is, by the gross misprision of weak men,
Abused and injured."
Ibid. *Parl. of Love*, p. 306.

"ERA cortese e liberale assai
Prima; ed ora è per mille raddoppiato;
Che la virtù suol crescer sempremai,
Quando si truova in uomo innamorato.
E ne la vita mia mai non trovai
Un ben che per amor sia mai tornato."
Orl. Innam. vol. 1, p. 302.

"COME avvien che nè in prosa è detta o in rima
Cosa, che non sia stata detta prima."
Ibid. vol. 5, p. 69.

"STATTI con dolce in bocca, e non ti doglia,
Ch' amareggiare al fin non te la voglia."
ARIOSTO, tom. 1, p. 76.

"E SE non che pur dubito che manche
Credenza al ver, ch' ha faccia di menzogna,
Di più direi; ma di men dir bisogna."
Ibid. tom. 3, p. 160. C. xxvi. § 22.

THERE was a critic, the Abbate Conti, who took great pains to discover whether the Thebaid might not have been designed as a panegyric upon Augustus, as the Æneid was of Augustus.—*Court de Gebelin, Guer. des Cev.* p. 60.

HEROES of fictitious narrative, supposed to have a real existence through that creation, like the Turkish notion of pictures and statues."

"DOVE farò, per quanto è mio potere;
Cose sentir maravigliose e vere."
Cont. of ARIOSTO, tom. i. last stanza.

"NON potea,—al disio folle
Far resistenza; o se potea, non volle."
Cont. of Orl. Fur. c. ii. p. 69.

"HOWSOEVER thou admirest thyself, my friend, many an obscure fellow the world never took notice of, had he been in place or action, would have done much better than he, or her, or thou thyself."—BURTON, p. 124.

BURTON was "of that nobleman's mind" (Howard is the name in the margin), "who thought that melancholy advanceth men's conceits more than any humour whatsoever; and that it improves their meditations more than any strong drink or sack."—Ibid. p. 186.

"VOUS ne devez par ignorer que la masse entière de l'univers corporel n'est qu'une toile extrêmement déliée, tirée des entrailles d'un être infini, et travailleé par lui-même avec un art inimitable, pour y prendre des formes, des idées, et des âmes immatérielles: telles sont les productions naturelles de l'intelligence éternelle!"—*Voyages de Milors Ceton*, p. v. p. 166.

Ibid. p. 206-8. NOTIONS of the sun: yet worthy to be classed with Swinton and Mr. Hope's.

GODELMAN calls the devil an expert physician.

'Tis a common practice of some men to go first to a witch, then to a physician.

Paracelsus says, "nihil refert an Deus, an diabolus, angeli an immundi spiriti ægro opem ferant, modo morbus curetur, Lib. i. *de Occult Phil.*" He proves, and contends, that many diseases cannot otherwise be cured: "incantatione orti, incantione curari debent." BURTON. *Anat.* p. 221.

"SUIDAS says there was a great book of old, of Solomon's writing, which contained medicines for all manner of diseases, and lay open still as they came into the temple: but Hezekiah caused it to be taken away, because it made the people secure, to neglect their duty in calling and relying upon God, out of confidence on those remedies." —Ibid. p. 223.

"NULLUM medicamentum efficax, nisi medicus etiam fuerit fortis imaginationis," this was the opinion of Damascen the Arabian. The physician must have faith to inspire it; and, as Galen holds, "spes et confidentia plus valent quam medicina."—Ibid. p. 229.

"THERE is an old general mentioned in history, who had but one left of what every body else has commonly two, and yet with one leg, one arm, one eye, and one ear, he was, for a drunken man, the best officer of his day."—WOLFE, *Letters.*

BURTON (280) likens Scripture to "an apothecary's shop, wherein are all remedies for all infirmities of mind, purgatives, cordials, alteratives, corroboratives, lenitives, &c."

THE three Salernitan doctors who cure all diseases, are Dr. Merriman, Dr. Diet, and Dr. Quiet.—Ibid. p. 298.

Sir John Harrington's advice to his wife was noways to the Doctor's taste.

"Be in my house as busy as a bee,
Having a sting for every one but me."
BURTON, p. 300.

CARDAN comforted himself with this,—that the star Fomahant would make him immortal; and that after his decease, his books should be found in ladies' studies.—Ibid. p. 347.

PHYSIC in England little used in Burton's time.—Ibid. p. 358.

The devil its author.—Ibid. p. 359.

Boring the skull to let out fumes.—Ibid. p. 384-5.

Drinking wine, &c. when wholesome.—Ibid. p. 385-7.

Love is a species of melancholy.—Ibid. p. 403.

"DE admirando amoris affectu dicturus, ingens patet campus et philosophicus. Valleriola."—Ibid. p. 404.

"GIVE me leave to season a surly discourse with a more pleasing aspersion of love matters."—Ibid.

The part affected in man is the liver,—Ibid. p. 429.

Of all causes of love, "the remotest are stars."—Ibid. p. 443.

Love's tortures.—Ibid. p. 505-6-12.

To be cured like madness.—Ibid. p. 534. *Remedies*, p. 568.

"Febris hectica uxor, et non nisi morte evellenda." SCALIGER quoted.—Ibid. p. 560.

"When it is not conjugium but conjurgium."—Ibid. p. 564.

Ibid. p. 586. Arguments for matrimony.

"I HAVE been in love myself, but never found yet
That it could work such strange effects."
MASSINGER, *Bashful Lover*, vol. 4, p. 354.

DULLMAN GRAINGER has said, and Dullman John Nichols saith he has said it judiciously, that "Fuller was unhappy in having a vein of wit, as he has taken uncommon pains to write up to the bad taste

of his age, which was much fonder of conceit than sentiment."—*Preface to the Worthies.*

"GREAT wonders are called in Scripture magualia; and if the Latin alloweth the word, we could grant the devil his parvalia, doing of *petty* feats, *greatened* into wonders by his cunning and our credulity."—FULLER, *Worthies*, vol. 1, p. 4.

"LAY by that load
Of scattered thought that clogs and cumbers thee."
QUARLES, *School of the Heart.*

"NAY, that which worldly wit-worms call nonsense,
Is many times love's purest eloquence."
Ibid. p. 153.

"LOVE in a heart of flesh is apt to taint,
Or be fly-blown with folly."—Ibid. p. 144.

WHO is there now that knows how to play at "See my gossip's cock to-day, mould cockle bread, or bind barrels, or who can dance clutterdepouch and hannyken booby."—BROWNE, *Jovial Crew, Old Play*, vol. v. p. 299.
" Or at mumchance?—Ibid. p. 325.

Do they think I might say of myself with Dryden's Almahide:—
"I scarcely understand my own intent,
But, silkworm-like, so long within have wrought,
That I am lost in my own web of thought."
Conq. of Granada, pt. ii. act i. sc. ii.

PROGRESSING like the reformed parliament.

WHETHER nature recurs to her types of mind as well as of body. French in Charles the Sixth's age, in the religious wars, and in the revolution. Spaniards of Numantia and Zaragosa. English of Charles the First, and now.—*French and Gauls*, P. HEYLYN.

FANCIFUL relation of minds, like botany and entomology, &c. to soil and climate.

ASTROLOGY.—RONSARD, *Recueil*, vol. 1, p. 276.
Stars.—Ibid. *Œuvres*, tom. 4, p. 141.

EFFECT of temper upon health as well as beauty.

OBSERVATOR is the name of L'Estrange's journal, from its chief speaker. Trimmer, his opponent, in the dialogue calls him Nobs.

PHRYNE, a toad.[1]

"THE feeble eyes of our aspiring thoughts
Behold things present, and record things past,
But things to come exceed our human reach,
And are not painted yet in angel's eyes."
G. PEELE, vol. 2, p. 72.

—"NOT by the course of heaven,
By frail conjectures of inferior signs,
By monstrous floods, by flights and flocks of birds,
By bowels of a sacrificed beast,
Or by the figures of some hidden art,
But by a true and natural presage."
Ibid. p. 73.

MAGNARUM rerum tarda molimina.

USE of bringing out our own conceptions, and, as it were, intellectually taking stock.—SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, *Gnomica*, pp. 127-8.

"You have the gift of impudence; be thankful!
Every man has not the like talent!"
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Wild Goose Chase*, act i. sc. ii.

" 2 *Keeper*. FOR any thing I see he's in his right wits.

[1] i. e. in Greek. ARISTOPHANES plays upon the double sense in the *Eccles.* v. 1101.
J. W. W.

" 1 *Keeper*. Thou art an ass. In's right wits, goodman coxcomb?
As though any man durst be in his right wits and be here!
It is as much as we dare be that keep 'em."
Ibid. *Pilgrim*, act iii. sc. vii.

" There's no skill
In being good; but in not being thought ill."
Ibid. *Queen of Corinth*, act iii. sc. i.

According to Baptista Porta and the ancients, the lion among beasts most resembles the man, the leopard the woman. Among birds, the resemblance to man is found in the eagle, and in the partridge to the woman. Among reptiles, man's likeness is found in the dragon, woman's in the viper.—L. 1, c. 13.

Effects of nutrition.—Bapt. Porta, p. 51.

Boy who was suckled by a sow.—Ibid. Pizarro was, Gomara says.

Sir G. Mackenzie thought that labouring animals expected the sabbath, and required it. See his *Essays*, p. 45. Ibid. p. 46, Why different nations have chosen different days. Herbert, p. 121, see.

Cabbalists have observed that the Hebrew word signifying man, doth by a transposition of letters signify likewise benediction: and the word signifying woman, makes up malediction.—Ibid. p. 75.

Pennant says, that in the Highlands midwives give new-born babes a small spoonfull of earth and whiskey, as the first food they taste.—Pinkerton, vol. 3, p. 51.

" To talk of Amphialus, who never was, is the same thing as to talk of Alexander: only Amphialus cannot be stained with cruelty, vanity, and drunkenness as Alexander is."—Sir G. Mackenzie, p. 123.

Sir G. Mackenzie speaks of subjects deserving to have been writ by a quill plucked from the wing of Fame.—P. 170.

Vices are diseases.—Ibid. p. 248.

A time when men " were led by implicit faith in all the objects of knowledge as well as in all the objects of faith."—Ibid. p. 409.

Concerning the *causes* of diseases and remedies,—" in quo postremo cardine, hactenus sudatum parum, sectum nihil multum verò promissum, plurimumque neglectum, exspectatum dudum, et erratum ubique invenio."—Van Helmont, p. 9.

Knowledge required in medicine.—Ibid. p. 9.

A physician must be born, not made. Obedience is due to him, and more than obedience—honour—such honour as to a parent—" Medicus enim Mediator inter vitæ Principem et mortem."—Ibid. p. 11.

" Non enim me Amicus dierum fur, nunquam Bacchus, aut synposia detinebant, qui vina tunc nondum ferrem, sed continuus labor, per insomnes ex ordine noctes, comitabatur mea desideria."—Ibid. p. 12.

Dependance throughout the system of nature. Thus about the Shetlands and Orkneys, the sea fowl " follow the small fish, which are their ordinary food; hence the more fish, the more fowl; and when the fish forsake this and the other place, the fowls likewise do so within a short time."—Brand's *Orkneys, &c.* Pinkerton, vol. 3, p. 744.

Hereditary leeches in Ireland.—Van Helmont, p. 13.

Thompson, who is deservedly mentioned with respect in Clarkson's History of the Abolitionists, and who kept a public house at Bristol, after he became a religious man, used, when he was made angry, instead of

bestowing an old imprecation upon his eyes, to exclaim, "Blame my nose!"

PARACELSUS's notion that men would do better without spleen and kidneys. What are the parts that certain individuals might dispense with?

THE church bells at Lima remarkable for their sweet, fine tones, which is owing to the great quantity of silver mixed in their metal.

"DR. DEE," says TRITHEMIUS, "is wrong when he asserts that no good angel would ever appear formâ muliebri."

Potz! potz stern! potz velten! potz gifft! potz kranckheit! potz hundert! potz tausend! which the German dictionary renders, Gemini! O Gemini bodikins! bob-likins! udds-niggers! udds buddikins! gudds bob! by cox-nouns! by cox-bones! Comical oaths.

One might guess at the meaning of potz in combination with gifft and kranckheit, but not with the stars; peradventure with St. Valentine, but not with hundreds and thousands.

A YOUNG man who addresses an advertisement to master tailors, says he has made the business in all its branches his *arduous study*.

THE editors of the *Evangelical Magazine* (February, 1828), "are overwhelmed with prophetical writers; but," say they, "we must take time to consider, lest we should afterwards have cause to repent."

AGKER wrote a Latin book concerning the pens — "ipsissimas pennas" — of celebrated men—and then the great men, "unius pennæ," have their due praise. — BECKMANN, *Hist. Inventions*, vol. 2, p. 212.

OVER the hall-door of Mr. M'Auley's house in county of Antrim, is this motto, *Dulce periculum*, Boots and spurs. — ATKINSON's *Ireland*, vol. 2, p. 222.

BOADEN says that O'Keeffe obtained "a *farcical immortality*" by his *Agreeable Surprize*.

ROGER DODSWORTH's story. Freezing criminals experimentally, or volunteers.

LAINIER DE VERTON published in 1689 (Paris) *Traité Historique et Critique* upon personal satires, *qui portent le titre d'Anti*. It is in two volumes.

J. PETERS's Artificial Versifying; a new way to make Latin verses, whereby any one may make them without understanding Latin. 1679. 8vo.

EXPERIMENTS made by the Captain of a Man of War for promoting Conversation by Pictures, 2*s*. 8vo. 1751.

IF he had had a son he would have had him named Hushim, because it was the name of Dan's son, his only son, and the best possible name for an infant.

Un-in-one-breath-utterable. — BEN JONSON, vol. 4, p. 384.

— "IL re, eh'era per sorte un buon cristiano." BERTOLDO, tom. 1, p. xvi.

— "IN corpi spesso mostraosi e brutti
Grandi ingegni riposa monna Natura."
Ibid. xvii.

"IMMORTAL Cæsar dead and turned to clay."

This is turned to a chamber-pot by one of the filthy authors of Bertoldo, vol. 4, p. 15.

THE old Morning Chronicle, or Perry-Whig.

The new Morning Chronicle, or Black Whig.

Earl Grey, a Grizzle Whig.

Lord Nugent, the Full Bottom Whig.
Sir R. Wilson, a Bob Whig.
Sir Watkin, a Welsh Whig.
the Ear Wig.
Tye Wig.
Lord Eldon a Bag Wig.
Brown-George Wig.
Mackevril and Capt. G. endeavouring to force a Scratch upon Mr. Brougham.

Ministers play some at brag—like Mr. Canning; some at beggar-my-neighbour; some at hazard

Porphyrii (Pub. Opt.) Panegyricus dictus Constantino Augusto ex codice Manuscripto Paulli Velseri, *vellum*, 18*s*.
fol. *Aug. Vindel.* 1595.

*** Printed in Capitals, in imitation of the original MS. "Petit Poëme Latin, en acrostiches très compliqués: c'est vraisemblablement le plus ancien monument qui nous reste de ces sortes de jeux d'esprit."—Brunet.

Walker (J.) Melody of Speaking delineated, or Elocution taught like Musick, *sewed*, 2*s*. 6*d*. 8vo. 1787.

Ria (J. P. de) Palais de Soixantequatre fenêtres, ou l'Art d'Ecrire toutes les Langues du Monde comme on les parle, 8*s*.
4to. *Petersbourg*, 1788.

Laurentius (And.) De Mirabili Strumas Sanandi VI. Solis Galliæ Regibus Christianissimis diuinitas concessa, *fine copy*, 12*s*.
Paris, 1609.

This copy possesses the large folded engraving of Henry IV. assisted by his courtiers in the ceremony of curing the King's evil.

Asino (La Nobilita dell') di Attabalippa dal Peru, 12*s*. *Venet.* 1598.

Ballesteros (Doctor de) Memorias de la Insigne Academia Asnal, *curious plates*, 14*s*. *En Bi-Tonto en la Imprenta de Blas Anton. el ano* 3192 *de la Era Asnal.*

This work is a burlesque on the different Members and Professors of the Royal Academical College; there are cuts of the "Asinus Orator," the "Asinus Mathematicus," "Asinus Saltator," "Asinus Medicus," "Asinus Astrologicus," &c.

Smith's Vagabondiana, or Anecdotes of Mendicant Wanderers through the Streets of London, with 29 *portraits*, drawn from the Life, 4to. *boards*, 1*l*. 4*s*. 1817.

De Cœlo et ejus Mirabilibus, et de Inferno, ex auditiâ et visis, *binding damaged*, 2*s*. 6*d*. 4to. 1758.

Dogs.

For such as Bezeorillo there should be a word of dignity corresponding to the distinction between person and personage; doge might be proposed, without offence to the Venetians.

Mayortes the first G. Khan—a metamorphosis.

"He shall be hanged in flitches,[1] the dogs shall eat him in Lent."—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Maid in the Mill*, act iii. sc. ii.

Origin of the title of Doge at Venice.—Bouchet, *Serees*, vol. 1, p. 233.

The Ptamphaoniens had a dog for their king and their barometer.—Ibid. p. 230.

Dogs who have thrown themselves upon the funeral pile of their masters.—Ibid. p. 229.

Orion. "Heaven's circumference
Is not enough for him to hunt and range,
But with those venom-breathed curs he leads,
He comes to chase health from our earthly bounds,
Each one of those foul-mouthed mangey dogs
Governs a day, (no dog but hath his day,)

[1] In the first folio it is "flotches,"—in the second "flitches." It is mentioned for the old form.—J. W. W.

And all the days by them so governed,
The dog days light."

Nash Summer's Last Will,
Old Plays, vol. 9, p. 37.

PRINCE of Orange saved by a poodle.—SOMERS' *Tracts*, vol. 1, p. 351.

The late Duke of Norfolk and his Spaniels.

"OUR Marlborough and King James's spaniels are unrivalled in beauty. The latter breed that are black and tan, with hair almost approaching to silk in fineness (such as Vandyke loved to introduce into his portraits,) were solely in the possession of the late duke of Norfolk. He never travelled without two of his favourites in the carriage. When at Worksop he used to feed his eagles with the pups; and a stranger to his exclusive pride in the race, seeing him one day employed in thus destroying a whole litter, told his Grace how much he should be delighted to possess one of them. The Duke's reply was a characteristic one: 'Pray, sir, which of my estates should you like to have?'"

Chronicon Erici Regis.

IN the days of king David, Dan, son of Humbla, reigned over the kingdom of Withesleth, which comprised the islands of Zealand, Monen, Falster, and Laland. The Jutes invited him to their assistance against a certain formidable king, and offered him the dominion over them. He accepted the invitation, defeated the enemy, and calls the whole of his dominions after his own name Dania. Thus Dan "fuit pugil fortissimus et giganteus cunctis in circuitu terribilis, et prælia clarissima gessit hinc inde."—LANGEBEK, *Script. Rer. Danic.* vol. 1, p. 150.

A FEW days ago the remains of a farmer were interred at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, who died many years ago, and bequeathed his estate, worth 400*l.* a-year, to his two brothers, and if they should die, to his nephew, to be enjoyed by them for thirty years, at the expiration of which time he expected to return to life, when the estate was to return to him. He provided for his re-appearance by ordering his coffin to be fixed on a beam in his barn, locked, and the key enclosed, that he might let himself out. He was allowed four days' grace beyond the time limited, and not presenting himself, was then honoured with Christian burial."—*April* 21, 1835, *Times*.

JOSEPHUS held, like his countrymen, that the souls of wicked men deceased, got into the bodies of the living and possessed them. All diseases, the Jews thought, were thus caused. And the Gnostics agreed with them in this, and supposed, therefore, that they were to be cured by words or charms.—CUDWORTH, vol. 3, p. 345, 6.

AUGUSTINE thought the pre-existence of the human soul a great secret, concerning which men might allowably entertain each what opinion seemed to himself best founded.—Ibid. p. 430.

HADES, τὸ ἀειδές, the invisible, one etymology.—Ibid. p. 508.

Εἴδωλον or vehicle of the soul.—Ibid. vol. 3, pp. 509, 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 18, 20.

USE of physicking—for the soul's sake.—Ibid. p. 514-5.

Τὸ ὀστρεῶδες, the crustaceous, or ostraceous body.—PLATO, p. 521.

A CHAPTER for the Utilitarians, against unnecessary locks and keys, (you had to go into the kitchen for the key at Inverness). Directing posts recommended. Evil of a damp and unsunned temple, as at Sharon.

"BENEATH this stone lies all that's good
and great,
The virtues of a man compleat."

In Topcliff Church-yard, upon a Coachmaker.

Lying has been discarded from dedication, but not yet from epitaphs.

An American merchant captain by name Trapp, was christened. Through much tribulation we enter into the kingdom of heaven. His mother, he said, used to call him Tribby, for shortness.

Slide boldly, or you will fall; shave boldly, or you will cut yourself; plead boldly, or you will lose your cause, whatever be its merits.

Changes in ourselves during this life—in age we wither and shrink up as the grub is contracted into the chrysalis.

"Come, Ladies, shall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour
After supper: 'tis their exercise."
Philaster, act ii. sc. iv.

The Ossetes or Iron as they call themselves, a barbarous predatory people, on the north side of Caucasus and left bank of the river Terek, are said to be under the government of women.—Prichard, vol. 2, p. 19

Thaletas, the Cretan wrote verses, "tantâ citharæ suavitate, ut morbos et pestilentias curaret."—Zuinger, vol. 2, p. 1139.
By the verse, or the music?

Severus, the heretic, said that the urine was of the devil's inventing, "adeoque serpentis effigiem habere vitam."—Ibid. p. 1225.
On the other hand Bacchus, "egregius est medicus habitus," and why?—Ibid. p. 1230.

Galen concerning poisons, and abominable prescriptions.—Ibid. 1245.

Asclepiades found music best for insane or imbecile patients.—Ibid. p. 1291.
Alex. ab Alex. vol. 2, p. 17.
Ismenias cured sciatica.—Ibid. p. 1292.
Tibiæ cantu. And Theophrastus said patients might be cured of that disease, "si more Phrygio harmoniam aliquis indigena illis accinerit."—Ibid.

Supposing the existence of inferior creatures in a world where there was neither sin nor death, the mode of progression might be by making every stage the aurelian one to the next above it.

If such a one does so or so,
"The devil must be wiser than I take him,
And the flesh foolisher."
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, act ii. sc. iii.

"Thou hast a handsome wit: stir with the world,
Stir, stir, for shame: thou art a pretty scholar.
Ask how to live? write, write, write any thing,
The world's a fine believing world; write News." Act ii. sc. iv.

— "places not persons concern our present subject, and I hope I shall not betray such indiscretion as to leave the plain and ready road of my work in hand, to enter into the wood (not to say the bog) of an impertinent question."—Fuller's *Pisgah View*, p. 140.

"We do acknowledge ye are a careful curate,
And one that seldom troubles us with sermons;
A short slice of a reading serves us, Sir,
We do acknowledge ye a quiet teacher;
Before you'll vex your audience, you'll sleep with 'em.
All that's a loving thing.—We grant ye, Sir,
The only benefactor to our bowling,
To all our merry sports the first provoker,
And at our feasts, we know there is no reason
But you, that edify us most, should eat most."
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Spanish Curate*, act iii. sc. ii.

JONAH. "His name in Hebrew a dove, to which he answered rather in his speedy *flight* from God's service, than in any want of *gall*, whereof he manifested too much in his anger without cause or measure."—*Pisgah View*, p. 147.

"BUT know that every meer-stone[1] that standeth for a land-mark, though in substance but a hard flint, or plain pebble, is a precious stone in virtue, and is cordial against dangerous controversies between party and party."—Ibid. p. 184.

"THE spleen attendeth on the liver, and is the drain or sewer of the feculent and melancholy blood."—Ibid. p. 184.

DAN and his tribes.—Ibid. pp. 207-8.

SUN standing still.—Ibid. p. 255.

"NE m'estant proposé maintenant de contenter seulement les sages, mais aussi les fols. Ceux-là le gaigneront au poids, ceux-cy au nombre.

"Et peradventure adviendra-il que voulant contenter les uns et les autres, je desplairay à tous deux." — PASQUIER, tom. 2, p. 4.

PASQUIER pleaded four days for the Paracelsite, "encontre la Faculté de Medicine."—Tom. 2, p. 197.

He says, "J'abhorre naturellement les medicamens, voire que la seule apprehension opere quelquesfois en moy, autant qu'aux autres la prise."—Ibid. p. 246.

IMITATIVE words.—PASQUIER, tom. 2, p. 259. *Pisgah Sight*, p. 338.

FASHIONS, how perishable.—*Pisgah Sight*, p. 113. (2nd paging.)

"WHAT though stout Ajax lay with Proserpine,
Shall men leave eating powdered beef for that?"—TAYLOR, *Water Poet*, p. 120.

THE people of the Society Islands believe that there is a distinct heaven for the souls of pigs, which they call Ofatuna.

Every pig has his proper name,—as regularly as every member of a family. — ELLIS. *Polynesian Researches*, vol. 2, p. 53.

SOME of these islanders suppose that all animals have souls, and that flowers and plants are 'organized beings' also possessing souls.—Ibid.

IMMORTALITY of animals.—BISHOP REYNOLDS, vol. 1, p. 21.

"ALAS! this kernel long since hath been eaten up by all-devouring Time, leaving nothing thereof but the husk of the empty name to posterity."—*Pisgah Sight. Directions for the Index.*

A TRADITION that Solomon wrote on the walls of the temple sovereign receipts against all diseases; and that Hezekiah erased them because people placed too much confidence therein, to the prejudice of divine providence.—Ibid. p. 383.

"ONE musical instrument was called Jonath Elem Rechokim, by some rendered appellatively the dumb dove in far places.

"Mahalath another, which Ainsworth interpreteth sickness or infirmity, and conceiveth it a kind of wind instrument."—Ibid. p. 396.

(ARISTOTLE.) "The philosopher telleth us that a tower-fashioned nose (round and blunt at the top) is a sign of magnanimity, which explains how the generousness and animosity of the church is intimated, when that feature of the spouse's face is likened, in the Canticles, to the tower of Lebanon

[1] A pure Anglo-Saxon word, Mæne, often used by our old writers. So in the 4th Part of the Homily for the Rogation Week. "They do much provoke the wrath of God upon themselves, which use to grind up the doles and marks, which of ancient time were laid for the division of *meers* and balks in the fields, to bring the owners to their right." p. 548.

J. W. W.

which looketh toward Damascus, as well as for the whiteness, uniformity, and proportionate largeness thereof."—Ibid. p. 6. (2d paging.)

"SPIGELIUS observeth that English mothers and nurses generally hurt their babes by binding them too hard about their breast, thereby causing consumptions, of which disease, he affirmeth, more die in England than in any other country."—Ibid. p. 103.

A MUSICIAN and a dancing master both cured of fever by music.—*Selections. Gent. Mag.* vol. 2, p. 406.

BOURDALOUE fiddling and dancing himself into spirits for—preaching on a Good Friday!—See *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. 2, p. 273. SPENCE'S *Anecdotes*.

LONGEVITY of musicians. — *Selections. Gent. Mag.* vol. 3, p. 476.

Νῆσοι δ' ἀνθρώποισιν ἐφ' ἡμέρῃ ἠδ' ἐπὶ νυκτὶ
Αὐτόματοι φοιτῶσι, κακὰ δνητοῖσι φέρουσαι
Σιγῇ· ἐπεὶ φωνὴν ἐξείλετο μητιόεντα Ζεύς.
HESIOD, Ἔργ. καὶ Ἡμ. v. 102.

WHEN Nelson was in the Amazon, Oct. 1801, Mrs. Lutwidge pressed him to dine with her at three o'clock, "but," says he, "I told her, I would not dine with the angel Gabriel, to be dragged through a night surf."

PRINCE LEOPOLD of Naples invested with the Order of St. Stephens.—NELSON'S *Letters*, vol. 2, p. 141.

DR. WILLIAMS—"did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come thither to kill his pigeons, and do afterwards bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered; that if the tip of the tail hangs out, he will take up the cat again, and dig the hole deeper, which is very strange; and he tells me that he do believe that he hath killed above 100 cats."—PEPYS, vol. 1, p. 219.

Herbs.

"TORMENTIL, whose virtue is to part
All deadly killing poison from the heart;
And here Narcissus' root, for swellings best,
Yellow Lysimache, to give sweet rest
To the faint shepherd, killing where it comes
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums."
Faithful Shepherdess, act ii. sc. ii.

"WHERE I
Take the height of her table with my stomach."—*K. & have a Wife*, act iii. sc. v.

THIS text was urged in favour of the Salic law, "Considerate *lilia agri*, quomodo crescunt, non laborant non nent. Ergo, Liliorum Gallicorum jus, non nisi nobilibus, qui non laborant; non nisi maribus quia non nent, cedere debet." — ZUINGER, vol. 2, p. 1532.

HECTOR BOECE says that the old Scotch used to shut up women who were affected with madness or any hereditary disease, and castrate men.—Ibid. vol. 2, 1715.

LIP-PHYSIC, (FLETCHER. *Lover's Progress.*) in many cases the best that friend or physician can administer.—Act i. sc. i.

"THE very striking superiority of intellect possessed by the children born in the colony, when compared with those landed from the slave ships, is as unaccountable as it is manifest to the most common observer, on entering a school. The parents are for the most part from the same country; and it can only be explained by the advantages enjoyed by the former, in having received something of that early instruction, both moral and religious, which is so necessary to predispose the mind to profit by a more extended education: trifling indeed as that instruction has been, the happy results are clearly to be observed." — LT. COL. DENHAM'S *Sierra Leone Papers*, p. 24.

"CINGITE me hederâ," is what a corn should say.

TITIVILITIUM, a flocci-nauci word.—BEN JONSON, vol. 3, p. 431.

ADVICE not to dip into this book, but to peruse it regularly.

Poet and his notes,—he desires you to read the poem first without, and a second time with them.

Dipping for wigs.

SPEAKING of some Welsh author, LANGUET says, "Ego non ita contemno tuum Cambrum, ut tu scribis, nam nisi esset in ipso aliquid ingenii, non posset tam insigniter ineptire."—p. 41.

KNOWLEDGE coming late.—SIR E. B.'s *Gnomica*, pp. 91-2. ME. SEVIGNÉ.

"IT is a praise to praise when thou art praised."—SIR P. SYDNEY.

"My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be,
Listen then, Lordings, with good ear to me."
Ibid.

"I MAY, I must, I can, I will, I do."—Ibid.

A BOOK called Arma Anserina, in praise of the pen, printed at Leyden, 1679.—BAYLE, vol. 3, p. 255.

"INTERDUM quies inquieta est."—SENECA, *Epist.* 56.

THE horse of the good knight El Bembe, was better than any of the horses of the sun.—*Chev. du Soli.* vol. 6, p. 229.

NATALIS the physician informed Peiresk that there are in Guinea "apes with long, gray, *combed* (compt) beards almost venerable, who stalk an alderman's pace, and take themselves to be very wise."—*Life of Peiresk*, p. 92.

"AGED Indians, whether male or female, generally continue in apparent good health to the last; and death is most frequently sudden. But they become bowed and very much wrinkled."—EDWIN JAMES, vol. 1, pp. 235-6.

WARM Beere, a Treatise, wherein is declared that Beere so qualified is farre more wholesome then that which is drunke cold. 18mo. *neat, scarce*, 7*s.* 6*d.* *Camb.* 1641.

"At nine in the evening of the 25*th*, a fall of rain commenced: we were now ten in company, with a single tent, large enough to cover half the number. In order, however, to make the most equal distribution of our several comforts, it was so arranged that about the half of each man was sheltered under the tent, while the remainder was exposed to the weather. This was effected by placing all our heads near together in the centre of the tent, and allowing our feet to project in all directions, like the radii of a circle."—EDWIN JAMES, vol. 2, p. 261.

FRANCIS BARNETT says in his *Memoirs*, (vol. 1, p. 316) "From my own observation I do not think there is a real British sailor who would not sooner part with the whole of his apparel, than either pawn or part with a Bible given him."

WHEN Mr. Butler condemned Beza, he ought to have remembered what Mr. Eustace has said in defence of Virgil,—to this purpose.—Vol. 1, 8vo. edition, pp. 220-2.

BISHOP WATSON said of certain Protestant landholders in Ireland—"they are desirous to pay no tithes for their lands: the event may be, that they will have no lands to pay for."—*Memoirs*, vol. 1, p. 251.

TAYLOR from Vienna, 1635.

"The Duke of Bavaria hath always discovered a strange ambitious mind, and of late hath given more testimony of it than

before. Since this marriage he feeds of nothing but on capons and chickens, fed with flesh of vipers, and to this purpose, I am told, that there are a great many brought forth of Calabria. What a child would he beget to infest the world."—*Clarendon Papers*, vol. 1, p. 373.

FROGS in Italian cry *quattro, quattro.*—BERTOLDINO, vol. 8, p. 73.

In Latin they call out *aqua, aqua.*

GRIFFIN, No. 11, Finch-lane, Cornhill, on Thursday, March 27, 1828, slaughtered a very fine black bear, "for the benefit of the public." The fat cut from the carcase at twelve shillings per pound.

ISMENEAS, a Theban physician, cured all diseases with music.—DOÑA OLIVA SABUCO, p. 19.

PHÆDRUS, cum notis variorum et Laurentii, *numerous plates, very neat*, 18*s*.
Amst. 1667.

"Edition recherchée, à cause des figures en taille douce, dont elle a été ornée. Il est à remarquer, que dans le nombre de ces figures, il s'en trouve une à la page 276, *qui représente une action un peu libre et indécente*, et qui, par cette raison, est sujette à ne se recontrer que déchirée ou gâtée. Il est bon de s'en assurer, parce qu'alors ce volume perd la plus grande partie de son mérite et de sa valeur."—DE BURE.

SYLVÆ quas Vario Carminum, Gr. et Lat. *very neat*, 7*s*. *Dolæ*, 1592.

This is a very curious collection of Epigrams, Odes, Monodies, Elegies, and Acrostics, printed in the forms of various geometrical figures, as Circles, Triangles, Rhombuses, Parallelograms, Hexagons, Cylinders, &c. and some in the fanciful pictures of Eagle's-wings, Spearheads, and Barnacles.

MUSICAL medicine, or medical music.—BOUCHET. *Serces*, vol. 1, pp. 122-120.

I AM of opinion with DOÑA OLIVA SABUCO, that "El sueño deve ser comun a todos por ley rigurosa en la noche; y no es buen govierno que unos duerman, otros cauten por las calles."—P. 74.

THE British Apollo explains the reason why dogs wag their tails when they are pleased, thus—

"The cause why that part such quick sense doth retain,
Is from vessels continued from thence to the brain,
Where a secret impulse first impresseth the notion,
And joy at one end puts the other in motion.—Vol. 1, p. 107.

"FRETS make best music; strings the higher racked
Sound sweetest."
ROWLEY, *New Wonder, a Woman never vext*, p. 333.

"'Tis said
The grave's good rest when women go first to bed." Ibid. 347.

THE valley of Ajalon was in Dan's portion, and because the coasts of this tribe "went out too little for them, the children of Dan went up to fight against Leshem, and took it, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and possessed it, and dwelt therein, and called Leshem Dan, after the name of Dan their father."—*Judges*, xix. 47.

The only one of the sons of Jacob after whom a city was named.

A MAN enquires why it is that after eating he is as much intoxicated as if he had been "drinking at an excessive rate;" and the *British Apollo*, (vol. 3, p. 399), replies, "It is because the brain being crowded with the grosser vapours ascending from the aliments, the influx of the animal spirits out of the carotid arteries into the nerves is partly obstructed, which, rendering the nerves remiss, that drowsy disposition follows."

"I DESIRE you to oblige me so far as to give me a reason why I, that am so very ticklish, can't tickle myself."—Ibid. p. 496.

The most unsuccessful author succeeds in doing this.

A NOTION that love brought on toothache. —Ibid. p. 504.

CAREW, p. 707, that it cures it.

WHY there are so many maggots in filberts, and none in walnuts."—Ibid. p. 594.

"WAR is a game sometimes at chess, sometimes at hazard; politics a game at blind-man's-buff; patriotism, at brag; trade, at beggar my neighbour."

Or rather, the soldiers play at, &c.; the statesman, &c.

"'Tis thought that they, (the Jews), or some spirit worse than they, first told us that lice swallowed alive were a certain cure for the yellow jaundice. This and many other medicines were discovered by them, or by revelation, for doubtless we attained them not by study."—Iz. WALTON, p. 178.

He thought the Jews possessed many secrets, yet unknown to Christians, derived by tradition from Solomon.

"SUCH a thing may happen, as that the woman, not the man, may be in the right, (I mean when both are godly), but ordinarily it is otherwise."—Vol. 1, p. 24. J. BUNYAN, *Exposition on the ten first chapters of Genesis.*

JUDGES, when condemning to death for some petty crime, some poor forgery, &c.

"They seemed so calm, and with their age so grave,
So just and civil in their killing trade,
As if all life were crime but what they save,
Or murder were by method lawful made."

GONDIBERT, p. 139.

OSWALD'S *Soldiers.*

"I HAVE heard Sir Henry Wotton say that there be many that in Italy will catch swallows so, or especially martins; this bird-angler standing on the top of a steeple to do it, with a line twice as long as I have spoken of, *i. e.* about twenty feet long."—Iz. WALTON, p. 206.

SOME of the Hebrews liked jingling names, as the Arabians, and as our old lawyers.

"Shuppim and Huppim, the sons of Ir." —1 *Chron.* 7, 12.

"Peresh and Sheresh, sons of Machir." —Ibid. 16.

DONCASTER—*quasi* Dancaster.

NOTHING like a chimney appears in any remains of Roman architecture. Either there was an aperture in the roof for the smoke, or it escaped through the windows.

Did they burn charcoal?

"ONE Cockerell of Stockton, captain of a ship, was washed overboard in a storm by one wave and thrown upon deck again by another. In pious memory of this providential escape, he kept the day of the week (Wednesday), a solemn fast while he lived, and never suffered his beard to be shaved again."—RITSON. SURTEES' *Durham*, vol. 3, p. 191.

This seems to have been late in the 17th century.

"*Gal.* WELL, and what dost thou play?
Bal. The part of all the world.
All. The part of all the world? What's that?
Bal. The fool."

Induction to MARSTON'S *Antonio and Mellida. Old Plays*, vol. 2, p. 108.

"THE Arabians, in default of other fuel, are fain to burn, and dress their meat with aromatical wood, which so stupifieth the senses of the people, that they are forced with bitumen and the scent of goats, (where

perfumes are too frequent, a stink is a perfume), to qualify their suffocating sweetness."—*Pisgah Sight*, p. 36.

TAYLOR, the Water-Poet, says of Goose,

"Her lungs and liver into powder dried,
And, fasting, in an ass's milk, applied,
Is an experienced cordial for the spleen."

"HER brains with salt and pepper if you blend,
And eat, they will the understanding mend."
TAYLOR'S *Goose*, p. 105. *Works.*

"WE do esteem a fountain, well, or spring, to be the more clear from poison, if a toad, a newt, or a snake be in either of them; for we imagine that those venomous creatures do suck or extract all the contagion of that chrystalline element into themselves."—TAYLOR'S *Bawd.* Ibid. p. 99.

The Portuguese keep a tortoise in their large Bilha's, to purify it;—not for this purpose I suppose, but to keep it clear of insects.

"HIS tongue, much like a hackney, goes all paces,
In city, country, court, and camp, all places,
It gallops, and false gallops, trots, and ambles,
One pace or other, still it runs and rambles."
TAYLOR'S *Virtue of a Jade*, p. 130.

FORD, in one of his plays, speaks of hydrophobia as produced by the bite of a mad dog—

"And men possessed so, shun all sight of water:
Sometimes, if mixt with jealousy, it renders them
Insensible, and oftentimes brings death."
Vol. 1, p. 178.

Accordingly, the man who suffers under the disease in the Mask of Melancholy, which he introduces,—is raging with jealousy.

"MEN singular in art
Have always some odd whimsey more than usual." FORD, vol. 1, p. 175.

BURTON says that when persons are afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, the magistrates in Germany hire musicians to play to, and some lusty sturdy companions to dance, with them.

"I WILL have my picture drawn most *compositiously*."—FORD, vol. 1, p. 372.

"THAT I had thought, and thought I had thought rightly."—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. *Woman Hater*, act v. sc. i.

"MERRY as a cricket," is a proverbial similitude, but I am not sure that crickets are merry,—any more than a set of psalm-singers are. Merry as a tadpole would be a better form of speech. We were looking at some to-day in a little stream, where they were wagging their tails with all imaginable liveliness and alacrity. Should not you like to have such a tail, said I to Karl; and he looked up at the question with a broad smile of delight, and answered with a voice of honest, deep earnestness, that it seemed to come from the heart, or half way thither at least,—"I should!"—May 18, 1829.

"BIRDS of the gull species, within the last week, have been exceedingly plentiful in Kent, attracted to the lands by sprats, which are used in great quantities by farmers as manure. Flights of thousands have also daily occupied the marshes in search of food. At Beacon Hill, near Green Street, on Friday last, a curious scene took place. Several loads of fish had been thrown down in a heap in consequence of the snow preventing the operation of spreading. In a short time after being deposited, many thousand gulls invaded, and commenced operations upon them in right earnest; without, for a time, being interrupted in their repast; at length, some boys observing the havock they were committing, repaired to the spot; but such was the determined spirit of the birds, that they kept them at bay a considerable time, by hovering over,

and attacking them in the most savage manner, until ultimately they found it necessary to retreat."—*County Chronicle.*

ANTENOR called Delta by his neighbours from his great goodness; and for the same reason, the Cretans called any good man Delton. Hence the name of the Egyptian Delta, as well as for its form."—GARASSE *contra* PASQUIER, p. 342.

"RABBI AQUIBA used to say,—'Stultum omninò ferre quàm semistultum facilius est, et ignarum omninò quam semidoctum.'"—Ibid. p. 501.

A man who wished, in order to make religion properly respected, that there should be but one priest in the world, and that he should say mass only once in twenty-five years at the jubilee.—Ibid. p. 590.

Garasse asked him where he would have it said? and he replied, in the valley of Jehosaphat. See the story.

A PERSIAN doctor, the only avowed medical professor whom Burckhardt saw at Mecca, deals in nothing but miraculous balsams and infallible elixirs: his potions are all sweet and agreeable; and the musk and aloe wood which he burns diffuses through his shop a delicious odour, which has contributed to establish his reputation.—Vol. 2, p. 398.

THE boggography of Ireland.

A SHIRT-FACED woman.

WHEN your opinion of a new book is asked, a fee should always be presented. And, I dare say, we should soon have the most approved mode both of opening the hand for its reception, and closing it.

"THEY, says Hierocles, who first gave names to things, were by reason of a certain wonderful wisdom of theirs, a kind of excellent statuaries; they by those several names, as images, lively representing the natures of things."—CUDWORTH, vol. 2, p. 227.

Psalm 139, ver. 15.—"MY substance was not hid from thee when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth."

LOWTH has it—

"When I was formed in the secret place,
When I was wrought with a needle in the depths of the earth."

And upon this he has a superfine criticism.

Ecclesiasticus 31, ver. 13.—"A WICKED eye is an evil thing: and what is created more wicked than an eye?"

"WISDOM hath killed her beasts; she hath mingled her wine; she hath also furnished her table."—Ibid. 9, ver. 2.

WINE.—Ibid. 27, ver. 8.

IT appears by this chapter, that men in those days were forced to cram themselves with food, as they were to drench their stomachs with wine in my youth.

Verse 21.—"If thou hast been forced to eat, arise, go forth, vomit, and thou shalt have rest."

THIS Doveland, or Columbia. A moral and medical Utopia.

How the Ten and the Two Commandments are observed or non-observed.

CHARLEMAGNE'S memoranda.

Noys' pie-crust.

Boswell. His pocket-handkerchief must have been always like a Quipos,[1] woodfull.

HOBBES, because of his birth, would have

[1] "*Quipos*, ropes of various colours, and with different knots, used by the ancient inhabitants of Peru to record memorable events and keep accounts." NEUMAN'S *Span. Dict.*—J. W. W.

been classed by the Romans among the Exterricinei; by the Greeks, among the Λιτόμηνοι.—ZUINGER, vol. 1, p. 27.

ASCLEPIADES, according to Tertullian, made the tour of the world on a cow's back, and lived upon her milk.—BURNEY, *Musical Travels, Preface.*

"THERE is every reason in the world for believing that all sorts of cattle, as well as horses, should seldom, if ever, be allowed to graze, either in summer or winter."—YOUNG's *Survey of Sussex*, p. 235.

Baumgarten cattle, the Leicestershire school.—Ibid. p. 246.

See too a rich passage on Bakewell's merits.—Ibid. p. 228. 274.

Kindness of disposition in cattle means that they soon fatten.—Ibid. p. 249.

"It is a grazier's own fault if ever he attempts to fatten an unkind beast. Let him only take care of his stock, and he will need no apprehensions of that sort."—Ibid. p. 263.

A BARBER advertised to dress hair in such a manner as exactly to resemble a peruque.—BURNEY's *Musical Tour*, vol. 2, p. 300.

MAURICE, sixth Lord Berkeley, had a silver shaving bason weighing sixty ounces. —FOSBROOKE's *Berkeley Family*, p. 176.

NOSE, nose, jolly red nose; and how got you that jolly red nose.—Ibid. 204. His footman going to London for a bottle of physic.

No left handed woman Γυνὴ ἀμφιδέξιος ἢ γίγνεται.—HIPP. l. 7, aph. 43. WINTERTON, p. 268.

He knew that women when neither pregnant nor *puerperal* sometimes gave milk.—Ibid. l. 5, aph. 39, p. 182.

Ῥᾶον πλησθῆναι πότου ἢ σιτίου.—Ibid. l. 2, aph. 11, p. 33.

To be refreshed and strengthened certes, —not, I think, to be *satisfied.*

He knew also that athletes cannot be kept at the highest point of good condition.—Ibid. l. 3, p. 4.

"LIQUID as well as solid food is equally required for the support of the human constitution. The inhabitants of this island owe much of their hardihood and corporeal superiority to malt liquor."—VANCOUVER, *Survey of Hants*, p. 209.

Vancouver thinks the excessive use of solid food far more sensual, and altogether less excusable.

Drunkenness versus gluttony.

WE may say of these memoirs as Mr. Vancouver the agriculturist says of Swedish turnips, "their own excellence will prove their best passport to futurity."—*Survey of Hants*, p. 181.

"HE was a poor yokel, foisted upon me in the last stage of consumption, and who remained bedridden until our arrival in the colony. He fell away so fast that I never expected to land him alive; and certainly it required the most anxious attention to retain the glimmering spark. I fortunately, however, possessed a very facetious fellow among the hatch, to whom this poor dying creature became strongly attached, never being a day happy whereon his friend neglected to visit him, and often begging me to send this man to him for company, which I gladly did, seeing it invariably put him in good spirits. Wondering what could be the cause of this extraordinary liking, I inquired, and found that Breadman had been a great pig-stealer in his day, which being considered a very vulgar calling among the professional classes (particularly among the towmes), he could get no one to listen to his adventures except this joker, who would laugh with him and quiz him on the particular subjects of his achievements; praise the wonderful expertness with which he had done the farmers out of their grunters, and propose a partnership concern on reaching the colony, if the pigs there were

found to be worth stealing! I really believe the poor creature was kept in existence a full month solely by the exhilarating conversation of his companion. On anchoring at Sydney no time was lost in conveying Breadman ashore, he being so weak that he could not even sit up without fainting; yet in this pitiable state, supporting himself round the hospital-man's neck, while the latter was drawing on his trowsers for him, the expiring wretch mustered strength enough to stretch out his pale trembling hand toward the other's waistcoat pocket, and pick it of a pocket-comb and penknife! Next morning he was a corpse; thus dying as he had lived. Yet, during his whole illness, this man would regularly request some of the sober-minded rogues to read the Scriptures to him, and pray by his bedside! Indeed, ill practices become ultimately so habitual with many, as to be no longer deemed such; and hence no wonder we so often see religion and knavery intimately blended."—*Newspaper.*

Disputatio perjucunda Mulieres hommes non esse. Paris, 1693.

J. B. Thiers. Hist. des Perruques. Paris, 1690.

Le Champion des Femmes; qui soustient qu'elles sont plus nobles, plus parfaites, et en tout plus vertueuses que les hommes. Paris, 1618.

Le Triomphe des Femmes, où il est montré que le sexe feminin est plus noble et plus parfait que le masculin. Anvers, no date.

"At the house of entertainment we found plenty of angling-rods and lines, the former being any stick like a hop-pole, the latter of string; some with a bit of cork or wood for a float; altogether a worse '*set-out*' than a London charity boy on a holiday excursion to the Eel-pie House or the New River. We were rowed off to a floating stage with an awning, and certainly caught plenty of fish, none exceeding four ounces. I have often been surprised at the '*simplicity*' of the fish of America. They seem to require none of the fine tackle, the fine hand, and the skill of our English anglers. Old Izaac Walton's treatise would never have been written in America. I thought of Cowper's lines:—

'They are so unaccustomed to man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.'"

Ladies oiled-silk nursery aprons.

Hipp. 1. 13, p. 16. Healthy old age the most patient of hunger. 2. 4. p. 29. Every thing ill if in excess. So of poverty and riches.

"Benjamin Constant was accustomed to write in a closet on the third story. Beside him sate his estimable wife, and on his knee his favourite cat: this feline affection he entertained in common with Count de Chateaubriand."—*Times*, 18 Dec. 1830.

Rowland Dixon and his puppets at Ingleton.

A Chinese critic says of a favourite line, "whoever carefully rehearses this verse only once, will find a lasting fragrance in his mouth for ten days afterwards."

"Reiselius having communicated the observation he had made on his own urine, which he perceived one night to be as luminous as phosphorus, to John Tackius, physician to the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, and professor of eloquence in the University of Geissen; that famous chemist told him in reply, 'that he himself studying once with great application of mind to compose the funeral oration of the Duke of Saxe, which he was to pronounce in the University of Geissen; night being come, there suddenly passed out of his eyes a flame which illuminated the paper before him so much that he could write two entire lines before it was dissipated; that this phenomenon had much frightened him, being apprehensive of its boding him some considerable disorder

in his eyes, or even a total loss of sight, as Bartholin seems to prognosticate to those to whom the like happened; but that notwithstanding he had hitherto escaped any bad effect of this kind, though the same symptom had often afterwards made its appearance, and he had seen several other times those brilliant flashes come out of his eyes. Tackius in a short time after died of a dysentery."—*Town and Country Magazine*, 1777, p. 425.

"Vous qui aimez et qui chantez les chiens, vous ai-je dit qu'il y en avoit un ici, dont le Maître est mort, et qui depuis ce moment passe sa vie sur la fosse du defunt, et quand on force la pauvre-Bête à rentrer dans la maison elle va chercher quelque vielle harde de son Maître pour se coucher dessus. Vous me battrez si je vous dis, que l'attachement des chiens ne me touche pas du tout. Ils ont l'air condamné a nous aimer—ce sont des machines à fidélité, et vous savez mon horreur pour les machines. Elles m'inspirent une inimitée personnelles—Vive les Chats! tout paradoxe à parté, je les préfère aux chiens. Ils sont plus libres, plus indépendans, plus naturels. La civilisation humaine n'est pas devenue pour eux une seconde nature. Ils sont plus primitifs que les chiens—plus gracieux. Ils ne prennent de la société que ce qui leur convient, et ils ont toujours une gouttière tout près du salon, pour y redevenir ce que Dieu les a fait, et se moquer de leurs tyrans. Quand par hasard ils aiment ce tyran, ce n'est pas en esclave dégradé comme vos villains chiens qui lèchent la main qui les bat, et ne sont fidèles, que parcequ'ils n'ont pas l'esprit d'être inconstans. Il y a du choix, du parti pris, dans l'attachement des chats—je ne vois que de la stupidité dans celui des chiens. Si de tout tems on a donna la préférence à ceux-ci, leur réputation est l'œuvre de l'orgueil humain. Le chien est la créature de l'homme. Ce sot animal n'est plus ce que Dieu l'a fait, il est le produit de la société. C'est une de ces plantes à fleurs doubles, qui n'existent qu'à force de culture, et que les amateurs apprécient d'autant plus qu'elle est leur ouvrage - - - Mais adieu! car sur ce chapitre je parlerois jusq'au demain—d'autant que je pense que mes réflections vous taquinnent—détestez moi—mais dites le moi souvent."—*Mad. de Custine.*

CHARGES for Gentlemen's clothes of the best quality (no other than the best quality) made by W. Tayler, therefore but one price:

Saxony Blue or Black Dress Coats	£3 18*s.*
Other colours . . .	£3 6*s.*
Frock or Great Coats, with silk skirt linings . .	£4 5*s.*
Blue or Black Frock Coats, skirts lined with silk	£4 18*s.*
Blue or Black Trousers	£1 16*s.*
Other colours .	£1 11*s.* 6*d.*

Hourly experience demonstrates that clothes may fit, or rather be free from wrinkles, yet not become the wearer; in truth there are now few tailors who are unable to fit the human shape, but this is the least art in tailoring. The dress of a gentleman should not only fit, but be fitting, becoming, and gentlemanly. The practice of W. T. and his assistants has been, and is in the best school, that is, of making almost exclusively for the higher class; by this their taste in dress must necessarily have become good, and their experience with attention enables them to effect the wishes of their customers, relative to dress, with confidence of not being surpassed.

CÆSAR's horse with humanish feet.—SUETONIUS, p. 540.

BORING the Earth for Water.—John Goode, 14, St. Swithin's Lane, City, sole inventor and patentee for boring the earth to the main spring for water, respectfully begs to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general, that he has invented, in addition to his former plan, a method whereby he is enabled to procure double

the quantity of water at the same expense. This invaluable discovery, from the pureness of the water and the enormous expense it saves by working engines, &c. for the benefit and comfort of mankind, is of greater value than any discovery since the creation. The cost of a well boring will not be more than what has been paid to the Water Company for the supply of water for one year. The process of the invention is making rapid strides by J. Goode sending tools, labelled for their use, to every quarter of the globe, whereby any inexperienced person may use them. References to wells bored by J. Goode, where the engines may be seen constantly at work:—Mr. George Smart, saw-mills, York Road, Lambeth; Mr. Taylor, wool-scribbler, 7, Cowper Street, City Road; Mr. Kirk, dyer, Osborne Place, Whitechapel, and numbers of others, too numerous to insert in an advertisement, which may be seen by applying for prospectuses as above. J. Goode has also invented a machine which will raise water to a great height, where the water lies much below the surface. The said machine will not require any attendance. Particulars may be had as above. N. B. Tools for exportation. Persons going abroad cannot lay their money out better than by taking a set of tools with them, as they may be used with success in any part of the world.

"Sense will be in a little compass, if men would be persuaded to vent no notions but what they are masters of; and were angels to write, I fancy we should have but few folios."—Norris, *Preface to his Miscellanies.*

Two Polish translations of Lucan in 1691, by Chroscinski and Bardzinski.

Norris (Misc. 325) enumerates it among the perfections of human nature, that man "not only enjoys the good he unites with, but digests it as it were into himself."

Ghosts have good memories, which is an argument against materialism, showing at least the infinite subtilization of matter. They appear of the age at which they became ghosts. Possibly are so in the intermediate state.

"I have heard of an ape that has been too hard for his master at that most ingenious game at chess. But I have known one, very near to a natural, that hath been a great master at it."—Goodman's *Winter Evening Conference*, p. 44.

"Danger.—Unhealthy Climate.—The advertiser offers himself to make, or to undergo, any dangerous experiment, the result of which may be beneficial to mankind, as inoculation of the plague, or hydrophobia; or would accept a situation in any extremely unhealthy climate, where he might have a few hours' leisure in the day to make experiments on the nature of the atmosphere. Though a first rate education at a public school and the University has qualified him to undertake with confidence any situation, however arduous, yet there is none so insignificant that he would not accept, if likely to promote his object. Address, post paid, to S. L., post-office, Kingston-on-Thames."

"Apropos—an expression which is commonly used to introduce whatever is unrelative to it."—Lord Chesterfield, vol. 2, p. 371.

"La Motte de Vayer mention sa certain Hippias Elien qui se ventait hardiment de ne rien porter que ses mains n'eussent fait.'"—Bayle, vol. 6, p. 177.

"Il me semble," says Gabriel Naudé, "qu'il n'appartient qu'à ceux-là qui n'espèrent jamais d'être cités, de ne citer personne; et c'est une trop grande ambition de se persuader d'avoir des conceptions capables de contenter une si grande diversité de lecteurs sans rien emprunter d'autrui."—Ibid. vol. 6, p. 175. Under Epicurus, N. E.

"Il n'y a pas moins d'esprit ni moins d'invention à bien appliquer une pensée que l'on trouve dans un livre, qu'à être le premier auteur de cette pensée."—Ibid. p. 177.

Esopus in Bayle, vol. 6, p. 290, eating the most expensive dishes; the pleasure being in the mere wanton prodigality. Seneca, Consol. ad Helviam, c. 9, touches upon this folly.

Eve beat Adam with a bough which she tore from the tree of knowledge, and cudgelled him, till he yielded and ate.—Bayle, vol. 6, p. 325.

Paracelsus fancies that serpents ever since the fall retain a knowledge of the highest natural mysteries, by the special will of God.—Ibid. *Eve*, A. vol. 6, p. 327.

Michel le Faucheur, a Hugonot, preached one day against duelling with such effect that Mareshal de la Force, who heard the sermon, protested "devant quelques braves," that if a challenge were sent him, he would not accept it.—Ibid. p. 412.

A preacher "qui se faisait une règle de tousser par compas et par mesure, précisément à une telle, ou à un telle période: et de peur d'y manquer, il faisait des marques à son manuscrit partout ou il se proposait de tousser. Il écrivait à ces endroits la *hem hem*, comme on l'a vu dans l'original après sa mort."—Ibid.

Jacques Ferrand published a Treatise "de la Maladie d'Amour." Paris, 1622.—Ibid. p. 433.

When Charles Fevret lost his wife, "il fit retrancher son lit de moitié et ne se remaria pas."—Ibid. p. 480.

Henri called Frauwenlob for his praise of women. His funeral, and the wine poured upon his grave. Under the word Frauwenlob.—Ibid. p. 597.

Gediccus, his book Mulieres Homines non esse, was a satire not upon women but Socinianism. See N. E. under this head.—Ibid. vol. 7, p. 47.

Bayle thought it strange that in the Consul of Macon "on ait gravement mis en question si les femmes étaient une créature humaine, et qu'on n'ait décidé l'affirmative qu'après un long examin."—Ibid. p. 49.

The father of Scipio Gentilis wrote a Disquisition "an vero Dæmones Morborum causa sint."—Ibid. p. 66.

The Gymnosophistes. "C'était une chose honteuse parmi eux que d'être malade, de sorte que ceux qui voulaient éviter cette ignominie se brulaient eux mêmes."—Ibid. p. 83.

Gregory Nazianzen calls a wife an acquired evil; and what is worse, one that may not be put away.

Mr. Dempster *to Pinkerton*: "You are a bee that has taken pains to collect honey. I am a mere bear, made for overturning the hive, and robbing the combs."—Pinkerton's *Corr.* vol. 1, p. 222.

"H. Walpole: "I was forced to quit Dow's History of Indostan, because the Indian names made so little impression on me, that I went backward instead of forward, and was every minute reverting to the former page to find about whom I was reading."—Ibid. p. 226.

"Lord Buchan: "I wish death to keep off such quarry. I could let him have plenty of gentlemen at a shilling a dozen that would fill his maw much better than our historian."—Ibid. p. 259.

History of Breeches.—Ibid. p. 407.

"Experienced waggoners and drivers of teams observe that a smart quick look in a horse denotes a hasty passionate temper.—Stevenson's *Dorset*, p. 419.

"There is a degree of coolness required, in cart-horses, and high spirit is considered rather as a fault than a perfection."—Ibid.

Women have one advantage: none of their duties tend in any way to deteriorate them.

"Potatoes are known to love the taste of new ground." (Batchelor's *Bedford-*

shire, p. 426) and "it is quite a treat to fresh land to sow clover upon it."—Ibid. p. 427.

"Clover is not charged with 'tiring or sickening' the milder species of clays."—Ibid. p. 428.

"Certain crops sown with a view of *resting* the soil."—Ibid. p. 433.

VANCOUVER (*Devonshire*, p. 357), calls pigeons "those voracious and insatiate vermin, for in no other light can they possibly be viewed or considered by the agriculturist." He calculates 1,125,000 pair of dove pigeons in England and Wales, consuming 157,500,000 pints of corn annually, to the value of 1,476,562*l.* 10*s.*

"AN ingenious observer of nature conveyed water on a dunghill in the summer months in such quantity, as to make a kind of fermenting chaos, for the purpose of animating the whole mass. It became full of insects, and was used in the autumn as manure; and he believed with much greater powers than it would otherwise have possessed."—DARWIN'S *Phytologia*, p. 240.

Darwin recommends that dunghills be thus watered for the purpose of encouraging the propagation and nourishment of myriads of insects, and be thus used as manure! Beast that he was!

In a not much better spirit (p. 243,) he would have "burial grounds divided into two compartments; the earth from one of which saturated with animal decomposition should be taken away, once in ten or twenty years, for the purposes of agriculture; and sand, or clay, or less fertile soil brought into its place. Nor would the removal of this earth, if the few bones which might be found, were again buried for a further decomposition, be likely to shock the relations of the deceased; as the superstition concerning the earth from which we rose, and into which we return, has gradually vanished before the light of reason!"

"OF insentient entities, of mere vegetables, none yet pretend to the honour of a stomach."—HOPE'S *Origin and Prosperity of Man*, vol. 2, p. 130.

"POULTRY are fed for the London market by mixing gin and even opium with their food, and keeping them in the dark; but they must be killed as soon as they have fattened, or they soon become weak and emaciated like human drunkards."—DARWIN, *Phytologia*, p. 337.

"THE first law of organic nature might be expressed in the words 'Eat or be eaten!' It would seem," he says "to be one great slaughterhouse, one universal scene of rapacity and injustice." But looking for "a benevolent idea to console us," he finds it in "the happiness which organised beings acquire from irritation only;" and among consolatory reflections observes that, in consequence of this eat or be eaten law, "before mankind introduced rational society, and conquered the savage world, old age was unknown on earth."—Ibid. 556-7.

"That sort of superstition which may be called Theophobia."

THEOPHILE de Garancières imputes "cette triste et noire mélancolie, cette sombre consomption qui devore le peuple Anglois," to the great use which they make of sugar.—SALGUES, *Erreurs*, &c. vol. 1, p. 370.

Physiognomy of oysters.

LET there be no skull and cross-bones carved upon my tomb-stone.

Were I a recluse or a hermit, a skull should be no part of the furniture of my cell.

A hermit's might be a very agreeable life, provided he had a good Mrs. Hermit, and a due number of chubby-cheeked young Hermits playing about his hermitage. Place it then, if you will, far in a wild, unknown to public view, let them have some half-dozen such hermitages within needful and social reach, and the climate be good, and no wild beasts there, and no savages, and his only care to provide the subsistence

which Nature affords in such climates for very little labour—and then methinks one need desire no circumstances in which one could, with more ease and contentment, "Serve God, and be cheerful."

BECAUSE there is no portrait of D. D. therefore in this world it exists only ideally, and probably only in my mind. His perfect likeness no doubt there is, or will be, the number of archetypal faces not being infinite.

Treating portraits with disrespect, was in his mind, as bad as outraging a monument.

I cannot have it painted from memory, and cannot delineate it myself. Mason's Gray. And what can description effect. See how little! Let a dozen artists paint such eyes and nose and mouth as are here described—and there will be no resemblance between any two of the countenances."

"TOUSJOURS pouvons-nous bien dire ce qu'avons teu et non pas taire ce qu'avons publié."—BOUCHET, 12 *Seree*, ff. 377.

The horse said to be the most rational of all beasts, "à cause du temperament de son cerveau."—Ibid. p. 358.

A man wagered "qu'il falloit dire la gueule à toutes bestes, et qu'il n'y avoit que l'homme qui eust bouche;" but the judge who was appealed to for deciding the wager determined "qu' à cause de l'excellence du cheval, il falloit dire la bouche." The wager began about a horse."—Ibid. 9 *Seree*, p. 300.

"L'ame du Mary defunct est contristee par les secondes nopces de sa femme—si nous voulons croire le paragraphe *Nos igitur* en l'authent. de nuptiis."—Ibid. 5 *Seree*, p. 174.

"Nous nous contenterons de sçavoir que vous la lisez, et nous vous permettons de croire et de penser tout ce qui vous plaira, et mesme de n'y penser pas."—*Epistle Ded. to La Pretieuse*, I part.

"Il n'est pas question de juger, mais de gouster. Nous ne demandons pas ce que vous en pensez, mais ce qui vous en plaist."—Ibid. p. 360.

Motto for the 2nd vol. of D. D.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 539.

A SAILOR on board of one of his Majesty's ships, who had been for several years on a foreign station, and had hardly ever been on shore, asked leave last week to have a trip by land, and accordingly proceeded to Alverstoke, where, for the first time in his life, he witnessed a funeral. He was evidently very much surprised at the ceremonial, and when he returned on board at night, could talk of nothing but what he had seen in the churchyard. "Why, what d'ye think they does with the dead corpseses ashore?" said he to a shipmate. "How should I know," said the other. "Why then, Bill, may I never stir," replied Jack, "but they puts 'em up in boxes and directs 'em."

"J'AY tousjours ouy dire qu'il y avoit cette difference entre ce que disoient les Predicateurs et les Medecins. Il faut faire ce que ceux-là disent, sans s'arrester à ce qu'ils font; et de ceux-cy, faire tout ce qu'ils font, et ne rien faire de ce qu'ils disent."—*La Pretieuse*, vol. 2, p. 51.

A COMPERE of Louis XIII.—"Comme il n'avoit point de Terre ny de seigneurie qui pût former un titre glorieux, il s'avisa de se qualifier Seigneur de Dix sept cens mil escus."—Ibid. p. 510.

A QUESTION commonly asked at table: "Qui est le plus gourmand; ou celuy qui se brûle, ou celuy qui souffle; ou qui attend?"—Ibid. p. 538.

"J'AY servy ma passion à plusieurs mets; il n'est point de ragoust d'injures dont je n'aye repû ma colere."—Ibid. p. 558.

"—Vous ne connoissez pas l'autheur de ce livre. Il ne craint rien, et fait son livre aux dépens de tout ce qui luy tombe dans

l'esprit. Il n'est pas si fou que de se donner une peine chagrine, ni d'en faire un travail fâcheux. Il se divertit luy-meme en hazardant de vous plaire. Il est le premier à le censurer, à s'en railler, et à condamner sa façon d'écrire. Il n'en fait pas un fonds de gloire, ou il vueille faire naistre ny subsister sa reputation. Il n'a pour but que de se plaire, en deplaisant à ce qui luy deplait."—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 68.

"Potentificans, Potentificatum et Potentificabile,
Sapientificans, Sapientificatum et Sapientificabile,
Bonificans, Bonificatum et Bonificabile."
Rema Lulley's *Illustration of the Trinity.*
Garasse. *Doct. Cur.* 118.

"Locke says I should feel very happy if my Essay was destined, one day or other, to throw into the dark and oblivion the eighty works I have a mind to consult."—T. Rodd's *Cat. of MSS.*

"Scendum est
Quid, Quando, Quare, Quomodo vult et agit."
Hobbes, *Hist. Eccl.* p. 2.

"Natura homines raro facit ipsa
Egregiéve bonos, egregiéve malos,
Egregié stultos, aut egregié sapientes;
Perficit inceptum quodque magister opus."
Ibid.

H. Hall. "Heaven Ravished, a Sermon preached before the House of Commons. 1644.

"Advierte,
que las malas historias son novelas,
y las buenas novelas son historias."
Lope de Vega. *Corona Tragica*, 157. Vol. 4.

"Let no man think me a fool; if otherwise, yet as a fool receive me:—
For ye suffer fools gladly, seeing ye yourselves are wise."
2 *Corinthians*, xi. 16, 19.

And the reader is ready to say—

"Thou shalt be my Æsculapius,
Thy image shall be set up in pure gold,
To which I will fall down and worship it."
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Thierry and Theod.* act ii. sc. i.

It would be no useless or contemptible knowledge to be—

"Well read, and deeply learned, and throughly grounded
In the hidden knowledge of all sallads, and Pot-herbs whatever."
Ibid. *Woman Hater*, act i. sc. iii.

Sensitive authors.

"— a man so lost
In the wild ways of passion, that he's sensible
Of nought but what torments him."
Ibid. *Nice Valour*, act i. sc. i.

There's no jesting with edge tools—

"— I say 'tis better jesting than to be
In earnest with them."
Ibid. *Honest Man's Fortune*, act ii. sc. ii.

Fisher, an American friend of Brissot, thought that the activity of a people might be estimated by the rapidity of their rivers, and the variations of their atmosphere:—"Il voyoit la lenteur et l'indecision des Virginiens dans la lenteur de la Potomack, tandis que le courant rapide des rivières du nord lui peignoit l'activité des Angleterriens."—Brissot. *Voyage dans les Etats Unis*, vol. 2, p. 125.

"Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitless and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but least to the professors." Ben Jonson, vol. 1, p. 8.

Causing "it to rain on the earth, where no man is; on the wilderness wherein there is no man,

"To satisfy the desolate and waste ground; and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth."—*Job*, chap. 38, ver. 26, 7.

"Who provideth for the raven his food, when his young ones cry unto God."—Ibid. verse 41.

Women.

Orlando Innamorato. See vol. 2, p. 97. Canto 18.

Cowper's praise of them.—*Corresp.* vol. 2, p. 270-1-9.

Can

"Smile, and wave a chair with comely
grace too,
Play with our tassel gently, and do fine
things
That catch a lady sooner than a virtue."
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Nice Valour*, act ii. sc. i.

"Oh Heaven, how gracious had creation
been
To women, who are born without defence,
If to our hearts there had been doors,
through which
Our husbands might have looked into our
thoughts,
And made themselves undoubtful."
Ibid. *Honest Man's Fortune*, act i. sc. ii.

Musical Morals.—"Keep the voice in tune, and there will then be no discord in the house."

Why women from their civil condition are more liable to consumption than men. —Brissot. *Voyage*, vol. 2, p. 133.

Moral effect which man may produce on animals.

Thorough knowledge of an individual character is what nothing but thorough intimacy can give.

Poole's grandfather used to say that we possess senses of which we are not conscious; and that through some subtle ether which affects us, we not only discover when our friends are at hand, but also their thoughts when they are very distant."

"Potoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas." Janus Douza, p. 366.[1]

Why women are thirstier than men.—"C'est que rien n'altere tant que le beaucoup, souvent et vehement parler, que nous disons babiller, dont les femmes se sçavent fort bien escrimer."—Bouchet. *Serees*, t. 3, p. 13.

"— pour ce que l'esprit de tout homme est grandement recreé, oyant et voyant chose plaisante et agreable à l'oreille et à l'œil." —Ibid. 82.

A house at Athens in which all who were born were fools, for which reason it was pulled down by order of the State.—Ibid. p. 224.

T. Poole tells me that he has a tame nightingale, which, twice a year at the time of migration, is agitated in a remarkable manner, moving its wings and its head on its perch, as if instinctively restless, and fluttering as if it would fain be on its flight.

New friendships to be looked out for.—Croker's *Boswell*, vol. 1, p. 283.

Johnson said that insanity had grown more frequent since smoking had gone out of fashion. This was because he had a high opinion of the sedative influence of smoking.—Ibid. p. 305.

"Sæpe feras dextræ pennipotentis
opem." Douza, p. 427.

Johnson said that in his whole life he was never capable of discerning the least

[1] It is hardly necessary to say that this is a paraphrase of Hor. A. P. v. 9. The quotation is from the fifth Sat. of Douza, ed. 1609.
J. W. W.

resemblance of any kind between a picture and the subject it was intended to represent.—CROKER's *Boswell*, vol. 1, p. 355.

"NOTHING," said JOHNSON, "is little to him that feels it with great sensibility, and a mind able to see common incidents in their real state, is disposed by very common incidents to very serious contemplation."—Ibid. p. 360.

THE bite of a gnat may produce erysipelas and death in certain states of the constitution.

ESSAY on the future life of brute creatures, by RD. DEANE, Curate of Middleton. A. D. 1768.

"WHEN some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his effects, his spirits and his powers,
In their conflictions all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour."
BEN JONSON. *Every Man out of his Humour*, vol. ii. p. 16.

"A WELL-TIMBERED fellow; he would have made a good column, an he had been thought on when the house was a building."—Ibid. p. 25.

"O CHE volubil fiume
Di ben scelte parole egli spandea
Dal cor profondo."
CHIABRERA, vol. 2, p. 177.[1]

"CH'EI sparga
La rimembranza mia d'oscuro obblio,
Nulla non monta. Di Parnaso i canti,
Le lunghe istorie, de che van famosi
Tanto gli Scipioni e gli Alessandri.
Non recano conforto in questo regno
Oltramondano. E' vanitade il Mondo;
Son vanitade le sue glorie, ed empie
Rio lusinghier di vanitate altrui,
Se ben salda ragion non nel difende."
Ibid. p. 179.

"SON polve
Nostre speranze. Io lacrimando scrissi
Amaramente queste note, e prego
Ogni anima gentil, che amaramente
Non meno lagrimando anco le legga.
Ibid. p. 185.

"MAL vive uom che non beve."
Ibid. p. 188.

"GRAVISSIMA bestemmia
Prenda l' uom, che fa l'arte
Di ministrare a Marte
Micidiale acciajo.
Sia felice il Bottajo;
Ei sol fabbrica in terra,
L'arche, dove si serra
Di Bacca il bel tesoro,
Bello vie più che l'oro."—Ibid. p. 189.

"SFORTUNATO, sventurato
Bestemmiato
Ben nel mondo è quel terreno,
Nel cui sen non si produce
Questa luce,
Questo nettare terreno."—Ibid. p. 209.

"L'AMABILE licore
Animallegratore."—Ibid. p. 215.

HE "only shakes his bottle head, and out of his corky brain squeezeth out a pitiful learned face, and is silent."—BEN JONSON. *Cynthian Revels*, vol. 2, p. 229.

"I AM a rhinoceros, if I *think* a creature of *my* symmetry could *dare* so improportionable and abrupt a digression."—Ibid. p. 240.

"SHE is like one of the ignorant poetasters of the time, who, when they have got acquainted with a strange word, never rest till they have wrung it in, though it loosen the whole fabric of their sense."—Ibid. p. 269.

[1] It is the Venetian Edition of 1782 that is here referred to. It is before me, and marked throughout.—J. W. W.

"EXCEEDING witty and integrate: you did so aggravate the jest withal."—Ibid. p. 270.

"A PROUD and spangled sir,
That looks three handfulls higher than his foretop;
Savours himself alone, is only kind
And loving to himself; one that will speak
More dark and doubtful than six oracles;
Salutes a friend as if he had a stitch,
Is his own chronicle, and scarce can eat
For registring himself."—Ibid. p. 282.

"ONE
Can change and vary with all forms he sees,
Be any thing but honest; serves the time;
Hovers betwixt two factions, and explores
The drifts of both, which with cross face, he bears
To the divided heads, and is received
With mutual grace of either."
Ibid. p. 283.

THE Solemn Address. "Two lips wagging, and never a wise word."—Ibid. p. 334.

"EASTERN DESPOTISM.—The lady of Mr. Macneil, the physician to the mission, was one day in the Zenanah, in Persia, when she observed one of the princes, a boy of ten years of age, with a handkerchief tied over his eyes, groping about the apartment. Upon inquiring what he was doing, he said, that as he knew that when the Shah, his father, died, he should have his eyes put out, he was trying to see what he could do without them."—ALEXANDER'S *Travels*.

"THE sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base
Interpreter; who will distort and strain
The general scope and purport of an author
To his particular and private spleen."
"We esteem it
A most dishonest practice in that man
Will seem too witty in another's work."
BEN JONSON, *Poetaster*, vol. 2, p. 512.

Horace. "Would the world knew
How heartily I wish a fool should hate me."
Ibid. p. 514.

"BY the LEX REMMIA persons convicted of calumny were to be branded on the forehead with the letter C."—Ibid. p. 515, N.

"SOMEWHAT bitter, Sir, but very wholesome."—Ibid. p. 525.

"— ILL men have a lust t' hear others' sins,
And good men have a zeal to hear sin shamed."
Ibid. p. 541, *Apologetical Dialogue*.

"Τῶν καλῶν καὶ ὀπώρη καλή. Pulchrorum etiam autumnus pulcher."—ERASMUS, *Adag.* p. 148.

"Nor spring nor summer beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face."

"FAIN would I have thee reap from these sown fields, not only an harvest of knowledge, but also some weighty sheaves of consolation."—B. OLEY'S *Preface to Jackson*. Some grains of both I trust thou mayest pick up.

MANY ways in which this matter may be considered.

"MOLTI ne diran molte; io, che per uso
Parlo assai poco, tratterò sol d'una."
CHIABRERA, vol. 2, p. 249.

DR. CROWTHER'S parishioners at Tredington hated him, and compelled him to keep a boar. He got a black one, to spite them, and they in return called the black pigs Crowthers.—*Restituta*, vol. 1, p. 59.

PIGS strangely crossed. "Mr. Tinney has a famous breed for porkers, Chinese crost by a half-African boar; meat delicious."

See, too, MAVOR'S *Berkshire*.

Character of Cornish pigs.—WORGAN's *Cornwall*, pp. 155-7.

Mr. Grey, near Bath, has crossed his, which have China blood in them, with the wild boar of Jamaica.—Ibid. p. 156.

Nothing has answered so well as the cross between the Quartley sow and the grey boar; the produce seems to have every merit.—Ibid.

Pig perfection.—*Essex Survey*, vol. 2, p. 341.

ANIMALCULÆ, mites, &c. made to consume, and to be consumed.

QUERY. Readers made for authors, or authors made for readers? The monstrous faith of many made for one.

MAHOMMEDAN notion of pictures and statues requiring of the artists a soul at the day of judgment: applied to ideal characters—claiming a body.

"WE'LL have a device, a dainty one. Now, Wit, help at a pinch; good Wit, come; come, good Wit, an' it be thy will!—BEN JONSON, *Bart. Fair*, vol. 4, p. 395.

"Now, gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,
But that you have heard of a little god of love call'd Cupid." Ibid. p. 523.

IT must have been a poor quirk or quibble that escaped him, or rather that he let slip, when he was on the wait, to "watch and apprehend it, and bring it afore the constable of conceit."—Ibid. p. 375.

HEINSIUS told S. Evremond that he had read more than 800 volumes in order to make his notes upon Ovid.

Que Heinsius tout avide
Pour ses notes sur Ovide,
Ait devoré tout confus
Huit cens volumes, et plus."
S. EVREMOND, t. 4, p. 369.

"JE voudrois que l'Ignorance
S'exposât moins hardiment;
Je voudrois que la Science
Se montrât discrètement,
Avec moins de suffisance
Et plus de discernement."
Ibid. p. 368.

"LET not that offend you, worthy reader,
If I be honest, and that all the cheat
Be of myself, in keeping this light heart."
BEN JONSON. *New Inn*. vol. 5, p. 336.

"No more of Love's ungrateful tyranny;
His wheel of torture, and his pits of birdlime,
His nets of nooses, whirlpools of vexation,
His mills to grind his servants into powder."
Ibid. p. 420.

"WHEREAS it becomes men to vent their amorous passions at their pleasure, we poor souls must rake up our affections in the ashes of a burnt heart."—*Flavia in Albumazar*, *Old Plays*, vol. 7, p. 154.

"Now am I for a hunting match. Yon thickets
Shelter a boar, which spoils the ploughman's hope;
Whose jaws with double sword, whose back is arm'd
With bristled pikes; whose fume inflames the air,
And foam besnows the trampled corn. This beast
I long to see come smoaking to a feast."
Fuimus Troes. Ibid. p. 388.

"UNTIL I see him I am drunk with thirst,
And surfeited with hunger of his presence."
Lady Frampul in the New Inn, BEN JONSON, vol. 5, p. 428.

"BEFORE you judge, vouchsafe to understand."
BEN JONSON. *Prologue to the New Inn*.

"He that first ascends to a mountain's top
Must begin at the foot."
MIDDLETON. *Old Plays*, xi.
Mayor of Quinborough, p. 140.

"The plumage that steals half the rainbow's dies,
Throws off the peltings of the angriest skies."
Chameleon, vol. 2, p. 41.

"When words are melted in the furnace glow
Of fiery mood, quick, let the torrent go."
Ibid.

"Si dica
Che bel fin fa chi ben amando muore."
Pietro Aretino. Op. Burl. vol. 2, p. 229.

"Ch' a chi non cerca bene, bene,
La ragion delle cose, avviene spesso
Ch' è piglia il ben per male, e'l mal per bene."
Bronzino Pittore. Ibid. p. 265.

"Voi sapete, la ragione
Vuol essere ajutata, che so io." Ibid.

"¿Que cosa hay en la tierra que no tenga
Crecientes y menguantes, vaya y venga?"
BALBUENA, vol. 3, p. 137.

"¡O cielos! ¿si el trabajo dilatado
Por tantos años desta historia mia
Ha de desparecer la voladora
Y cruél arpia del tiempo en sola un hora?"
Ibid. p. 163.

"Si tal fantasia me juzgan ser loca,
Mas loca seria quien tal me juzgasse."
Question de Amor.

"Mia musa in frutti, e non in fiors'invoglia."
Busini. Op. Burl. vol. 2, p. 322.

"E' come dir, poch' uva, e molta foglia."
Ibid.

GOETHE hated dogs.—MRS. AUSTIN, vol. 1, p. 77.
His epigram.—Ibid. p. 253.

"It ought never to be forgotten that it is not to the head alone, but to another part held in less reverence by the public, that the regular hexagonal cells of the bee owe both substance and form.—GOETHE, ibid. p. 94.

Love sometimes transferable, like Purgatory stock.

Some of the Fathers saw the cross in everything. "For observe," says JUSTIN MARTYR, in his *Apology* (§ 72) how impossible it is that anything in the world should be regulated, or any mutual intercourse carried on, without employing this figure. The sea cannot be navigated, unless this symbol, as the mast and yard-arm of the sail, remains firm in the ship. Without an instrument in this form, the land cannot be ploughed; neither can they who dig exercise their labour, nor handicraftmen pursue their occupations, without implements which are fashioned in like manner. The human figure also differs from those of irrational animals in no respect but this, that it is erect, and hath the hands extended; and in the countenance also hath the nose reaching downward from the forehead, by which we are able to breathe. This again shows no figure but that of the cross."

Beards.

In the days of Hudibras there were some so curious in the management of their beards, that they had pasteboard cases to put over them in the night, lest they should turn upon them and rumple them in their sleep."—GREY's *Hudibras*, vol. 1, p. 34.

Selim I. was the first Turk who shaved his beard, contrary to the Koran and to custom. When the mufti reprimanded him, he answered, that he did it to prevent his visier's having anything to lead him by.

Bacon quoted Apoll. No. 162.

"Homme roux et femme barbue,
De trente pas loin le salue,
Avecques trois pierres au poing,
Pour t'en aider à ton besoing."
LEIGH'S *Observations*, p. 411.

MUSIC practically known long before it was scientifically understood and reduced to principles.

See concerning Pythagoras, Macrobius, l. 2. Spectator, No. 334. Grey's Hudibras, vol. 1, p. 27.

"El tiempo lo hará claro, y mi motivo
Los sabios, que es el pueblo á quien escribo."
BARBUENA, vol. 3, p. 163.

"Fama, de los tiempos reyna,
Que con vuelo immortal, y acentos graves,
De aquí, donde la obscura noche reyna,
Hasta donde entre músicas suaves
El alba, de oro sus cabellos peyna,
Mis papeles, mis versos, mis razones
Volara de naciones en naciones."—Ibid.

"E con ragione, e argomenti nuovi,
E con esempli, e con autoritate."
Bronzino Pittore. Op. Burl. vol. 2, p. 277.

— "ho pensiero
Dí far più larga universalitate."—Ibid.

"If thou be master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak at once, but husband it."
HERBERT, p. 23.

"Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee;
And the *cream* of all my heart
I will bring thee."—Ibid. p. 152.

"If I have more to spin,
The wheel shall go."—Ibid. p. 160.

"Now, foolish thought, go on;
Spin out thy thread."—Ibid. p. 162.

"Such a feast as mends in length."

"Such a way as gives us breath."
Ibid.

"He that daily spies
Twin babies in his mistress' Gemini's,
Whereto his sad devotion does impart
The sweet burnt-offering of a bleeding heart." QUARLES. *Emb.* p. 54.

"I wish thee as much pleasure in the reading, as I had in the writing."—QUARLES *to the Reader. Preface to his Emblems.*

"No me fallece conocimiento para ver quanto me estaria mejor preciarme de lo que callasse, que arrepentirme de lo que dixesse."—*Diego de S. Pedro. Carcel de Amor. Ep. Ded.*

"Como quiera que primero que me determinasse, estuve en grandes dudas."—*Diego de S. Pedro. Carcel de Amor.*

"Y si tal se hallare, por cierto mas culpa tiene en ello mi olvido que mi querer."—Ibid.

"The Jews say that every individual of the human race actually existed in Adam, some in his nails, some in his toes, eyes, mouth, &c. &c. and that in proportion to the proximity of the position of any person to the parts concerned in eating and digesting the forbidden fruit, will be their degree of guilt and measure of punishment here. So they consider that Job had his place near the mouth."—GROVE'S *Journal at Bagdad*, p. 16.

"You never knew—a tripe-eater
Become a tyrant."
CARTWRIGHT. *Ordinary.*
Old Plays, x., p. 193.

Carcel de Amor, p. 5. Fifteen reasons why men ought not to speak ill of women, and twenty why they ought to speak well.

"Mas yo que por tan alto paralelo
Fuera voy de caminos ordinarios,
Al baxo suelo vuelvo."
El Bernardo, vol. 3, p. 9.

"Perhaps you'll find
Some pretty stories in the hangings there."
Cartwright, p. 216.

"When I
Level my larger thoughts unto the bases
Of thy deep shallowness."—Ibid. p. 222.

Marriage for property's sake—

"The church has nought in this.
Their lawyer is the priest that marries them,
The indentures are the banns of matrimony,
The bounds and land-marks are the ring that joins them.
May. Old Couple. Old Play, x. p. 388.

"There may be an emptiness in vanity; but the mind of man would be still emptier, if it were totally without it."—Danby,[1] p. 280.

Malbacco in the play says,
"For I, poor man, joined woe unto my name
By choosing out a woman for my wife."
Grim the Collier, p. 193: *Old Plays*, xi. p. 193.

Grim himself says, "every night I dream I am a *town-top*, and that I am whipt up and down with the scourge stick of love and the *metal* of affection." ?—Ibid. p. 206.

"One whose conversation and sweet temper would drive
Tediousness out of time."
Davenport's *City Night Cap*, Ibid. p. 268.

—"Molti rimedj assai più leggieri a dirli, che a metterle in operazione."—Sanazzaro, *Arcadia. Parn. Ital.* tom. 16, p 112.

Ibid. p. 214. Herbs declaring their properties, and how you are to hear them when they thank the Creator for the virtues with which he has endued them.

"It was remarked from St. Mary's pulpit in Cambridge, on Whitsunday, that the gift of tongues was not conferred on a woman in the miracle of that day."—Nichols's *Ill.* vol. 6, p. 628.

"At the opening of one of Lady Huntingdon's tabernacles, a preacher took for his text nothing but the word Bethesda, at Dartford. It was said that this chapel would afterwards be so named in consequence, though Zion Chapel was already placed over the door."—Ibid. p. 674.

"I cannot subscribe to this sense as full enough: let it go for a branch; call it not the body of the tree."—Th. Adams, *Devil's Banket*, p. 2.

"If there is any obligation on either side, the World is certainly as much indebted to him for his book, as he can be to them for reading it."—Major Jardine's *Preface.*

"It is not uncommon in Morocco to put a doctor to death for letting his patient die, if a prince or a great man."—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 176.

"And why, Sir, must they so?
The *why* is plain as way to parish church."
As you like it, act ii. sc. vii.

"There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it."
Hamlet, act iv. sc. viii.

"But orderly to end where I begun."
Ibid. act iii. sc. ii.

"Esta me dolor
tan atado en lo mas hondo
del alma, que el alma misma
Alcayde del calabozo,

[1] William Danby, Esq. of Swinton Park, Yorkshire. See Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, vol. 6, p. 78.—J. W. W.

no sabe el preso que guarda,
con ser su consejo proprio.
CALDERON. *Caballos de Absalon.*

THE trull in CALDERON's play, *El Garrote mas bien dado*, says

"bien se sabe que yo
barbada el alma naci."

"LYCURGUS dedicated an image to Laughter, which he made a god, or at least would have to be worshipped for a god, to make the people merry at their public feasts and meetings."—HAKEWELL, p. 312.

"No let, no stay, nor aught perturberance
Shall cause me to omit the furtherance
Of this my weighty charge."
Apius and Virginia. Old Plays, vol. 12, p. 360.

"Ego in re tantâ non ex animo loquar?"
TERENTIUS *Xtn. Naaman*, p. 11.

"Go break me up the brazen doors of dreams,
And bind me cursed Morpheus in a chain,
And fetter all the fancies of the night."
ROB. GREENE, vol. 1, p. 114.

"ET siquis quærat, cur hæc proferre moremur,
Tuta juvant; nulli delituisse nocet.
Non duros ungues, morsusque verentur iniquos,
Sub lare privato quæ sibi quisque canit.
Hic mihi sum judex, hic sum mihi lector, et unus
Omnia; nec plausu si qua merentur, egent.
Hic mea me positis dum pascunt otia curis,
Quid possit voto plenius esse meo?"
WALLIUS, p. 180.

—"UT quimus quod aiunt; quando ut volumus non licet."—TERENTIUS *Xtn. Nehemias*, p. 9.

"PRODUNT animorum semina vultus."—WALLIUS, p. 59.

"PLOTINUS—animas quasdam esse dixit, quas non alieno vocabulo sulphuratas nominari posse existimabat, quod ob egregiam indolis morumque consensionem statim primo congressu altera alterius amore inardescat."—Ibid. p. 242.

"COWSLIP water is good for the memory."—WEBSTER, vol. 1, p. 146.

DR. GREGORIUS LAMPRECHTER, Chancellor of Wirtemberg, and afterwards of Charles the Fifth's Council, used to say that every prince should have two fools, one whom he might hear, and the other who might hear him. "Einen den er vexert, den andern der ihn vexert."—FLOGEL. *Geschicte der Hofnarren*, p. 7.

THE Silesian baker.—Ibid. p. 5. Like the Poet Laureat of Trowbridge.

FLOGEL thinks that in France the Court poet was also Court fool by virtue of his office. "Fou du Roi en titre d'office"—so that the epigram upon Cibber might in that country have been a mere truth.—Ibid. p. 4.

FABLE that when Prometheus made a man, he took something from every beast to make up the heterogeneous compound; timidity from the hare, cunning from the fox, pride from the peacock, fierceness from the tiger, &c. Horace, lib. 1, Ode 16.—FLOGEL. *Komisch Litterat.* vol. 1, p. 103.

"I REMEMBER asking the pilot the name of a very beautiful island, and the answer was 573, the number assigned to it in the hydrographical survey, and the only name by which it was known."—CAPT. HAMILTON. *Men and Manners*, vol. 2, p. 197.

On the Mississippi.

"HERE is overmuch wit in good earnest."
GREENE, vol. 2, p. 112.

"THE wine runs trillill down his throat, that cost the poor vintner many a stamp before it was made."—Ibid.

"The greatest clerks are not the wisest; and a fool may dance in a hood, as well as a wise man in a bare frock."—Ibid. p. 115.

"Make you a *why* of that?"
Ibid. vol. 2, p. 7.

"The thirsty earth is broke with many a gap,
And lands are lean where rivers do not run."
Ibid. p. 139.

"Let all men know
That tree shall long time keep a steady foot,
Whose branches spread no wider than the root."—Webster, vol. 1, p. 124.

"The Egyptian mummies which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth: mummy is become merchandize; Mizraim cures wounds; and Pharaoh is sold for balsam."—Sir Thomas Browne. *Urn Burial.*

"Such unnatural and horrid physic."
Webster, vol. 1, p. 10.

"We seldom find the misseltoe
Sacred to physic, or the builder oak
Without a mandrake by it."—Ibid. p. 56.

"In cold countries husbandmen plant vines,
And with warm blood manure them."
Ibid. p. 67.

—"Like those which, sick o'the palsy, and retain
Ill-scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shunned
By those of choicer nostrils."—Ibid. p. 96.

Lyonnet reckoned 4061 muscles in the caterpillar that feeds on the willow; and wrote "as goodly a volume upon these as has ever been dedicated to the human myology." He was I think, says Sir Charles Bell, a lawyer with little to do.

"An iguanadon discovered by Mr. Mantell is estimated to have been 70 feet long, and to have had extremities. But the thigh and leg did not exceed eight feet in length, while the foot extended to six feet,—a proportion, altogether, which implies that the extremities assisted the animal to crawl, rather than they were capable of bearing its weight."—Bell's *Bridgewater Treatise*, p. 240.

In the catechism of the Diocese of Bruges, one of the questions was "Où est l'enfer?" And the answer was "L'enfer est au centre de la terre, et il y a précisement quinze cens lieues d'ici."—*Amusemens d'Aix la Chapelle*, vol. 2, p. 369.

Prophecies from arms, badges, and names. — *Statutes, Henry VIII.* vol. 3, p. 850.

W. Austin's *Hæc Homo;* wherein the excellency of the creation of woman is described. Dedicated to Mrs. Mary Griffith, 1639. Two portraits. Perhaps of the author and the lady.

Wholesome luxuries, which are the magnalia of humble life, and the *titivilitia* of the great.

Ram Runer.—"Runas acerbas, vel amaras," the magic Rune are called. *Olaus Wormius*, 2.

Cannon and Ordnance. Odd, the double meaning of *both* words.

"Et forte mi bisognera ragionar un poco piu diffusamente che non si conviene, ma questo sara quanto io posso dire."—*Il Cortegiano*, vol. 1, p. 45.

"Videte la musica, l'armonie della quale hor son grave, e tarde, hor velocissime et di novi modi, et nientedimeno tutte dilettano, ma per diverse cause."—Ibid. p. 53.

Cuvier himself designed the patterns for the embroidery of his court and institute

coats; invented all the costumes of the University, and drew the model for the uniform of the council, which drawing accompanied the decree by which it was established.

In one of Webster's plays (vol. 1, p. 148), a ghost enters in his leather cassock, breeches, and boots.

"And, O contemptible physic! that dost take
So long a study, only to preserve
So short a life, I take my leave of thee!"
Webster, vol. 1, p. 154.

"True, my lord, I myself have heard a very good jest; and have scorned to seem to have so silly a wit as to understand it."
—Ibid. p. 182.

"He had worn gunpowder in his hollow tooth, for the toothach."—Ibid. p. 247.

"The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages."—Ibid. p. 267.

"Physicians are like kings,
They brook no contradiction."—p. 292.

"Give it me in a breath!—
They that think long, small expedition win,
But musing much o' the end, cannot begin."
Ibid. p. 295.

Norfolk's correspondence with the Bishop of Ross, Leicester, and Throckmorton was carried on by letters which were sent in ale bottles.—Camden's *Elizabeth*, p. 132.

"It makes me smile in scorn,
That wise men cannot understand themselves,
Nor know their own proved greatness."
Webster, vol. 2, p. 150. *Appius and Virg.*

"The soul,
Whose essence, some suppose, lives in the blood." Ibid. p. 243.

"It was wholesome advice that one gave his lewd friend, that he should hang the picture of his grave and serious father in the room where he was wont to celebrate his debauches; imagining that the severe eye of the good old man, though but in effigy, could give a check to the wanton sallies of the intemperate youth."—Scott's *Christian Life*, vol. 1, p. 100.[1]

Aristotle commends Archytas for his invention of rattles, because children, by playing with them, are kept from breaking vessels of use.—Ibid. p. 108.

"—et aussi pour fuir la trop grande prolixité, pour laquelle certes je me sens très-capable."—Brantome, vol. 1, p. 120.

"—For to know it, is to be resolved of it; and to be resolved of it, is to make no question of it; and when a case is out of the question,—what was I saying?"—Webster, *Northard Ho.* vol. 3, p. 147.

Some one has written the "Life and Death of Adam!" 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* 1811.

"The Hebrew conjugations, Pihel and Puhal, signify to do a thing diligently, earnestly, fervently, &c., and are only distinguished by the vowel points from the conjugation Kal, which simply states that the thing is done."—Adam Clarke, *Chron. Suc. of Sacred Literature*, vol. 1, p. 23.

Clemens Alexandrinus advises white raiment, and condemns dies of every kind as useless and unbecoming.—Ibid. p. 119.

He recommends women to wear shoes that should cover the upper part of the foot as well as the sole.—Ibid.

Tertullian says that the apostate angels when they fell in love with women, taught

[1] This refers to the folio edition. Southey thought very highly of J. Scott's works. They were reprinted at the Clar. press in 1826.
J. W. W.

them the use of gold and silver, the virtues of plants, and the power of incantations.—Ibid. p. 135.

Origin thought that the bodies of the saints at the resurrection would be spherical.—Ibid. p. 163.

As Mr. Clarke says of St. Jerome (Ibid. p. 485), "the tone of reflection varies as his own skilful hand draws forth the music of a well strung mind, or as he allows his intellect to be played on in submission to the higher, or wild, or rude performance of another."

Upon a misinterpretation of Job xxv. 5, "Yea, the stars are not pure in his sight;" it was affirmed by some of the old heretics (Priscellianists, I believe;), that the stars have rational souls, and are capable of sin.—Clarke's *Ecc. Lit.* vol. 2, p. 30.

Victor, who wrote against Augustine, and held that unbaptized infants might be saved, asserted that the cause of their happiness or misery was "God's foreknowing what works they would have done had they lived, and rewarding them accordingly."—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 39.

Elizabeth's accession, English exiles. "I knew one right well," says Fuller, "whose father amongst them, being desperately diseased, was presently, and perfectly, cured with the cordial of this good news."—*Ch. Hist.* p. 152.

Thos Newton translated from the Latin of Gul. Gratarolus, A Direction for the Health of Magistrates and Students, namely, such as be in their consistent age, or near thereunto. A.D. 1574.

There are extracts from it in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. 2, p. 414.

Nic. Byfield the Puritan died at forty-four of the stone, after fifteen years' suffering. It weighs more than thirty-three ounces, was fifteen and a half inches in measure about the edge, about the length above thirteen, about the breadth almost thirteen.—Wood's *Athenæ*, vol. 2, p. 326.

Hoplocrisma spongus, or a sponge to wipe away the weapon salve; wherein is proved that the cure taken up among us, by applying the salve to the weapon, is magical and unlawful. A.D. 1631, by W. Foster. Dr. Richard Fludd answered him, "not without some scorn;" and Osborne also ridicules him in an Essay, "on such as condemn all they understand not a reason for."—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 573.

Wm. Whately, vicar of Banbury, who laid the foundation of Puritanism there, published, A.D. 1624, A Care-cloth, or Treatise of the Cumbers and Troubles of Marriage.—Ibid. p. 639.

Names.

Faunt the Jesuit "altered his Christian name of Arthur, because, as his kinsman tells us, (W. Burton, in his Description of Leicestershire, p. 10,) no kalendar saint was even of that name." He assumed that of Laurence.—Fuller's *Church History*, p. 213.

Classification of ships from A 1, to O 1.—*Report on Manufactures*, 1833, p. 232.

Seemansky and George Stone were bears in the days of the bear garden.—Grey, *Hudibras*, vol. 1, p. 127.

Sackerson, whom Master Slender had seen loose twenty times, and taken him by the chain.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, act 1. sc. 1.

In one of Wolsey's inventories, is one bed called the Infantelage, and another called the Sun.—Ellis's *Original Letters*, vol. 2, p. 15.

Hercules d'Este.

Diana de Poictiers.

A son of the Count de Furstenberg killed at the battle of Censolles, is called Vulcan by P. Jovius. But the editor of Brantome supposes that this must mean Wolfgang.—Ibid. vol. 5, p. 4.

Andrea Dona had a gallery called La Temperance.—Ibid. p. 60.

Dr. Akakia, whose portrait is in the town hall at Chalons, sur Marne.

Herr! Denck an
David
Ps. 131, V. 1.
Görger
und Elisabeth
Lichtenauer,
1809.

An innkeeper at Ulm thus notified his piety and his name on a slate-coloured gilt stone crucifix.—Downe's *Letters*, vol. 2, p. 44.

Maria Gloriosa, a bell at Erfurth, said to be the largest in Europe.—Ibid. p. 443.

Amaimon, according to Reginald Scott, is king of the east; but, according to Randle Holme, his dominion is on the north side of the infernal gulf. Barbatos is a great countie or earl; he is like a sagittary, and hath thirty legions under him.—Shakspear, (Boswell) N. vol. 8, p. 91.

"One of the first calico printers in France came to England expressly in search of ideas for next spring. He has visited all the shops in London, and has gone home well satisfied. I went to Paris three weeks ago for the same purpose."—James Thomson, *Report on Manufactures*, 1833. P. 240.

Saying of Francis the First about a fine woman, a fine h[illegible]e, and a fine greyhound.—Brantome, vol. 2, p. 406.

—This point which at that time, "coactus sum abbreviare, imò abrumpere planè, prætermisso eo, quod et tunc quam maximè scriptum volui, nunc otii plusculum nactus, nescio quàm nervosè, verbosè certè decrevi pertractare."—Cranmer *to Osiander*. Cranmer's *Remains*, vol. I, p. 303.

The once celebrated physician, Sirenus Sammonicus, prescribes the fourth book of the Iliad to be laid under the patient's head, for a quartan ague.—*Preface to* Grey's *Hudibras*, p. xliii.

In the island of Desolation, South Georgia, and South Shetland, the seals have already been almost destroyed.—P. 515, *Report of Manufactures, &c.* 1833.

Men of whom the best that can be said is, that they are "of the better sort of beasts."—Henry More, *Th. W.* p. 88.

"It was said of one who, with more industry than judgment, frequented a college library, and commonly made use of the worst notes he met with in any author, that *he weeded the library*."—Fuller, *Holy State*, p. 149.

Communicating with the dead by keeping their memory alive.—Adam Littleton, p. 62, *Funeral Sermon*.

Dr. Beale made "rests for water on the body of Kentish codlin trees, and caused water to be frequently poured into those cavities. The effect was, that the apples grew to an extraordinary size, but were very insipid, and many of them had parts in appearances much like the pulp of lemons. Some he suffered to hang on the tree as long as they would, and these became full of spots of the colour of earth, or like the rottenness of an apple."—*Abr. Phil. Trans.* vol. 1, p. 335.

Suckling gooseberries.

Holder's classification of the elements of speech.—Ibid. p. 352.

A way of dwarfing men, by anointing their back bones in their very infancy with

the grease of moles, bats, and dormice; together with an intimation of the art used at Bononia to dwarf their dogs, by often washing (from the first day they are whelped) their feet and back bone, thereby drying and hardening those parts, and so hindering their extension.

From a Miscellanea Curiosa Medica Physica, published at Leipsic, 1670; the commencement of an intended series. — Ibid. vol. 1, p. 562.

"Jeremiah Horrox died 1640, in the twenty-second year of his age; born at Toxteth, Lancashire, and began to study astronomy at fourteen. He was the first who predicted or saw Venus in the sun, and made from it many useful observations, though he was not aware of the great use that was to be made of it. And his new theory of lunar motions Newton made the groundwork of all his astronomy relative to the moon.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 12.

Christian Adolphus Baldiunus, who accidentally discovered phosphorus, thought that it contained the red spark, yea, the most secret soul (secretissima anima) of the fire and light of nature, consequently the innate and invisible fire of philosophers, attracting magnetically the visible fire of the sun, and afterwards emitting and diffusing in the dark the splendour of the same. —Ibid. vol. 2, p. 368.

One Signor Zagonius had a way of making out of the Bologna stone calcined statues and pictures, variously shining in the dark.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 382.

"If I keep a passion, I'll never starve it in my service."—Dryden, vol. 2, p. 307. *Mock Astrologer.*

Conclude instead of finis, with

ΚΟΓΞ ΟΜΠΑΞ.

Two barbarous words with which the mysteries were closed and the assembly dismissed; "shewing," says Warburton, "the mysteries not to have been originally Greek." —Ibid. vol. 1, p. 204.

When the king of Fetou was dying of consumption, at Cape Corse, the Fetishers not only made several pellets of clay, which they ranged in order in his room, and sprinkled them with blood; but besides they eat several muttons to his good health.—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol. 4, p. 201.

At Copenhagen, a perspective of the late king of Denmark's family, the queen's face being in the middle, and eight princes and princesses round her, yet all conspire to form the king's face, when seen through the hole of a glass tube.—Ibid. vol. 5, p. 48.

Increase of a turnip from its seed to its full growth.—Ibid. vol. 6, p. 404-5.

An English gentleman showed me once in Holland, in 1687, a cherrystone, with 124 heads on the outside of it, so that you might distinguish with the naked eye popes, emperors, kings, and cardinals by their crowns and mitres. It was purchased in Prussia, where it was made, for £300 English, and is now in London (1703), there having been a law-suit not long since commenced about it in Chancery.—*Phil. Tran. Abr.* vol. 5, p. 49.

Dr. William Oliver.

Leuwenhoeck says, that in any quantity whatever of sand you cannot find two particles that are entirely alike. He gives drawings of them magnified.—Ibid. p. 94.

Derham (ibid. p. 394), says that some of his observations on the motion of sound may be useful to the Echometrician. "Several learned men, both ancient and modern, have carefully examined into that ludicrous and agreeable phenomenon of sound called echo. I am persuaded, though any reflecting object were capable of returning all the syllables of the following verse,

Vocali nymphæ, quæ nec reticere loquenti,

yet it could not reflect all the syllables of this other, because its pronunciation is a little longer,

Corpus adhuc Echo, non vox erat, et tamen usum :

and much less repeat all the rough and long syllables of the following verse, though fewer *in* number,

Arx, tridens, vostris, sphinx, præster, torrida, seps, strix.

"A BARE clinch will serve the turn; a carwichet,[1] a quarterquibble, or a pun."—*Wild Gallant*, DRYDEN, vol. 1, p. 12.

A COLLECTION of Geometrical Flowers, presented to the Royal Society by Guido Grandi, Abbot of the Cameldales, and Professor of Mathematics at Pisa, 1723.

This handful or bouquet of geometrical roses is a dissertation on certain curves geometrically described in a circle, of a nature more curious and fanciful than any way useful.—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol. 6, p. 664.

MR. DOWNES has observed in several countries, distinguished by what he calls a local physiognomy, that it is most perceptible in the women.—*Letters from the Continent*, vol. 1, p. 202.

HALF the diary of Philip the Fair, on waxed wooden tablets, is in the library at Geneva. Queen Christina purchased the other half at Paris, and presented it to the Vatican.—Ibid. p. 248.

A JEW told the Ulm physician (Johan Marius) that by wearing a cap of beaver's fur, anointing the head once a month with oil of castor, and taking two or three ounces of it in a year, "one's memory will be so strengthened as to remember every thing one reads." The Dr. (Marius) conjectures that this notion might at first have brought the use of the beaver's fur into request for hats.—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* 7, 642.

"Λέγεται δὴ καὶ ὅδε ὁ λόγος, ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐ πιθανός."—HERODOTUS, *Thalia*, § 3.

[1] Not an uncommon word. NARES in v. quotes from BUTLER'S *Remains*, "He has all sorts of echoes, rebuses, chronograms, &c. besides *carwichets*, clenches, and quibbles." Vol. ii. p. 120.—J. W. W.

WILLIAM MANUEL (Mansel?) a Welsh prodigy, three and a half years' old, reads *Welsh* and *English* fluently in the usual, or in an inverted, or thwart position, "but appears to prefer reading upside-down."—*Manchester Courier*, February 15, 1834.

IN an island near Bombay, "a large snake was found dead with a porcupine in its belly. The snake had seized the porcupine by the head, and had so sucked it in. When it was quite in, the quills, which were flatted down while it was going in, rose, ran through the snake's belly and killed it: so that there was a monstrous snake dead, with the quills of a porcupine sticking out of it in many places."—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* 9, p. 102.

PIGEONS for many ages built under the roof of the great church at Pisa; their dung (spontaneously) took fire at last, and the church was consumed.—Ibid. p. 143.

APPLES, as well as pears and coleworts, &c. are affected by their neighbours; so that it may be of importance to the curious in fruits to take care how their trees are sorted, and what company they keep.—Ibid. p. 169.

VIVIPAROUS animalculæ, ergo, all animalculæ are not produced from eggs.—Ibid. p. 203.

The ergo not conclusive, because, as in the aphis, an impregnation might suffice for many generations.

AN altar to Silvanus, erected by C. Tatius Veturius Micianus, Præf. Alæ Sebosianæ, ob aprum eximiæ formæ captum, quem multi Antecessores ejus prædari non potuerunt. V. S. L. P. i. e. *votum solvens lubens posuit.* "Silvano morato sacrum" is the first line, and this makes the inscription complete. It was found near Stanhope, in the bishoprick of Durham.—Ibid. p. 470.

THE first anecdote relating to Sir Wil-

liam Jones is, that at the age of three years and not quite nine months, he was weighed before the Royal Society against a dwarf, John Coan by name. The dwarf weighed thirty-four pounds, the child thirty-six. The dwarf, with shoes, hat, and wig on, measured thirty-eight five-tenths inches; the child, without any thing on his head, thirty-seven seven-tenths.—Ibid. vol. 10, p. 53.

1753. ALTAR at York discovered, Matribus Africis, Italicis, Germanicis.—Ibid. p. 317.

THE first rope-dancer had once been a monkey; the first who threw a somerset, a tumbler pigeon.

CORNAGE[1] a better tenure for his Crispin than that by which Don Carlos's bootmaker held his office. "Son cordonnier luy avoit fait une paire de bottes très-mal faites: il les fit mettre en petites pieces, et fricasser comme tripes de bœuf, et les luy fit manger toutes devant luy, en sa chambre, de cette façon."—BRANTOME, vol. 5, p. 134.

THE pain which our affections suffer from a solution of continuity.

BREECHING, the apanthroposis of a boy. It was like the change from grub to butterfly, without the intermediate aurelian state of torpidity.

What was the assumption of the toga to this!

TEMPLE of Rediculus near Rome, supposed to have been erected to the God of Return after Hannibal raised the siege of the city.—DOWNES, vol. 1, p. 407.

THE first indication of Canova's genius was manifested at an inn, where he was observed modelling in butter.—Ibid. p. 500.

THE temple of Vesta, at Tivoli, was purchased many years ago by an English nobleman, who meant to have it removed to his own grounds. The Roman government most properly issued a prohibition.—Ibid. p. 402.

"THE black shining sand which we throw upon writing to prevent blotting is found on the shore of the Canary Islands. It seems to have been thrown out of volcanoes; and is certainly the most perfect iron, for the loadstone will lick up every grain. Experiments have been made without effect to turn this sand into bar iron; yet I am credibly informed that a gentleman in London understands this secret, and has a case of razors made of this same black, shining sand."—GLAS. p. 271.

EDUCATION of singing birds.—A robin "sung three parts in four nightingale, the rest of his song was what the bird-catchers call rubbish—or no particular note whatever." Imitative poetry is of this kind.—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* 13. p. 444.

THIS might do for the last motto,

"LET'S fairly part, my book; Time calls away,
And when Time calls, there's no excuse to stay."

Being PARTRIDGE'S *Farewell to his Almanack*, 1686.

SEE Paracelsus de Meteoris, c. 3, for his theory of "tenebriferous stars, by whose influence night is brought on, for that they do ray out darkness and obscurity upon the earth, as the sun does light."—SAUNDERS, 1686, December.

THERE could not, as BISHOP HACKET has shown (p. 191[2]), be a name of better omen than D. none which contained so large a number of happy significations, bearing a

[1] See suprà, p. 456. The term has been explained before. See suprà, p. 206.—J. W. W.

[2] This extract is worked up from Bishop Hacket's words, not quoted exactly.—J. W. W

similitude which will increase into many applications. It is *animal fœcundum*, a bird of almost teeming fertility; whether any that flies doth breed oftener I am not certain, I believe not many. Such fecundity then is always in a lively faith. It hath no gall, or, if Aristotle hath observed it better than others, so small a one that it can scarce be perceived; now the gall is the draught of cholerical matter in man's body, out of which distemper proceed anger, revenge, and malice. Notable, too, is this bird's harmlessness; it hath neither beak nor talons to tyrannize over smaller creatures, *sine armis extra, sine felle intus*. The smallest flies or gnats may hum about it, and take no harm, for it devours nothing wherein there is life. And it is a cleanly feeder; not pecking like crows and vultures upon carrion, but picking up grains of corn, and the purest fruits of the field. And it is a bird of strong flight.

It is impossible to teach a dove to sing a cheerful tune, for Nature hath engrafted in it a solemn mourning, *gemitus pro cantu*. Here the parallel failed in D.'s case.

"Such wits as delighted in holy ingenuity have applied the several parts of Christ's merits and sufferance and passion unto us in the notions of physic and chirurgery.—There was no disease of sin whereof we were not sick, there was no kind of cure to be invented which was not practised to restore us." But the conceit is pursued in a manner rather to cause displeasure than edification.—Bishop Hacket, p. 241.

None are said to be sealed of the tribe of Dan. Bishop Hacket (p. 402) approves the interpreter who explains that the reason why Ephraim and Dan are not in the list, was because they were the first, after the death of Moses, who let in idolatry, in the matter of Micah; and therefore their names are not in the blessing of *that* book of life.

Blount (*Philost.* N. 134) says, and seems to believe, that the nightingale often sings till she bursts![1]

This man says, "Man is nothing but self-interest incarnate," the philosophy of an infidel."—Ibid. p. 150. And nowhere is it more broadly stated. What makes the English, he says, enjoy that liberty and property which other neighbouring subjects want, but our own happy ill nature, ibid.; and he proceeds to show (p. 151) that might is right, and nothing can be unjust! See p. 221, ibid. for more of this philosophy!

But he might well wonder how those men "who by their hard censures of the Almighty make salvation seem almost impossible, should ever marry,—since, according to their belief, it is above ten thousand to one that the children they may have will be damned."—P. 159.

Opinions concerning the body of Moses.—Bishop Hacket, p. 429.

Ἄριστος μὲν ἄριστος is held in these days for a truer axiom than Pindar's.

Image was a word of Dryden's, at least often used by him in his prefaces. Then came idea; now we have emanation. What next? effluences, perhaps.

Prologo Galeato, the title party-coloured, because the book is motley; red letters, because a holy day book.

The mixture of the work like Punch.

Difference between tragi-comedy in Shakespeare and in Otway.

Crame rings were blest by the King on Good Friday. They were put in a bason,

[1] Nightingales and bullfinches, it is well known, will over-sing themselves. We all recollect Vinny Bourne's *Stradæ Philomela*,

"Tuque etiam in modulos surgis Philomela: sed impar
Viribus, heu impar, exanimisque cadis."

J. W. W.

the King was to pass his hands over them, or into them, and say a prayer; they were to be sprinkled with holy water.

"That Paradise Lost of Milton's," says Ryмer, "which some are pleased to call a poem!"

Quarles.

"Small store of manners when the King says come
And feast at court, to say I've meat at home."

Not if the King has dirty cooks, who spoil good meat. It is better then to take of one's own cold fragments at home, or even to dine with the Duke.

All persons after sixty ought to wear a wig, says Sir John Sinclair, *Code of Health*, p. 455.

Wearing a wig is an excellent practice for the old, the tender, and the studious.—Ibid. p. 460.

"The abilities and the eloquence of that branch of the Pitt family who were created Earls of Chatham and Lords Camelford was owing to a fortunate connection they made with a Miss Innes of Redhall, in the Highlands of Scotland. And the talents of the family of Dundas of Arniston have also been attributed to the marriage of one of their ancestors with a Miss Sinclair, of the family of Stevenson, in East Lothian."—Ibid. Appendix, p. 11.

This is given in proof that "the talents and structure of the mind are derived from the mother, and that the abilities of many families may be traced to one distinguished female who introduced talent into it, or, according to a common expression, mother wit."—Ibid. p. 11.

"I believe they call a provincial horse, not known on the great arena of Newmarket, a *blind* horse, whose pedigree and history may be falsified, without easy detection."—Sir Egerton Brydges, *Autob.* vol. 2, p. 13.

"Kent's style of architecture predominated during his life, and his oracle was so much consulted by all who affected taste, that nothing was thought complete without his assistance. He was not only consulted for furniture, as frames of pictures, glasses, chairs, &c. but for plate, for a barge, and even for a cradle. And so impetuous was fashion, that two great ladies prevailed on him to make designs for their birthday gowns. The one he dressed in a petticoat decorated with columns of five orders; the other like bronze, in copper-coloured satin, with ornaments of gold. He was not more happy in other works to which he applied his genius."—*Biographical Sketches of Eminent Artists.*

What a physician ought and ought not to be in appearance and manners.—Rabelais, vol. 8, p. 428-9.

Phallas, the horse which Heraclius rode in his great victory, the battle of Nineveh, and who, though wounded in the thigh, "carried his master safe and victorious through the triple phalanx of the barbarians."—Gibbon, vol. 8, p. 249.

Hall, p. 582.—Horses in a pageant ill named.

"*Ano.* You gave those ships most strange, most dreadful, and
Unfortunate names; I never look'd they'd prosper.
Rom. Is there any ill omen in giving names to ships?
Ano. Did you not call one The Storm's Defiance?
Another The Scourge of the Sea? and the third
The Great Leviathan?
Rom. Very right, sir.
Ano. Very devilish names,
All three of them; and surely I think they were

Curst in their very cradles, I do mean
When they were upon their stocks."
WEBSTER, vol. 2, p. 49, *Devil's Law Case.*

BOYLE describes a colt with one double eye in the middle of the forehead; the two orbits being united into one very large round one, into which there entered one pretty large optic nerve.—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol. i, p. 29.

THE horses of Asios Hyrtacides[1] (*Il.* xii. 97), which Homer calls αἰθωνες, are called by

Chapman, bay.
Hobbes, coloured like to flames.
Pope, yellow.
Cowper, fiery red.[2]

NISÆAN horses the largest and best.—STRABO, lib. xi.

ON the ides of December the Romans sacrificed a horse to Mars.

THE Sportsman's Calendar, by Reginald Heber, Esq.

[1] The passage alluded to is, "Τῆς δὲ Νισαίης ἵππους οἷς ἐχρῶντο οἱ βασιλεῖς ἄριστοις ἐόσι καὶ μεγίστοις, κ. τ. ἑ." p. 525, C.—J. W. W.

[2] "After reading a portion of Homer in our daily studies, he would make me read aloud the same portion in every translation he possessed, Pope, Cowper, Chapman, and Hobbes." *Life and Correspondence*, vol. vi. p. 241.—J. W. W.

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS WITH FRAGMENTS OF JOURNALS.

THE Quixote Bowles frequently visited at Christ Church. I have heard of him from Biddlecombe and the Jacksons. This man's memory was uncommonly strong; Grose, who loved to play upon his eccentricities, would often affirm that he quoted wrongly. This used to irritate Bowles, he would offer to wager that he was right, rise from dinner, bring the book, and prove to Grose, what he never doubted, that he was exact to a word in his quotation.

Bowles had a great love for pigs; he thought them the happiest of all God's creatures, and would walk twenty miles to see one that was remarkably fat. This love extended to bacon, he was an epicure in it, and whenever he went out to dinner took a piece of his own curing in his pocket, and requested the cook to dress it.

CROWE was going to Jersey in a smuggling vessel, he smoaked and drank with the crew, and pleased them with his conversation. It chanced that they were becalmed on a Sunday, and he stood up and preached an extempore sermon. This completely delighted the smugglers; ever after they and their acquaintance were glad to treat the smuggling parson with his passage.

Soon after my arrival at Christ Church the old Countess of Strathmore paid me a visit. This is a strange woman, every circumstance that occurs to her is miraculous; as the servants lifted her into her carriage she struck her bonnet against the roof of the porch at our lodgings; the blow would not have injured a butterfly's wing, but she declared that it was Providence who had made her put on a bonnet that morning, which for many months she had not worn. There is an idiot in the workhouse at Christ Church: what is very singular his forehead shows no marks of idiotcy, or any of his countenance but his eyes; they have an open wild look, but it is the wildness of folly not of madness. The old countess believes like the Turks that all idiots are inspired, and she sent for this poor fellow to know whether her husband Bowes would live another year.

I had some difficulty in understanding her toothless tone, but she began by hoping I was very loyal, and expressed a very great respect for men of letters: and yet after she had been listening one day to a conversation upon Sir I. Newton, she suddenly exclaimed, 'and what is Sir Isaac Newton compared to a nobleman!'

I am told that she speaks Italian and Spanish with great fluency and elegance: I am certain, however, that she knows very little of the literature either of Spain or Italy. She told me Lope de Vega was her favourite author; that the translation of Don Quixote was one of the best in our language, and that it was ridiculous to talk of the great superiority of the original. Hannah More observed to me once that she never knew the excellence of Don Quixote till she read it in Spanish. I add this as connected with this subject, not to blas-

pheme Hannah More by a comparison with Lady Strathmore.

Bowles used to say that if every other book were bad, we might learn every useful art and science from Don Quixote.

A Mrs. Morgan lived with Lady Strathmore; she had been useful to her in her difficulties, and though they were always quarrelling the old Countess appeared in all the parade of grief upon her death. Her carriage was covered with black, and she intreated Jackson to let her have a key to the church, that she might indulge her feelings and visit the grave at midnight when she pleased. Rickman picked up an elegy which she had been trying to compose upon this occasion; it began 'There are, who, though they may hate the living, love the dead,' and two or three vain attempts followed to versify this. Common-place ideas were given in a language neither prose nor poetry; but the most curious part was a memorandum written on the top of the sheet. 'The language to be rich and flowing.' With all this ostentatious sorrow, six weeks after the death of Mrs. Morgan she turned her daughter out of doors because she was attached to a country apothecary.

Lord Bute was uncommonly haughty towards his equals and superiors. Gustavus Brander called on him one morning, "My Lord, (said he) the Archbishop of Canterbury is in this neighbourhood, and requests permission to see High Cliff." Bute looked sternly up—"I don't know him, Sir!" Jackson, then Curate of Christ Church, begged the same favour for one of his friends, and the reply was, "I have business at Ringwood and may as well do it to-morrow; your friend may see the house then."

Gustavus Brander was walking with Emanuel Swedenburg in Cheapside, when the Baron pulled off his hat and made a very respectful bow. Who are you bowing to? said Brander. You did not see him, replied Swedenburg. It was St. Paul, I knew him very well.

I saw Major Cartwright (the sportsman, not the patriot) in 1791. I was visiting with the Lambs at Hampstead, in Kent, at the house of Hodges his brother-in-law; we had nearly finished dinner when he came in. He desired the servant to cut him a plate of beef from the side board; I thought the footman meant to insult him; the plate was piled to a height which no ploughboy after a hard day's fasting could have levelled; but the moment he took up his knife and fork and arranged the plate, I saw this was no common man. A second and third supply soon vanished: Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, who had never before seen him, glanced at each other; but Tom and I with school-boys' privilege, kept our eyes riveted upon him with what Dr. Butt would have called the gaze of admiration. 'I see you have been looking at me (said he when he had done); I have a very great appetite. I once fell in with a stranger in the shooting season, and we dined together at an inn; there was a leg of mutton which he did not touch, I never make more than two cuts of a leg of mutton, the first takes all one side, the second all the other; and when I had done this I laid the bone across my knife for the marrow.' The stranger could refrain no longer—'By God, Sir, (said he) I never saw a man eat like you.'

This man had strength and perseverance charactered in every muscle. He eat three cucumbers with a due quantity of bread and cheese for his breakfast the following morning. I was much pleased with him, he was good humoured and communicative, his long residence on the Labrador coast made his conversation as instructive as interesting; I had never before seen so extraordinary a man, and it is not therefore strange that my recollection of his manner, and words, and countenance should be so strong after an interval of six years.

I read his book in 1793, and strange as it may seem, actually read through the three quartos. At that time I was a verbatim reader of indefatigable patience, but the odd simplicity of the book amused me; the

importance he attached to his traps delighted me, it was so unlike a book written for the world—the solace of a solitary evening in Labrador; I fancied him blockaded by the snows, rising from a meal upon the old, tough, high-flavoured, hard-sinewed wolf, and sitting down like Robinson Crusoe to his journal. The annals of his campaigns among the foxes and beavers interested me more than ever did the exploits of Marlbro' or Frederic; besides I saw plain truth and the heart in Cartwright's book—and in what history could I look for this?

The print is an excellent likeness. Let me add that whoever would know the real history of the beaver, must look for it in this work. The common accounts are fables.

Coleridge took up a volume one day, and was delighted with its strange simplicity. There are some curious anecdotes of the Esquimaux. When they entered London with him, one of them cried, putting up his hand to his head, 'Too much noise—too much people—too much house—oh for Labrador!' an interesting fact for the history of the human mind.

I HAVE learnt at Christ Church the history of Lady Edward Fitzgerald, the Pamela, of whom such various accounts are given.

The Duke of Orleans, of seditious celebrity, was very desirous of getting an English girl as a companion for his daughter; her parents were wholly to resign her. Forth, secretary to Lord Stormont the then embassador at Paris, was commissioned to find such a child, and he employed Janes, a man of Christ Church, known by the name of Bishop Janes for his arrogance, though he was only a priest. A Bristol-woman, her name Sims, then resided at Christ Church, with an only daughter, a natural child, about four or five years old, of exceeding beauty. The offer was made to this woman: her poverty consented, and her wisdom; assuredly she was right. Some small sum was annually paid her, and she knew the situation of her child.

This is a strange history, and they who have seen Pamela would think any thing interesting that related to her. I once sat next her in the Bath theatre, Madame Sillery was on the seat with her; but, with physiognomical contrition I confess that while my recollection of Pamela's uncommon beauty is unimpaired, I cannot retrace a feature of the authoress. They who study education should read the writings of this woman. I have derived from them much pleasure and much instruction. After reading her journal of their education I almost idolized the young Egalités. Dumouriez taught me how to estimate them justly. Should there ever again be a king in France (which God forbid!) it will be the elder of these young men. He will be a happier and a better man as an American farmer."[1]—*August* 4, 1797.

I MUST add an anecdote of Bishop Janes. He took as his motto, "Gens ingenti nomine." His father kept the little mill behind the church.

RICKMAN, alluding to his electioneering duplicity, said that "Jane bifrons" had been a better motto.

I ENQUIRED of Dr. Stack concerning Thomas Dermody. He was of mean parentage, but his talents were patronized; he was always a welcome visitor at Moira House, and all his misfortunes sprung from his own profligacy. Twice he enlisted as a soldier, and was twice bought off; afterwards he entered the navy—and I could learn nothing more of the fate of Dermody, a man certainly of uncommon genius. He was gloomy at times—and it appeared like the gloom of remorse. They represent him to me as totally devoid of any moral principle.—*Feb.* 19, 1798.

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[1] This is a remarkable passage, and I think there can be no objection to printing it exactly as it stands in the MSS. I may add, that no omissions have ever been made in these volumes, except to spare the feelings of individuals.
J. W. W.

Talassi called on Cottle, and sent up word that an Italian poet was below. Cottle, not knowing the name, nor liking the title, returned for answer that he was engaged. The angry improvisatore called for pen and ink, and thus expressed his disappointment:—

"Confrère en Apollon, je me fais un devoir
De paroitre chez vous pour desir de vous voir.
Vous êtes engagé: j'aurai donc patience.
Je ne jouirai point d'une aimable présence.
L'Auteur d'Alfred se cache, et pourquoi, s'il lui plait?
Je m'en vais desolé, mais enfin . . . C'en est fait.

" Signor Cottle riverito
Me n'andro come son ito,
E se voi sublime Vate
Un Poeta non curate
Io del pari vi lo giuro
Non vi cerco e non vi curo.

" Angelo Talassi di Ferrara, Poeta all' attuale servizio della Regina di Portogallo."

Aug. 10, 1814.

Last night, in bed, before I could fall asleep, my head ran upon cards, at which I had been compelled to play in the evening, and I thought of thus making a new pack.

Leave out the eights, nines, and tens, as at quadrille.

In their place substitute another suit, ten in number, like the rest, blue in colour, and in name *Balls*. The pack then consists of fifty. Add two figured personages to make up the number, the Emperor and the Pope.

Play as at whist. Balls take all other suits except trumps, which take Balls. The Emperor and Pope are superior to all other cards, and may either be made equal, and so capable of tyeing each other, and so neutralizing the trick, or to preponderate according to the colour of the trump, the Emperor if red, the Pope if black: and belonging to no suit, they may be played upon any. If either be turned up, the dealer counts one, and Balls remain the only trumps.

The Emperor and Pope, being led, command trumps, but not each other. Trumps also in default of trumps command Balls. If the Emperor and Pope *tie* each other, the tier has the lead.

Sept. 28, 1824.

At seven, the glass was at the freezing point, and the potatoes had been frost nipt during the night. The lake, covered with a thick cloud reaching about half way up Brandelow—the town half seen through a lighter fog—the sky bright and blue.

By the time I reached the road to the lake, the fog was half dissolved, throwing a hazy and yellowish light over Skiddaw, and the vale of Keswick. From Friar's Crag the appearance was singularly beautiful, for between that point and Stable Hill and Lord's Island, the water was covered with a thin, low, floating, and close fitting cloud, like a fleece. Walla Crag was in darkness, and the smoke from Stable Hill passed in a long current over a field where shocks of corn were standing,—the field and the smoke in bright sunshine. Beyond Lord's Island, the lake was of a silvery appearance along the shore, and that appearance was extended across, but with diminished splendour, the line passing above Ramp's Holm, and below St. Herbert's—when it met the haze.

The rooks on St. Herbert's were in full chorus. What little air was stirring was a cold breath from the north. That air rippled the lake between Finkle Street and our shore, and where the sun shone upon the ripple through the trees of the walk, and through the haze, the broken reflection was so like the fleecy appearance of the fog from the crag, as for a moment to deceive me.

Journey Journals.

Friday, 28th June, 1799.—Too late for the Salisbury coach. I mounted, therefore, the box of the Oxford Mail. To a foreigner this would be heroic travelling, the very

sublimity of coachmanship. The box motion titillates the soles of the feet like snuff affects the nose. At the Globe I dismounted, swung my knapsack, and walked across the country into the Frome road. After six miles, the Salisbury coach overtook me, for by cross travelling I had got the start. I mounted, and reached Warminster. On the way, a poor woman on horseback was nearly run over by us, owing to her horse's backing restively. She was thrown, and hurt in the shoulder. Warminster is the most knavish posting town I was ever cheated at; they overcharge two miles on the Bath road, three on the Deptford Inn, and one to Shaftsbury. I walked to Shaftsbury, fifteen miles; the way for ten over the downs. Let not him talk of luxury who never has found a spring unexpectedly when foot travelling in a hot summer day. The larks sung merrily above me. The lark seems to live only for enjoyment; up he mounts, his song is evidently the song of delight; and when they descend, it is with outspread wings and motionless, still singing.[1] They make the great amusement of down-walking. To the right I saw Alfred's Tower; to the left, Beckford's magnificent pile. At Knoyle, ten miles, I eat cold meat and drank strong beer at an alehouse. There the downs ended, and my way was through fertility to Shaftsbury. The hay is everywhere thin, the artificial grass very fine; hence I see that this last will thrive in a dry season. Shaston, so they write it, stands high; you nearly see across the island. Glastonbury is visible from it; and on the other hand, the view must reach the last hills towards the Hampshire coast. The borough is notoriously venal. Sir Richard Steele was once its member; he had competitors who were able, and about to outbid him; his winning bribe was curious. At a dinner to the burgesses, he laid an apple on the table in the midst of the dessert, with one hundred guineas stuck into it, to be given to that burgess's wife who should be brought to bed the nearest to nine months from that day. Ever after he remained the Shaftsbury member!

Saturday. To Blandford, twelve, over the downs. I met nothing but crows, two weazles, and one humble bee, who seemed as little likely as myself to find a breakfast, for no flower grew on the bare scant herbage. The hill sides were in some places washed bare by the winter rains, and looked like the bones of the earth. To Winbourne, nine, called ten; again over the downs the greater part of the way. The church here is very fine. I left visiting it till some future time. The people say it is finer than Christ Church, because it is a quarter Cathedral. To Christ Church, twelve. Faint and wearily, over the latter road of sand and loose gravel. I remembered my way over the marsh. Came by our old dwelling, and arrived to a house of hospitality.

Thursday, 25th July, 1799. To Cross, to Bridgewater, eighteen and eighteen. To Minehead, twenty-six, through Stowey. This stage is remarkably fine. We passed the gibbet of the man whom Lloyd and Wordsworth have recorded, and the gate where he committed the murder. Our road lay through Watchet, the most miserable and beastly collection of man-sties I ever beheld. The Cornish boroughs are superb to it. Two and a half miles before we reached Minehead, is Dunster Castle, Mr. Luttrel's. The house is built to resemble an

[1] There is no reader but will recollect Vinny Bourne's sweet lines; but I cannot pass by the beautiful words of JEREMY TAYLOR in *The Return of Prayers*: He says, "For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below," *Works*, vol. v. p. 70. Ed. HEBER.

J. W. W.

old fortification modernized and made habitable, and some ruins stand near. It is on a well-wooded eminence. The park was in a little vale below; but the ground there is so fertile that it is now laid into pasturage and meadow land, and the park extends over the hills around. The sea view is very striking; Minehead stands under a headland, which projects boldly. This seat is said to command one of the finest views in England; if the water were clear and boundless, I should think so.

Minehead presents the cheerful appearance of a town rising from its ruins. New houses built and building every where, give a lively and clean appearance to it. The quay is ugly, but the view very striking along the indented coast towards Stowey. A circular eminence in the grounds at Dunster, with a building on its summit like a Tor, amidst wood, stands near the water. To the right, there is neither view nor passage; the quay blocks up the way. The Holms look well from hence; the water had even a bluishness; it was low, and therefore, I imagine, clearer; but the opposite shore was visible, and destroyed the immensity which makes sea views so impressively magnificent. From a hill on our way here we had one glorious burst of prospect. The sun fell on the sea through a mist, and on the crags of the shore they looked like a glittering faery fabric; the very muddiness of the water mellowed the splendour, and made it more rich and beautiful.

Half way up the hill, where the church stands, is the upper town, quite cut off from the lower, and perhaps containing more houses. Indeed, Minehead is like the Trinity, three; and these three are one: for the upper, and lower towns, and the quay, are all separated from each other by houseless lanes. The upper town is beyond any thing narrow, dirty, and poor; completely a lousy looking place, I never elsewhere saw so many houses in ruins, and that at such distant intervals as evidently not to have been destroyed by the fire. In the fire one life only was lost, a madman about thirty. He might have been saved, but his mother said, "Let en stay! let en stay! what shall us do we'en if we do save'en?"

Imagine a range of high hills (not mountains) covered with fern and furze, and the Channel at their foot, and you will have the features of this neighbourhood. I toiled up a long, long, very long ascent above the church; and when I reached the top, half trembled to see the sea immediately below me. The descent, however, though to the eye directly abrupt, was not precipitous. A path shelves along, sufficiently fearful to produce an emotion of pleasurable dread; yet perfectly safe, for almost in every part it would be practicable to walk to the beach. The descent is all furze and fern. In a clear day the houses on the opposite shore are distinct; but in hazy weather the view is finer, like the prospects of human life, because its termination is concealed.

The inland walks are striking; the hills dark, and dells woody and watery, winding up them in ways of sequestered coolness.

Minehead sends two members to parliament, and this has been the cause of its decline. The borough belongs to Luttrell, and he manages it with ease proportioned to its poverty and depopulation. Thus the market price of seats being the same, Old Sarum is the most advantageous to its possessor. Luttrell, therefore, has opposed with power every thing which might encourage the trade of the town; he has suffered his houses to fall to ruin and renews no leases. A woollen manufacture was to have been established here; this he prevented; and this roused up a spirit of opposition. A candidate started against him last election; he bought the only piece of ground buyable, run up houses there, built little tenements for the poor, gave away his money, and carried his election. Both parties are now struggling against the next trial. The royalty is Luttrell's, and so tyrannical is this man that he has imprisoned some masters of vessels who were not his friends, for taking the stones on the beach for ballast. Under this despotism Minehead is ruining,

and Watchet, from a different policy in the lord of the soil, rising daily and becoming prosperous by what this place looses.

Thursday, Aug. 8. Cruckshank took me in his chair to Porlock, six miles. Hedges luxuriantly high for the most part impede the view, through their openings the dark hills are seen, and the coombs that intersect them. A Mr. Lee and Wilmot the Quaker, whom Lloyd and I travelled with to Salisbury, and admired so much, accompanied us. The day ended in rain; and my companions who (except W.) had intended to proceed to Lymouth with me returned. I am, therefore, alone; but instead of them I have a fire, and this employment is pleasure.

Porlock lies in a vale. The hill which runs from Minehead here ends in one of the finest serrated headlands I ever saw. I looked back upon a horse-way which wound down a little cut in its side, and regretted that Cruckshank had deprived me of the walk. This place is called in the neighbourhood the End of the World. All beyond is inaccessible to carriage or even cart. A sort of sledge is used by the country people, resting upon two poles like cart-shafts. Mother Shipton prophesied that

"Porlock Bay
Should old England betray;"

and at every rumour of invasion her rhyme of evil omen is remembered here.

My candlestick is of ancient make and useful; half-way up is a broad circle of brass, like a dumb waiter, which serves to hold the snuffers. The bed room reminded me of Spain, two long, old, dark tables with benches, and an old chest, composed its furniture; but there was an oval looking-glass, a decent pot de chambre, and no fleas!

Friday 9. Two travellers arrived dripping wet the preceding night from Ilfracomb with a guide here, there was a guide for me and a horse. The man was stupid. He conducted me over the hill instead of taking the road nearer the channel, where there are many noble scenes; and what there was remarkable in the barren, objectless track we went he did not point out. I thus lost the Danish encampment where Hubba besieged Oddune. We past the spot where Kenwith Castle stood; but for which fortress and its gallant defender, the efforts of Alfred might perhaps have been vain, and the tide of our history have flowed in a different channel. From this place the descent to Lymouth begins, it runs upon the edge of a tremendous precipice and the sea at the base! a bank of from two to three feet is the only barrier. At the bottom, in a glen, lies Lymouth. We past through and ascended half a mile up the steepest of possible hills to Linton, where the public house is better than in the larger village below.

Two rivers, each coming down a different coombe, and each descending so rapidly among huge stones as to foam like a long waterfall, join at Lymouth, and enter the sea immediately at their junction; and the roar of the sea forms with them but one sound. Of these coombes one is richly wooded, the other runs up between bare and stony hills; a fine eminence, Line Cliff, rises between them. Even without the sea this would be one of the finest scenes I ever beheld; it is one of those delightful and impressive places from which the eye turns to rest upon the minutest home object—a flower, a bank of moss, a stone covered with lichens.

From Linton an easy and little descent led me to the Valley of Stones. The range of hills here, next the sea are completely stripped of their soil, the bones only of the earth remain: in the vale, stone upon stone is scattered, and the fern grows among them. Its origin I could not conjecture. Water to have overwhelmed such a height must have inundated all the lower country, a thing evidently impossible: and the hills on the other side the valley, not an arrow's flight distant, are clothed with herbage. A water spout perhaps; but I am, to my shame, no naturalist, and must hypothesize as a poet.

Was it the work of our giants, of the race of Albion? we have historical proof

that they were not large limbed enough, for Goemagog, one of the hugest of them, was not too big for Corineus to carry. I conceive it, therefore, being unable to trace any other inhabitants of Britain who possessed power enough for the wonder, to be the ruins of some work erected by the devils who concubinated with the fifty daughters of Diocletian; not that Diocletian who chose to lengthen his name of Diocles for the same reason that the inhabitants of Frog Lane in Bristol, in contempt of the original godfathers of the said Frog Lane, have genteelized it into Frogmore Street—but the Thracian king, and this diabolic origin accounts why the process of nature in clothing the rocks does not proceed here beyond a luxuriance of lichens.

On the summit of the highest point of the hill, two large stones inclining against each other form a portal; here I laid myself at length—a level platform of turf spread before me about two yards long, and then the eye fell immediately on the sea—a giddy depth. After closing my eyes a minute, it was deeply impressive to open them upon the magnificent dreariness, and the precipice, and the sea. A Mr. Williams led me here in the morning; in the evening I came alone, and resigned myself to the solitude. This Mr. Williams is a natural son of the Duke of Gloucester.

The alehouse at Linton is bad. Mr. Lean was there and claimed acquaintance with me, because his son had met me at Bristol. He is a pleasant, intelligent man, and showed me where to walk. I learnt afterwards that he travels twice or thrice a year with a cartful of goods round Exmoor; and when he arrives at a village, it is proclaimed at the church door that Mr. Lean is come.

Saturday 10. To Ilfracombe five hours and a quarter; the distance variously computed from fifteen to eighteen miles. Two young sailors were my guides; and an acquaintance of theirs went part of the way. He caught a young lark, and it was quite distressing to see the parent bird fluttering about him. I pleaded for the poor prisoner, and he was released. We passed through Combmartin, an old, and dirty, and poor place; one house, once a good one, bears the date 1584; another is built in a most ridiculous castle style, and called the Pack of Cards. Near is Watermouth, a harbour not used, but strikingly beautiful, the one side formed by a peninsular rock running out parallel with the shore, with herbage on its summit—and a little islanded fragment at the end.

Similarly formed is the harbour at Ilfracombe, and much of the town stands on the peninsula. The shores are broken and fine, the country naked and dreary. To Barnstaple is eleven miles; as you approach the town you have a fine view of the bay, and river, and town, of Biddeford on the right.

Sunday 11. A rainy day, and the devil himself dislikes walking in the wet, for it is written that he wandereth up and down in dry places. I went by stage to Taunton, in the coach were a daughter of Dr. Cullen, a woman unhappily ugly, a Scotchman, myself, and another young man of about my age, and like me in a white hat. I found him universally read, and an oriental scholar; he interested me, and told me if I came to Exmouth he should be glad to show me the place. Breakfast at South Molton, twelve miles; dinner at Tiverton, eighteen; Taunton, twenty-two. The Scotchman and I past the evening together; he chose theology for the subject of conversation, and exprest much surprise that I talked intelligibly and without anger: he gave me his address and a friendly invitation. Samuel Watson, Tanner, Ayr, Scotland.

Monday 12. Bishops Lediard five. Here I astonished my aunt Mary by breakfasting with her. Seven over Quantock to Stowey.

At Wellington I saw a very fine boy, about twelve years old, who lost both his legs by the severe cold last winter. At Linton, in a little shop window, I saw caricatures of the coalition. At Tiverton, the boiled beef

had an herb-stuffing, which pleased me much.

Tuesday, Aug. 27. To Taunton twelve. To Honiton eighteen. At Honiton they put the Coleridges into a chaise *with cart-horses*. We were told that the towns-people there are remarkably dishonest, and have been so ever since the borough has been venal. On the road is one rich view over the vale of Taunton.

Wednesday 28. To Seaton twelve. A hilly and uninteresting road, for some miles over an open heath so luckily lonely that we found our trunk, which fell off some half mile before it was miss. At Seaton no lodgings were to be had. It is a high, open, naked, Dorsetshire sort of country, with nothing to make me leave it with regret or remember it with pleasure. To St. Mary Ottery, twelve. The church here is very beautiful, the place itself remarkable as the birth-place of Gower, and Browne the Pastoral Poet, and Coleridge.

From Ottery I walked with S. T. Coleridge to Budley Salcombe; on the way we past the mansion of Sir Walter Raleigh. In Lord Rolle's park are the finest beeches I ever saw, one in particular which is quite dead, but in its ramifications even more beautiful than the summer trees; it branched into three great branches, one of which shot immediately into three smaller ones. The Otter enters the sea at Budley Salcombe. I forded it at its mouth. The scenery upon the river is tame and soothing; like all the Devonshire rivers it often overflows.

Also we went to Sidmouth, a nasty watering place, infested by lounging ladies, and full of footmen.

Monday, Sept. 2. To Exeter twelve.

Exeter is ancient and stinks. The cathedral looks well in those points where both towers are seen, and the body of the building only half. The bells rung for the surrender of the Dutch fleet. One church with two bells went ding dong, another had but one, and could only ding. It is a bigotted place; there are persons here who always call the Americans the rebels. One great street, Fore Street, runs through the city, the rest is dirty lanes; as you cross the bridge you look down upon a town below you intersected by water in a strange way. The river Ex is fine, and the walks on its banks. There is a canal whose shores are completely naturalized, and most beautifully clothed with flowers.

Wednesday, Sept. 11, Coleridge and I set out to Moreton, for about seven miles the way was hilly and heavy. We then crost the Teign by a beautiful old *notched* bridge, and ascended a woody hill rich in magnificent views of woods and the river below. It rained incessantly the last half of the way, and we rejoiced in expectation of the waterfall to-morrow. To Moreton twelve.

Thursday. Through Bovey and Manniton, two beautiful villages, to Becky Fall. The stream falls among huge round stones, —a striking scene. But we were some hours too late for the rush after the rains; and waterfalls, unless they are Niagaras, usually disappoint. Mediocrity in a cataract is as bad as in poetry. Near this is Lustleigh Cleeve, a similar scene. Indeed the whole county repays a pilgrimage. We touched upon Dart Moor, and passed very near Heiter Cliff, the highest point in the county,—a rocky summit, visible almost everywhere, and sometimes looking like a ruin. This we left on our right, descending into the vale. The road is intricate, and the directing posts of no use to a stranger, or little, for they are only marked with the initial letter of the town to which they point. One spot I remember with pleasure, and saw with delight, a little vale watered with a mill-stream, the circling hills high, and on one part deeply wooded, the vale sprinkled with fine old ashes, that seemed to have been spared by a man of taste when he rooted up a grove. The mill stood under the hill, a neat, comfortable habitation. A saw-pit was before it. There was just enough of man, and what there was, was in keeping. Ashburton twelve, a good town.

Friday. Totness eight. The road affording prospects worth looking at, and fine where it crosses the Dart. Totness is a neat town, which spread very finely as we looked back upon it. The right way to see the country is to go by water to Dartmouth; but we were too late for the boat, and were therefore compelled to walk ten miles along a road heavy, uninteresting, and objectless, but not flat, for the calves of my legs suffered most Procrustian extension up the hills.

Dartmouth is a strange and beautiful place. The river is broad, some half or three quarters of a mile to the opposite town, Kingswear. The hills not high enough, but yet beautiful. The walk to the Fort leads along the waterside by a terrace, for the town is built high. By moonlight we saw it.

Saturday. Crossed the Dart to Brixham, five. Torbay is shored with red sandbanks. We were wearied with its insipidity, and struck for Newton Bushell sixteen.

Sunday. Exeter fourteen. The walk afforded some Devonshire views, that is, extensive scenes in which the eye found no one object to rest upon.

By Newton Bushel we saw a board, "Man Traps and Spring Guns are *tilled*[1] in this Garden." Tilled, therefore, is prepared, made ready.

Devonshire has been overpraised. The hills are high, angled over with hedges, but no wood. A new country that had no forests would look like it. They are high enough to fatigue, and yet not enough to excite admiration. The rivers make the beauty of this county,—clear, melodious, down-hill streams. Its great merit is Clouted Cream, of which I make honourable mention!

[1] It is from the A. S. tilian, to prepare. Todd quotes aptly the lines of Browne,

"Nor knows he how to dig a welly
Nor neatly dress a spring:
Nor knows a trap or snare to till."

J. W. W.

Exeter. Mr. Grainger's garden is singular in its kind. It is in the Castle ditch,[2] and this accident has been made the most of. It is well planted with many and noble trees. There is the finest poplar that I remember. I have also seen the pictures of Mr. Abbot, an apothecary here. I never saw better landscapes; finished even with Dutch niceness, yet good in effect; interesting in every part, yet fine wholes. He seems to have studied nature with uncommon care and success. His shadows are particularly fine,—not the vulgar black of painters, but ever partaking of the colour of the object.

The corporation used to compel people to keep their doors clean. Twelvemonths since it was discovered that they had no authority to do this, and now the people will not clean away the dirt, because "they can't force us to."

At Exeter is a choice collection of water-colour drawings, in the possession of Mr. Patch. The two masterpieces of Paine are there, and some incomparable pieces by Smith, Turner, and Pococke.

Honiton sixteen. The vale rich and beautiful. Axminster nine. Bridport twelve. Dorchester sixteen. A hideous country, cultivated without enclosures, the hills scored with furrows like roast pork. Wareham ten, dreary and desolate. Poole ten. Christ Church fourteen.

Tuesday, October 29. Ringwood eight. Rumsey seventeen. On the way is the Picked Post, an extra-parochial alehouse, where unmarried women go to lie in, out of the reach of the constables. There is also on this road an oak, once venerated, and still visited, because it buds on Christmas day. An open country, some of the forest scenery fine. Winchester eleven, in part through the forest. The cathedral has more to admire than

[2] The garden at Eccleshall Castle, the Palace of the Bishop of Lichfield, is also in the ditch. It was the admiration of poor Bishop Butler, and I am not likely to forget a bed of Gladioli he pointed out to me there.—J. W. W.

any I have seen; and Milner has described it with catholic feeling.

Wednesday, 30th. Southampton twelve. Some fine forest views. This is a town which nothing but the folly of fashion could have made famous. A muddy river, and flat shores, rather bushy than wooded. The gateway is fine, but it is an unpleasant and imposing place.

Thursday, 31st. Ringwood twenty. Entering the Rumsey road at Stoney Cross again.

MONDAY, April 14, 1800.

From Bristol to Old Down, sixteen. A hilly and little interesting road. Seven to Wells. The cathedral fine in the view, and the Tor. Glastonbury, six, a town quite unmodernised, beautiful by its ruins and churches, and dear by all feelings of reverence and chivalry. Bridgewater, sixteen. Taunton, twelve.

Tuesday, 15th. Six to Wellington,—*antiqua sedes Southeyorum.* Twelve to Cullumpton, one of those towns where the innkeepers have enough business to make them procure good accommodations, and not enough to render them negligent. Twelve to Exeter. Nine to Chudleigh. It was fair. Three hundred and twenty French prisoners were looking at the merriment through the wooden bars of their temporary prison. They were crowded like brutes. I learnt they were on the way to Bristol. Ashburton, nine. The rivers in Devon are beautiful, but only the rivers. Old mince-pie bridges, dangerously narrow.

Wednesday, 16th. Detained to have an old chaise patched. Our horses were foundered. The fleet was in Torbay, and of course this was a miserable time for the poor beasts. At three miles from Ashburton they stopped, and could proceed no farther. The driver was cruel and obstinate, but the animals wanted power, and this, more than my exertions, succeeded in making him return for other. We the while entered the kitchen of a little alehouse. The wooden bench was well contrived there; it formed a semicircle round the fire, admitting light only by the way in, which was in the middle. Of course the visitants within could see to do nothing but smoke and drink. An old peasant came in, and called for beer. He opened upon us with ignorant Jacobinism, but it was honest, and the man, though with some strange notions about the Union and the wool, was a strong-headed man. This language was no novelty in the alehouse. I had overheard a low conversation between the two women of the house, upon the propriety of removing a print from the wall of a certain personage, whose head somebody had cut out one day. Upon enquiry, this spirit was not wonderful. The war which enriches Plymouth and the farmers of Devonshire, oppresses the poor heavily; the country is stripped for the fleet; butter was 1*s.* 6*d.* per pound, meat 8*d.* and 9*d.* in this village, twenty miles from the bay! The peasantry are the sufferers, because they cannot retaliate by raising the price of their labour. If they will not work for what their employers choose to give them, they must starve.

A very decent soldier joined us in the alehouse; a marine of the Le Loire frigate, returning from a visit to his family at Dursley, in Gloucestershire. This man, too, had in his family felt the pressure. We made them very happy by paying their shilling-worth of drink. The old man was delighted, and would give his tobacco-box in return. There was written upon it, "Unity, Peace, and Trade." If ever he saw it again, he should know me. It was not easy to avoid his present. This man wished the fleet sunk, so much did he perceive the burthen. Our horses arrived,—a pair who, as we learnt upon meeting the stage, by a dialogue between the two drivers, had been foundered yesterday. We rode in pain; every stroke of the whip was a conscience-blow. It was an abuse of power, a tyrannous cruelty to the brute creation. The crazy chaise was forgotten in this stronger feeling. But crack, and down! a gentle, and broken, and harmless fall. Its consequences were less

pleasant; a mile and half walk through dirt and rain to Ivy Bridge. The stage is thirteen miles.

At Ivy Bridge we breakfasted. Walking into the garden with Edith, a voice behind, "God bless my soul!" It was Tom. He had taken horse to meet us, breakfasted in the room adjoining us, and watched every chaise that drove to the door, but omitting to keep a look out for foot travellers. But for this accident, he would have lost us. The bridge is ivied, but small, very small, a mere one-arched brook bridge. The stream constitutes the beauty of this well-known spot. It rolls among huge stones adown a little glen. The inn and several gentlemanlike-looking houses, where only cottages, and those all quietness, ought to have stood, spoilt the scene. I was pleased and disappointed. To Plymouth, eleven. Some fine views in the last few miles. We saw the docks, which excited in me no surprise, no pleasure. It was all huge,—a great deal of power, and 3000 men, and God knows how many thousand thousands of money, employed in now doing mischief.

Mount *Edgecumbe we did not cross to.* It was pretty, but not what travellers report. The people who so bepraise Devonshire, must either have come from Cornwall, or they have slipt through Somersetshire, the country of real beauty.

Thursday, 17th. Our Bristol chaise companion broke his engagement, and instead of coming to me to consult about our arrangements, went on the water. We left him, and crossed with Tom to Tor Point, in the Phœbe's boat. A chaise had been ordered. We had no sooner set foot in Cornwall than an attempt to impose upon us took place. The stage was long,—eighteen miles,—the roads very bad,—we did not know how bad,—our luggage was too much,—a pair of horses could not draw us. I had been cautioned against this Cornish rascality, and resisted. Tom at last said he would give up then his journey with us to Liskard; but his heart failed him, and mine also. I was going to another country, and when should we meet again? He ran out and ordered the four horses, and Edith and he and I were immediately exhilarated.

New difficulties. The innkeeper had no more horses; he had depended upon procuring them at the other inn, as it was to keep up the custom of the road. But he was a new comer, and the inns had quarrelled: they would lend no horses. At first, from a pretence of pride, their horses should not be the leaders, to drag the other man's cattle as well as the chaise. Put them in the shafts then. No! The ostler referred us to his mistress,—he would if she would. The mistress rebutted us to her ostler,—she would if he would,—backward and forward. The woman was civil, but rogues and liars all. At last the ostler swore that Tomlins' cattle had the distemper. This decided it. It would ruin her horses; they should not go in the way of the distemper for any sum whatever. I laughed with very vexation, and Tom laughed, and we cursed Cornwall and its road-horses, and its roads, and its rogues.

I went back to the first innkeeper. "Look you! if you cannot take us on, I will go to the other inn, and take places in to-morrow's stage. Why are travellers to be delayed for your quarrels?" This last question was our language to both. It ended well. Tomlins, a rascal, said the pair could take us very well; he had only recommended four as pleasanter travelling; two could do it with ease. And this fellow had positively refused to take us, not half an hour back; and even demurred when Tom said he would not accompany us, and we had offered to walk up every hill. "Now, mark me!" said Tom, "we will all go; we will ride up the hills, if we please." — "The horses can do it; I warrant them; I know they can do it." Off we set. This Tomlins had been detected in purchasing stolen stores from the Mars, kicked out of the ship, and ordered never to set foot in her again. Tom knew him therefore.

The road was rough, but only sixteen miles, though charged eighteen. This false-

hood serves the double purpose of the over-charge, and a pretext for making travellers take four horses. We were in high spirits. The storms of the day had left a fresh and pleasant evening, literally and metaphorically. The horses went with complete ease; we seldom heard the whip. When we walked, the driver would not,—not he! the horses did not want to be eased. Tom swore; I only laughed at the fellow's oddity. It was the pleasantest stage of the whole journey. At Liskard we were put into the bar while our fire was kindled. I counted there forty-three punch-bowls, — positive punch-bowls,—forty-three,—and the house was full at the time. Zounds! what punch drinkers they must be in Liskard! and what a consumption of lemons!

Friday, April 18th. Rundell arrived after us at one in the morning. A new attempt to make us take four horses. I called the mistress of the house, and told her our Tor Point story. This completely shamed her, and she almost apologized. She did not mean to impose,—she thought,—she was afraid,—she did not know,—it was hilly,—but if we came from Tor Point with a chaise—. This was more knavish than even Tomlins. The road was not very hilly, the stage twelve miles only, and a road as good as any I ever travelled. Breakfast at Lostwithiel. A pretty town. The Cornish all look clean with their slate roofs; and the tower here is singular. Here we got restive horses, and a restive driver, who fought them nearly two hours. Edith and Rundell walked back; it was but a mile. I paced the road, watched the brook, looked at the flowers, flung stones, did a thousand natural things, not to mention the non-naturals. Eight to St. Austel, a nothing-to-be-said-about place. Fourteen, Truro. Twelve, Falmouth. The last twelve pretty, and through the uncouth streets of Penryn, which seem made on purpose to take the traveller round as many acute angles, and up and down as many hills as possible in a given distance. We found the packet in the harbour.

Epitaph at Llanrwst.

"Prope jacet corpus Griffini Lloyd de Brynniog olim Ludimagistri Indigni Llanrustiensis nuper Lecturarii Indignioris et Rectoris Indignissimi Doegensis. Sepult Decimoquinto die Martis
Anno Domini
1779.
Nil de defuncto dic scribe
Putave maligne."

At Rodney Stoke, between Wells and Cross, under Mendip, there is a cottage somewhat like the home of a novel-heroine. A little white washed thatched house, with a garden that shows there is wealth enough to attend to ornament. Clean milk pails hung upon the rails; a fine weeping willow overhung the road, or rather lane, and under it a stream of water passed from the garden into a stone trough, for the village use.

At the village Tom and I breakfasted in a clean little alehouse; some ornaments of twisted glass stood upon the chimneypiece. The grate was filled with reed blossoms, which looked like plumes. A fellow came along selling "Last dying speeches," and I saw that he found customers.

Mr. Rickards, or Ricketts, near Stroud, told me that as he was coursing or shooting in the neighbourhood of Llantrissiant, his native place, he went to pass through what seemed a patch of red dirt. But his foot sunk, and he fell, and to his infinite astonishment he found his leg burnt through the boot, by which he was confined for many weeks. The place was out of all paths, and only some old people knew that such a ground-fire existed.

October 4, 1805. Keswick to Wigton, twenty-two. Above Bassenthwaite hills a new and fine view of the lake. Derwentwater

is hid behind Brandelow, over which the fells behind Barrow rise, and over these again those of Langdale. From hence a dreary country. Square inclosures on the distant hills, without a single tree. Uldale, a small village on the right, before we reached Ireby, one of those townlets where every thing reminds you of the distance from London. We had soon a view of the plain below us, with Solway firth and the Scotch mountains to the north. The plain extended as far as we could see—a noble prospect—the more striking to us as we came from the close mountain country. Wigton a thriving town. To Carlisle eleven. The coach days to Edinburgh are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; so we are thrown out. To Glasgow only a mail at three every day, in which you have only the chance of a place.

At Wigton the houses are painted a nasty dark red; the stone itself being reddish, and of a good colour. One of the coarse common alehouse prints in the staircase there was of the battle of Wexford. Miss Redmond at the head of the rebels. It looked as if the artist wished well to the Irishmen. Near this place we saw one of the quadrangular farms common in Scotland, originally contrived for defence; the outhouses surround or inclose the fold, and the dunghill is in the middle of the court.

The bed curtains at Carlisle were a good specimen of political freedom. General Washington was driving American Independence in a car drawn by leopards, a black Triton running beside, and blowing his conch, meant, I conceive, by his coronal of plumes, to represent the native Indians. In another compartment, Liberty and Dr. Franklin were going hand in hand to the temple of Fame, where two little Cupids were holding a globe on which America and the Atlantic could be read. The Tree of Liberty stood by, and the Stamp Act reversed was bound round it.

The waiter there was a Scotchman, uncommonly civil, he bowed as he asked if we would please to give him leave to clean our boots. Two wooden grenadiers, in the old uniform, are painted and cut out to their shape, one at the bottom of the stairs, the other on the landing place.

Saturday, 5. Market day. Innumerable carts of potatoes and sacks of wheat, indicating plenty in the land. Saw the Cathedral, its tower would be poor for a parish church, and looks worse for standing on so huge a pile. The inside is better than I suspected; the old stalls remain, and are very fine, but a double row of pews disfigure the choir; and the window, which has to every compartment a border of orange-coloured glass, with corners of bright green, flings a glaring and ill assorted light. We noticed a remarkable arch over some of the oldest tombs, which might be brought in favour of the sylvan origin of Gothic architecture. A bough, whose lesser boughs were thus lopped, and bent to an arch. There were four of these. Looking at this, we were told that we stood upon Paley's grave. On a wooden closet which holds the altar cushions, &c. boys had cut their names; we read those of Sawrey Gilpin, the horse painter, and of Robert Carlisle, the artist. The lives of St. Austin, St. Antony the Great, St. Cuthbert, in a series of paintings, had been whitewashed over at the Reformation; but Percy had them recovered, as far as could be done. One compartment of Augustine's life confirms the fact that the Devil keeps books; old Belzey has a huge one, with great clasps, upon his back, and it seems a tolerable load for him; he is saying "Pœnitet me tibi ostendisse librum."

Went to the castle. They have built a depositary for arms within its court, and another for field pieces. The portcullis is entire—the first I ever saw; the wood cased with iron. Called on the Miss Waight. They have many excellent books, and an excellent house. They showed us a portrait of Lord William Russell's mother, when an infant, in miserable fine full dress, with a ruff and a long strait waist. They complained of the change in Carlisle since the manufacturers had got there. The po-

pulation had increased from six to fourteen thousand, without any addition to the decent society of the place. Poor Scotch and poor Irish made up the number, and the place was swarming with poor, without either manners or morals.

Some few of the carts had the old original wheels, as in the north of Spain; one of them we saw on the road, laid against a bank for a style. Symptoms of Scotland soon appeared—we met sheep drovers with the common grey plaid scarft round them, and a woman walking bare foot and carrying her shoes. Arthuret church the last English place of worship. Here Elmsley once heard an evangelical tell his congregation that the road to hell was not the safer for being well frequented. Just leaving Carlisle pass the bridges; on the sands below the cattle market is held. Skiddaw appeared in a new shape, and of more visible magnitude from distance. Beyond it the ridge of the Borrodale mountains, and I fancied—it must have been fancy, I think—that Langdale was to be seen.

Cross the line and reach Longtown, nine. A new town built in a double cross, in fact, chiefly an appendage to the Graham estate, and the work of that family. Prints of Curwen and Pitt were in the inn, and vile aquatints of views near London, among which was one on Brixton Causey. Three miles on are two turnpikes, about fifty yards asunder, one in each kingdom. There the Scotchman is said by the story to make a fortune by taking a penny from each of his countrymen who go to England, on condition of paying a shilling when he returns. To Longholm, in Dumfriesshire, twelve, along the Esk most part of the way, crossing it once. So beautiful a road I do not remember anywhere out of the lake country. A clear, loud stream, fine woods, and fine shores. Past Gilnockie on the right, the castle of Johnny Armstrong. Scotch farms have an exterior of plenty, as having no barns. All their corn is in little ricks, ten, twenty, thirty, close to the house, neatly enough shaped, and their conical thatch fastened down with a cross work of straw-ropes.

Twenty-two to Hawick. Up a long winding vale by the Euse and the Tiviot; which, why it was called pleasant Tiviotdale I did not understand, till the desolation beyond taught me. Ten miles on the road is Mosspaul Green inn, Roxburghshire, where a foot traveller might sleep. It stands in a long combe, the green hill on each side sloping down, and meeting almost in a point. This was a striking scene of pastoral solitude, a little scanty stream below. It grew dark, but our horses pushed on well, to keep company with some led ones, which had just passed us. Cross the Tiviot at Hawick. Eleven to Selkirk, in the dark, but over a country where sunshine would have been of no use.

At Langholme we had seen the first symptoms of Scotch manners; the small beer was bottled, and they gave us no cloth with our cold meat. Selkirk had the true odor Scotic. We had a dirty room, behind which I heard such long echoes, that being in a land of Bogles, I did not feel much inclined to investigate whence they proceeded till the morning. Then we found it was from a large ball room; and here was kept a machine to measure militia men, this being the county town.

Sunday, 6. Selkirk is truly a dismal place. The houses all darkly rough cast, and made still more ragged by a custom of painting the window out-frame work exactly to the shape of the wood, which the carpenter always leaves without any attention to squareness. These imperfect squares of dirty white, upon dirty rough cast, give a most dolorous appearance. A new town house, with a spire, seemed to have no business in such a place. We went to the kirk, and just walked through it; it had no other floor than the bare earth. Some vile daubings of Justice, Adam and Eve, &c. on the gallery front, its only ornaments, where there had till lately been a picture of a Souter of Selkirk taking measure of a fine lady's foot. In the kirkyard a square

mass of masonry, in which a door had lately been walled up. I took it for a vault above ground; but am told that tomb-chambers are not uncommon in Scotland. The people dismally ugly, soon old, and then bossbent; but I liked the plaid, the gray plaid, either wrapping them in wind, or scarft across in sunshine; and I liked the bonnet. The clocks here are stopped by night.

Walked seven miles to Mellrose, first in sight of the Ettrick, then of the Tweed. Passed on the way a kirkyard, with a few remains of the kirk, the ground being still regarded as consecrated. The Scotch have a great objection to lying in unhallowed ground, and also to naming the Devil otherwise than by some periphrasis, usually, it seems, a complimentary one—as the Auld gude man is his common name.[1]

Mellrose at length appeared, its old abbey like a cathedral; to the right the Eldon hills, high and finely shaped; the Auld gude man having broken them formerly to please Michael Scott. The ruin *it* were hopeless to describe—so wonderful is its beauty.[2] Certain masons in the neighbourhood boast that they are descended from the builders, the family have always been of the same trade, and continue to be the best in the country. The finest window is injured by having placed the clock above it, which has cracked it above. Worse than this, they have converted the middle of the church into a Kirk. Miss Waugh showed me an epigram which a friend of hers had stuck up in this abominable den of sacrilegious Calvinism.

"Mellrose, within thy sacred shrine
Angels might once have loved to dwell,
But now there's not a decent swine
Would quit his sty for such a cell."

Three windows are patched up with miserable glass for this place of abomination; and to show that they are not in the right way, one way in is through the window. I saw steps leading up to one, and could not imagine for what purpose, till an old woman crawled up, pushed open a coarse wooden plank, which served to fill up one half of one division, and crept in.

The tombstones are remarkable here; some as being well executed, others as a contrast to the fine taste of the ruin. There is the bust of a freemason, raised in a hollow frame, with the mystic signs of his craft, upon one of the most remarkable.

Returning, we saw the junction of the Tweed and Ettrick, which we had before passed unnoticed. An old house stands near the angle of their junction, well covered with wood.

Monday, 7. Seven miles to Ashiestiel, Walter Scott's. We forded the Ettrick, and soon came in sight of the Tweed, proceeding along its banks, or in sight of them, instead of crossing the bridge, which is the direct road to Edinburgh. Scott took us over the hills to see the Yarrow, a classic stream. It winds from a solitary and sorrowful country. This a quiet and beautiful vale—more beautiful because all around it is so dreary. I forded it on foot, the water not being above my boots. The greyhounds killed a young hare on the opposite shore, odd as it may seem, the first I ever saw taken. Newark castle stands on a little knoll above the water, wooded on that side, one of the old square towers of the old border banditti. Some ten men were once shot within its court. In fact, every place here has its tale of murder. We did not ask the

[1] From the Greeks downwards there has been the same notion. The Furies were propitiated under the name of Eumenides; on which, *instar omnium*, see Müller's *Eumenid.* § 87.

There can be no better illustration of this superstition than Sir Walter's own words in *Rob Roy*. Speaking of the Fairies, "who if not positively malignant to humanity, were yet to be avoided and feared, on account of their capricious, vindictive, and irritable disposition," he puts into Baillie Nicol Jarvie's mouth these words, "They ca' them," said Mr. Jarvis in a whisper, *Daoine Schie*, which signifies, as I understand, men of peace; meaning thereby to make their gude will."—Vol. viii. p. 160, and *note*, p. 179.

[2] The reader will not forget Sir Walter Scott's own description of Melrose.—J. W. W.

name of a single place without a story in reply that somebody had been killed there. Some cousins of Scott's came to dinner.

Tuesday, 8. Had Scott's horses not been out of order, we should have gone to St. Mary's Loch, from whence the Yarrow proceeds, and where the flower of Yarrow is said to have lived. The boys still point out the scene of that tragedy. We therefore merely walked up the river to Elibank castle, another of the square towers. They are carrying away its ruins to build a bridge upon the adjacent road to Peebles. The young laird of this place was taken in one of his marauding parties by the Scotts, who were about to hang him, but the old lady of the clan offered him her daughter, Wide-mouthed Meg, as an alternative. He preferred hanging; but his heart failed him when the halter was put round his neck, and Meg with her wide mouth was conveyed as his bride to Elibank, where the marriage was celebrated; she was an excellent wife.

Wednesday 9th. Went salmon-spearing on the Tweed, being the last day of the sport. I had a spear, and managed one side of the boat. I saw the sport without partaking of it. Three were taken, being all we saw. One had the mark of an old wound in his back, a cruel sport, though of all fishing the best. The savage grin of joy in one of the men, when stooping down till only his chin was above water, (he had got a salmon by the tail, Scott's spear being through the creature's nose,) would have been in character for a Dog-ribbed Indian. A Mr. Marriot came to dinner, an Oxonian tutor to some lordling *near*. He talked of having seen the track of a horseman on the hill; and I found that, as in a savage country, the inhabitants here can tell by the track what horse has past, and how long ago. Our evening might have done for old times; he, I and Scott reciting ballads: his was a deplorably bad business upon Purlin Jane, made by I know not whom. Scott repeated some of Hogg's, the Ettrick shepherd, who is a man of genius.

Thursday 10th. Eight miles to Bank house, a single inn; nine to Middleton. In the kitchen here the grate stood out, not being fastened to the chimney back. We crost the South Esk and the North Esk. The Pentland hills appeared on to the left, to the right Arthur's seat. Past through Laswade and Dalkeith, and by Craig Millar Castle, a dirty coal road; the city where we entered dirty and dismal also.

Friday 18th. By stage to Carlisle. Saw a broken chamberpot used as a beehive; excellent Scotch economy! That part of the road which we lost by going to Ashiestiel very beautiful. Selkirk looked well on the hill, with its townhouse spire, before we crost the Ettrick. Beyond Hawick we past Branksome close on the right, Tiviot flowing close on the other side of the road; it is the Cheviot hills which we cross between this place and Langholme. Dined at Hawick, and bought a red nightcap and cravat there to travel in, things for which the town is famous. Delayed there for the late arrival of the coach from Carlisle; a miserable journey with foundered horses from Langholme the rest of the way, so that we did not arrive till half-past two in the morning, having been nineteen and a half hours.

Saturday 19th. Parted with Elmsley, and set off on foot, a long straight road through a flat country, till I came near Dalston, where there is an old hall, a very picturesque building; the Caldes here has left more marks of inundation than I ever saw elsewhere; it must be a most ungovernable stream. Through Hawksdale up to Warne Fall. I had been directed to make for Uldale, but here found Caldbeck so near, that I took that road in preference. Saw the Hook once more, though almost dry. Took bread and cheese at Hesketh New Market. Three *portraits* on board in the little inn, of what nation I could not guess; the face not very unlike a Chinese, but certainly not Chinese; they were women, and so alike, that I conclude they were sisters. The head dress as here in Charles the Second's days, *but with outlandish ornaments appended to*

the hair, and the drawing evidently not European. Here also a coarse print of the tree of Fortune; she is shaking the tree, standing in it, and men below catching what falls, bags of money, axes, halters, wives, &c. Home by Mosedale, under Carrack Fell, Bowskell Fell, and Souter Fell to Threlkeld.

Cumbrian Customs, &c.

'It was believed that any married woman whose married name was the same as her maiden one, might prescribe at hazard for the hooping (here called the king) cough, and that be the prescription what it would, its success was certain. The same held good of a person riding on a piebald horse. Jackson being once so mounted, was stopt by a man with this salutation, "Honest friend of a pyebald horse, tell me what's good for the king cough?"

Apple or pear laking[1] is still practised; last week there was one at Portinscale. It is merely this, whoever has either fruit to sell and cannot readily find a market, proclaims an apple laking, that is, a dance to which all who like go, and every one paying threepence, fourpence, or sixpence, receives in return a proportioned number of apples.

The Borrowdale people used formerly to come down every summer and clear away the bar at the junction of the Greta and Derwent, in the latter river. Philosopher Banks, just dead, remembered to have been at this work, which prevented floods.

The fiddlers at Ambleside used to play before the people as they came out of church on Christmas day, and so go round the parish.

[1] Lake v. to play. Sax. *lucan* ludere. Mæs-Got. *laikan*, exultare. Piers Ploughman; *layke*. —Laking, s. a plaything. Brockett's *Gloss.* J. W. W.

Lord Carrick(-) was lately benighted at Seateller, and got a night's lodging at ——, Fishers; the good woman put him in her own bed, and he expressed himself perfectly delighted at seeing that rural contentment and happiness which, till now, he had only heard of. In the morning, he said how well he had slept, &c.: "I have slept in many houses," said he, "but never was more hospitably entertained, and in all my life I never slept under so fine a quilt. I have been trying to find out what manufactory it is, but all to no purpose; in all my life I never saw anything like it, nor so fine." "Lord help ye," says the old dame, "manufactory indeed! I made it myself; 'tis patch work, bits of the children's gowns, and of my own that I sowed together."

As the oat harvest was carrying home, I saw yesterday two carts, with each a scare crow stuck in it, ghastly figures enough, looking, at a little distance, just as one should wish to see Joseph Bonaparte make his entrance into Madrid. — *Sept.* 18th, 1808.

St. Crispen, October 25th, is kept here by the shoemakers. Masters and men go out hunting, and have a supper of "roast goose and such like" on their return. They rest from work on this day, because they say Christ rested on his way to Calvary at a shoemaker's stall. This evening (1808), a boy who followed them out, has been storm-struck, and was brought home to all appearance dead; he is, however, restored. It began to rain about nine in the morning, and so heavy a storm I scarcely ever remember, as has been raging without intermission till this time (seven o'clock). The floods are already very deep.

There is a shaft called the Wad[2] hole near White Water Dash. Foxes frequent it.

[2] Wad is the Cumbrian name for black-lead. A *wad-pencil* is a black-lead pencil.—J. W. W.

Appleby is one of the prettiest towns I ever saw; a long wide street of steep ascent, with the market house at bottom, and church behind it, and the castle at the top. The keep is ancient, and has merely been kept in repair; most of the other parts are little more than a century old. There are the pictures of the Earl of Cumberland (George, in Elizabeth's days), and his family; and several of the famous Countess of Pembroke. And there is the earl's armour, a beautiful suit inlaid with gold. We were surprised at its apparent shortness, which I explained to my own satisfaction by observing that it exceeds the breadth of the human figure, but not its heighth. It is very fine to walk on the terrace of this castle, with the Eden below, and see the rooks' nests on a level with you, so steep is the declivity.

Brougham castle is a very fine ruin, and the view from it of the near junction of the Eden and Lowther, with Carlton (Wallace's house), and its park, exceeding beautiful.

Workington. In the church is a large altar-piece, painted by a man of the town. On the first Sunday that it was opened, the people were greatly surprised to recognize one another's portraits, which the artist, unknown to them, had adopted for his figures; two ladies of the place were the angels. The poor man's hopes were disappointed! they were not gratified at being thus immortalized by an unskilful hand, and he probably made the picture worse by endeavouring to destroy the likenesses.

The organist has lately been dismissed; and in consequence, the organ has been injured by some of his friends.

Workington is a very ugly town, and might have been a very fine one.

July 20th, 1809. Through Materdale with Danvers to Paterdale. Scarcely ever did I see any thing so fine as the Vale of St. John's. Wanthwaite, and that whole range was in deep shade (seven o'clock). Naddle and the valley in bright sunshine; the hay-makers at work; the fields, some covered with newly fallen grass, others with the hay in cocks, and yet the grass which had been just cut, brightly green. It was very hot; that house with the old sycamores, which we see on the left before us in descending into the vale, appeared an enviable spot, so delightful did their deep shade appear! Very, very hot; not a breath of air, and the flies followed us all up the side of Wanthwaite, to the very highest point; henceforth I will carry a fan. The great mogul himself, if he travelled here, must be his own fly-flapper. We obtained an accession of these tormentors in passing a party of kine, many of whom had got within a sheepfold for the sake of its little shade; the flies seemed to prefer man-flesh to beef. Certes a gig might travel this road. Saddleback is seen to more advantage hence than from any other point; its deep ravines, with all the strongest colourings of light and shade. Skiddaw assumes a new form. Down Materdale is very fine; to come up it is far less so.

At Araforce, one or two deer are lost every year; being accustomed to cross the Beck, they attempt it when the torrent is too strong, and are carried down the fall.

Poor Charles got one of his bilious attacks. I was obliged to leave him in bed, and went with Richards and a boy, whom Luff sent to guide us up Place Fell, to Angle Tarn. The ascent commands Paterdale. The Tarn is about two and a half miles from Paterdale. We guest it at about a mile round. It has two islands, and a peninsula, which, from many points of view, appears like a third. The shores are not high, but finely formed, and you see the mountains above them, forming as it were a second boundary, with an outline very similar in form. About two miles or something less to Hayes Water, lying under High Street; its shape a cove intersected by a straight line, beautifully clear. Luff told us, after we returned, what he should have told us before, that at the head are a number of small cones, perfectly formed, and covered

with grass; but in what manner formed he could not possibly tell, though they were, as he thought, manifestly works of nature; and that part of its beach consists of fine sand. Down the gill to Heartshope; a lovely gill, where there are as fine baths and *shoots* of water from the rock, or rather of rock which throw off the water, as can any where be seen. At Heartshope, some of the finest cottages in this country, with their old balconies, perfect *posadas* in appearance. Danvers better when we returned; indeed, quite recovered. We drank tea in Luff's garden; a fine yew which he found lying on the ground, where it had remained twelvemonths, he hoisted up, and it recovered, and is now flourishing. Clarkson and Tilbrook arrived after tea.

July 21st. An old man above eighty was our guide up Helvellin; his hands shook, his voice faltered, but his feet were firm, and he walked up better than I could follow him. Up Glenriddel, to Capel Cove Tarn, which lies under Catchedicam; we ascended to the right of the Tarn, a steep ascent, but the easiest, then walked along the summit, and then ascended the ridge of another eminence, which seemed a fearful road till we got at it, when it was perfectly safe. Got up Helvellin, the point so called, then upon Brown Cove Head. Catchedicam, which is next in order, we left to the left, Red Tarn below, and Stridingedge on its right, a fearful place. We looked down on the spot were the bones of poor Gough[1] were found. Saw a little Tarn above the upper end of Thirlmere. On, till Grisdale Tarn appears below us, the largest of all on Helvellin; a very slippery descent to it, and here we left our guide, he going down Grisdale home, we up beside the Tarn, and over the hawse[2] to Grasmere.

I noticed a gate of wise construction; for want of hinges, an upright pole passed through a hole in a projecting stone at top, — it was at Heartshope, — and it fastened by running a wooden spiggot into a hole in a rock, or great stone.

Saturday 22nd. Through Langdale, and over the Stake. Slate quarry. The drippings of the rock have formed a black and sunless pool. Long-dale it is indeed! on the summit we lost the path, and did not recover it till we were nearly down. They lay ropes under the hay, and bear it off in that manner; or on a horse, as much as he can bear, and the ropes hold.

Saturday, August 19th. WALKED home from Lowther; breakfast with Thomas Wilkinson. He showed me Yanwith Hall. Its smaller tower inclined so far from the perpendicular, that it must soon have fallen. The present Lord Lonsdale was very desirous of preserving it; a huge machine for pulling it back from its inclination was made ready, and the side opposite was undermined. The workmen now began to be alarmed, and were afraid to use the powers which had been prepared, when somebody cried out that the wall was moving, though with a motion almost imperceptible; it was soon, however, ascertained that this was the case, and in the course of the night it settled completely upright, in such a manner that it may now last for ages.

Crossed the Emont by a foot-bridge, from whence there is a sweet view of Yaworth. We took shelter from the rain with one Dawson, who owns that little white very neat house with the clipt yew tree before it, two miles on this side Penrith. He supplies his house with water from a rising ground about 100 yards off. A plumber, thirty years since, laid him a small leaden

[1] The history of his loss the reader will find in WORDSWORTH'S *Fidelity*—

"A barking sound the Shepherd hears,
A cry as of a Dog or Fox," &c.

And in those other well-known lines—

"We climbed the dark brow of the mighty
Helvellyn," &c.

J. W. W.

[2] The same as *hals*, *i.e.* a neck. A very common name in Cumberland and Westmoreland.

J. W. W.

pipe for five groats a yard, exclusive of soldering, which cost about sixteen shillings more, and this has lasted excellently well. The water is conveyed into a large stone cistern, or small tank, in the dairy,—fine, soft, beautiful water, and from there it flows through an old gun-barrel pipe into a trough of stone, likewise on the outside, for out of door purposes; close to the inner cistern, is a sink, so that the dairy is thus kept always cool and clean. What is remarkable, (besides this excellent contrivance, which was projected by the owner himself, a plain Cumberland peasant), is, that this never-failing stream seems to indicate changes of weather, for before all changes, either for fine weather or rain, instead of flowing freely, it comes drop by drop.

Black lead has been found in the Colonel's Island, and it had been buried there some thirty or forty years ago, when a regular trade in stealing it was carried on.

In one place, by the Emont, there is the black currant growing wild.

A woman, at the foot of Crossfels, said, when I enquired the road for some distance forward, "'Twould be mystical for me to tell you the way," meaning that it was too intricate for me to comprehend her.

1st Feb. 1814. I heard the ice thunders[1] this morning. Edith and Herbert compared it to the howling of wild beasts. It was neither like thunder nor the sound of the wind, but a long, moaning, melancholy sound, rising and dying away, beyond measure mournful; and to any one crossing the ice, inexpressibly awful and appalling. Every now and then came a crash, and a splash of waters. We staid half an hour listening to it. The children were very much impressed. It was the more extraordinary, as there had been no thaw, and the night had been severe. It was between eight and nine o'clock.

At Nottingham, the streets are paved with Bödern stones, which the higher classes pronounce *Bolder*. A boy who takes up a large stone says, I'll throw a Böder at you.

St. John's Church. Joseph Dixon's book of psalm tunes had a picture on it of Windsor Castle, with Patent Windsor Soap written below.

Joseph Glover was born at Watenlath, and from the age of eight till twelve, when he left it, used every day to go to the church in Borrowdale to school, three miles distant over the mountain, in all weather. Harrison, who had then the living and the school, was a very old man. Glover was the only boy from Watenlath, and could have had no schooling unless he went there. The master used to let him go away earlier than the rest of the boys. The house in which he was born is now fallen entirely to ruins. I make this memorial of Glover with some interest. The man is a carpenter and joiner here in Keswick, and I should say, very much out of his proper place, if such a man could be out of place any where. But a more ingenious or a more inquiring man I have seldom seen, nor one more ready and alert upon all occasions with his best services; nor with whom, had his situation in life permitted, I should have been upon more familiar terms.

In the reign of King John, Richard Gilpin "was enfeoffed in the lordship of Kentmere Hall, by the Baron of Kendal, for his singular deserts both in peace and war. This is that R. G. who slew the wild boar that, raging in the mountains adjoining, as sometimes did that of Erimanthus, had much endammaged the country people; whence it is that the Gilpins in their coat arms, give the boar."—*Life of* Bernard G.

[1] Wordsworth alludes to the same sound in the *Prelude*—

"From under Esthwaite's splitting fields of ice
The pent up air, struggling to free itself,
Gave out to meadow-grounds and hills a loud
Protracted yelling, like the noise of wolves
Howling in troops along the Bothnic main."
— — — B. i. p. 25.—J. W. W.

Feb. 10, 1819. This morning a cock-roach was found in the mouse-trap, where it had picked the bones of the tail, and eaten out both the eyes of a mouse, which had been taken in the night. This reminds me of what happened in the West Indies, in the ship with my brother. A boy, who slept on deck barefooted, had the callus eaten off both his heels by the cockroaches, so that for some time he was not able to walk.

March 21, 1819. A RAT-CATCHER tells me that the white rat from Greenland has found its way into this country. He caught twelve at Edinburgh, (I think). They are larger than the Norway rat,—measuring eighteen inches from the nose to the extremity of the tail, but they are not so fierce.

A.D. 1819. MANY hundred sycamore seeds are now shooting up upon the green before the parlour window, the winter having been so uncommonly mild that it has killed nothing. I never before remember to have seen any of these seeds growing there, though they must have been scattered there equally every autumn. If the place were deserted here, there would be a self-sown grove. And how many such must be produced in a winter like this!

A.D. 1815. By Mr. Leathes's I heard a stuttering cuckoo,—whose note was cuc-cuckoo—cucuckoo; after three or four of which he brought out the word rightly.[1]

A MAN who worked for us was nettle-proof. He would apply them to his face, and put them into his bosom, without feeling the sting.

Miss GRISDALE knows a single woman in this country who succeeded unexpectedly to £70,000. The only change she made in her mode of life was, to use lump sugar in her tea, and to drink it out of a china cup instead of a crockery one. But she was always much disturbed and provoked at paying the income tax.

WHEN Wordsworth was a boy, a saying was remembered among the people, that time was when a squirrel could have gone from Crow Park to Wytheburn Chapel, without touching the ground.[2]

"WHILST the villains of Low Furness were employed in all the useful arts of agriculture, the woodlanders of High Furness were charged with the care of the flocks and herds, which pastured the verdant side of the fells, to guard them from the wolves which lurked in the thickets below; and in winter to browse them with the tender sprouts and sprigs of the hollies and ash. This custom has never been discontinued in High Furness, and the holly trees are carefully preserved for that purpose, where all other wood is cleared off; and large tracts of common pasture are so covered with these trees as to have the appearance of a forest of hollies. At the shepherd's call the flock surround the holly bush, and receive the croppings at his hand, which they greedily nibble up, and bleat for more. A stranger unacquainted with this practice would imagine the holly bush to have been sacred among the fellanders of Furness. The mutton so fed has a remarkable fine flavour."—WEST's *Antiquities of Furness*, p. xlv. A.D. 1774.

"IN former times, when salt was procured from sea sand, by pouring water on it, and then boiling down the water to a salt, grants of sand from the lord of the manor were common on the sea coast."—Ibid. p. 191.

"THE place near Ulverston where Martin Swart encamped, when he landed with Mac Lambert, Simnel, and the Flemish troops, is called Swartmoor to this day. There is a tradition that Sir Thomas Broughton did

[1] The old child's rhyme says—

"In the month of June,
He alters his tune,"

and it is quite true.—J. W. W.

[2] WORDSWORTH, I think, has mentioned the fact in his *Poems*, and SOUTHEY in his *Colloquies*.—J. W. W.

not fall in the battle as is recorded, but that he escaped, lived many years among his tenants in Witherslack, in Westmoreland, and was interred in the chapel there."—Ibid. p. 210.

THE woollen yarn spun by the country people in Broughton for sale used to produce more than £4000 a-year. Circiter 1774.—Ibid. p. 212.

TEA with itself has introduced wheaten bread.—Ibid. p. 213.

IZ. WALTON, p. 195, says of Winander Mere, that it is "some say, as smooth in the bottom as if it were paved with polished marble."

"THE Shepherd's Guide, or a Delineation of the Wool and Ear Marks on the different Stocks of Sheep in Patterdale, Grassmere, Hawkeshead, Langdale, Loughrigg, Wythburn, Legberthwaite, St. Johns, Wanthwaite and Burns, Borrowdale, Newlands, Threlkeld, Matterdale, Watermillock, Eskdale, and Wastdalehead.

"To which is prefixed an Index, shewing the proprietors' names and places of abode, with a description of the marks, &c. By William Mounsey and William Kirkpatrick, on the plan originally devised by Joseph Walker.

"Penrith: Printed by W. Stephen."

No date. 8vo.

THE original preface says "the success this work has met with is sufficient to show the extensive benefit which is likely to result from it. It has not been presented to any sheep-breeder who has not considered it of the greatest importance.

"My object is to lay down a plan by which every man may have it in his power to know the owner of a strayed sheep, and to restore it to him; and, at the same time, that it may act as an antidote against the fraudulent practice too often followed,—in a word, to restore to every man his own.

"I considered that the best mode of representing the wool and ear marks would be to have printed delineations of the animals on which the respective marks might be laid down, and to which the printed description preceding would serve as an index.

"Accordingly, the book consists of fourteen chapters of prints, filling eighty-four pages, with three couple of sheep in each, each couple numbered.

"Matterdale. Chap. 12.

"No. 12. William Calvert, Esq., Wallthwaite.

"Ritted far ear; old sheep, M on the near side; hogs, full cripping across each buttock, and no letter.

"No. 17. John Sutton.

"Cropped, and muck-forked on the far ear; under fold bitted on the near; a red stroke over the fillets of the near side, the form of a grindstone handle.

"No. 23. John Brownrigg, Matterdale End.

"Cropped far ear, bitted near; a red pop on the top of the shoulder; J. B. on the near side.

The ear marks are what are most depended on, because they cannot be so easily got rid of.

The ear is either cropt, under or upper halved, under key-bitted or upper, holed, muck-forked, or clicking-forked, marked with a three square hole, &c.; and these marks are varied, by being either on the cropt or otherwise entire ear.

The other marks have all their technical names.

The copy before me is one which my brother T. has borrowed from a neighbour. It is neatly bound in red sheep; and has pasted in it a printed paper with these words, "Newlands' Public Book."

The sheep are coloured according to the description, and a blank in the engraving left for the ears of one in each couple.

"THE Wells of rocky Cumberland
Have each a Saint or Patron,
Who holds an annual festival
The joy of maid and matron.

"And to this day as erst they wont,
The youths and maids repair
To certain wells on certain days
And hold a Revel there.

"Of sugar-sweet and liquorice,
With water from the spring,
They mix a pleasant beverage,
And May-Day carols sing."
MR. JOHN HUTCHINSON'S
June Days' Jingle.

BY the public house in Newlands, there is a green cock-pit.

LOOKING down from Hindscarth upon Buttermere, the light fell so upon the lake that one part, which was in shade, appeared like a hole in it, or pit.

WHERE the hill has been burnt, the cranberry leaves are red.

THE wooden railroad is said to have been first invented by Mr. Carlisle Spedding at Whitehaven. — DR. DIXON'S *Life of Dr. Brownrigg*, p. 108.

IN Mrs. Wilson's youth it would have been thought a sin for any one to have sold honey in this place. It was given freely to any who happened to want it.

AMONG the Lansdowne MSS. (No. 17. 7.) is a letter from Augsburg, written in Latin to the Lords Leicester and Burghley, by David Hang and John Languaver, co-partners with their Lordships in the mines at Keswick, concerning those mines. A.D. 1573. *Catal.* p. 33.

Ibid. p. 37, No. 18. 51. ARTICLES proposed to the Lord Treasurer to be entered into with the Queen, by the Company of the mines at Keswick. A.D. 1574.

Ibid. p. 48, No. 24. 1. EDWARD BRADDYL to the Lord Treasurer, wanting to know what must be done with the Queen's copper in her store-house at Keswick. A.D. 1576.

MORE papers concerning these mines.— P. 56, No. 28. 4-11.

Ibid. p. 115, No. 61. 69. LETTER describing something of the country and people near Kendal, to Lord Burghley.

Cotton MSS. Titus B. iii. 7. KESWICK mines.

THE parsonage house in Langdale was licensed as an alehouse, because it was so poor a living, that the Curate could not otherwise have supported himself.

Owen Lloyd who now holds the curacy told me this.

"CARES and sorrows cast away,
This is the old wives' holyday."
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Women pleased*, act v. sc. iii.

A LARGE leaved sort of clover, with a purple spot in the centre of the leaves, grows as a weed in this nursery garden,— the seed having been accidentally imported in some package from America.

JOHN EARSDEN and George Mason composed the music in a work entitled, "The Ayres that were sung and played at Brougham Castle in Westmoreland, in the King's entertainment, given by the Right Hon. the Earl of Cumberland, and his right noble son the Lord Clifford. Fol. London, 1618." —HAWKINS, vol. 4, p. 25.

Possibly here might be words by Daniel.

Tuesday, 19 Jan. 1836. I WENT out at one o'clock to shake hands with my old friend G. Peachy before his departure. It was a bright frosty day, and my Scotch bonnet afforded no shelter to my eyes, which are however now so used to it as not to be inconvenienced by the light. I was reading as usual, Clarke's Christiad[1] was the

[1] I had the *Christiad* in hand at this time, and had written to Southey on the subject. This induced him to turn to it. The underwritten is from the fly-leaf of his copy transcribed into my own:— "Robert Clarke, educated at the English College at Douay, where, as I am informed, he was Professor of the Classics. He after-

book; and just on the rising ground where the view of the lake opens, the sun came I suppose more directly upon my eyelids, but the page appeared to be printed in red letters. The page before me was that on which the last book begins, and the heading is in larger type, these took the colour first, and were red as blood, the whole page presently became so. The opposite page had a confused intermixture of red and black types, when I glanced on it; but fixing the sight there the whole became rubric also, though there was nothing so vivid as in the heading of the book. The appearance passed away as my position with regard to the sun was altered.

I particularly noticed this phenomenon, which never occurred to me before, but which if I am not deceived I have read of more than once as something preternatural. An enthusiast according to the mood of mind would take it for a manifestation of grace or of wrath,—I think it has had the latter interpretation.

May 13, 1821. Early this morning, and more in a dream than awake, I fell into a train of fanciful thought, and imagined a great island in the Polar Sea, which was the Kraken, or, as the earth itself has been supposed by some wild theorists, a living and sentient creature. That sort of perpetual creation which Azara supposes was going on there, and the Kraken had in later years pushed out heads and feelers from his upper as well as under surface. These were in various forms and kinds, graminivorous, frondivorous, carnivorous, and omnivorous. Among these varieties, some human heads appeared at last; and the Krakeners, in evil hour for themselves, thought it a point of duty to educate their heads, and teach them to speak and to read: or rather they took them-

wards became a Carthusian Monk, and spent his leisure hours in an elaborate work, entitled *Christiad*." This meagre account is all that Dodd gives (vol. 3, p. 311), and for this he referred to the Diary of Douay College, and the Diary of the Carthusians at Nieuport."—J. W. W.

more reasonably for their gods; and at length nothing was to be done without consulting them through the priests or *Krakenpates*. These heads being fixtures, and having no means of seeing things for themselves, believed of course what the krakenpates told them,—but they had whims of their own also, and very seldom agreed,—and when they were out of humour, they could shake part of the body, and bring various evils upon the land, by the feelers, water, volcanoes, &c.

Something might be made of this.

Keswick, 1808. Sept. 27. Snow on Helvellin, some was seen yesterday, and some last week.

Sept. 28. The snow continues there, and the frost in the night has killed all our nasturtiums, which were yesterday in full bloom and beauty. The potatoe tops also are withered and black. The lime at Jackson's new building here was frozen two inches deep, and one of the masons says there was ice an inch thick in a tin cup. The kidney beans also are killed, and made transparent by the frost.

Sept. 29. The sunflowers and hollyhocks killed in the garden. Walking out I observed the ash leaves cut off and lying under the tree, before they had changed colour. The sycamore had lost some leaves in the same manner, but not so many. The elder berries were all killed. Snow fell upon all the mountains, and there was ice in the boat.

Sept. 30. The sweet-peas and china-asters killed, a few of the latter which were more sheltered have escaped.

Oct. 30. What a morning! hard frost, bright sunshine, and a wind not perceptible otherwise than by its keen coldness, bending the smoke of the newly kindled fires, which has risen high through the stillness,—and blending it with the mist which runs under the mountains, beginning at Thornthwate, till it comes round under Wallow and meets the smoke of the town: the fell summit shining above it in sunshine.

1809. June 2. Snow upon all the hills and the vale of St. John's covered with it: a thing never before remembered. Within a fortnight grass which had then been buried beneath the snow, was mown.

Nov. 3. The first effect of winter upon the flowers, the nasturtiums just touched by the frost.

1821. June 9. Snow upon Causey Pike and the Borrowdale Fells.

1822. Sept. 26. First snow on Helvellin.

1828. Nov. 9. There has been no snow yet.

Nov. 10. The first.

1833. Sept. 1. Cucumbers on the frame, vegetable marrows, and such kidney beans as were not sheltered from the east, cut off by frost.

Monday, 24th Oct. 1836. LEFT Keswick with Karl in the stage. Found the squaw in it, and dropt her at what used to be John Stanley's—the public house in Legberthwaite. No other passenger the whole way. They have played the Quaker with Ivy Cottage. Saw Wordsworth and Mr. Robinson in Ambleside. Took our places for Liverpool at the Commercial Inn, Kendal, and slept there.

Tuesday, 25th. Called at half-past four. Two heads are better than one, said a man who was assisting to pack the coach, and to enforce the remark he added, I had rather have two sovereigns than one. I dissented from the opinion, and reminded Karl of Eteocles and Polynices,—for we had been reading the Thebaid.

Set off half-past five by moonlight. A man in the coach talked about Bishop Watson, and said that when a school-boy at Hensingham, his schoolfellows used to laugh at him for coming in a homespun coat and clogs, and gave him some nickname in consequence. I cannot think the clogs would have exposed him to any ridicule in this country, and especially at that time.

They allow only ten minutes for breakfast at Lancaster, which is the more unreasonable because the coach is changed there, and if you do not choose to run the risk of losing your luggage, you must lose your breakfast. I found time to abridge mine by swallowing two raw eggs; 1*s.* 9*d.* each the charge, so that you must eat at the rate of two-pence a minute to make a saving bargain.

Passed Hesketh Hall, and in the adjacent village was recognized to our mutual surprize by Mr. Hodgeson, John Wordsworth's late curate, who had recently removed to this place. He introduced me to Mr. Addington, who was going to Liverpool on his way to London, a very agreeable, gentlemanly, well informed man, a friend of Mrs. Charles Warren. He told me that Sharpe had left his sister-in-law only £50 a year! It ought to have been £500.

Reached Liverpool a little after three, and finding no place could be taken for Ellesmere till to-morrow evening, off we set for the Birkenhead steamer, and at half-past five were packed up in the mail for Chester. We had a very intelligent companion upon the stage, a most incurious one from Lancaster. He was a person in business at Liverpool, who had never been to London, nor indeed fifty miles from home, except once, for a fortnight to the Isle of Man by the steamer. He works in a counter from morning to night, and is evidently killing himself thereby: but broad hints and good plain advice seemed to be bestowed upon him in vain.

Tuesday, 25th. Our way into the inn was up a flight of steps, and then across one of those rows which make Chester one of the most remarkable cities in England It is a large old rambling house, and our bedroom was so far back that we were not molested by any noise from the street. The gas was so offensive in the public room that we could not endure it.

Walked round the walls before breakfast.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Spirits.

HENRY MORE thought it was manifestly indicated in the Scriptures, "That there is no such necessary union between the soul and the body, but she may act as freely out of it, as in it: as men are nothing the more dull, sleepy, or senseless, by putting off their clothes, and going out of the house, but rather more awakened, active, and sensible."—*Theological Works*, p. 19.

"Besides, it is not unreasonable but that she (the soul) and other spirits, though they have no set organs, yet for more distinct and full perception of objects, may frame the element they are in into temporary organization: and that with as much ease and swiftness as we can dilate and contract the pupil of our eye, and bring back or put forward the crystalline humour."—Ibid. p. 26.

Why has not man a microscopic eye?

Because it is impossible: that is, not only inconsistent with his nature, and the order of the universe, but incompatible with it.

But a pneumascopic or angeloscopic eye is not impossible.

"THE Battas (Sumatra) think their ancestors are a kind of superior beings attendant on them always."—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol. 14, p. 317.

"NUMBER in the air."—BISH. HACKETT, *Sermon*, p. 212.

"SOME Jewish Rabbins have presumed to teach more than Scripture, that the bodies of Enoch and Elias were dissolved into elements in their rapture, and nothing but their soul was received into Abraham's bosom. I smell the leaven of the Sadducees here; for certainly the origin of it came from such as they, who resisted the truth, and held that a body could not be exalted to heavenly places."—Ibid. p. 428.

"The spirits of the faithful may appear; those of the wicked not."—Ibid. p. 436. A forcible passage.

PROCLUS, according to Rabelais (vol. i. p. 102), says, "Qu'en forme leonine ont esté diables souvet veus, lesquels en la presence d'un coq blanc soudainement sont disparus." But M. le Duchat says, the colour of the cock is not specified.

"THE miracle of the herd of swine has never been better explained than thus; that the devils were suffered to go into the swine, to make it appear that they were indeed evil spirits which had possessed the men, and thus practically confute the doctrine of the Sadducees, who denied that there were any spirits."—JENKINS' *Reas. of Christianity*, vol. 1, p. 259.

"Good spirits as numerous and active as bad."—Ib. p. 325.

Dryden's Philidel (a poor imitation of Ariel) laments

"For so many souls as, but this morn,
Were clothed with flesh, and warmed with vital blood,
But naked, now, or shirted but with air."
King Arthur, vol. 6, p. 284.

Monthly Review, vol. 2, p. 427. A CURIOUS argument for the existence of evil spirits, drawn from dreams, by Seed.

In Pierce Penniless his Supplication, it is said, "The spirits of the air will mix themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clime where they raise any tempest, that suddenly great mortality shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of fire have their mansions under the regions of the moon."—Boswell's *Shakspeare*, vol. 15, p. 287, n.

Ghost in the form of a dog.—*Gent. Mag.* vol. 1, p. 31.

Animals.

"Their more refined properties."
Henry More, *Theol. Works*, p. 33.
"Their shadow of religion."—Ibid. p. 34.

"Natural religion, historians tell us, is observable in other creatures as well as men."—Adam Littleton, p. 96.

Mussel-Elephants—Marigny, *Revolution*, vol. 1, p. 274.

Walking Stuart called himself an Homoousiast, as akin to all animated beings.—Mrs. Bray's *Letters*.

"Fish that are kept in jars, when they have lived awhile together, contract so great an affection for each other, that if they are separated they become melancholy and sullen, and are a long time before they forget the loss."—*Phil. Tran. Abr.* vol. 9, p. 323.

"Mr. Anderson put two ruffs into a jar of water about Christmas; and in April he gave one of them away. The fish that remained was so affected that it would eat nothing for three weeks; so that fearing it would pine to death, he sent it to the gentleman on whom he had bestowed its companion. On rejoining it, it eat immediately, and recovered its former briskness."—Ibid.

"Size, I believe, says J. Hunter, is in those animals who feed on others, in proportion to the number of the smaller."—Ibid. vol. 16, p. 398.

Query? To the number of those on which they prey?—or does he mean that creatures of prey are few in proportion as they are large?

[*Horses.*]

"John Ducrow, the clown at Astley's, buried in the burial ground of Lambeth Old Church, 27 May. The hearse was preceded at his particular desire, by his two favourite small white and chestnut coloured ponies, each led by an attendant, and having on its head a plume, and a rich velvet cloth spread over the back."—*Times*, 31 May, 1834.

Leo X., crowned Pope the anniversary of his capture in the battle of Ravenna, in the preceding year; and "il monta le cheval Turc qu'il avoit eu le jour de cette bataile; car l'ayant retiré des mains des François a rançon il l'aima d'une façon particulière, et le fit nourrir jusqu'à une extrême vieillesse avec un grand soin."—Bayle, vol. 2, p. 300. "Summâ cum indulgentiâ alendum curavit."—are the words of Jovius.

[*Elephants.*]

Major Moir says "There is a something in the elephant, independently of its bulk, I think, which distinguishes it from other quadrupeds. No person or persons would commit any act of gross indelicacy or indecency in the presence of an elephant, more than in the presence of the wholly reasoning. The same feeling would not prevail touching the presence of a stupid rhinoceros, almost as bulky."—*Oriental Fragments*, p. 485.

Watts thought their spirits might perpetually transmigrate. Sometimes he thought it hard to ascribe sensation to them: sometimes could hardly avoid thinking them reasonable.—Vol. 7, p. 579.

" καὶ τὰ μὲν σημαίνομαι,
Τὰ δ' ἐκπέπληγμαι, κοὐκ ἔχω μαθεῖν ὅτῳ.
SOPHOCLES, *Ajax*, v. 31.

Names.

"THE King of Ethiopia calls himself the king at whose name the lions tremble. Yet the hyena comes into the middle of his capital."—GEDDES' JENKIN, vol. 2, p. 46.

Adam Littleton, Adam Clarke, Adam Sedgewick, each has eaten largely of the fruit of what is now no longer a forbidden tree.

MRS. GARRICK's name was Eve Maria.—P. STOCK, vol. 2, p. 144.

" UPON Elizabeth's death it was given out that an old lion (ess?) in the Tower, bearing her name, pined away during her sickness, and died."—ELLIS's *Orig. Letters*, 2 *Series*, vol. 3, p. 195.

" THE names of women should be agreeable, soft, clear, captivating the fancy, auspicious, ending in long vowels, resembling words of benediction."—INST. OF MENU, SIR W. JONES, vol. 7, 116.

See also pp. 154, vol. Ibid.

Barbot, p. 244. Churchill's Col. vol. 5.

Canoes, Ellis, vol. 1, p. 169.

Pigs, Ib. vol. 2, p. 53.

" THE St. Bernard's dog, which we saw stuffed at Berne, and which had saved the lives of fifteen men, was called Barry."—DOWNES' *Letters from the Continent*, vol. 1, p. 88.

" IN China the Emperor's proper name must not be pronounced during his life. Nor after his death; for they are as it were consecrated by a surname, and by that surname are received into the burial place of their ancestors, and called in history. But in their *lifetime* they choose a name by which to be called, and thus then the only effable name serves also for an epoch, by which the evils of the reign are dated. Much confusion has been caused by some emperors capriciously altering their epochal names. One who reigned fifty-four years assumed no fewer than eleven."—*Phil. Trans.* vol. 7, p. 431.

IN the *Lucidario*, or Book of the Master and Disciple, the D. asks if the angels have names, and the M. answers, " Gli Angeli hanno tanta scientia che non hanno bisogno di nome." Upon this, the disciples observe that " Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael, are names." M. " They are rather surnames (*sopra nomi*) than names, because they are imposed by men, *per accidente;* in heaven they have no proper names. By accident it is that the first angel obtained his name, Sathan or more properly Sathael, that is to say, enemy, or opposed to God." Antitheist.

Death.

COUNT DE BUREN, death scene.—BRANTOME, vol. 4, p. 317-23.

M. d'Esse.—Ibid. vol. 7, p. 212-3.

Duke John, of Austria, had this display after death.—Ibid. p. 323.

Walter White's book.

Lacaille on prolongation of life.

SCOTT's Argument (*Christian Life*, vol. 1, p. 297) compared with the savage notion that death *is not a natural and necessary thing*,—a notion which seems as if it must have been derived from the Fall of Man.

TRIVULCI's death, sword in hand, to drive away the devils.—BRANTOME, vol. 5, p. 258-9.

TREE of life, and the forbidden tree, their possible effects.—JENKINS' *Reasonableness*, vol. 2, p. 238-9.

See, too, his argument for understanding these chapters *not* as allegorical.—Ibid. p 240.

JOVIAL from Jove, and Jove from Jehovah! Palmestry book.—JENKINS, p. 100.

Elelen—Hallelujah, Hallibaloo.—Ibid. p. 101.

Names.

PIERRE DE LOYER found his whole name, and place of abode anagrammed in a verse of the Odyssey.—BAYLE, vol. 2, p. 356-7.

"But though Haller calls his works *opuscula insanientis*, he has some good remarks upon the injurious effects of glazing in the potteries, and on rheumatism by friction and sudorifics."—SPRENGEL, vol. 3, p. 370.

"By what names the relics of anonymous martyrs are to be distinguished."—*Osservazione sopra i Cimiteri, &c.* pp. 109-10.

"CHARLES II. named a yacht the Fubbs, in honour of the Duchess of Portsmouth, who we may suppose was in her person rather full and plump. Sculptors and painters apply this epithet to children, and say, for instance, of the boys of Fiammingo, that they are fubby. In this yacht he narrowly escaped shipwreck. Mr. Gostling, Subdean of St. Paul's (a famous singer) one of the party, struck with a just sense of his deliverance, and the terrific scene from which he had escaped, he, on his return to London, selected from the Psalms those passages which declare the wonders and terrors of the deep, and gave them to Purcell to compose as an anthem. This Purcell did, and adapted it so peculiarly to the compass of Mr. Gostling's voice, which was a deep bass, that hardly any person but himself was then, or has since been, able to sing it."—HAWKINS's *Hist. Mus.* vol. 4, p. 359. N.

A. GUISE christened Paris by the city which stood sponsor.—BRANTOME, vol. 8, p. 147.

Why Montluc christened a son Fabian.—Ibid. vol. 7, p. 295.

Feeling toward Inanimate Objects.

WHEN the Chancellor Cheverny went home in his old age for the last time, "Messieurs, (dit-il aux Gentilshommes du canton accourus pour le saluer) je resemble au bon lievre qui vient mourir au gîte.

"Arrivant au Chateau de Cheverny, trouvant que l'on luy avoit fait changer un vieux lit, pour en remettre un plus beau à sa place, il se fascha, et voulut que l'on remit son vieux lit avec la vieille tapisserie en ladite chambre, qu'il n'a jamais voulu changer, ni se servir d'autres meubles que ceux-là, disant qu' il les aimoit plus que tous les beaux qui estoient en sa maison, comme luy ayant servi à sa naissance et durant toute sa vie."—*Coll. des Mem.* tom. 50, p. 33.

ONE of Bishop Hobart's juvenile correspondents writes to him—"Your good friend while here, accidentally saw your little trunk in one corner of the room, and actually manifested as much joy at the sight of it as if it had been an old friend."—MR. VICKERS' *Memoir of Bish. Hobart*, p. 128.

"NEAR Mealhada is a fine forest of great extent, and so intricate, that even the natives are sometimes bewildered by the multitude of tracks. My guide said that it abounded in wolves, and desired me to observe the stump of a tree recently felled, telling me that a young man, assailed by three of those ferocious animals, had taken refuge in its branches, and had afterwards cut it down as a memorial of his escape, and in testimony of his gratitude. I thought this an odd mode of returning thanks, and tacitly determined never to endanger my safety for a native of Mealhada. Different nations have certainly different modes of expressing their sense of services conferred. A Portuguese fells a tree for the same reason that an Englishman would effectually protect it."—LORD CAERNARVON's *Portugal and Gallicia*, vol. 1, p. 56.

Mr. Augustus St. John, in the very pleasing Journal of his residence in Normandy, says, that upon praising a plough which he saw there as an exceedingly neat implement of its kind, the farmer was pleased at the compliment, and replied, "She goes well, Sir." "It was the first time," says Mr. St. John, "I had observed that a plough is of the feminine gender; but my friend seemed to be a kind of an amateur, and spoke of his plough with as much affection as a true bred sailor speaks of his ship, or Sancho Panza of his ass, Dapple."—P. 18.

A jubilee church after the 100th, and then commences with a fresh numeration in the second century.

Death.

"Opra di Dio
Sai che non fu la morte. Ei de viventi
La perdita non brama. Entro nel mondo
Chiamata da malvagi
E co detti, e coll' opre."

Metastasio, vol. vii. p. 324.
Morte d'Abel.

Stahl thought that no sufficient physical cause for death can be assigned, seeing that the human body, notwithstanding its tendency to destruction, always resists it by virtue of the action of the soul.—*Theor. Med.* p. 606. Sprengel, vol. 5, p. 218.

Pontoppidan says that "in the vale of Guldbrand, and especially in the parish of Læssoe, there are persons of such an extreme age, that from a lassitude of longer life, they get themselves removed elsewhere to die the sooner."[1]—*M. Review*, vol. xii. p. 451.

[1] As this is a curious statement, I have thought the reader might like the reference. It occurs in his *Norges Naturlige Historie*, tom. ii. p. 411. Kjøbenhavn, 1753, 4to.—J. W. W.

Compare Hutchinson, vol. x. p. 294-5, with W. Whiter.

"Tu que vas
Por este mundo inconstante
Mira que el que va delante
Avisa al que va detras."

Lope de Vega, vol. 17, p. 218.

"R. Alexander aliquando proclamavit, Quis est, qui cupit diu vivere? Quis est, qui cupit diu vivere? Statimque congregati sunt et venerunt ad ipsum omnes qui fuerunt in mundo, dixeruntque, da nobis vitam." Upon which, he preached to them from Psalm xxxiv. 13, 14, 15.—*Avoda Sara.* p. 157.

The angel of death is all over eyes, "totus quantus sit oculatus."—Ibid. p. 163.

Life of Beattie, vol. 1, p. 406, composure toward death accounted for. Vol. ii. p. 259, Dr. Campbell's death, a beautiful and valuable fact.

Death thought unnatural in Loango.—*Parallels*, vol. 1, p. 724.

In Congo the greatest of all goods.—Ibid.

Mr. A. B. Johnson (an American) once heard a divine contend in his sermon that, "except on the authority of revelation, no individual can be certain that he shall die."

Treatise on Language, p. 258.

Carlyle's *French Revolution*, vol. 1, p. 27.

Duc of Orleans, who believed there was no such thing as death.

Tickets in death's lottery.

Number 2.

"Gli due che mutuamente s'amano, non son veri due. *So.* Ma quanti? *Phi.* O solamente uno, over quattro. *So.* Che gli

due siano uno, intendo, peroche l'amore unisce tutti due gli amanti, et gli fa uno; ma quattro a che modo? *Phi.* Trasformandosi ognun di loro nell' altro, ciascuno di loro si fa due, cioè amato et amante insieme; et due volte due fa quattro, si che ciascuno di loro è due, et tutti due sona uno et quattro."—*Leone Medico (Hebreo) Dialogi di Amore*, p. 132.

"Si vous entendiez, respondit Tyras, de quelle sorte par l'infinie puissance d'amour, deux personnes ne deviennent qu'une, et une en devient deux, vous connoistriez que l'amant ne peut rien desirer hors de soy-mesme. Car aussi tost que vous auriez entendu comme l'amant se transforme en l' aimé, et l'aimé en l'amant, et par ainsi deux ne deviennent qu'un, et chacun toutesfois estant amant et aimé, par consequent est deux, vous comprendriez, Hylas, ce qui vous est tant difficile, et avoueriez, que puis qu'il ne desire que ce qu'il aime, et qu'il est l'amant et l'aimés ses desires ne peuvent sortir de luy mesme."—*Astrée*, p. ii. tom. 3, p. 452.

"It is a matter of dispute what is the principle of individuation in men: or what it is which causes one man to be a different individual person from another."—Jenkin, *Reasonableness*, vol. 2, p. 397.

A father and son are one person.—*Pama Cayet. Coll. Un.* tom. 55, p. 42.

Charron, p. 46-7. For a moral turn,—Smith's *Sermons*, p. 119.

Chev. du Soleil, vol. 3, p. 80.

The infanta Lindabrides writes to him, "lors que je me ressouviens de ce que vous avez esté envers moy, et ce que vous estes maintenant, je ne peux croire autre chose sinon qu'il y a au monde deux Chevaliers qui s'appellent du Soleil, et que vous estes autre que celuy qui souloit estre mien."

"Diodorne said, and Monboddo believes, that in Taprobana the inhabitants have their tongues divided, partly by nature and partly by art, and thus are enabled to hold two distinct conversations at the same time with two different persons."—*M. Review*, vol. 72, p. 356.

Two hearts found in a partridge. *American Phil. Trans.* The paper is by M. d'Aboville.—Ibid. vol. 76, p. 293.

Hercules in heaven, and in the shades. C. *Odyssey*, vol. 11, p. 735.

"The division of ourselves (if I may use the expression) between vice and virtue."—Percival Stockdale, *Mem.* vol 1, p. 63.

Round or Square.

"— Teres atque rotundus,
The steady honest man is τετράγωνος, like a die: throw him which way you will, he lights upon a square.—Adam Littleton, p. 154.

Ἀνὴρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ τετράγωνος ἄνευ ψόγου.
Aristotle.—H. More, *Ecc. Preface*, ix.

"A la physionomie de ce dernier, on juge bien que veritablement c'estoit un homme *rond* et sans ambition de fortune."—*Astrée*, tom. 4, p. 830.

Eraste's valet, Gros-René, prides himself on being "homme fort rond de toutes les manières."—Moliere, vol. 1, p. 248.

"The inconcussable steadiness of the square 'perchance might be the reason that the prince of philosophers, in his Ethics, termeth a constant-minded man, even equal and direct on all sides, and not easily overthrown by any little adversity, *hominem quadratum*, a square man."—Puttenham, p. 83.

" Dette mi fur di mia vita futura
Parole gravi; avvegna ch' io mi senta
Ben tetragono a i colpi di ventura."

Dante. *Paradiso*, t. 3, p. 110.

Physic.

" One of the eminentest of our London physicians was wont, as an excellent secret, to employ in some of his choice remedies that peculiar saltpetre which he had drawn out of the earth digged up in churchyards." —Boyle, vol. 1, p. 210.

" I have seen a good quantity of that jelly that is sometimes found on the ground, and by the vulgar called a star-shoot,[1] as if it remained upon the extinction of a falling star; which being brought to an eminent physician of my acquaintance, he lightly digested it in a well-stopt glass for a long time, and by that alone resolved it into a permanent liquor, which he extols as a specific to be outwardly applied against wens." —Ibid. p. 244.

Sir Theodore Mayerne's MS. Ephemerides.

Ellis's Orig. Letters, second series, vol. 3, p. 246.

His remarks upon this patient's circumstances.

King Solomon's Portraiture of Old Age, by John Smith, M.D. a philosophical discourse. " Among other ingenious observations, he remarks, that the expressions of Solomon, Eccles. xii. probably denote the same doctrine of the circulation of the blood as Harvey's; the pitcher being interpreted for the veins; the fountain for the right ventricle of the heart; the cistern for the left; the wheel for the circulation."—*Abr. Phil. Trans.* vol. 1, p. 86.

[1] Otherwise called " Tremella Nostoc." See Third Series, p. 763.—J. W. W.

The podagric unguent of the " so much famed Franciscus Jos. Borrhi," was made up of almost all the parts of a stag. It was inferred, from the supposed longevity of this animal, that nature had stored it with a balsamic preservative salt in a greater proportion than most other creatures, and therefore that all its parts, even the excrementitious one, were endued with medical virtues. A physician of Jena, Joh. Andrea Gratz by name, wrote a treatise upon this, entitled Elaphographia, sive Cervi Descriptio Physico-Medico-Chymica.—Ibid. pp. 281-2.

"The parliament of Paris, at the solicitation of the Parisian physicians (among whom Guy Patin was the most conspicuous), prohibited the use of antimony in medicine. This restriction, after some years, was removed; but it was a long time indeed before the French physicians could get the better of their prejudices, or rather of their timidity, in regard to the employment of those active remedies which are derived from the chemical preparations of this and other metallic substances, and which give to the practice of physic a vigour and efficiency that it formerly wanted."—Ibid. p. 596, N.

Martin Lister describes a cimex of the largest size, of a red colour, with black spots, as to be found in great abundance upon henbane. " It is observable," he says, " that that horrid and strong smell with which the leaves of this plant affect our nostrils, is very much qualified in this insect, and in some measure aromatic and agreeable; and there we may expect that that dreadful narcosis so eminent in this plant, may likewise be usefully tempered in this insect; which we refer to trial."—Ibid. pp. 602-3.

" Isaac Vossius commended the skill of the Chinese physicians in finding out by their touch, not only that the body is diseased, (which, he said, was all that our practitioners knew by it,) but also from what cause or from what part the sickness proceeds. To make ourselves masters of this skill, he would

have us explore the nature of men's pulses, till they became as well known and as familiar to us as a harp or lute is to the players thereon; it not being enough for them to know that there is something amiss which spoils the tune, but they must also know what string it is which causes that fault." —Ibid. vol. 2, p. 63.

"Our foresters," says Sir G. Mackenzie, "allege, that when deer are wounded, they lie on a certain herb which grows plentifully in our forests, and that by its virtue the bleeding is stanched, and the wound healed. I took a quantity of it, and reduced it to a salve, with wax and butter. Its effect was, that it healed too suddenly, so that I durst not venture to use it for any deep wound, but for superficial scars it has a very sudden operation. It is the Asphodelus Lancastriæ Verus of Johnstone;[1] or the Lancashire Asphodel."—Ibid. p. 227.

Johannes Baptista Alprunus, physician to the Empress Eleonora, in A.D. 1670, at Prague, lanced a plague-boil in one of his patients. "Having conceived that the way for him to penetrate into the most latent quality of this pestiferous venom was by chemistry; not with knives, but glasses, —not with iron, but fire,—I collected the virulent matter, and putting it in a retort, and luting a receiver to it very close, I applied degrees of fire. At first came over a water, then a more fat and oily matter, and at last a salt ascended into the neck of the retort. The fire being removed, and the glasses separated, there came forth so great a stench that a thousand wounds exposed to the summer heat could not have equalled it. And though I thought I had sufficiently armed my senses against it, that is, my ears with cotton, my nose with pessaries, my mouth with sponges, all dipt in vinegars and treacles, yet, as if touched with a thunderbolt, I was struck with a violent trembling of my body. Having broken the glass, I gave some of this horridly-stinking salt to to M. Reshel to taste, and then I tasted it myself, and it was found to have an acrimony as great as aqua regis." To this acrimony he ascribed all the phenomena which occur in the plague.—Ibid. p. 491.

The same physician thought he preserved himself by setons in the groin, thinking that the venom would find its way into his system, and that the safest course was thus to open a way out for it.—Ibid. p. 492.

A saddler's daughter at Burford had an imposthume which broke in the corner of one of her eyes, out of which came about thirty stones, splendid, and as large as pearls. —Ibid. vol. 3, p. 81.

Medicine among the Egyptians wholly built upon astrological or magical grounds. They thought the heart increased two drachms in weight annually till men were 50 years old, then decreased in the same proportion, so that no one could live beyond the age of 100.—Ibid. p. 681.

Dr. Archibald Pitcairn endeavoured, after Borelli and Bellini, to account for the principal phenomena, natural and morbid, which occur in the animal body,—upon mathematical principles!—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 46. See the passage.

A girl with horns on various parts of her body.—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 229.

Claws instead of nails.—Ibid. 4, p. 176.

A boy three years without eating and drinking.—Ibid. vol. 6. p. 459.

[1] The discovery is subsequent to the old edition of Gerarde by Johnson, where it is stated, "it is not yet found out what use there is of any of them in nourishment or medicines:" p. 97. No scholar, but knows the *Dictamnus* of Virgil. Æn. xii. v. 411; Cf. Cic. de N. D. ii. 50. Bishop Hacket says in the *Christian Consolations*, which were long given to Jeremy Taylor, "The hart wounded with an arrow, runs to the herb dittany to bite it, that the shaft may fall out that stuck in his body:" vol. i. p. 129. Ed. Heber.—J. W. W.

Ibid. vol. 7, p. 543, tuburculated skin.—vol. 10, p. 562.

Cassini saw a Russian at Florence who during two different years in his life had in his body an electrical virtue similar to that of the torpedo.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 66, p. 500.

Sir John Floyer in his Pharmacobasanos, or Touchstone of Medicines, attempted to account for their virtues by their taste and smell.—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol. 4, p. 458.

M. de Cherac, who was first physician to Louis XV. maintained that it is as much the duty of a physician to enforce discipline to the sick, as of a general to enforce it in an army.—Ibid. p. 497.

Liniments for the itch "may be made agreeable enough, and of a good smell, as particularly is that compounded of the ointment of orange flowers, or roses, and a small quantity of red precipitate."—Dr. Mead. Ibid. vol. 5, p. 4.

When the small pox is epidemical in the main land over against Skie Isle as in the isle itself, the natives bathe their children in the infusion of juniper wood, and they generally escape; when this is neglected they often die.—Ibid. p. 379.

Pearls prescribed, to all those that are able to pay for them.—Ibid. p. 366. Gold and silver also.—p. 368.

Many swallowed the stones of sloes and cherries, thinking they would prevent any danger of surfeit, or indigestion from the fruit.—Ibid. vol. 6, p. 253.

Doddridge relates that a clergyman's lady, whose husband was of some eminence in the literary world, in a frenzy after a lying in (which was quickly removed) found during the time of it such an alteration in the state and tone of her nerves, that though she never had before nor since any ear for music, nor any voice, she was then capable of singing, to the admiration of all about her, several fine tunes, which her sister had learnt in her presence some time before, but of which she had not then seemed to take any particular notice.—Ibid. vol. 9, p. 370.

A man who had lost the use of his speech for about four years, recovered it, by being extremely frightened in a dream. The dream was that he had fallen into a furnace of boiling wort, and he called for help.—Ibid. p. 465.

Ibid. pp. 495-8. Medicines said to be insinuated into the body by electricity.—vol. 10, p. 13.

Nicolas Reeks born with both feet turned inwards, and pronounced incurable. Apprenticed at eleven years of age to a taylor, in six years sitting cross legged had produced a manifest alteration; in less than two years more, his feet and legs became like those of other men: he ran away and entered as a marine.—Ibid. p. 685.

There were two kinds of Usnea Humana, —the crustacea et villosa; the former was most esteemed, and any of the crustacean lichens, but more properly the common grey-blue pitted lichenoides of Dillenius. The villosa was a species of the genus hypnum; any moss that happened to grow on a human skull was thought efficacious.—Ibid. vol. 40, p. 252.

The cup moss was long accounted a specific for hooping-cough. Willis had great faith in it.—Ibid. p. 255.

Strict laws, vigilantly enforced, preserved New England from the small pox generally, Boston excepted, where it struck root, 1649, and was often epidemical.—Ibid. vol. 12, p. 229.

Family at Maryport (the Harrises) who could not distinguish colours.—Ibid. vol. 14, p. 143.

Dr. White (of York, 1778) says "diseases which usually in private practice of an easy cure, are often very tedious in hospitals, and apt to assume anomalous symptoms. Healthy persons, admitted for the cure of recent wounds and other accidents, soon become pale, lose their appetite, and are generally discharged weak and emaciated, but soon recover by the benefit of fresh air. In some hospitals the cure of a compound fracture is rarely seen; in private practice and a pure air, such cases seldom fail."—Ibid. p. 326.

"The Philosopher says that the phancy is seated in the middle region of the brain above the eyes, which upon great and sudden wrath calls up the spirits hastily into itself, and with that swift motion they are heated, and seem to flame in the eyes."—Bp. Hacket, p. 423.

"Women, in certain circumstances to us unknown, are every now and then capable of very far exceeding the usual number of children at a birth."—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol. 16, p. 301.

Horns on women.—Ibid. vol. 17, p. 28.

Julian calls Jupiter to witness that he had often been cured by remedies which Æsculapius directed him to use. "But this," says Dr. Jenkins, "supposing the truth of the fact, doth not prove that false God to have had more skill than a physician might have had, but only shows that devils may have such knowledge of the nature of things, as to give prescriptions in physic."—*Reasonableness of the Christian Religion*, vol. 1, p. 349.

"—il faut que nous fassions comme ces bons Medecins, qui ayans bien préparé les humeurs par quelques legers remèdes, les chassent après tout-à-fait par de plus fortes medecines."—Astrée, pt. 2, tom. 3, p. 394.

Mr. Newton's wife took tincture of soot. 1776.

Suidas and Cedrenus report that Solomon wrote of the remedies of all diseases, and graved the same on the sides of the porch of the temple, which they say Hezekiah pulled down, because the people neglecting help from God by prayer, repaired thither for their recovery.—Raleigh, b. 2, p. 429.

"— On ne doit pas craindre d'avancer que la medecine est de toutes les sciences physiques celle qui a donné lieu au plus grand nombre de speculations."—*Trans. Preface to Sprengel.*

A good severe jest of Henri IV. to the Parisians. If they instead of accepting his gracious offers should be by famine constrained "de se rendre la corde au col, au lieu," said he, "de la miséricorde que je leur offre, j'en ôterai la misère, et ils auront la corde."—*Coll. des Mem.* vol. 51, p. 340.

Rhazes cured stomach complaints with cold water and butter milk, and recommended chess for melancholy persons.—Sprengel, vol. 2, p. 292.

Avicenna prescribes gold, silver, and precious stones to purify the blood. And bugs (les punaises, aljesajes) for the quartain fever and for hysterics.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 319.

With him the practice began of gilding pills.—Ibid. p. 320.

Gilbertus Anglicus. His treatment of lethargy was to fasten a sow in the patient's bed. And in cases of apoplexy he administered ant's eggs, scorpion's oil, and lion's flesh, in order to induce fever; but Sprengel asks how lion's flesh was to be got in England?—Sprengel, vol. 2, p. 406.

Ficinus advises old men to drink the blood of healthy young persons, as a means of prolonging life.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 464.

When the German physicians (in the fifteenth century) wished to bring on a febrile action, they placed the patient between two fires.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 478.

Avicenna held that a certain fifth quality formed the temperament.—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 43.

Luis Mercado, physician to Philip II. doubted whether the temperament ought to be so regarded, or whether it were not rather the harmony and reunion of the four primary qualities.—Ibid. p. 21.

Sprengel calls him the Thomas Aquinas of medicine, the first of all scholastic physicians; and says it is impossible to imagine "jusqu' à quel point cet écrivain pousse les réveries méthodiques."

Barbarossa communicated to Francis I. a receipt for mercurial pills.—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 73.

In the fifteenth century, at the court of the German prince, it was part of the chief physician every morning to examine the sovereign's urine.—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 164.

Thomas Fyens called it "excrementum secundæ coctionis; et tire même certains signes du son qu'elle produit en tombant de la vessie dans le vase destiné à la reçevoir."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 168.

Both Severin, and Du Chesne who was physician to Henri IV. held that diseases proceeded from seed, like vegetables.—Ibid. p. 373.

"Roast cat, with goose-grease and spice, was Benedetto Veltori's remedy for convulsions."—Ibid. vol. 3, 181.

The Milanese physician, Settali, (16th century) discovered that the general practice of applying the actual cautery to the skull, for old catarrhs, was injurious.—Ibid. p. 194.

The old system, that the animal spirits were secreted by the brain.—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 64. All our knowledge comes to the same thing under different terms, pretty much.

Tea brought into use by the Dutch merchants and physicians aiding each other.—Ibid. vol. 5, p. 106-8-11.

Nicholas Robinson insisted that no other science had such incontestible pretensions to certitude as that of medicine.—Ibid. vol. 5, p. 171.

The apothecary's praise of a physician in Molière, "C'est un homme qui sait la medicine à fond, et qui, quand on devroit créver, ne démordroit pas, d'un *iota*, des régles des anciens. Oui, il suit toujours le grand chemin, le grand chemin; et pour tout l'or du monde, il ne voudroit pas avoir güeri une personne avec d'autres remèdes que ceux que la Faculté permet."—M. de Pourceaugnac, vol. 5, p. 387.

"On est bien aise au moins d'être mort méthodiquement:—

ὦ πρὸς ἰατρῷ σοφῷ
θροεῖν ἐπῳδὰς πρὸς τομῶντι πήματι."
Soph. *Ajax.* v. 582.

In the atheistic work called, Man a Machine, by St. M. d'Argens (or Mr. de la Mettrie!), the author says that philosophical physicians are the only persons who have explored and unravelled the labyrinth of man; the only ones who, in a philosophical contemplation of the soul, have surprised it in its misery and grandeur, without despising or idolizing it; and the only ones who have a right to speak on it.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 1, p. 125.

Descartes, he says, said that physic could change the mind and manners together with the body.—Ibid. p. 126.

William Clarke, the ossified man, in the county of Cork.—Ibid. vol. 5, p. 280.

Wood-lice, how to be taken.—Ibid. p. 381:—

"The best way is the swallowing them alive, which is very easily and conveniently done, for they naturally roll themselves up on being touched, and thus form a sort of smooth pill, which slips down the throat without being tasted. This is the securest way of having all their virtues. The next to this is the bruising them with wine, and taking the expression. If the patient cannot be prevailed with to take them any other way than in powder, the best method ever invented for preparing them in that form, is that ordered in the new London Dispensatory, which is the tying them up in a thin canvass cloth, and suspending them within a covered vessel, over the steam of hot spirit of wine; they are soon killed by it, and rendered friable."

"Often of service in asthmas, and great good has been sometimes done by a long course of them, in disorders of the eyes." This is from Sir John Hill.

"Vides à medicis, quanquam in adversâ valetudine nihil servi ac liberi differant, mollius tamen liberos clementiusque tractari."—Pliny, l. 8, Ep. 24.

Mummies are known to be most sovereign and magistral in medicine.—John Gregory, p. 63.

A fever cured by music. The cure is curious.—*M. Review*, vol. 9, p. 367-8.

It is said of Archbishop Sheldon, that he offered £1000 to any person who would "help him to the gout, looking upon it as the only remedy for the distemper in his head, which he feared might in time prove an apoplexy; as in fine it did, and killed him."—Dr. Pope's *Life of* Seth Ward, *Restit.* vol. 1, p. 52.

Dr. Lister thought that the Small and great Pox were both first occasioned either by the bite, or by eating of some venomous creature.—*M. Review*, January 1754, p. 38.

Theodore Zuinger of Basil, never took a fee except from the rich, who forced it upon him. He used to say, "when a patient cried ah! ah! for a physician to say da! da! was worthy only of a hangman or other executioner."—Zuinger, p. 2452.

White leprosy or elephantiasis; "A peculiar malady is this, and natural to the Egyptians; but look, when any of their kings fell into it, woe worth the subjects and poor people! for there were the tubs and bathing vessels, wherein they sate in the baine, filled with men's blood for their cure."—Pliny, lib. 26, c. 1. *Ph. Holland*, vol. 2, p. 242.

The Galenists use to cure *contraria contrariis* with medicaments of a contrary temper; but the Paracelsists, similia similibus, making one dolour to expel another.—Puttenham, p. 39.

"Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart."—*Cymbeline*, act i. sc. vi.

Kaempfer, vol. 1, p. 235. Taking the prescription itself in pills.

Aristotle is cited by Olympiodorus to have known a man who never slept in all his life. And the strangeness hath been quitted by an experience of later days.—John Gregory, p. 63.

The principal ingredient of the weapon-salve is the moss of a dead man's skull, as the recipe delivered by Paracelsus to Maximilian the Emperor.—Ibid. p. 63.

Mr. Venn the elder, in the last six months of his life "was often upon the brink of the grave, and then unexpectedly restored. A medical friend, the late John Pearson, who frequently visited him at this time, observed that the near prospect of dissolution so elated his mind with joy, that it proved a stimulus to life. Upon one occasion, Mr.

Venn himself remarked some fatal appearances, exclaiming, 'Surely these are good symptoms!' Mr. Pearson replied, 'Sir, in this state of joyous excitement, you cannot live.'"—*Memoir of* Mr. Venn, p. 59.

At Butterley Lees, near New Mills, on the 5th instant, as the wife of E. Fearnley was sealing up the cows, a favourite, which always appeared very quiet, turned her head, and dreadfully lacerated the left eye of the unfortunate woman. The sight of this eye Mrs. Fearnley had lost by the small pox in her childhood; but the obstruction being partly removed by the cow, and the other part by Mr. Burkinshaw, of York, she has actually recovered the sight of her eye which has so long been closed. She is in her forty-second year.—*Tyne Mercury.*

Sheebeare published, A.D. 1755, a "Practice of physic founded on principles in physiology and pathology hitherto unapplied in physical enquiries." The principle was fire, of which he held the real elementary and material existence, and the presence of which he considered to be the cause of animal heat; and its excess or defect the principal cause of all diseases. His directions are to heighten or abate the fire, which amounts to nothing more than the hot or cold regimen.—*M. Review*, 12, p. 401, which speaks ill of the author.

M. Review, vol. 13, p. 242. Case of consumption cured by cucumbers.

Dr. Gregory's case by lemons.

Mr. Fletcher's own case by cherries.

The two latter were indicated by a craving for these remedies. The former, the Dr. happened to think of.

"As spirits (*spiritus ardentes*)," says Dr. Douglass's Circular, A.D. 1750, "not above a century ago, were used only as officinal cordials, but now are become an endemical plague every where, being a pernicious ingredient, in most of our beverages; so formerly sugar was only used in syrups, conserves, and such like Arabian medicinal compositions. It is at present become of universal and most noxious use. It fouls our animal juices, and produces scrophulas, scurvies, and other putrid disorders, by relaxing the solids: it occasions watery swellings, and catarrhal ails: it induces hysterics and other nervous disorders; therefore should be sparingly used, especially by the weaker sex; they are naturally of a fibra laxa."—*M. Review*, vol. 13, p. 272.

Maistre Doublet, surgeon to the Duc de Nemours:—he cured wounds with nothing but clean rags and clean water, with the help of charms.—*See* Brantome, vol. 9, p. 22-3.

"The Machaon of those times (A.D. 1754), Dr. Richard Rock, dispensed from his one-horse chaise his cathartic anti-venereal electuary, his itch powder, and his quintessence of vipers. Being superior to regularity, and despising the formality of academical degrees, he styled himself M. L. He is," says the *Connoisseur* (No. 17)," a London physician, or as Molière would express it, 'C'est un medicin de Londres.'"

"When we see a snuff-coloured suit of ditto, with bolus buttons, a metal-headed cane, and an enormous bushy grizzle, we as readily know the bearer to be a dispenser of life and death, as if we had seen him pounding a mortar, or brandishing a clyster pipe."—*Connoisseur*, vol. 2, p. 161. A.D. 1755.

Hope that a physician affords:—

Δόξαν γὰρ τόδ' ὑγιείας ἔχει.
Κρεῖσσον δὲ τὸ δοκεῖν, κἂν ἀληθείας ἀπῇ.
Eurip. *Orestes*, 238.

"The subtil medium proved: or that wonderful power of nature, so long ago conjectured by the most ancient and remarkable philosophers, which they called sometimes æther, but oftener elementary fire, verified. Shewing that all the distinguish-

ing and essential qualities ascribed to æther by them, and the most eminent modern philosophers, are to be found in electrical fire, and that too in the utmost degree of perfection. By R. Lovett, of the Catholic Church of Worcester. A. D. 1756."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 15, p. 561.

PARACELSUS and Von Helmont: "These desperadoes freed medicine from the yoke of Galenism and the Arabians; and yet they did not point out the true path. All the vital and animal motions were explained by the furnace or alembic; and all diseases were supposed to arise either from acids or alkalies."—Ibid. vol. 16, p. 99.

Bacon exprest himself strongly in favour of the Hippocratic method of case writing; but medicine was so divided by the school-physician and the chemist, that it made small advances.—Ibid.

The next step was, that "acids alkal. ferments, precipitations," all fled before globules of such and such figure and magnitude. The circulation of the blood was made subservient to the laws of hydraulics; man became a mere mechanical structure, and diseases were proved to own the power of diagrams.—Ibid.

Sydenham, indeed, and some few others, kept to the old Hippocratic method of observation. At last Boerhaave, "that ornament of his profession and of his species," availing himself wisely of the ancient observations, of the chemical, anatomical, and mechanical discoveries; following none implicitly, and using each in its place; he set physiology and the observation of diseases on their proper basis.—Ibid. p. 100.

WOODWARD made not only the passions, but cogitation itself, depend upon bile in the stomach.—Ibid. vol. 16, p. 101.

The reviewer notes this for admiration! But it is true in certain cases of insanity, *me teste.*

A. D. 1757. LEAKE's Lisbon diet-drink. This man was "well apprized that the pamphlet-shops are more reputable stages for such doctors as himself, than the posts and bye corners occupied by his redoubted rivals, Messrs. West, and Franks, and Rock, and all the rest of them."—Ibid. vol. 16, p. 466.

IN Birch's *History of the Royal Society*, it is said that the Finlanders recover persons who have been drowned two or three days; but the persons thus recovered almost always lose their vivacity, and their memory is much impaired.—Ibid. vol. 17, p. 209.

A. D. 1758. DR. MACKENZIE's *History of Health.*—*Monthly Review*, vol. 19, p. 476.

"This author supposes that the Paradisiacal food was entirely vegetable. Indeed, the drudgery of providing culinary utensils, and of cookery, he thinks inconsistent with the state in Paradise. But, he observes, fruits are cold and little nutritive; seeds without preparation, hard of digestion, and flatulent; and undressed herbs, still more harsh and crude. He therefore ingeniously, and not unphysically (says the Reviewer) imagines that the tree of life (which was not interdicted to Adam and Eve, which it seems therefore rather absurd to think they never used, and which was pregnant with immortality itself,) must have been intended to prevent, or remove, the inconvenience resulting from the insalubrity of their common diet.

"For Dr. Clarke (vol. 8, sermon 4,) says, Adam was not (as some have, without any ground from Scripture, imagined) created actually immortal; but by the use of the tree of life (whatever is implied under that expression), he was to have been preserved from dying. This tree, Dr. Mackenzie chuses to understand in a material physical sense, to the possibility of which, we conceive a capacious (?) physician may easily subscribe.

"And the original efficacy of this divine and sole panacea our learned author thinks alluded to by St. John in the Apocalypse, chap. 22, v. 2.

"Were it allowable to indulge any imagination of our own here, may we not suppose that the eager and ineffectual pursuits after an universal panacea to repel diseases, and even old age (that approach to death), is a natural thirst of recovering a remedy, that had once existed in sublunary nature, though now lost."

"'Tis said some people collect the juices which are discharged after, and swim upon, the excrements of cattle in May or June, and drink it to purge them, and that it does it effectually."—HUTCHINSON, vol 10, p. 155.

"I have seen about a quart of man's excrements, which had been some days discharged, thinned with as much ale, poured into a horse stark mad in that violent distemper they call the staggers, of which they commonly die in a few hours; and the distemper abated, and the horse recovered."—Ibid. p. 206.

He calls this in the margin, a common experiment.

SOME quack administered to James the First an elixir to preserve him from all sickness ever after; which he told Buckingham "was extracted out of a turd."—BOSWELL'S *Sh.* vol. 17, p. 141.

Monthly Review, vol. 24, March, 1761, p. 145.

Institutes of health. "Salt and sugar are to be totally rejected, with all compositions into which they enter. Milk to be avoided, with but few exceptions." These few, perhaps, may include all sucking children. Cheese not to be allowed, unless very sparingly. Butter as little as possible. Fat, oil and vinegar forbidden. All spices shunned as poison. All pastry and confectionary prohibited.

Ibid. vol. 34, p. 30, *Physiological Researches.*

The author vents his indignation against the ignorance of those who mistake a fever for a disease; who suppose that any man, from the creation of the world, ever died of a fever; who believe that fevers are not always symptomatical.

Ibid. p. 100. FRANCISCUS DU PORT *de signis Morborum*, lib. 4, edited by SCHOMBERG, 4to. 2*s.*

A sort of Busbeian medical grammar in hexameters.

BAD physicians purged and vomited in the next world.—BERTUCCI, *Viaggio al Sommo Bene*, p. 42.

Monthly Review, vol. 47, p. 29. RICKETS in sheep, a disease then (A.D. 1772) about forty years' standing in England. The cause ascertained by dissection, to be a maggot in the brain, about one-quarter of an inch long, and of a brownish colour.

Ibid. vol. 48, p. 562. A MAN in Mexico paralytic in both arms, perfectly restored by being struck with lightning, which for a while deprived him of his senses.

Ibid. vol. 49, p. 127. "MR. KIRKLAND'S tremendous scheme of extinguishing fevers, by boldly drenching the patient both externally and internally with cold water."

Ibid.—ARMSTRONG, in his Medical Essays, says that corns are sprouts of the rheumatism, and not the offspring of mere pressure.

PROOF that inoculation leads to idolatry.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 50, p. 71.

IN the memorandum of the Society for restoring drowned persons at Amsterdam, vol. 2, part 1, A. D. 1774, the thirty-sixth case is of a man who, in the middle of January, and in a state of drunkenness, fell into the water, and remained in it an hour and a quarter. He was stiff when taken out, but in two hours gave signs of life, and in two more, walked home.—Ibid. vol. 51, p. 556.

DANIELIS WILHELMI TRILLERI, *Clinotechnia Medica Antiquaria*, A. D. 1776. An elaborate work concerning the method of the ancient physicians, who constructed beds of different kinds, for the different kinds of diseases under which their patients laboured. —Ibid. vol. 55, p. 310.

A. D. 1776. MYERSBACH, the German water doctor, had amassed a princely fortune at this time; 200 and 300 persons in a day had consulted him. The three years before, he had not pretended to the slightest knowledge of medicine, being miserably poor, and ignorant; and during his practice, had been hoaxed in the most ridiculous manner. —Ibid. vol. 55, p. 314.

"THE ensign of peace, shewing how the health both of body and mind may be preserved, and even recovered, by the mild and attenuating power of a most valuable and cheap medicine. Its singular and most excellent property is to subdue the flesh to the will of the spirit. The continued use of it eradicates most diseases."—Ibid. vol. 55, p. 323.

A crazyish book; water seems to have been the remedy.

DR. BIRKENHOUT translated DR. POMME'S *Traité des affections vapeureuses des deux sexes*, A. D. 1777. His theory was that all hysterical and hypochondriacal diseases are caused by a certain cornuosity of the nerves, which was to be cured by bathing, or rather soaking, for ten or twelve hours a day; this he had ordered during ten months, and sometimes kept his patients twenty-two hours in the water.—Ibid. vol. 57, p. 168.

The reviewer says, "he seems to make little difference between cold and warm bathing, as indeed the temperature of the water would be much the same before the operation was finished, whatever it began with."

But for the soaking, it is plain that the water must have been kept at a pleasurable degree of warmth.

MRS. CARTER says to Mrs. M., A. D. 1773, "I beg you will not neglect to take the millepedes; it is a most excellent medicine for the obstruction you mention in your glands, and besides may be of great use to your eyes."—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 210.

THE Morlacchian remedy for obstructions is to lay a large flat stone on the patient's belly.

They put sugar (when they can find any) into the mouths of the dying, "to make them pass into the other world with less bitterness."—FORTIS, *M. Review*, vol. 59, p. 42.

Ibid. 273. ROZIER'S Journal de Physique, July, 1772. tom. 7, p. 85, 12mo. edition, is referred to for an account of Madam Pedegache, who could perceive miners working sixty fathoms under her feet, spied an infant in embrio in her father's cook-maid, as she was waiting at dinner, and for some time directed the operation of the physical tribe at Lisbon, by perceiving through all the integuments, what was passing, and what was amiss, in the inmost parts of the bodies of their patients.

Ibid. vol. 62, p. 514. M. LA PEYER used the burning glass as a cautery, and M. Le Comte, A. D. 1750, surgeon at Arcueil, cured a cancer in the under lip "by the actual cautery of the solar fire." The reviewer formed great hopes from that practice in preference to any other cautery.

CHAFING is instantly relieved by the slime of a slug. Mr. Campbell[1] learnt this from

[1] This was a kind friend of Southey's—a friend indeed in his latter days.—It is curious that Southey should not have recollected the verses "In Prayse of the Snayle," in the *Paradise of Daynte Devises*,

"I know Dame Physick doth thy friendly help implore,
And craves the salve from thee ensues to cure the crased sore."

See *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. iii. p. 110.

It is well known that the tench is called the

his man Willy. Put the slug on the sore place, it heals you, and you need not hurt it. The part once slimed, the slug may be let go.

CARDINAL ZINZENDORFF (A.D. 1740) by a prescription of his mother, bathed his legs every morning in pigs' blood, as a remedy for the gout.—HORACE WALPOLE'S *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 63.

EFFICACY of vinegar in hydrophobia.—*Monthly Review*, 67, last page.

A. D. 1765. ME. DE BOUZOLI, Marshal Berwick's daughter, assured H. WALPOLE, at Paris, there was nothing so good for the gout, as to preserve the parings of his nails in a bottle, close stopped.—*Letters*, vol. 3, p. 100.

"USE a little bit of alum twice or thrice in a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all dissolved in your mouth, and then spit out. This has fortified my teeth, that they are as strong as the pen of Junius. I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a speck in her teeth to her death."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 276.

GOUT. Paris. "I have been assured here that the best remedy is to cut one's nails in hot water. It is, I fear, as certain as any other remedy!"—Ibid. p. 377.

"DR. HEBERDEN (as every physician to make himself talked of will set up some new hypothesis,) pretends that a damp house, and even damp sheets, which have ever been reckoned fatal, are wholesome. To prove his faith, he went into his own new house, totally unaired, and survived it."—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 17.

"NEXT to my bootikens, I ascribe much credit to a diet-drink of dock roots, of which Dr. Turton asked me for the receipt, as the best he had ever seen. It came from an old physician at Richmond, who did amazing service with it in inveterate scurvies, the parents, or ancestors at least, I believe, of all gouts."—Ibid. p. 288.

"I COULD never yet meet an anatomist who could give me the reason why when I rub my forehead I should sneeze."—DR. HICKES. *Letters from the Bodleian*, vol. 1, p. 72.

"EVERY distemper of the body now (A.D. 1622) is complicated with the spleen, and when we were young men we scarce ever heard of the spleen. In our declinations now, every accident is accompanied with heavy clouds of melancholy; and in our youth we never admitted any. It is the spleen of the mind, and we are affected with vapours from thence. Yet truly, even this sadness that overtakes us, and this yielding to the sadness, is not so vehement a poison, (though it be no physic neither,) as those false ways in which we sought our comforts in our looser days."—DONNE, *to* SIR H. WOTTON, p. 134.

"FOR coming thither (to Newmarket) in the King's absence, I never heard of excuse, except when Butler sends a desperate patient in a consumption thither for good air."—DONNE, *Letters*, p. 289.

"AMONG the Samoycds, girls become mothers at twelve, and even at eleven; childbearing ceases after thirty. The women there are highly nervous, many cannot endure to hear a person whistle, or to be touched unexpectedly, or even to hear any moderate noise or sound without losing their senses, or being much disordered."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 68, p. 201.

"MICHAEL SCHUPACH, a urine doctor in the village of Langnau, Switzerland. In

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fish's physician, on account of its slime. See *Christian Consolations* before referred to, "Fishes in the fresh water, being struck with a tool of iron, will rub themselves upon the glutinous skin of the tench to be cured." JER. TAYLOR, p. 129. Ed. Heber.—J. W. W.

A.D. 1776 he had two ambassadors and seven other persons of distinction among his patients there. They came in such numbers that he was obliged to erect buildings for their accommodation."—Ibid. p. 207.

"DR. ZIMMERMANN held that the more sensible a man's nose, the more sensible (sensitive) will be his temperament."—Ibid. p. 210.

"WHEN physicians observed that lemons and oranges cured the scurvy, they concluded from analogy that the same effect must be produced by other acids, but after trying vinegar, and the strongest mineral acids diluted, they found them ineffectual, and that the fruit was endowed with some latent virtue which they could not discover nor counterfeit." BLACK.—Ibid. p. 468.

"MR. MORLEY quacked his Vervain amulet about A.D. 1783, hanging a piece of the root, tied with a yard of *white* satin ribband round the neck; but he assisted its operation (it was for scrophulous diseases) with mercury, antimony, hemlock, jalap, &c. baths, cataplasms, ointments, poultices, plasters, &c. This disinterested practitioner says 'many many guineas have been offered me, but I never take any money. Sometimes, indeed, genteel people have sent me small acknowledgments of tea, wine, venison, &c. Generous ones small pieces of plate, or other *little* presents. Even neighbouring farmers a goose or turkey, &c. by way of thanks.'" CURTIS. *Flora Lond.*—Ibid. vol. 70, pp. 6-7.

"SAFFRON posset drink is very good against the heaviness of the spirits;" says Mrs. Arbella in *The Committee*.—P. 56.

PALSY. "Take a fox, uncase him, the bowels being taken out, seethe him in a sufficient quantity of water, and bathe the sick person therein; but yet not before that the body be purged; it is not otherwise permitted."—WIRTZUNG, p. 142.

"THERE is at this present time at Brussels, a horse fond of flesh, and particularly of raw mutton. A short time ago it got out of its stable, and devoured two breasts of mutton hanging up at a butcher's shop."—*Times*, Sept. 16th, 1836. From a French paper.

INSUFFLATION of the skin practised in Guinea, and tried on the continent.—*M. Review*, vol. 70, p. 493.

DR. JARROLD's instinct and reason. What the physician is to perform. P. 187-8-9.

DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE in her Poems (p. 73), notices the "horrid cruelty of making oil of swallows."

SNAIL water. Philips's cyder.—ANDERSON, vol. 6, p. 549.

RIVER Tipis (in Yucatan?). "Tiene mucho oro; y por esto, ò por otra virtud oculta, su agua, bebida, sana la hydropesia, y causa muy buenas ganas de comer, assi à enfermos, como à sanos; y a poco rato de bebida, aviendo antes comido, aunque sea mucho, se siente luego hambre."—*Conq. de el Itza*, p. 88.

FERINE qualities imparted to human subjects with the blood, or even milk of the animal.—SENNERTUS, vol. 1, p. 425.

EGYPTIAN drugs.—*Odyssey* Δ, v. 229.

MITHRIDATE, SENNERTUS, vol. 2, p. 166, some remarkable facts.

SOME one, I know not who, has said upon an equally unknown authority, that Adam died of hereditary gout.—*Prœadamitæ*, p. 9.

P. ANTONIO DAS CHAGAS says to a nun, "V. M. obedeça aos medicos, como aos Prelados; que S. Francisco Xavier assim o fazia."—CARTAS, vol. 1, p. 72.

Food.

"THE sense of taste is the most necessary of all our senses, it being that by which all animals live, and take in their food and nourishment, and therefore has in it a power to judge what is grateful and convenient to the nature of each kind, what not."—ADAM LITTLETON, p. 85; HEZEKIAH'S *Return of Praise.*

RENAUD DE BEAULNE, archbishop of Bourges; his remarkable appetite; eating supplied to him the want of sleep, for he scarcely slept four hours in the twenty-four, and then hunger awoke him.—See the *Memoirs of* DE THOU, *Coll. Mem.* tom. 53, p. 240-2.

THE prodigious eater of Wittenberg.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 21, p. 339.

"SOME choice spirits, to the number of five-and-twenty, agreed to dine at White's, and the orders were, "Get a dinner as expensive as you can possibly make it:" which was punctually performed, and to their great surprise and mortification, they found that the most luxurious dinner amounted to no more than £10 a man. This served to convince them that eating was a mean paltry enjoyment, and only fit for cits and aldermen, to whom they left it, because it cost so little, and therefore confessed the supremacy of gaming, which they embraced as their *summum bonum*, for the contrary reason. A.D. 1759."—HULL'S *Select Letters*, vol. 1, p. 248.

EFFECTS of food and climate upon character.—MASDEU, vol. 1, p. 59.

IRISH labourers, "when working for others, or not closely overlooked, work in a manner the most languid and indolent; their mode of living, perhaps, totally on vegetable food, produces a general debility, which must have powerful motives to overcome it."—TIGHE'S *Survey of Kilkenny*; WAKEFIELD, vol. 1, p. 520.

FOLLY of expense in eating.—TOOKE'S *Lucian*, vol. 1, p. 28.

THE athletæ great-beef-eaters, in order to increase their muscular strength.—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 67. Like our pugilists.

Women.

THEIR praise. Adam Littleton, pp. 57-9. Funeral Sermon.

"THAT toy, a woman,
Made from the dross and refuse of a man.
Heaven took him sleeping when he made her too;
Had man been waking, he had ne'er consented."
DRYDEN. *Spanish Fryar*, vol. 5, p. 75.

MADAME DE THOU, Thuanus's mother, used to say, "qu'elle auroit volontiers donné la moitié de son bien, pour pouvoir être homme." She was a woman of masculine courage and mind.—*Coll. Mem.* t. 53, p. 227, N.

PLATO ranked them between men and brutes, and Minerva was feigned to have sprung from the head of Jupiter, "pour signifier que la sagesse ne vient pas des femmes."—CRESPET, *de la haime du Diable*, p. 165.

LODOVICO DOMENICHI, *La Nobilta delle Donne*, ff. 99. Because we learn to talk from our mothers and nurses, "la natura, concesse al sesso Donnesco che poche, o nessuna Donna mutola non si trovi."

Ibid. ff. 106. WE read in Scripture of "molti huomini condannati alle pene dell' Inferno; et di nessuna Donna non si ritrova questo."

ONE reason why women are less inconstant than men is, that they have not the

same opportunities to be so. Where women only coquette, men play fast and loose with their affections, because they can do it with safety.

"Were I a woman,
(As Nature only huddles into the world
When she sends forth a man.")
Shirley. *Example*, vol. 3, p. 301.

A Discourse upon Religion. 8vo. 5*s*. Edinburgh, 1772.

Monthly Review, vol. 46, pp. 189-90, showing that Adam began to fall before the creation of Eve, otherwise it would have been good for him to be alone. See the passage, which is whimsical enough. 190. M. Bourignon's notion is taken up by this writer, without acknowledgment.

"If a man must endure the noise of words without sense, I think the women have more musical voices, and become nonsense better."—Congreve. *Double Dealer*.

Order of Blue Stockings. Lives of the North, vol. i. p. 61.

In the Samoa (Navigator's) Island, where men buy their wives, Williams saw one for whom her husband had given the amazing price of more than 200 pigs, beside a quantity of siapo, or native cloth.—*Miss. Enterprizes*, p. 538, Williams.

Travels of Cyrus, vol. 1, pp. 72-4. The Lycians governed by women, and found it the easiest and most convenient form of government. Their queens had a council of senators, who assisted them with their advice. The men proposed good laws, but the women caused them to be executed. The sweetness and mildness of the sex prevented all the mischiefs of tyranny; and the counsel of the wise senators qualified that inconstancy with which women are reproached.

Hearne's Journey, p. 55.

Bodinus gives this reason why there are more women than men in the world, "parum honestè et prudenter de naturâ et fœminis sentiens, quod in naturæ universitate rerum deteriorum major sit affluentia quam pretiosarum."—Sennertus, t. 3, *Dedication*.

Shape of Utensils.

The Duke de Friar, who came ambassador to England to conclude the peace with James I., drank the king's health to the queen "out of the lid of a beautiful dragon-shaped vessel of crystal set in gold. Her majesty pledged him, and the dragon was replaced on the queen's cupboard."—Ellis. *Original Letters*, second series, vol. 3, p. 213.

Urganda's ship.
Miss Barker's sugar-stork.

In the church at Arth. is the silver drinking-horn of Charles the Bold, forming with his goblet part of the spoils taken at Morat. The horn is in the shape of a whale; on its scales were recorded the duke's battles, and there is a little figure of Jonah within the mouth."—Downes's *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 130.

Lamps in Friburg cathedral "wrought into the form of swords, with an escutcheon attached to each."—Ibid. p. 206.

Rabelais, vol. 8, pp. 388-9. Breviaries made to hold *liquor*, &c. à-la-mode chess and backgammon *books*.

In the Daily Advertiser (A. D. 1754) the public might learn whether Mr. Stephen Pitts was not the best qualified to furnish gentlemen's and ladies' libraries with tea chests in octavo, and close stools in folio. *Connoisseur*, vol. 1, p. 237.

Mr. Harvey, of Ickwell, a village about four miles from Biggleswade (A. D. 1757), whom Perceval Stockdale describes as an old and merry bachelor, living upon an estate of £2000 a year at that time, weighing

twenty stone, and hunting almost every day, and moreover as an affectionate and generous uncle to his nephews, who lived with him, had a glass barrel with a silver cock, bunches of grapes cut on the barrel, and a silver Bacchus *mounted* on it. It turned on a pivot, and his butler used to fill it with a magnum bonum of claret.—Perc. Stockdale, vol. 1, p. 416. See the chorus of his hunting song.—Ibid. p. 415.

[*Opinion of Hobbes.*]

Hobbes was of opinion that physics, ethics, and politics, if they were well demonstrated, would be as certain as the mathematics; and he wrote a book to show that there is no less uncertainty and falsity in the writings of mathematicians than there is in those of naturalists, moralists, and politicians. This was his treatise "De Principiis et Ratiocinatione Geometrarum, contra fastum professorum Geometriæ." In this book he says, "Eorum qui de iisdem rebus mecum aliquid ediderunt, aut solus *insanio* Ego, aut solus non insanio, tertium enim non est, nisi (quod dicet forte aliquis) insaniamus omnes."—*Phil. Tran. Abridg.* vol. 1, pp. 85-6.

The Soul.

Isaac Vossius wrote an essay to show that the soul of animals is nothing but fire. In the same treatise he denies that there are any pores in the skin.—*Abr. Phil. Transact.* vol. 1, p. 118.

Willis thought that "certain animal spirits constituted the being of the corporeal soul, and were the immediate instruments of all animal motions, producing them by a kind of explosion, or shooting; upon which elastic or explosive power he establishes his whole doctrine of convulsions."—Ibid. p. 215.

Where it makes its exit when a man is hanged.—Garmannus, p. 180.

Queen of Navarre, looking for the exit of one.—Brantome.

Watts's error in supposing that "*this* mind (soul) might have been paired *with* any other human body, or this body with any other mind."—Vol. 7, p. 309.

A.D. 1758 Caleb Fleming published "A Survey of the Search after Souls, by Dr. Coward, Dr. S. Clarke, Mr. Baxter, Dr. Sykes, Dr. Law, Mr. Pockard, and others. His notion was, "that the soul, after death, immediately returns to the exercise of an active consciousness, in a well-prepared new vehicle, the resurrection body, which accommodates the departing spirit, unclothed of its mortal and corruptible one."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 19, p. 353.

Jean D'Espagne. Shibboleth, p. 123. Where it goes out.

All unborn souls are in Guph (i.e. retinaculo Animarum), and till all these shall have been born into the world, the Jews hold that the Messiah cannot come.

"Animæ quæ sunt in Guph retardant adventum Messiæ; animæ, inquam, illæ in Guph, quas ego feci; quando quidem Messias non antè est adventurus, quam omnes animæ e Guph exierint in corpora."—*Avoda Sara.* p. 28.

In Loango the royal family think a certain number of souls belong to them, and always continue in the family, passing from the dead to the newly born.—*Parallels*, vol. 1, p. 725.

"The angels, they stand at our elbows, that so soon as a saint departeth, they may with all speed immediately transport his soul into heaven."—Perkins, vol. 1, p. 93.

A woman affected with chlorosis had a longing to suck the wind out of a bellows, which as often as she could she received with open mouth, blowing with her own hands

the inverted bellows.—*Abr. Phil. Trans.* vol. 1, p. 201.

It was thus that Jeremy B. suckled his disciples.

Louis de Bils, or Bilsius, a Flemish nobleman, whose passion was anatomy. One of his treatises was De Anatomia Incruenta, though he kept secret his art of dissecting, and of preserving or embalming bodies without effusion of blood. He had a large collection of bodies thus prepared, and set a very high price on them; but in process of time they became putrid, and he died of consumption, induced, it is said, by the fetor emitted from them.—Ibid. p. 283, N.

See Sprenger, vol. 4, p. 227.

Speech.

Isaac Vossius affirmed "that if we employed as much labour and time in learning the pantomimical art as we do in learning a language, we might possibly come to express our mind and thought as clearly by that way as now we do by the aid of a language; nor does he think that mankind would suffer anything by it if the pest and confusion (these are his own words) of so many tongues were banished, and instead of them this sole art of the pantomimes were known by all mankind, and men explained everything by signs, nods, and gestures; on account of which he thinks the condition of brutes to be much better than that of men, seeing they signify without an interpreter their sense and thought more readily, and perhaps better, than any man can do." !—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol. 2, p. 63.

See Puttenham, p. 119, for something quite as good in its way.

"What am I the better," says Norris, "for being able to tell what 'tis o'clock in several languages? How great a folly must it needs be to place learning in that which is one of the greatest curses upon earth, and which shall utterly cease in heaven!"—*Reflections upon the Conduct of Human Life with reference to the Study of Learning and Knowledge*, pp. 45-6.

Shaw. Minerva's Triumph, or Grammar and Rhetorick, personated by Youths in Dramatick Scenes in a Country School, calf, 6*s.* 12mo. 1682.

Theatre.

Tate Wilkinson, vol. 1, p. 184. Saturday, no material distinction in the nights at Doncaster and Wakefield.

Vol. 2, p. 191. Mrs. Jordan, at York, in 1786, playing at £1. 11*s.* 6*d.* a-week. The London performers who saw her thought her acting really very clever; but all said it would not do among them.

He is "compelled to declare, that Mrs. Jordan, at making a bargain, is too many for the cunningest devil of us all."

T. Davies married his "very pretty wife at York, where he acted, and her father also." Yarrow was her name.—Malcolm Granger, p. 69.

Vol. 3, p. 119. "A farce, if it possesses true humour, will be greatly relished and applauded in London. In the country, very possibly the same piece, (even decently acted), shall be termed vile, low, vulgar, and indelicate. The Love for Love of Congreve, The Trip to Scarborough, The Way of the World, The Confederacy, and others, are in London attended to as plays of wit and merit, (witness their constant repetition), but in the country not permitted; or, if permitted to appear, not upon any account fashionable, which is just as bad."

Vol. 4, p. 18. Provoked Wife. See the place.

Vol. 3, p. 127. Custom of *begging* support at a benefit abolished by Tate Wilkinson.—Vol. 4, p. 65.

Vol. 3, p. 130. DRUM and trumpet to proclaim a play at Norwich and Grantham.

Vol. 4, p. 13. THE adventures at York with Mr. Apprice. 1765.

Ibid. p. 17. LADY BINGLEY, who had great sway in that town and country, settled £200 a-year on Giordani,—who had a concert there.

Ibid. p. 33. Frodsham. P. 48.

Ibid. p. 48. TATE WILKINSON at Doncaster. A. D. 1765.

Ibid. p. 60. BAKER, who built the new theatre, "a painter of eminence. His knowledge and taste in drawing will ever speak for him while one of his remaining prints of York or Lincoln Minsters is to be seen."

Vol. 3, p. 65. MRS. BAKER, the York heroine, in 1768-9.

Ibid. p. 84. COUNTESS OF BRANDON used to patronize Mossop at Dublin, and then beggar him at cards.

Ibid. p. 144. FIRST spring meeting at York. A. D. 1763. York theatre.

Vol. 4, p. 86. HIS York wardrobe 88-9.

SOME Account of the Early Stage, vol. 1, p. 187. The author says of Shadwell's Libertine (Don Juan), "Common sense is set at defiance by the introduction of devils and ghosts, the nodding and speaking of the statue, &c." Booby! It is common sense that is appealed to.

Ibid. p. 220-1. RYMER'S remarks on Shakespeare.

Vol. 3, p. 254. JOHN HIGHMORE—annulled Romeo Coates, just such another case of vanity and folly.

Ibid. p. 401. A. D. 1733. AT Lee and Harper's booth—Bartholomew (or Southwark) Fair. Jephthah's Rash Vow, or The Virgin Sacrifice; with the Comical Humours of Captain Bluster and his man Diddimo.

At the same booth—The True and Ancient History of Bateman, or The Unhappy Marriage; with the Comical Humours of Sparrow, Pumpkin, and Slice; and a Diverting Scene of the Midwife and Gossips at the Labour.

"THE bravest nations in the world, when they have been at the height of their empire, have took more pride and delight in theatrical shows and magnificent spectacles of triumphs, than in any other pomps; for the satisfaction of the eye, when it meets with a right object, is above any other pleasure."—BISHOP HACKET. *Sermons*, p. 443.

"THE history of the stage ought to be written with the same accuracy as the history of England."—*English Stage*, vol. 4, p. 220.

FOOTE (1747) had a morning entertainment, and invited his friends to drink a dish [illegible] the Haymarket; [illegible] convenient, and [illegible] half-past six. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Ibid. p. [illegible]

When Miss Frodsham was once acting at Peterborough, the Bishop (Hinchcliffe, I suppose), showed her some civilities, as having been at Westminster school with her father.—*English Theatre*, vol. 6, p. 289.

Kemble at Wakefield and York, 1778. —Ibid. p. 294.

Mrs. Jordan and Knight's escape there. —Ibid. p. 374-5.

The clergy of the Established Church in Scotland who at any time frequent the theatre, are said to make a point of doing so in Lent, to show their contempt for that remnant of Popery.

Kean was engaged at Glasgow to play six nights in Passion Week. He acted Iago on the Friday. "If Kean and the good people of Glasgow do not go to the Devil, it will be a hard case." Such is the remark of the coarse-minded scoffer who compiled the two volumes of the *English Stage*. —vol. 7, p. 136.

A good remark concerning Edwin. "He required to have parts written expressly for him. When an old comedy was revived, there was generally a part in it for Quick and Parsons; but not one for Edwin."—Ibid. vol. 7, p. 384.

The author of the *English Theatre* says, (vol. 8, p. 320), that after the young Roscius had acted Hamlet (1812), it might be said without any scruple, he was the worst actor who ever came before the pub...c, (except in a part for trial), as a first-rate performer.

J. Taylor's *Sermons*, p. 125.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 544. Miller, who was a favourite actor for thirty years, (1709—1738), could not read. It was said that his principal object in marrying was to have a wife who could read his parts to him.

Marriage.

Newton, pp. 264-5, 218.

Pontoppidan says, that till the middle of the last (17th) century, when a Norwegian peasant's family was invited to a wedding, the wife generally took her husband's shroud with her.

The men used to buckle themselves together by the belts, and fight with their knives till one was mortally wounded.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 13, p. 45.

Jeremy Taylor's *Sermon*, vol. 5, p. 249, &c., the Marriage Ring.

By the laws of Geneva, a widow must not engage in a promise of marriage till six months after her husband's decease.

A woman who is not above forty is not allowed to marry a man more than ten years younger than herself; but if she hath past her fortieth year, her husband must be within five years of her own age.

A man after his sixtieth year cannot marry a woman that is not half as old as himself. Keate's *Account of Geneva*.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 24, p. 215. A. D. 1761.

According to the precepts of the book Li Ki, the Emperor of China, besides his wife, may have 130 concubines, of whom three are Tsug-in, nine are Pin, thirty-seven Chi-Fou, and eighty-one Yu-Tsi.—Ibid. vol. 60, p. 503.

Irish custom of horsing a girl, and then hurling for her, that the winner may marry her.—Ibid. vol. 63, p. 102. Arthur Young.

An ill-conditioned pair. "If they are together, two people may lead an uneasy life, to be sure; but it will, in all probability save four from being in the like condition."—J. Baillie. *The Match*, p. 377.

The Savoy marriages were put a stop to by the transportation of Wilkinson and Grierson his curate.—Burns's *Fleet Marriages*, p. 19.

Wilkinson began his trade on the passing of the Marriage Act, before which there had been no clandestine marriages there. He conceived himself authorized to grant licences, as a privilege annexed to the Savoy, of which he was "his Majesty's chaplain." Of 1190 of his marriages in 1755, the clerk deposed on his trial that 900 of the women came out of the country, *enciente*.—Ibid. p. 94-5.

Keith, of May Fair, says in his pamphlet, "'Happy is the wooing, that is not long a-doing,' is an old proverb, and a very true one. As I have married many thousands, and consequently have on those occasions seen the humour of the lower class of people, I have often asked the married pair how long they had been acquainted; they would reply, some more some less, but the generality did not exceed the acquaintance of a week, some only of a day, half a day."—Ibid. p. 99.

"*Ruth.* Have you a month's mind to this gentlewoman, Mrs. Arbella?

"*Abel.* I have not known her a week yet."
Committee, p. 23.

Sir Thomas Hanmer (the *Speaker*, and editor of Shakespeare), "married an old woman for love, and a young one for money, and was not very fortunate in either of them." — Yorke's *Royal Tribes of Wales*, p. 112. N.

In *Astrea*, (P. iv. l. 8, p. 767), it is said, "les femmes la première fois se marient par obeyssance, et la seconde par élection."

The remark is true of D'Urfé's age, not of the time in which he lays his romance.

Three marriages decided by blind-man's-buff in Astrea.—P. v. l. 4, vol. 9, p. 326.

Authoress of Caroline de Litchfield married for her book.—Miss Seward's *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 210.

A man, in Cumberland's Natural Son, when he is told that the woman whom he wishes to marry has a "vengeance of a temper," replies, "Never mind that, mine will serve for both."

Rev. Thomas Cooke, minister of St. Bennets, Paul's Wharf, who died in 1731, had married about 13,000 couple there, "being situated near the commons." (?)—*G. Magazine*, vol. 1, p. 221.

In 1784, a Key to the Three First Chapters of Genesis was published. This world was formed out of the wreck of Satan's kingdom, and given to Adam as his principality, all that was in it being very good, and to continue so as long as he continued in his innocence. The necessity of tilling the soil began when he began to fall, and the mist that arose to water the ground was the first indication that evil had entered. Then there grew up the noxious tree. Till then, Adam and Eve had been literally one, but upon eating of this fruit they were divided, increasing thus the imperfection of human nature, and ensuring the propagation of it to their offspring.—*M. Review*, vol. 71, p. 233-4.

Animalculæ and Insects.

Leuwenhoeck says, the number in the scurf of a man's teeth are so many, that he believes they exceed the number of men in a kingdom. For, examining a small parcel of it, no thicker than a horse-hair, "I found so many living animals in it, that I guess there might have been a thousand in a quantity of matter no larger than the hundredth part of a sand."—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol. 3, p. 37.

One of Jacob Abbott's scholars being called upon, Prejudice, which was the "moral exercise for the day," produced the following theme. "I am very much prejudiced against spiders and every insect in the

known world, with scarcely an exception. There is a horrid sensation created by their ugly forms, that makes me wish them all to Jericho. The butterfly's wings are pretty, but he is dreadful ugly. There is no affectation in this, for my pride will not permit me to show this prejudice to any great degree; when I can help it, I do not fear the little wretches, but I do hate them." *Anti-Spider Sparer.—Teacher*, p. 150.

Among those philosophers who would explain the actions of animals by mere corporeal feeling, without any assistance of the mind, Mylius held that pain alone produces many of those actions which we attribute to design; for example, that a fit of the cholic forces the caterpillar to form its cone, and spin in its contortions of suffering!—*M. Review*, vol. 45, p. 536.

Wurtzung, p. 50. Lice. "Yet they have this commodity thereby, that they that have most lice be wholly freed from the headache."

"The flea is a vile, troublesome, and bloodthirsty little beast."—Ibid. 696.

Why vermin exist.—Sennertus, vol. 3, p. 210.

Dreams.

"— i buoni e gli scienziati sono, eziandio quando dormono migliori e piu vi savi, che i rei, e che gl' idioti."—Casa. *Galateo*, p. 48.

Indications of pre-existence in dreams.

Patients going to the Temple of Æsculapius at Epidaurus, were there informed in their sleep what remedy would cure them. Strabo and Jambilichus referred to.

"— I must for my own part acknowledge," says Blount, "that the last superstition from which I disengaged myself, was my resentment of dreams, by reason of the many strange predictions, that, as well myself as my acquaintances have received from them; which, however, I esteem accidental." *Notes to Philost.* p. 29.

Historians say that the inhabitants of the Atlantic Isles, who feed on nothing that hath been slain, never dream.

The ancients used to sleep in the temple with laurel about their heads, and sacrifice to Brizo, the goddess of dreamers.—Ibid. p. 29.

So in the Temple of Pasithea in Lacedemon, and of Serapis in Egypt.—Ibid.

Bishop Hall says of the Christian, "his very dreams, however vain or troublesome, are not to him altogether unprofitable, for they serve to bewray not only his bodily temper but his spiritual weaknesses, which his waking resolutions shall endeavour to correct."—*Sacred Classics*, vol. 5, p. 89.

Mithridates compiled an Ephemerides of his concubines' dreams." — Raleigh, p. 175.

"De Thou s'imaginoit souvent en dormant qu'il voyageoit tantôt en Italie et en Espagne, tantôt en Allemagne, en Flandres et en Angleterre; que là il voyoit ou consultoit les hommes les plus savants, qu'il visitoit les plus fameuses bibliothèques. Il eut toute la vie de ces songes agréables, surtout *avant* qu'il eut voyagé dans ces différens pays."—*Coll. Mem.* pp. 53, 44, N.

De Thou never saw Adrien Turnébe but once, and "se l'imprima si fortement, que l'image de cet homme célèbre, qui mourut peu temps après, lui demeura toûjours dans l'esprit, même en dormant."— Ibid. p. 43.

Pompey found a treatise on the interpretation of dreams among Mithridates' effects; he had it translated, with his memoirs also, by his freedman Lenæus.—Sprengel, vol. 1, p. 489.

WATTS thought that "our unrecollected and useless dreams may possibly be ascribed to our fallen state; and that man in a state of innocence might manage his sleeping ideas better by reason, and make them some way serviceable to his wakeful actions."—*Works*, vol. 7, p. 533.

NOTE: O, p. 9. Bishop Sanderson. Use of Dreams.

WARBURTON says in a letter to Andrew Baxter, "I have rambled for twenty[1] years together in dreams, in one certain country, through one certain road, and resided in one certain country house, quite different as to the whole face of the country and situation of the place from any thing I ever saw, awake; and the scene quite unvaried." He does not know, he says, whether any writer has observed anything like this.—*St. James's Mag.* vol. 2, p. 202.

Some curious cases of warning in dreams are stated in this remarkable letter.

Dancing.

A WOMAN having eaten hemlock roots with parsnips, was immediately seized with raving and madness, talked obscenely, and could not forbear dancing.—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol. 4, p. 183.

The common people say that old parsnips which have continued many years in the ground have this effect, and therefore they call them madnips. They supposed she had eaten these.

Ibid. p. 295. A MAN near Penzance made a pie of the roots of the horned poppy, (*Papaver corniculatum luteum*), mistaking them for sea-holly, or eringo roots. Delirium was one of its effects; another was, that the man and maid-servants "stript themselves quite naked, and so danced against one another a long time."—

Ibid. vol. 11, p. 278. A YOUNG woman who in consequence of frequent convulsive spasms had lost her speech, after fourteen months suddenly recovered it, after having violently heated herself by four hours dancing. The most extraordinary part of this case is, that while she was speechless, she had also forgotten how to express her meaning by writing, owing to the injury her brain had received from the spasms,—but she recovered this at the same time.

ZUINGER, vol. 2, p. 1520. Girl at Geneva who, by the Devil's help, made every one she touched dance, like a tarantula.

"MISS BLOFIELD, Professor of the Terpsichorean Positions, exercises in families and schools where dancing cannot be conscientiously admitted. Miss B. begs to state that her system of exercises may be practised with perfect safety, on account of the gentleness of the method pursued, no coercion being made use of; the most lamentable effects having been produced from the use of gymnastic, calisthenic, and other violent exercises." Adv.—*Evang. Mag.* Feb. 1834.

"LOCKE himself thinks that children ought to be taught to dance as soon as they are capable of learning it. "Nothing," he observes, "contributes so much to a becoming confidence and behaviour, or raises them sooner to the conversation of those above their age. For, though dancing consists merely in outward gracefulness of motion, yet it gives children manly thoughts and a proper carriage!"—SIR J. SINCLAIR'S *Code of Health*, p. 257. LOCKE'S *Treatise on Education*, p. 67, quoted.

"THE art of Orchesography, or denoting the several steps and motions in dancing by characters, was invented by M. Beau-

[1] The recurrence of dreams I believe to be very common. For these twenty years, when the *Arcanum* has been out of order, I have invariably dreamt that I could not find the places in church.—J. W. W.

champ, in the time of Louis XIV.; and improved and perfected by M. Feuillet."—HAWKINS' *Hist. Mus.* vol. 2, p. 132.

"THE Pavan, from *pavo*, is a grave and majestic dance. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen drest with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. It is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given, with the characters for the steps, in the Orchesographia of Thoinet Arbeau. Every pavan has its galliard,—a lighter kind of air made out of the former."—Ibid., vol. 3, p. 383.

THE dancing-master in Molière says,—"Pour moi, je vous l'avoue, je me repais un peu de gloire."—Vol. 5, p. 591. Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

His proof that all the evils in public affairs arise from want of proper instruction in this art.—Ibid. pp. 600-1.

PAN, the dancing-master.—SOPHOCLES. *Ajax.*

"OUR temper differs somewhat from that of the ancient Jews. They would neither dance nor weep. We indeed weep not, if a man mourn unto us; but I must needs say, that, if he pipe, we seem disposed to dance with the greatest alacrity."—COOPER. *Corresp.* vol. 1, p. 362.

BRANTOME, vol. 9, pp. 250-1.

IN Barbadoes, "most of the ladies," says DR. HILLARY, "are so excessively fond of it, that, say what I will, they will dance on."—*M. Review*, vol. 21, p. 370.

A. U. C. 273. A. C. 489. TIBERIUS Atinius, or Titus Latinus, (for historians differ concerning his name), came in a litter from the country to Rome, and delivered to the Senate a message with which Jupiter Capitolinus had charged him in a dream:—"That they must repeat the celebration of the public games, because *in the last solemnity* a bad dancer had led up the dances." He had neglected the vision he said, looking upon it as a dream; wherefore Jupiter had killed one of his sons and taken away the use of his limbs, which, however, he recovered as fast as he discharged his commission. Inquiry was made, and it appeared that the first dancer was a slave, whom his master just before the procession had caused to be whipped through the crossways, the forum, and the circus, places through all which the procession was to pass, and the slave had uttered imprecations and writhed himself into painful postures at every stroke, which Jupiter had justly considered to be an improper and indecent prelude to so solemn a ceremony. The master was found, and a decree past for repeating the games more sumptuously."—HOOKE, vol. 2, p. 57. LIVY, lib. 2, c. 36. PHIL. in *Coriol.* D. HAL, p. 67.

A GALLIARD in dancing is very different from T. Mace's. See SIR J. DAVIS.

"DANCING.—An Arrow against profane and promiscuous dancing, drawn out of the quiver of the Lord by the Ministers at Boston, New-England." Boston, 1684.

"*K. Henry.* Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you."
Henry the Eighth, act i. sc. iv.

THUS Steevens quotes from a dialogue between Custom and Verity, concerning the use and abuse of dancing and minstrelsy:

"——— what fool would dance,
If that, when dance is done,
He may not have at lady's lip
That which in dance he won."

And Ritson adds, "in many, perhaps all

parts of the kingdom, when the fiddler thinks his young couple have had music enough, he makes his instrument speak out two notes which all understand to say *kiss her*."

THE Partridge run. A.D. 1796.—MISS SEWARD'S *Letters*, vol. 4, p. 244.

GALLINI'S *Treatise on Dancing*.—*M. Review*, vol. 26, pp. 347-9-56.

A.D. 1764. THE opera of Castor and Pollux at Paris. "On admire le dernier ballet, qui vraiment est de génie. C'est le système de Copernic mis en action; il est très bien exécuté: reste à savoir, pourquoi le système de Copernic dans cet opéra."—BACHAUMONT. *Mus. Lec.* vol. 2, p. 14.

THE English nuns at Ghent told Mrs. Carter that country dances were one of their amusements, and that they had the newest from England.—*Mem.* vol. 1, p. 264.

"— L'ON dance plusieurs à la fois, se tenant toutesfois deux à deux, et se promenant le long de la salle, sans avoir autre soucy, que de marquer an peu sentiment la cadence; l'on l'appelle le grand bal, et semble qu'il ne soit inventé que pour donner une honneste commodité aux chevaliers de parler aux dames."—*Astrea*. Part 3, p. 623.

"HE does not mince it: he has not learnt to walk by a *courant* or a *boree*." (?)—STEEL'S *Tender Husband*, p. 29.

Music.

WALLIS on the effects reported of it in former times.—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol 4, p. 309.

Ibid. vol. 13, p. 446. "AMAZING improvements in execution which both singers and players have arrived at within the last fifty years (A. D. 1773). When Corelli's music was first published, our ablest violinists conceived that it was too difficult to be performed. It is now, however, the first composition attempted by a scholar. Every year also now produces greater and greater prodigies on other instruments, in point of execution."—DAINES BARRINGTON.

"PHILOSTRATUS tells of one who desired that his son might not be musical, and therefore sent him to learn of the worst musicians in the city, that their scraping and jarring might put him out of liking with the art."—BISHOP HACKET, *Sermons*, p. 275.

"CONSIDERING the great influence which music hath over the minds of men, it is no small policy in ecclesiastics to assign the use of organs in churches, which gets men a stomach to their devotion, whether it be good or bad."—BLOUNT'S *Philostratus*, N. p. 132.

THIS person says "women often decline in modesty proportionably to the progress they make in music."—Ibid.

FROBERGER, organist to the Emperor Ferdinand III. is said to have represented in an allemand the passage of Count Thurn over the Rhine, and the danger he and his army were in, by twenty-six cataracts, or falls in notes; which, it seems, he was the better able to do, having been present."—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 183.

Kuhnau represented in a sonata David's victory over Goliah.

Buxtehude represented the nature of the planets in a series of lessons for the harpsichord.

And Handel himself imitated the buzzing of the flies and the hopping of the frogs in the plagues of Egypt.—SIR J. HAWKINS, vol. 1, p. iii.

"ARISTOXENUS expressly asserts that the foundation of ingenuous manners, and a regular and decent discharge of the offices

of civil life, are laid in a musical education."—Ibid. p. xxvi.

"LUTHER says in an Epistle, 'scimus musicam dæmonibus etiam invisam et intolerabilem esse:' and Dr. Wetenhall applies this passage to the music of our church, and on the authority thereof pronounces it to be such as no devil can stand against."—Ibid. p. lxi.

"THE Pythagoreans," says STANLEY, "define music an apt composition of contraries, and an union of many, and consent of differents; for it not only co-ordinates rythms and modulations, but all manner of systems. God is the reconciler of things discordant, and this is his chiefest work, according to music and medicine, to reconcile enmities. In music consists the agreement of all things, and aristocracy of the universe. For what is harmony in the world, in a city is good government, in a family, temperance.—Ibid. p. 170.

"IL Ciel parte del vanto
Mi dia, che solo in questa unir poteo,
E a dite anch' io n'andrò senza paura
O pur di Tebe a rinnovar le mura."
METASTASIO, tom. 8, p. 245.

ALKHENDI compounded medicines in geometrical and musical proportions.—SPRENGEL, vol. 2, p. 281.

RHAZES had been the most celebrated professor of music at Bagdad.—Ibid. p. 285.

AMATUS LUSITANUS combined music and numbers in his system of physic, blending thus the doctrines of Pythagoras and of the Cabalists.—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 157.

STRUTHIUS plays to Sigismond II. King of Poland, "explique le rhythme du pouls d'après les lois de la musique, et cherche à le rendre sensible par des figures inintelligibles."—Ibid. p. 169.

"THALES cured a raging pestilence at Sparta by music; the oracle having so advised."—HAWKINS, *History of Music*, vol. 1, p. 318.

Hismenias the Theban cured many of sciatica by music. Hawkins thinks Boethius takes this from Aulus Gellius, lib. 4, c. 13, q. v.

"I'LL *re* you, I'll *fa* you; do you note me?"
Romeo and Juliet, act iv. sc. v.

METASTASIO on the corruption of music, and the effect of open theatres on that of the ancients, and consequently on church music.—Tom. 10, p. 362-3.

"THERE is somewhere in infinite space," says COWPER, "a world that does not roll within the precincts of mercy; and as it is reasonable, and even scriptural to suppose that there is music in heaven, in those dismal regions perhaps the reverse of it is found; tones so dismal as to make woe itself more insupportable, and to acuminate even despair."—HAYLEY'S *Life*, vol. 2, p. 76.

SEE in MACROBIUS, *Som. Scip.* for a passage to prove that music "persuades to clemency and heals diseases."

AN anonymous discourse upon the analogy between the seven planets and the chords included in the musical septenary, says, "that in the motion of the Earth F is made; in that of the Moon, A; Mercury, B; Venus, C; the Sun, D; Mars, E; Jupiter, F; and Saturn, G; and that here the musical measure is truly formed."—HAWKINS, *History of Music*, vol. 2, p. 215.

"THERE was once a musical herald who undertook to show the analogy between music and coat armour."—Ibid. p. 247.

"PIETRO FRANCESCO VALENTINI gave Kircher a canon which he called Nodus Salomones; which Kircher at first per-

ceived might be sung by ninety-six voices, twenty in each part, treble, counter tenor, tenor and bass; and yet there are only four notes in the canon; but it is to be observed, that to introduce a regular variety of harmony, some of the ninety-six are to sing all longs, some all breves, some semi-breves, some minims, some semi-minims.

"He afterwards found out that this same canon might be sung by 512 voices, or, which is the same thing, distributed into 128 choirs; and afterwards proceeded to show how it may be sung by 12,200,000 voices; nay, by an infinite number. Then he says the verse in the Apocalypse, xiv. 3, is made clear, and may be interpreted literally. For he shows that this canon may be so disposed as to be sung by 144,000 voices.—Ibid. p. 376.

LUTHER spent the greater part of the night before he appeared to give an account of his doctrine to the diet at Worms in playing on the lute, "in order to compose and calm his mind."—Ibid. p. 444.

"FRANCIS I. sent a band of musicians to his ally Solyman II. Solyman received them graciously, and had three concerts at his palace, in presence of all his court. Then having observed the effect of the music upon himself, he sent them back with a handsome reward, but ordered their instruments to be broken, and prohibited them from settling in his empire, on pain of death. He fully believed it to be a scheme of the French king's for diverting him by this amusement from the business of war, 'just as the Greeks sent the Persians the game of chess for the same purpose.' And this he said to the French ambassador."—Ibid. p. 481, N.

"MYSELF," says PLAYFORD the musician, "as I travelled some years since near Royston, met a herd of stags, about twenty, upon the road, following a bagpipe and violin, which, when the music played, they went forward; when it ceased, they all stood still; and in this manner they were brought out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 117.

"SOME remarkable instances of blind persons, who have been excellent in music, might lead to an opinion that the privation of that sense was favourable to the study of it."—Ibid. p. 209.

"M. FAVARD ridiculise la singulière invention de composer de la musique par la chance des dez, qui avoit été sérieusement proposée dans un de nos Journaux."—M. BRET MOLIERE, vol. 5, p. 766.

"JAMES I. in a letter to his sons from Theobald's, A. D. 1623, desires them to keep up their dancing privately, 'though they whistle and sing to one another for music.'"—HAWKINS, vol. 4, p. 14.

"THOMAS CAMPION, who was a doctor of physic, and published a work upon music, justified himself by the example of Galen, who, he says, became an expert musician, and would needs apply all the proportions of music to the uncertain motions of the pulse."—Ibid. p. 24.

EFFECTS OF MUSIC.—"In the *Repertoire Medico Chirurgicale* of Piedmont, for June, 1834, Dr. Brofferio relates a case illustrative of the morbid effects of music. A woman twenty-eight years of age, of a robust constitution, married, but without children, attended a ball which was given on occasion of a rural fête in her native village. It so happened that she had never heard the music of an orchestra before; she was charmed with it, and danced for three days successively, during which the festivity lasted. But though the ball was at an end, the woman continued to hear the music; whether she ate, drank, walked, or went to bed, still was she haunted by the harmonies of the orchestra. She was sleepless, her digestive organs began to suffer, and ultimately her whole system was deranged. Various remedies were tried to drown the imaginary music, but the more

her body became enfeebled the more intensely did the musical sounds disturb her mind. She sunk at last, after six months' nervous suffering. It should be added, that the leader of the band having occasionally indulged in a discordant *capriccio* for the amusement of his auditors, the notes which he played produced the most torturing effect when they recurred to the imagination of the patient: 'those horrid sounds!' she would cry, as she held her head between her hands. There is nothing so very extraordinary in this case, as it regards the mere repetition of sounds in the *sensorium*, in consequence of a long-continued impression originally made, but that it should be carried to the extent of causing a nervous affection, terminating fatally, is what seems to render the case unique. An anecdote is told of the celebrated Mademoiselle Clairon, which has some analogy to the preceeding. A man once shot himself on her account. Ever after, as regularly as one o'clock at night came, Mademoiselle Clairon heard the report of a pistol. Whether she was at a ball, in bed asleep, at an inn, on a journey, no matter; when the moment arrived the shot was heard: it was louder than the music of the ball, startled her from her sleep, and was heard as well in the court-yard of an inn as in a palace." — *Medical Gazette.*

"About the year 1730, an Italian teacher of the guitar arrived in London, and posted up in the Royal Exchange a bill inviting persons to become his scholars, and with a figure of the instrument at the top, miserably drawn. The bill began thus, 'De delectabl music calet Chittara fit for te gantlman e ladis camera.' The poor man offered to teach at a very low rate, but met with none that could be prevailed on to learn of him."—Hawkins, *History of Music*, vol. 4, p. 74.

Jodocus Pratensis set the first chapter of St. Matthew to music.—Ibid. p. 200. The genealogical part.

"Fludd supposed the world to be a musical instrument; and that the elements that compose it (assigning to each a certain place, according to the laws of gravitation), together with the planets and the heaven, make up that instrument which he calls the Mundane Monochord."—Ibid. p. 168.

Fludd decorated his Tract De Musicâ Mundanâ with devices for "musical dials, musical windows, musical colonnades, and other extravagancies."—Ibid. p. 173.

Kircher explained the fall of the walls of Jericho to the mechanical effects of the trumpets.—Ibid. p. 215.

When Corelli was playing on the violin, his countenance used to be distorted, his eyes to become as red as fire, and his eyeballs to roll as in an agony.—Ibid. p. 310.

"The Flemish and Italian editions of Corelli's Operas and Sonatas were printed in such an obscure and illegible character, that many persons in England acquired a subsistence by copying them in a legible character. Thomas Shuttleworth, a music master, who was living in Spital Fields, A. D. 1738, brought up a numerous family by his industry in this practice."—Ibid. p. 312.

M. de la Vieuville de Freneuse says, that being in Holland in 1688, he went to see a villa of Milord Portland, and was struck with the sight of a very handsome gallery in his great stable. At first, says he, I concluded it was for the grooms to lie in; but the master of the horse told me that it was to give a concert to the horses once a week to cheer them, which they did; and the horses seemed to be greatly delighted therewith."—Ibid. vol. 5, p. 205.

The monkish writers on music say, "Mi contra fa est diabolus."—Burney, N. *to King Lear*, p. 43.

"A CURIOUS and beautiful method of observation devised by Chladni, consists in the happy device of strewing sand over the surfaces of bodies in a state of sonorous vibration, and marking the figures it assumes. This has made their motions susceptible of ocular examination, and has been lately much improved on and varied in its application by M. Savart.

"Sound is a subject the investigation of which promises important consequences in its bearing on others, and especially, through the medium of strong analogies on that of light."—HERSCHEL *on Natural Philosophy*, p. 289-90.

"THE doctors of our theology say that God made the world by number, measure, and weight; some for weight say *tune*, and peradventure better."—PUTTENHAM, p. 53.

"I HAVE known good men that were skilled in music, and much delighted in it, and yet had a conceit that it was unlawful in a psalm or holy exercise. I so much differed from them, that I scarce cared for it anywhere else; and if it might not be holily used, it should never have been used by me."—BAXTER, *Restituta*, vol. 3, p. 187.

"IF it be true, as Athenæus says, that Pindar wrote an ode in which he purposely omitted the letter s, it must have been because it was designed to be sung."—*Curiosities of Literature*, vol. 2, p. 62.

"IT is a received maxim with all composers of music, that nothing is so melodious as nonsense. Manly sense is too harsh and stubborn to go through the numberless divisions and subdivisions of modern music, and to be trilled forth in crotchets and demiquavers. For this reason thought is so cautiously sprinkled over a modern song, which it is the business of the singer to warble into sentiment."—*Connossieur*, No. 72, vol. 2, p. 136.

WEBB'S (F.) *Panharmonicon*, an Attempt to Prove that the Principles of Harmony prevail throughout Nature, but especially in Mankind, 4to. *plates*, not printed for sale, *sewed*, 4*s*.

POCKRICH and his musical glasses. He perished in the fire which broke out at Hamlin's Coffee House, Cornhill, 10 Nov. 1759.

See his whole strange history, *Monthly Review*, vol. 24, pp. 14-19.

"SENESINO and Farinelli when in England together, being engaged at different theatres on the same night, had not an opportunity of hearing each other; till, by one of those sudden stage revolutions which frequently happen, yet are always unexpected, they were both employed to sing on the same stage. Senesino had the part of a furious tyrant to represent, and Farinelli that of an unfortunate hero in chains; but in the course of the first song, he so softened the obdurate heart of the enraged tyrant, that Senesino, forgetting his stage character, ran to Farinelli and embraced him in his own."—BURNEY'S *Francis Ruly*, *Monthly Review*, vol. 45, p. 340.

Farinelli confirmed the truth of this anecdote to him.

"IN the Hong-fan, or Sublime Rule, a chapter of the Chou-king, the elements and powers of nature are expressed by numbers; the tones of music correspond with the seasons and months, with the duties of morality and the ceremonies of Chinese religion, and music is made the basis of all the sciences, and more especially of morals and politics."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 58, p. 537. *French Mem. of the R. Acad.*

"THE Che-hiang, from which the Chinese procure their musk, can only be brought within shot by means of music. One of the hunters plays lively airs on a flute, and the shy animal is so delighted that it gradually draws near. The notes of a child are said to be still more alluring than those

of the flute."—*Mem. concerning China, Monthly Review*, vol. 60, p. 563.

"BEFORE the Reformation the music in all countries kept pace, being applied to one language only, and only of one kind."—BURNEY, *Monthly Review*, vol. 68, p. 40.

LE SIEUR BLAVET. "Il avoit montré à jouer de la flûte à un grand Prince, mais très mediocre en cet art, au point que toutes les fois qu'il jouoit, un chien qu'il aimoit, aboyoit et faisoit des hurlemens effroyables. A peine Blavet embouchoit-il son instrument, l'animal se calmoit, entroit insensiblement dans une agitation voluptueuse, et venoit lécher les pieds du nouvel Orphee."

This they call "le plus grand éloge qu'on puisse faire de son talent."—BACHAUMONT, *Mem. Sec.* vol. 4, p. 165.

"THE gobbling of a turkey cock seems to us to be quite contrary to true melody; and yet the female of that bird may, from a particular organization of nerves, find these notes enchanting music." — *Lælius and Hortensia, Monthly Review*, vol. 68, p. 15.

NONE of the first French refugees in South Carolina, though a most meritorious race, "could boast of any great success, except one man who taught the Indians dancing and music, for which arts they discovered an amazing fondness, and liberally rewarded him for his instructions." —*Hist. of S. Carolina*, vol. 1, p. 139.

DARWIN's scheme for setting pictures to music.—MISS SEWARD's *Letters*, vol. 2, p. 266.

"I HAVE heard him (LORD KEEPER NORTH) say that if he had not enabled himself by these studies, and particularly his practice of music upon his base, or lyra viol, (which he used to touch lute fashion, upon his knees) to divert himself alone, he had never been a lawyer. His mind was so airy and volatile, he could not have kept his chamber, if he must needs be there staked down purely to the drudgery of the law, whether in study or practice."—Vol. 1, p. 15.

MILLER, A. D. 1784, published a sixpenny pamphlet in behalf of the profession of music, recommending country musicians to the benevolence of those who had set on foot the Commemoration of Handel. This was ill-naturedly reviewed, *Monthly Review*, vol. 71, p. 389. 479. Reply to a country fiddler who remonstrated against their greater town severity.

"IN Russia the female gipsies (Rommany, they call themselves) have from time immemorial cultivated their vocal powers to such an extent, that, although in the heart of a country in which the vocal art has attained to greater perfection than in any other part of the world, yet the principal gipsy choruses in Moscow are allowed to be unrivalled."—TURNER, *Sac. Hist.* vol. 3, p. 260.

HERRICK, vol. 1, p. 131.—To music to becalm his fever.

Medical Botany.

Phil. Trans. Abr. vol. 6, p. 459. A GOOD paper. The first inference was, that plants of resemblant growth must have resemblant qualities, then those of resemblant taste and smell.

Ibid. vol. 9, p. 43. No safe criterion this, for the roots of carrots, parsnips, and many other of the umbelliferous plants, are daily used as food; but the water hemlock and Lobel's Ænanthe,[1] though of the same class, are most certain poisons.

Ibid. vol. 13, p. 283. THERE are two Saxon

[1] See Johnson's GERARDE's *Herbal*, p. 1060. He calls it *Filipendula Aquatica*.—J. W. W.

herbaries in the Bodleian, and two in the Harleian Collections, the one being a translation from Lucius Apuleius of Medaura.

Watts, vol. 3, p. 382. He thinks that "no noxious plants or fruits of mortal and malignant juice would have been appointed to grow without some plain signal mark or caution set upon them, if man had continued in his innocent state."

Serapion Mesue, a disciple of Avicenne, native of Maridin on the Euphrates, and who lived at Cairo, judged of the virtue of plants by their qualities, and even by touch. By colour also, in which he approaches Linnæus. He observed that soil and situation produce a marked effect upon them. And he held they communicate some of their properties to each other when they grow near. This Sprengel says is entirely paradoxical. —Sprengel, vol. 2, p. 325.

Baptista Porta held the doctrine of signatures.—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 239. Claude Aubery de Trécourt defended it.—Ibid. p. 371.

According to Mizaud, the Arabs used to medicate fruit, either by sowing medical herbs round the tree, or inserting drugs in its pith.—Ibid. vol. 3, 257.

He appeals to Belon for this fact.

Du Chesne (Henri IV.'s physician) carried the notion of signatures so far, that he thought the male plant best suited to men, the female to women.—Ibid. p. 374.

Eyerli, the Armenian Saddleback, near Erzervom, "abounds in medicinal herbs, particularly in the Tootia flower, the scent of which perfumes the air. Oculists go thither to collect this plant, and cure with it the eyes of people who have been diseased for forty years."—Evlia Effendi.

"Discoveries have been lately made of peculiar proximate principles, which in an especial manner characterize certain families of plants; these principles are for the most part very powerful medicines, and are in fact the essential ingredients on which the medical virtues of the plants depend." —Herschel *on Nat. Phil.* p. 345.

"Such plants as are insipid to the taste and smell, have generally little virtue; those with the most fragrant smell and sharpest taste, have the greatest virtues, of whatever kind. In general, those with a strong but agreeable taste are the most valuable; and on the contrary when a very strong taste is also a very disagreeable one; or when the strong odour of a plant has something heavy and disagreeable, or overpowering in it, there is mischief in the herb. The few poisonous plants of this country are for the most part thus characterized."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 11, p. 416. *Useful Family Herbal.*

Thebe is said to be a plant in Norway, which, if the cattle eat, their strength decays, "as if their bones were mollified; so that without administering the bones of other cows, which those affected eat with the utmost greediness, they quickly die."—Pontoppidan.[1] *Monthly Review*, vol. 12, p. 468.

Pontoppidan says that the root of the Selsnæpe, which the Monthly Review supposes to be the Apium Raninum, or water parsley,[2] is the best medicine for swine, but poisonous for sheep and men; that externally used, it cures the gout, and that a man who was impatient under an inward weakness, took it inwardly and was cured.—Ibid.

"Thus Mr. Hastings, who takes his place in the Biography of Eccentrics, often drank

[1] See Norges *Naturlige Historie*, tom. i. p. 204.

[2] Ibid. p. 201. The words in the Monthly Review are only a translation from the original. "Dens Navn Er af Stedet *Sels-Næpe*. — Det samme som de Tydskes Wasser Eppich." In pp. 202-3, it is called *Apium Raninum*. J. W. W.

syrup of gilliflower in his sack, and had always a tun-glass standing by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he used to stir with rosemary."—*Connoisseur*, vol. 2, p. 189.

RUE was called *herb of grace*, because it was used in exorcisms; rosemary, *remembrance*, as a cephalic.—WARBURTON. N. 1. SHAKESPEARE. *Rich. II.* act. iii. sc. iv.

MATRICARIA suaveolens, sweet feverfew. "A woman who could keep nothing on her stomach, and was perishing for mere want of nourishment, cured by this flower, the yellow dilks clipt into boiling water. It was the most grateful bitter that could be tasted. Her stomach, that abhorred gentian and the like, bore this, and by persevering in its use, she was cured."[1]—HILL's *Virtues of British Herbs*. *Monthly Review*, vol. 44, p. 414.

THE root of the male fern, two or three drams in powder, a specific for the tape-worm.[2]—*Monthly Review*, vol. 57, p. 314.

"A L'EGARD de l'étude des plantes, permettez, Madame, que je la fasse en Naturaliste, et non pas en Apothécaire; car, outre que je n'ai qu'une foi très médiocre à la médecine, je connois l'organisation des plantes sur la foi de la Nature, qui ne ment point, et je ne connois leurs vertus médicinales que sur la foi des hommes, qui sont menteurs. Je ne suis pas d'humeur à les croire sur leur parole, ni à portée de la vérifier. Ainsi, quant à moi, j'aime cent fois mieux voir dans l'émail des prez des guirlandes pour les bergères, que des herbes pour les lavemens."

ROUSSEAU, in a letter to Madame la Présidente de Verna, of Grenoble.—*Mem. Secrets*, t. 17, p. 310.

PLAN for generating saltpetre by planting the Botrys, or Jerusalem oak.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 71, p. 499.

A SERMON is annually preached at St. Leonards, Shoreditch, on the religious uses of botanical philosophy, pursuant to the will of Mr. Fairchild, a gardener at Hoxton, who died 1729. The Royal Society appoint the preacher. Jones of Nayland preached several of these sermons.

HERBALDOWN, about a mile from Canterbury, where there is one of the three archiepiscopal hospitals. "The spot is remarked to have been peculiarly healthful, and herbalists are said to come every year to collect medicinal plants which grow only at that particular place."—Ibid. vol. 75, p. 23.

TEA made of pear-tree leaves cured a family who had been poisoned by mushrooms at Ghent. The ancients knew this property in the wild pear.—Ibid. p. 535.

WILLIAMS's Missionary Enterprizes, p. 495.

Handling a Subject.

A LITERARY *bravura* this.—METASTASIO, vol. 10, p. 341.

"CONFESSO non essermi caduto in mente che la *varietà* de' gusti contraddicesse punto alla *costanza* della simplicità; potendo ottimamente andar variando quelli, senza cambiamento di questa."—Ibid. p. 367.

"CHI scorger si vanta
Qual merto è maggiore,
Fra tanto splendore,
Fra tanta beltà?"
Ibid. vol. 11, p. 208.

"THE mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested
Without the show of both."
Merry Wives of Windsor, act iv. sc. vi.

J. W. W.

[1] GERARDE says "it fully performeth all that better things can do."—p. 653.

[2] "As Dioscorides writeth," are the words in GERARDE. Ed. Johnson *ut supra*, p. 1130.

"μεταβολὴ πάντων γλυκύ."
EURIPIDES. *Orestes*, v. 237.

MANNER of narration in the Italian romance poems. B. Tasso altering his Amadigi.

"LIKE Tristram Shandy I could write
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
Sometimes obscure, and sometimes leaning
A little sideways to a meaning,
And unfatigued myself, pursue
This civil mode of teazing you."
LLOYD. *Magazine*, vol. 1, p. 229.

A MATTER to be treated at large,—
"Λέγοιμ' ἂν ἤδη· τὰ μακρὰ τῶν σμικρῶν λόγων
Ἐπιπροσθέν ἐστι, καὶ σαφῆ μᾶλλον κλύειν."
EURIP. *Orestes*, vv. 633-4.

DOUBTFUL whether to relate or not,—
"ἔστι δ' οὖ σιγὴ λόγου
Κρείσσων γένοιτ' ἂν, ἔστι δ' οὖ σιγῆς λόγος."
Ibid. vv. 631-2.

"Ὁ μῦθος δ' οὐ μακρὸς μακρῶν πέρι."
Ibid. v. 751.

"ALL things thought upon,
That may with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings."
Henry V. act i. sc. v.

Scale of Beings.

IN vegetables no conceivable proportion between the seed and the plant in size.—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol. 10, pp. 8, 9.

SIMPLICIUS calls man "ζύνδεσμος ζωτικὸς τῶν τε ἄνω καὶ τῶν κάτω,"—the vital joint that clasps together the upper and lower world."—SCOTT. *Christian Life*, vol. 1, p. 283.

SOME indications of the former stages may be inferred from the hands and feet, as well as the countenance, as whether they have had paws or claws, hoofs or talons.

WOMEN have more of the bird in them, light and airy, volatile and loquacious.

"PYTHAGORAS and the Egyptians, from whom he learnt this doctrine, reversed the notion of transmigration, supposing that the souls of bad men passed into the bodies of some congenial brute."—BLOUNT's *Philostratus*, p. 3.

"WHEN thou wert form'd, Heaven did a man begin,
But the brute soul by chance was shuffled in."
Aurungzebe to Moreb. DRYDEN, vol. 4, p. 126.

"THY face itself,
Half minted with the royal stamp of man,
And half o'ercome with beast."
DRYDEN, vol. 4, p. 388.

SHAKESPEARE says, Ajax had "robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant."—*Troilus and Cres.* act i. sc. ii.

GREAT huge hulky fellows, unlucky.—SOPH. *Ajax*, v. 769-73.

DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE's Poems, p. 44. There may be rational creatures in the world which we can neither see nor hear, nor apprehend by any of our senses.

Inoculation.

MR. PORTER, our ambassador at Constantinople, A. D. 1755, thought it had its rise from mere superstition. A most ignorant fellow, a Georgian, and physician by practice, told him it was the tradition and religious belief of his countrymen that an angel presides over this distemper; and that to show their trust in him, and invite him to

be propitious, they take a pock from the sick person, and by a scarification insert it in one in health, generally between the fore finger and thumb. To attract the angel's good will more effectually, they hang the patient's bed with red cloth or stuff, as a colour most agreeable to him."—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol. 10, p. 584.

In England patients have been swathed in red flannel.

Conduct of our royal family, A. D. 1736. —Ibid. p. 690.

Silence.

When Don Silves de la Selva had won one of the five castles in the greatest of his adventures, two ancient men came before him, "et commencerent à debattre et disputer ensemble, sur lequel estoit meilleur, le parler, ou le taire. Mais parceque celuy qui tenoit pour le silence, mit en avant de plus fortes et pregnantes raisons, le nouveau triomphateur (D. Silves) leur commanda qu'ils se teussent, et donna sentenee que la taciturnité estoit la vraye vertu."—L. 14, p. 262.

"I vow and protest there's more plague than pleasure with a secret; especially if a body mayn't mention it to four or five of one's particular acquaintance."—*Betty in the Clandestine Marriage.*

"Tanto custa ao acautelado e secreto o receio com que guarda e esconde o segredo, como a hum palreiro e impaciente a força com que o dissimula."—Francisco Rodrigues Lobo, t. 4, p. 104. *O Desenganado.*

Use of Mystification.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico.

Every unknown for a friend: at least not to be treated as an enemy, as Jeffrey did James Grahame.

Let me be the mysterious unknown, or the odd, the quaint, the erudite, &c.

The name for *fool* seems to be original in every language.

"In comedy," says Swift, "the best actors play the part of the droll, whilst some second rogue is made the hero or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst fools are only serious."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 35, p. 136.

"Meteor-like, of stuff and form perplext,
Whose what and where in disputation is."
Cowley.

"Quicquid recipitur, recipitur in modum recipientis." How this is received.

Placing the reader in puzzledom; pleasures of this state.

Why no reason should be given for what I chuse to do.—Jones of Nayland, vol. 5, p. 295.

Natural propensity to laughter.—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 117.

Philosophy of Nonsense. Morosophy.

Best learnt by talking to children and cats.

"Gaudet stultis Natura creandis
Ut malvis, atque urticis, et vilibus herbis."
Palingenius, p. 262.

John Henderson and J. C. J. there is nothing without a meaning.

"Non que je me meille impudentement exempler du territoire de folie; j'en tiens et en suis, je le confesse. Tout le monde est fol."—Rabelais, vol. 5, p. 119.

"Pantagruelisme. Vous entendez que c'est certaine gayeté d'esprit confite en mepris des choses fortuites."—Ibid. tom. 6, p. 24.

Not satisfied till he is "tout esperruquancluzelubelouzerirelu— morrambouzevezangouzequoquemorguatasachacquevesinemaffressè, — morcrocassebizassenezassegrigueliguoscopapopoudrille," with so many such "morderegrippipiotabirofreluchamburelucecoquelurintimpanemens," till he shall be from head to foot completely "trepignemampenillorifrizonoufressurè." — Ibid. p. 213-4-5.

"Upon this passage I shall remark, or rather call in a learned and very able divine to remark for me, that 'when men speak or write, they must do it so as to be understood, unless they will do it to no purpose: and therefore they must take such words as are to be had, and are intelligible to those for whose benefit they write; and they must be contented too with such grammatical construction, as well as with such words, as shall be found expedient to the ends for which they write.' Sometimes it may be necessary for them to frame new words, 'to express the propriety of a foreign idiom;' and in all respects they must accomodate themselves to their subject, and to the capacities of those for whom they undertake to discourse upon it." — Jenkin's *Reasonableness of Christianity*, vol. 2, p. 46.

The various sophy's — cosmosophy, kerdosophy.

I will not say that any one has been knighted, to whom an honest man would be more likely to say Sirrah than Sir; but I will say that men have been raised to the peerage, and advanced in it, who were disqualified for it in every possible way, except by their possessions.

Jests in sadness. — Lydgate, *Shakespeare*, vol. 8, p. 246, N.

Love.

To some of the poets a verse which Dryden puts into the mouth of Cortes may be applied,

"Your Cupid looks as dreadfully as death."

The Signora Emilia says, "Estimo io adunque, che chi ha da esser amato, debba amare, et esser amabile."—*Il Cortigiano*, p. 269.

Ibid. p. 272-3. — How love comes from the heart to the eyes, and so into other eyes, and to the heart again.

Parnaso Ital. vol. 6, p. 268.—A sonnet of Cariteo's, which is perhaps the original of Desportes, p. 49.

"Her tears, her smiles, her every look's a net,
Her voice is like a syren's of the land,
And bloody hearts lie panting in her hand."
Dryden, *Granada*. act iii. sc. i.

"Love shot, and shot so fast
He shot himself into my breast at last."
Almanzor, act iii. sc. 1.

"As in some weather-glass my love I hold,
Which falls or rises with the heat or cold."
Lyndaraxa, act iv. sc. ii.

"I can preserve enough for me and you;
And love, and be unfortunate for two."
Benzayda, act v. sc. i.

"It was your fault that fire seized all your breast;
You should have blown up some, to save the rest." *Almahide*, act. v. sc. ii.

"Ye gods, why are not hearts first pair'd above;
But some still interfere in other's love!
Ere each for each by certain marks are known,
You mould 'em up in haste, and drop 'em down."
Conquest of Gran. pt. ii. act iii. sc. 1.

"Oh amanti, oh quanto poco
Basta a farvi sperar!"
Metastasio, tom. 6, p. 34, *Zenobia*.

"E DALL' amore all' ira
Lungo il cammin non è."
Ibid. p. 200, *Antigono.*

MOLIERE, tom. 3, p. 466, *Le Misantrope.* —Lovers find beauty in their mistresses, be they what they may.

"O ANYTHING, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still waking sleep, that is not what it is."
Romeo and Juliet, act i. sc. i.

"MRS. CARTER was for half an hour one evening entirely in love with a Dutchman; and the next morning she took a dose of algebra fasting, which she says entirely cured her."—*Memoirs*, vol. 1, p. 36-7.

"QUE nos sages Gaulois sçaveient bien ta coustume,
Lors que pour dire aymer, ils prononçoient amer?
Amers sont bien tes fruits, et pleines d'amertume
Sont toutes les douceurs qu'on a pour bien aimer."
Astrée, pt. iv. l. 9, p. 916.

MARRIAGE of Isidro de Madrid and Maria de la Cabeza.

"Fueron a vistas los dos,
y fue aquello suficiente,
que cada qual se contente;
Porque lo que está de Dios
se executa facilmente."
LOPE DE VEGA, tom. 11, p. 32.

SIR KENELM DIGBY, in his *Private Memoirs*, makes a lover say, "I will go to the other world to preach to damned souls that their pains are but imaginary ones, in respect of them that live in the hell of love." —P. 38.

Two kinds. Animal magnetism and moral magnetism.

"ESPINHADAS de amor, naõ ja feridas."
FER. RUCE LOBO, tom. 3, p. 14.

The Dead.

SPEAKING of the cemeteries at Hamburgh, which are all without the city, MR. DOWNES says, "It is in such situations, remote from the bustle of a city, and shaded with trees, that a communion may be conceived to exist between departed spirits and those whom affection or devotion may have led to visit their retreats; that the cemetery becomes a sanctuary, wherein the living, as well as the dead, are screened from the world and its jarring intercourses." —*Letters from the Continent*, vol. 2, p. 295.

On the tombstones here is inscribed the word Ruhe-Statt or Ruhe Platz.

DAVID VAN DER BECKE's material theory of ghosts much like Gaffarils.—SPRENGEL, vol. 5, p. 113.

THERE is a contemporary poem upon some of the Gunpowder traitors, in which their heads and their ghosts hold a conversation.—*Restituta*, vol. 3, p. 331.

"WHEN the corpse of Eloisa was deposited in Abelard's tomb, the dead Abelard raised his arms, opened them, and clasped his beloved in death."—*Curiosities of Literature*, vol. 1, p. 213.

I SEE no "wilful bad taste" in the device for the text Pulvis et umbra sumus, which represented a shadow walking between two ranges of urns, in a vault, the floor of which was covered with dust.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 82.

AFTER giving a good guess at the milky way, MANILIUS asks,

"An fortes animæ, dignataque nomina Cœlo
Corporibus resoluta suis, terræque remissa

Huc migrant ex orbe, suumque habitantia cœlum
Æthereos vivunt annos, mundoque fruuntur." Lib. 1, v. 756.

The *Monthly Review*, August 1754, vol. 11, p. 152, praises a pamphlet called "the Scripture Account of a Future State considered." The author thinks the two most probable conjectures are, "that the region of departed spirits is either in some or other of the neighbouring stars, or else in the interior parts of this earth."

"He offers some conjectures in regard to our entrance into the next state, which he imagines may be analogous to our entrance upon the present. As we are introduced into the present by the ministration of others, so he thinks we may be introduced into the next by ministering spirits, and that the soul may require some time before its organs are ripe for action on that new theatre; during which time the rational powers may continue suspended, as they are here in sleep; and we may remain under the nurture of guardian angels, or kindred spirits, during this stage of inaction, similar to the stage of our infancy."—Ibid. p. 152.

"The Japanese say that the Takamanofarra, i.e. the high and subcelestial fields, are just beneath the thirty-three heavens of their gods, and there the souls of the good are admitted without delay."—Kæmpfer, vol. 1, p. 213.

"Richard Jago (the poet, I suppose) published a sermon which he preached at Harbury, Warwickshire, 'on occasion of a conversation said to have past between one of the inhabitants and an apparition in the churchyard of that place.' It was no part of his design either to confirm or dispute the fact of the conversation! which was confidently asserted to have happened on the night of Thursday, May 1."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 12, p. 516.

Cowper's notion that they revisit earth. —*Correspondence*, vol. 1, p. 109.

Politeness and obedience in the grave. —*Escritores de Valencia*, vol. 1, p. 48.

"One of the last requests of Luke Sparks the actor was, that his funeral service might be performed by the then Reverend John Horne, afterwards better or worse known by the loss of the reverend before his name, and the addition of Tooke at the end of it." —Churchill, vol. 1, p. 41, N.

When the archbishop is exciting Henry V. to retain the French crown, he says,

"Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim, invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince;
Who on the French ground played a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility."
Henry V. act i. sc. ii.

Stephen Keld, late wine merchant at Ipswich, who published his own Memoirs in 1760 (1*s.* 6*d.*) says, "that his sister looking in her glass one day, told her maid she was a dead woman, and actually died a few hours afterward; and the appearance of her face remained in the glass till after the funeral, in defiance of all washing and endeavours to get it out."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 23, p. 407.

Cenotaphs were thought to be retreats for the wandering souls of those who had no burial. Quære, for any occupant, or only for the proprietor intended?—Hook, vol. 2, p. 320.

Popish Superstition and Barbarity. From the *Dublin Warder*, July 1835.

"DREADFUL affray.—Two men killed and several wounded.

"The following is from an eye-witness of what he relates: we give it in his own words:—

"'The Roman Catholic burial-place, Glassnevin, near this city, was the battle-ground where the savage rencontre took place. The Irish Papists are paganly superstitious; and their habits, manners, and customs differ from the rest of mankind. A very barbarous custom, prevailing very generally among the Milesian Irish, is often made the pretext for fighting at funerals. These believe in a fatality which (they say) is out of the power of prayer or their priests to avert—i. e. when two funerals at the same time approach one common grave-yard for interment, the last corpse entering is doomed to draw water from a distant well in a bucket full of holes, in order to irrigate the souls placed in purgatory by Romish superstition.

"On Sunday last, about sun-down, two funerals approached the entrance-gate of this celebrated cemetery—where, as if by magic impulse, both parties made a sudden rush to gain the gate entrance—the coffin-bearers came in contact, and the coffins were upset in an instant on the road. Both parties soon attacked each other, armed with bludgeons, stones, whips, &c.; two priests who attended were much beaten—the dead bodies beaten out of the coffins; and it was not before one party was completely beaten away that the fight ended. The defeated party was from the neighbourhood of Cole's Lane. The butchers, clieve-boys, and the butchers' assistants were, however, determined on revenge; and on Monday last these people got information that a funeral (attended by the persons who beat them the evening before) would soon arrive. As soon as it did appear, it was immediately attacked, the coffin and corpse demolished in an instant—two men, named Williams and Mulcahy, from the egg-market, were killed, and eight sorely beaten. The speedy arrival of the police prevented further mischief. On Tuesday the coal-porters came there to assist their friends, the butchers; but, not meeting any of their opponents, they dispersed at ten o'clock."

PRIDE and ingratitude of an Icelandic ghost.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 53, p. 593.

The story is from Islands Landnamabok.[1]

Language.

AMERICAN Indians. They have modes of speech and phrases peculiar to each age and sex.—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol. 13, p. 409.

"I HAVE as ill an opinion," says BLOUNT, "of the French tongue as of the people, since the very language itself is a cheat, being written one way, and pronounced another."—*Note to Philost.* p. 76.

DRYDEN, vol. 4, p. 303. Limberham's Lingua Franca is almost pure Pinkertonian.

"IT is said that recent discoveries have led to the conclusion that the Bramins had in days of yore eighteen languages, each appropriated exclusively to one line of subjects, of which we have hitherto learned only one,—that devoted more particularly to mythology or religion."—MOORE'S *Oriental Fragments*, p. 435.

ELPHINSTON on Interjections.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 14, p. 324.

SHAW, in his *Gaelic Dictionary*, says, the Gaelic is the language of Japhet, spoken before the Deluge; and probably the speech

[1] For account of which see the *Sagabibliothek*, vol. i. p. 225, of the late PETER ERASMUS MULLER—a name (like that of RASK) to which I owe so much of my northern lore, and whose kindness I can never forget.—J. W. W.

of Paradise.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 63, p. 513.

"ROWLAND JONES says Babel was so called from ba-bi-el, *i.e.* beings calling like *bas* or sheep. It is likely that this language (the Celtic) as it thus defines the prediluvian as well as the postdiluvian names, and gives the etymology of language as preferable to any other, must have existed before the confusion of languages; and if all the world spake in one language, *this must be it.*"—Ibid. p. 513-4.

MRS. MONTAGU thought, that in another life we shall not use an inadequate interpreter of our thoughts, as language is. "Thought," she says, "is of the soul, language belongs to body; we shall leave it in the grave with our other rags of mortality."—*Letters*, vol. 4, p. 358.

"LUCKILY, the lawyers will not part with any synonymous words; and will consequently preserve the redundancies of our language."—H. WALPOLE, vol. 4, p. 140.

GRANT on the Gaelic Interjections.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 77, p. 20.

POLYNESIAN pronouns.—WILLIAMS' *Missionary Enterprizes*, p. 527.

"NOT only every shire hath a several language, but every family, giving marks for things according to their fancy."—DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE. One of the Epistles prefixed to her Poems and Fancies.

CANADA. "Les Sauvages n'ont point en leur langue, ni bien en leurs mœurs, ce mot de peché;—j'estois donc en peine de les faire concevoir un desplaisir d'avoir offencé Dieu."—*Relation*. 1634. P. 29.

Wigs.

"THE invention of periwigs," says CH. BLOUNT, "is of so great use, and saves men so much trouble, *that it can never be laid aside*. It helps to disguise the thief; to make an ill face tolerable; the tolerable handsome; to ease the lazy of trouble; and to make men their vassals—if women would but wear them."—*Note to Philost.* p. 27.

A MAN who, having but one peruke, made it pass for two. It was "naturally a kind of flowing bob; but by the occasional addition of two tails, it sometimes passed as a major."—*Connoisseur*, vol. 1, p. 132. (A.D. 1754.)

DISPUTE between the Perruquiers and the Coëffeurs de Dames de Paris. A.D. 1769.—BACHAUMONT, vol. 4, pp. 211-16.

HAIRDRESSERS compared with statuaries and painters.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 72, p. 472.

TERTULLIAN "speaking of such as had curled and embroidered hair, bids them consider whether they must go to heaven with such hair or no. And whereas they adorned themselves with winkles made of other women's hair, he asks them whether it may not be the hair of a damned person, or no. If it may be, he further demandeth, how it may beseem them to wear it which profess themselves to be the sons and daughters of God."—PERKINS, vol. 1, p. 250.

Bells.

HE touched also upon their value—"pour la substantifique qualité de la complexion elementaire, qui est intronifiquée en la terrestrité de leur nature quidditative, pour extraneiser les halots et les turbines dessus nos vignes."—RABELAIS, vol. i. p. 171.

CENALIS, (Bishop of Avranches afterwards), reckons bells among the signs of the true church, the Protestants in France not being allowed them, they fired a gun for a signal, upon which he says—"Les cloches sonnent, les mousquets tonnent; les cloches

font une agréable musique, les mousquets un bruit horrible: les cloches ouvrent le ciel, les mousquets l'enfer: les cloches dissipent le tonnerre et les nuages, les mousquets élèvent les nuages et imitent le tonnerre."—Ibid. p. 170, N.

His book was published A. D. 1557.

WHAT the bells of Varennes said concerning Panurge's marriage.— Ibid. vol. 4, pp. 262-273.

IN Queen Elizabeth's journies from Hatfield to London, as soon as she drew nigh the town, Shoreditch bells, which were much esteemed for their melody, used to strike up in honour of her approach. She seldom failed to stop at a small distance from the church, and amid the prayers and acclamations of the people, would listen attentively to, and commend the bells.—HAWKINS's *H. Music*, vol. 3, p. 458.

IT is a common tradition, that the bells of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, were taken by Henry V. from some church in France, after the battle of Agincourt. They were taken down some years ago, and sold to Phelps the bell-founder in Whitechapel, who melted them down.—*Ibid.* vol. 4, p. 154.

IN A. D. 1684, Abraham Rudhall of Gloucester brought the art of bell-founding to great perfection. His descendants in succession have continued the business of casting bells; and by a list published by them it appears that at Lady Day 1774, the family, in peals and odd bells, had cast to the amount of 3594. The peals of St. Dunstans, St. Brides, and St. Martins, were among them.—Ibid.

"CAMPANALOGIA, a poem in praise of ringing. By the author of The Shrubs of Parnassus. Folio, 1*s.* 1*d.*"—*Monthly Review*, 1761, vol. 25, p. 478.

"ONE would imagine such strange terms as Grandsire triples, Bobs, Bob-majors, Cators, Cinques, Bobs-royal, and Bobs-maximuses were invented by the worshipful company of Barbers, to distinguish the various orders of perukes; as the sounds seem rather consonant to them than to the musical art of bell-ringing. This, however, is certain, that they contribute nothing towards harmonizing the harsh blank verse of this laboured poem."—Ibid.

FOEDOR I. the last Russian prince of the race of Rourik, passed the eleven years of his inglorious reign in bell-ringing.—Ibid. vol. 71, p. 551. LE CLERC.

Family Pride.

DIFFERENT degrees of relationship to Adam.

THAT phrase concerning Melchisedec, which has given occasion to such fancies, simply means that his pedigree is not known. ἀγενεαλόγητος. "Nullis majoribus ortos." —HORACE.

FRANKLIN's progressive diminution of consanguinity.

"LES anciens Romains étoient aussi fous, qu'on l'est aujourd'hui sur le chapitre des genealogies. De combien de familles ne disoient-ils pas qu'elles descendoient, ou d'un compagnon d'Hercule, ou de quelque autre personnage des tems fabuleux."—BAYLE, vol. 2, p. 274.

"GREAT families," says Sir Egerton B. "though they have many obscure periods in a course of generations, yet always break out at intervals, and show their brilliant lights."—*Autobiography*, vol. 1, p. 275.

Hereditary Qualities.

BISHOP HALL, enquiring "in what point the goodness of honour consisteth," and if it is "in high descent of blood," says—"I

could think so, if nature were tied by any law to produce children like qualified to their parents. But, although in the brute creatures she be ever thus regular, that ye shall never find a young pigeon hatched in an eagle's nest; yet in the best creature, which hath his form and her attending qualities from above, with a likeness of face and features, is commonly found an unlikeness of disposition; only the earthly part follows the seed: wisdom, valour, virtue, are of another beginning."—*Sacred Classics*, vol. 5, pp. 45-6.

In the time of the League—"On érigea en axiome de droit public, qu'il n'y avoit plus de parenté au dixième degré, et qu' ainsi la descendance du Roi de Navarre étoit un être de raison. Les Théologiens et les Publiastes se réunirent pour démonstrer au Cardinal de Bourbon que la succession linéale en fait de parenté finissoit inclusivement à sa personne." A book was written to prove this point; and an answer was written which "prouva que la succession linéale s'étendoit à l'infini." This letter, by Pierre Belloy, is printed in the Memoires de la Ligue.—*Coll. des Mem.* t. 50, pp. 328-9.

Amadis, vol. 11, p. 24. Breed of heroes improving from generation to generation.

A contrary opinion.—Cowper's *Odyssey*, vol. 1, p. 37.

Jarrold's *Instinct and Reason*, pp. 241. 135.

Breed of Chiefs. Physical superiority secured by breed and feeding.—Williams' *Missionary Enterprizes*, pp. 512-3.

"Docuit Hippocrates lib. de flatib. t. 39. Nihil inter omnia quæ in corpora sunt, ad prudentiam conferre, quam sanguinem, inprimis cum in constanti habitu persistit." Sennertus adds—"Nam qualis sanguis, talis spiritus; qualis spiritus, talis animus; ex optimo vero sanguine optimus et purissimus spiritus."—Vol. 1, p. 451.

Colombia.

Bayle, vol. 2, p. 100. On Hobbes.

Licences for suicide.

Criminals, some inclosed experimentally, like toads in artificial stone, or hermetically sealed up in bottles.

A land, not in Mesopotamia, but in Mesalethpseudea, or Mesetumopseudea.

The Alethomoian species of history.

"It will become our wise senators, and we earnestly expect it, that they would consult as well the state of the natural as the politic body of this great nation."—Evelyn. *Misc.* p. 239.

Dogs.

"The strangest thing that I have read of in this kind (portents) being certainly true, was, that the night before the battle at Moscow, all the dogs which followed the French army ran from them to the Switzers, leaping and fawning upon them, as if they had been bred and fed by them all their lives: and in the morning following, Trivalzi and Tremouille, Generals for Louis XII., were by these Imperial Switzers utterly broken and put to ruin."—Raleigh, b. 4, p. 153.

Kæmpfer, vol. 1, p. 265.

"Sense and fidelity are wonderful recommendations; and when one meets with them, and can be confident that one is not imposed upon, I cannot think that the two additional legs are any drawback. At least I know that I have had friends who would

never have vexed or betrayed me, if they had walked on all fours."—H. WALPOLE, vol. 4, p. 344.

SULLY, vol. 1, p. 79. He once found Henry, then King of Navarre, in his cabinet. "L'espée au costé, une cappe sur les espaules, son petit toquet en teste, et un pannier pendu en escharpe au col, comme ces vendeurs de fromages, dans lequel il y avoit deux ou trois petites chiens pas plus gros que poing."

Paradisiacal State.

WATTS, vol. 3, p. 375. Nothing but man was created with a telescopic and microscopic sight, and all sense of hearing, feeling, and smelling, in proportional superiority.

Ibid. p. 378. AND without any principle of decay or death in him.

Ibid. p. 424. THEY might have been translated, like Enoch.

Ibid. p. 437. "IT is very probable, though Adam and Eve had no garments in their state of innocency, yet they were not entirely naked, but were covered with a bright shining light, or glory, as a token of their own innocence, and of the Divine favour or presence: such glory as angels sometimes appeared in, and such as Christ wore on the holy mount: such as arrayed him like a bright cloud at his ascent to heaven, and such as saints shall put on at the resurrection, when they shall be raised in power and glory."[1]

CAPT. MARRYAT asked a Burman soldier what was his notion of a future state. "I shall be turned into a buffalo," he replied; "and shall lie down in a meadow of grass higher than my head, and shall eat all day long, and there won't be a single mosquito to annoy me."—TURNER'S *Sac. Hist.* vol. 3, p. 520.

"IF man had never fallen, he should have laboured in the garden, but so as he should never have been wearied therewith." Wearisomeness in labour was part of his curse.—PERKINS, vol. 1, p. 151.

[*Bull-baiting.*]

PARR fond of bull-baiting. "You see," said he, "pulling up his loose coat-sleeve above his elbow, and exposing his vast, muscular, and hersute arm to the gaze of the company, you see that I am a kind of taurine man, and must therefore be naturally addicted to the sport."—WARNER'S *Rec.* vol. 2, p. 187.

[*Quickness of Sight.*]

THERE were two boys belonging to the Artificer's Company at Gibraltar during the siege possessed of such extraordinary quickness of sight that they could see the enemy's shot almost immediately as it quitted the gun. They were constantly placed therefore on some of the works to observe the enemy's fire, and give notice. Their names were Richardson and Brand. The former was reputed to have the best eye.—DRINKWATER, p. 227.

Progressive Life.

"SOME delight in low and wanton jests, and their satisfaction lies in foolish merriment, in mean and trifling conversation, a little above the chattering of monkeys in a wood, or the chirping of crickets upon a hearth, but not always so innocent."—WATTS, vol. 3, p. 405.

LYCANTHROPY—SPRENGEL, vol. 2, p. 174,

[1] See the opinion of Stephen Gobarus, Third Series, p. 679.—J. W. W.

N. vol. 3, p. 147. SALGUES, vol. 1, p. 334. PLINY, vol. 8, c. 22. See in PLAUTUS, vol. 1, p. 97.

PREMATURE old age when not occasioned by any ascertainable, or likely cause, owing to the shorter term of life through which Archeus in his stages has past.

A RACE of inferior creatures in the other worlds, upon which no curse has fallen.

"ART thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art,
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast;
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man,
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both."
Romeo and Juliet, act iii. sc. iii.

DR. KIRKPATRICK in his Analysis of Inventation says, "we have a manifest vegetative principle inherent in our fabric."—*Monthly Review. Feb.* 1754. p. 114.

Ferdinand says of *Miranda*,

"YOU, O you
So perfect and so peerless are created
Of every creature best."
Tempest, act iii. sc. i.

See what precedes.

THUS it is that man sometimes
"Will have a wild trick of his ancestors,"
As Shakespeare says of a fox, though
"—ne'er so tamed, so cherished, and lock'd up."—*Henry IV.* part 1, act v. sc. ii.

THE war cry of the Melek Nazr ad Deen was, "I am a bull, the son of a bull."—HOSKINS, p. 45.

Times, Friday, 3 July, 1835.

"A MAN about fifty years of age lately died in the hospital at Arras of spontaneous hydrophobia, a disease of the rarest occurrence."

LORD MONBODDO held that there are four distinct minds in man; the elemental, the vegetable, the animal, and the intellectual, and that these form the Tetractys of the Pythagoreans. Pythagoras he thought was of an intermediate nature between divine and human, and that there were many such beings in ancient times, who were revered as heroes and demigods.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 72, p. 355.

TRANSMIGRATION. — CLAUDIAN, *in Ruf.* lib. 2, v. 482, et PLATO *de Rep.* lib. x. in fine.—Ibid. vol. 76, p. 206.

THE Druses hold that the soul of a Druse who dies in ignorance and libertinism, passes into the body of a man destined to live in indigence and a low station; but that the soul of a persevering spiritualist enters into that of an Emir Sheik, a rich husbandman, in expectation that the last appearance of God and their prophet will recompense him in a more glorious manner.—Ibid. vol. 76, p. 625.

A CRAZY, or foolish Archeus explains much.

Eternal Punishment.

WATTS thinks it "highly probable that the damned will exist in a perpetual expectation and dread of new and increasing punishment without end, and that such an increase will be their portion; for as the capacities of the saints to take in new scenes and new degrees of pleasure will be enlarged as their knowledge and their love increases, so the increasing sins, the growing wickedness, and mad rebellion of damned spirits, may bring upon them new judgments and more weighty vengeance."—Vol. 5, p. 645.

"PERHAPS as the wicked of this world when they die, have left evil and pernicious examples behind them, or have corrupted the morals of their neighbours by their en-

ticements or their commands, or by their wicked influence of any kind, so their punishment may be increased in proportion to the lasting effects of their vile example, or their vicious influences. And perhaps too there are no men among all the ranks of the damned, whose souls will be filled so high with the dread and horror of increasing woes, as lewd and profane writers, profane and immoral princes, or cruel persecutors of religion."—Ibid. p. 646.

"Why may he not suppose that their bodies shall be raised with all the seeds of *disease in them*, like the gout or the stone, or any other smarting malady,—that God will create bodies for them of such an unhappy mould and contexture as shall be another perpetual source of pain and anguish."—Ibid.

"Some writers, elder and later, have held that the vast numbers of indifferent persons, who have neither been evidently holy, nor evidently wicked, shall be sent to a new state of trial in the other world."—Ibid. p. 647.

He does not name those writers; and can find no hint of them in the Bible except 1 Peter iii. 19, about Christ preaching to the Spirit of those who were drowned in the flood,—"an obscure text" which may be construed to another sense with truth and justice.

"It is not at all unlikely that their habitation shall be a place of fire, and their bodies may be made immortal to endure the smart and torture without consuming. Did not this God by his Almighty power and mercy preserve the bodies of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the burning fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, so that the fire had no power to consume or destroy them? And cannot his power do the same thing under the influence of his justice, as well as of his mercy? When the power and the wrath of a God unite to punish a creature, how miserable must that creature be!"—Ibid. p. 649.

"Con que se castigarà dignamente el desprecio de tan grande magestad? Claro està que con ninguna pena menor que con la que està à los *tales* aparejada, que es arder para siempre en los fuegos del infierno; y con todo esto no se castiga dignamente."—Luis de Granada, tom. 1, p. 5.

If one of the damned were to drop one tear, once in a thousand years, in time he would have shed more in quantity than all the waters of the flood!

If the worst pain of hell were no more than the prick of a needle, think what that would be, if it were eternal.—Ibid. p. 35.

The flames of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace rose to the height of forty-nine cubits, not fifty, because fifty would have tokened a jubilee, a time of remission, and the furnace was to be a type of hell.—Ibid. p. 36.

What a support would he have had for his theory which places hell in the sun, if he had known that Ἥλιος is derived from the oriental hel, *briller*, and no doubt *brûler* also?—C. de Gebelin, *Calendrier*, p. 43.

"Which to believe,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me."
King Lear, act i. sc. i.

If certain doctrines were true, it might indeed be said,

"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport."
Ibid. act iv. sc. i.

"A clear distinction between true and false religion, tried and proved by an infallible test of religious truth; and by which the truth of eternal punishment is asserted and proved; and the doctrine of eternal torment confuted and condemned, as not barely atheistical, but the blasphemous doctrine of incarnate devil."—*Printed at Birmingham*, A. D. 1751.

The Chev. Ramsay in his Phil. Princip. of Nat. and Rev. Religion (Glasgow, 2 vols. 4to. 1751), held universal restitution.

Bertolacci, vol. 2, p. 139. At the day of judgment the whole sun is to be unsheathed (for part only is now seen) and to consume the wicked.

See also vol. 2, p. 128, 134-41.

Punishment of neutral angels, and souls neither fit for heaven nor deserving hell. Dante, canto 3.

Monthly Review, vol. 9, Sept. 1753, p. 200. A curious scheme to prove that all souls will finally be saved, but the bodies of the righteous only.

"Non è alcuna cosi grave miseria in questo mondo, laquale si possa pareggiare al non essere venuto in questa vita. In tanto che Santo Agostino hebbe a dire, che molto meglio è l'essere condannato alle pene dell' Inferno, che non esser mai nato.

S. F. "Io no so conoscere, che dolore o qual pena possa provare chi non ha essere: et certo buoni argomenti ci havrebbono mistiero a farmi credere questo."—*Novella delle Donne*, ff. 128, Lodovico Domenichi." Yet he proceeds to say "Nondimeno di tanta auttorità sono le parole di quel Santissimo huomo, ch'io stringo le spalle, et m'arrendo."

It is beneath the majesty of the Emperor of Japan to inflict for any the least disregard shown to his imperial commands a less punishment than death, by the offender's own hands, or perpetual banishment, or imprisonment, with the utter ruin of his family.—Kæmpfer, vol. 1, p. 267.

God forgive those who believe in eternal torments, for to believe in them, is almost to deserve them.

"The execution of damnation begins in death, and is finished in the last judgment."—Perkins, vol. 1, p. 107.

This would be so on the scheme of destruction, but how inaccurately does it represent the writer's own opinions.

Surgery.

Mithridates tried poisons and antidotes upon criminals.—Sprengel, vol. 1, p. 488-9.

The Arabian surgeons in the time of Rhazes thought that when a bone was out of joint, the injury was not in the articulation, but in the middle of the bone.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 298.

Reald Columbus, a Professor at Padua, was the first who for the uses of live anatomy substituted dogs for swine.—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 11.

In those days when the anatomists wanted a subject, they begged a criminal of the sovereign, whom they put to death *in their way*, that is, says Sprengel, by opium, *and* then dissected him.—Ibid. p. 12.

The lacteals had been discovered in animals by Aselli but never in the human subject, till Peiresc to whom Gassendi had communicated Aselli's work, begged of the magistrate at Aix that a malefactor might be delivered over to the surgeons a little before his execution. They made him take a hearty meal, and one hour and a half after his excustion executed him, and saw the lacteals to Peiresc's great satisfaction.—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 203.

It was thought that La Noue of the Iron Arms, one of the best of his countrymen, might have been saved, if the surgeon in whom he confided would have trepanned him.—*Coll. des Mem.* vol. 47, p. 63.

In that age, Sylvaticus, the Professor at Pavia, said that trepanning ought to be left to the itinerant surgeons. The *Circulatores* they were called.—Sprengel, t. 7, p. 11.

The ancients believed that goats operated upon themselves for a cataract, by pressing a thorn into the eye, and that men learnt it from them.—Ibid. vol. 7, p. 38.

It may have been learnt from such an accident, as Standert observed, when a man by a fall from his horse fractured his skull, and dislodged a cataract. His life was saved, and his sight recovered.

There were itinerant rupture-surgeons also; often most ignorant and brutal. One is mentioned who used to feed his dog with testicles. Dionis knew the fact.—Ibid. t. 7, p. 159.

The Chev. Saint Thoan found a silver nose so inconvenient that he submitted to be Taliacotified, and succeeded in obtaining "un charme et très bien conforme."—Ibid. t. 8, p. 177.

The nose cannot be made from another person's flesh, because two persons cannot be kept without moving for the length of time required.—Ibid. p. 179.

Zacchias raised the legal question, whether it were lawful to make a new nose for one who had been deprived of his own by the sentence of the law.—Ibid. p. 185.

The Apollo Belvidere is the best model when one is to be made.—Ibid. p. 199.

Abul Kasem the first who made false teeth.—Ibid. p. 247.

Witchcraft.

Innocent VIII.'s Bull against it, was really designed against the Hussites. In the Electorate of Treves alone, 6500 men put to death as sorcerers.—Sprengel, t. 3, p. 232.

Though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting.—Steevens. *Note to Macbeth*,—"like a rat without a tail."

Among Evelyn's charges against solitude, after saying that it produces ignorance, renders us barbarous, feeds revenge, and disposes to envy, he says it creates witches. *Censura Literaria*, vol. 1, p. 9.

It is "their black business to kill children; seeing that the principal preparations whereby they exercise, are made either of the skin or flesh of a child. Of the skin they make their virgin parchment, a thing of great importance as to them, and in which all their spells and charms are to be written. Of the flesh decocted to a jelly they make their unguents, with which they do things of so rare and unreasonable consequence. This practice of theirs, confesseth the secret strength of innocency, and sanctity of children."—John Gregoire, p. 98

Some admiring reader of Hutchinson has written in the margin of my copy, (vol. 8, p. 263), "all charms have come from the ancients, and have had a mystical signification."

"All I can say is, that Satan and he are better acquainted than the devil and a good Christian ought to be."—Vanbrugh. *Mistake*, p. 41.

See *Statute*, 33 Hen. VIII. c. 8, p. 837.

"— persons who for the execution of their false devices made divers images and pictures of men, women, children, angels, or devils, beasts, or fowls, and also crowns, sceptres, swords, rings, glasses, and other things, and giving faith to such fantastical practices, have digged up and pulled down an infinite number of crosses within this realm,—for despite of Christ, or for lucre of money,—felony without clergy."

Perkins, vol. 1, p. 40.

Names.

They said, in Scotland, that Rowland Hill rode upon the backs of order and decorum. "So I called one of my horses Order," said he, "and the other Decorum, that they might tell the truth one way, if they did not in another."—*Life*, p. 191.

Rumpelstilzchen in the *German Tales*, might have kept his own secret in spite of his song, if he had had as many names as King Ferdinand and his brother.

Ajax's Lamentation.—Sophocles.

Dr. Harsnet (afterwards archbishop of York) has a chapter on the strange names of these devils, "lest," he says, "meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for the names of tapsters or jugglers."—*Note to King Lear*, p. 195.

Lady Macbeth's name was Gruach, or Grwok.—Ritson & Winton.

Evax, King of Arabia, dedicated his book on precious stones to Nero, because there was an *e* in his name as well as in the Emperor's:

"Evax rex Arabum fertur dixisse
Neroni, &c. (?)
Monthly Review, vol. 7, p. 133.

The elephant which the King of Persia sent by Isaac the Jew to Charlemagne was called Abulabaz.—Zuinger, p. 2444.

An ancestor of J. Wilkes, Edward Wilkes, who resided in James I.'s reign at Leighton Beausert (now Buzzard), had three sons and one daughter. The sons he christened Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and to come as near John as he could, he called the daughter Joan.—Almon's *M.* vol. 1, p. 2.

In different branches of the family there have been Matthew and Mark to this time.

When John of Gaunt harps mournfully upon his name, Richard II. replies to him,

"Can sick men play so nicely with their
names?"

and he rejoins—

"No; misery makes sport to mock itself."
*Act ii. sc. i.

Catharine de Medici, *changing* the names of her three sons, in hope of mending their fortune.—Brantome, vol. 9, p. 468.

By the Laws of the Twelve Tables, if a man died intestate who had no near relation, a man of his own name was to be his heir, and one who became mad or prodigal, was, if he had no relation, to be put under the care of a namesake.—Hook, vol. 2, pp. 313-4.

A.D. 1750. "I found an old newspaper t'other day, with a list of outlawed smugglers. There were John Price, alias Miss Marjoram; Bob Plunder; Bricklayer Tom; and Robin Cursemother, all of Hawkhurst, in Hants."—H. Walpole, vol. 1, p. 223.

Theodore D'Agrippa D'Aubigne, having had an illegitimate son, born in the fourth year of her widowhood, speaks thus of him in her will:—"Je le fis nommer Nathan, et lui donnai pour surnom Engiband. Premièrement par le nom qui retourné se trouve de même à retourner, le surnom aussi trouve celui du père. En second lieu, j'ai voulu que ce nom me fut un *Nathan*, qui signifie *donné*, et que le nom du censeur de David representât mon ord péché aux yeux et aux oreilles incessamment."—*Mem. de M. Maintenon*, vol. 6, p. 47.

Namesake feeling in the two Ajaces.—Cowper, b. 17, v. 869.

The Lord Keeper North thought of introducing *Nec-nons* as well as *Ac-etiams*.—Vol. 1, p. 207.

Odyssey.—Cowper, b. 8, v. 677-80.
Yet some savages have no names.

Hell.

"Verisimile nimirum est manes colloquiis assuetos esse, nihil est enim aliud quod apud inferos agunt, ubi igni perpetuò assident, nisi ut confabulentur. Atque hinc est fœminas plerumque veneficas esse, et cum dæmone consortium inire, quod hæ ipsum magis promptè ac liberè alloquantur."—Decl. ascribed to South, *Opera Posthuma*, p. 10.

Rabbi Simeon Ben Lakisch said, "Non erit infernus tempore venturo. Sed Deus Sanct. Benedict. educet Solem e thecâ suâ, facietque ut penetret radiis suis homines; et impii quidem judicabuntur per illum, justi vero canabuntur per illum."

To this they apply Malachi iv. 1.

Avoda Sara, p. 16.

St. James. "You must not mistake St. James's meaning. He does affirm that a single breach of God's law deserves eternal death, as well as ten thousand; yet he does not say that small and great offenders will have equal punishment. No: mighty sinners will be mightily tormented. Men's future torment will be suited to the number and the greatness of their crimes. Yet moderate offenders can have small consolation from hence, because the shortest punishment is eternal, and the coldest place in hell will prove a hot one."—Berridge, *Christian World Unmasked*, p. 27.

Monthly Review, vol. 48, p. 68, a striking passage from Henry Brooke's *Redemption*, "praying God to preserve in me the principle divine!"

"I have wondered much at the curiosity (how learned soever) of some who undertake to set down the subterraneous geography of this place, and describing it so confidently, as if they had been there already; not the gates and chambers of death only, but the very points of the compass in that region and shadow, and how many souls may sit upon the point of a needle."—John Gregoire, p. 55, *Rusca de Inferno*, referred to.

"St. Austin might have returned another answer to him that asked him, 'What God employed himself about before the world was made?' 'He was making hell.' No such matter. The doctors in the Talmud say, 'He was creating repentance, or contriving all the ways how he might be merciful enough to the Man he is so mindful of, and to the Son of Man so much regarded by him.'"—John Gregoire, p. 135.

Master Henry Greenwood's *Tormenting Tophet* (A. D. 1608), or, A terrible description of hell, able to break the hardest heart, and cause it to quake and tremble."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 68, p. 343-5. Some just remarks.

"Infernus in futuro seculo non erit, sed Sol æstu suo cruciabit impios, idemque exhilarabit pios."—*Avoda Sara*, p. 16.

Oaths.

M. de la Trimouille was called, La vraye Corps Dieu, because that was his usual oath. Bayard used to exclaim, Feste-Dieu Bayard. M. de Bourbon (the Constable), Saints Barbe. The Prince of Orange, Saint Nicolas (not *the* Prince). "Le Bon Homme, M. de la Roche du Maine juroit Teste Dieu pleine de Reliques, (où Diable avoit il trouvé celuy-là?) et autres que je nommerois, plus saugreneux que ceux-là, mais il vaut mieux les taire."—Brantome, vol. 6, p. 129.

"Quand la Pasque[1] Dieu deceda,
Louis the Eleventh.

[1] Sir Walter Scott, in *Quentin Durward*, has, with perfect propriety, put this oath into the mouth of this mean and crafty prince.
J. W. W.

Par le jour Dieu luy succeda:
Charles the Eighth.
Le Diable m'emporte s'en tint près;
Louis the Twelfth.
Foy de Gentil-Homme vint apris."
Francois the First.
Ibid. p. 277.

Κακὰ δεννάζων ῥήματθ', ἃ δαίμων,
Κἠδεὶς ἀνδρῶν, ἐδίδαξεν.—SOPH. *Ajax.* v. 243-4.

[*Animals in Paradise.*]

HUTCHINSON (vol. 3, p. 105) maintains that there were voracious and noxious creatures in Paradise before the fall, because "the parts of every creature shew how it was to live, and much the greater part of the species in the creation could not have lived without eating others." This is just begging the question.

[*Beasts examples to Men.*]

BEASTS examples to men, and designed for such.—HUTCHINSON, vol. 5, p. 69-70.

"They are still in the perfection of their nature;" a good passage, shewing what this consideration ought to effect in man.—Ibid. p. 126.

JEWISH niceties concerning guilt in mischievous animals.—*Cur. of Literature*, vol. 1, p. 170-1.

[*A Tame Wolf.*]

"A LADY near Geneva had a tame wolf, which seemed to have as much attachment to its mistress as a spaniel. She had occasion to leave home for some weeks; the wolf evinced the greatest distress after her departure, and at first refused to take food. During the whole time she was absent, he remained much dejected. On her return, as soon as the animal heard her footsteps, he bounded into the room in an ecstasy of delight; springing up, he placed one paw on each of her shoulders, but the next moment he fell backward, and instantly expired.

"M. de Candolle, Lecturer on Natural History of Geneva, related this story."—O BRIEN'S *Round Towers of Ireland*, p. 468.

[*The Owl.*]

"ALL other birds except those of the owl kind, worship the light."—HUTCHINSON, vol. 8, p. 92.

See his vituperation of the owl, which immediately follows.

[*Birds in the Bermudas.*]

BIRDS in the Bermudas that burrow.—P. 408. They lighted on the men's shoulders.—P. 412. See the passage.—BOSWELL'S *Shakspere*, vol. 15.

JAMES GRANGER, vicar, preached a sermon October 18th, 1779, in the parish church of Shiplake, Oxfordshire, and published it under the title of An Apology for the Brute Creation; or Abuse of Animals considered. Will it be believed that this very sensible discourse gave disgust to two considerable congregations, and that the mention of dogs and horses was considered as a prostitution of the dignity of the pulpit. This made him publish it. He dedicated it to T. B. Drayman, and addressing him as Neighbour Tom, reminded him that he had seen him exercise the lash with greater rage, and heard him at the same time swear more roundly and forcibly, than he had ever seen or heard any of his brethren of the whip in London. Should he find any hard words in the discourse, he told him that if he could come to the vicarage, he would endeavour to explain them. And he warned him that if he did not alter his conduct, he would take care to have him punished by a justice of peace.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 47, p. 491-2.

[*A Newfoundland Dog.*]

Philip Thicknesse had a Newfoundland dog, who had been taught a great many tricks on board a man-of-war; and a puppy of hers, he says, "inherited many of them untaught."—Ibid. vol. 48, p. 177.

[*Cornish Game Cock.*]

The Cornish hatch the eggs of the game cock breed under a magpie, because "a magety pie is a desperate bird."—*Polwhele. Vocabulary.*

[*Animals not morally responsible.*]

Bergmann's *Researches* allow to animals the powers of thinking, remembering, comparing and judging; but their actions not being directed to moral ends, he thinks that consequently they are not accountable and proper subjects for reward or punishment in another world.—Ibid. vol. 74, p. 495.

[*Mice.*]

Mice invariably establish themselves under ground, wherever men lead the way. In the coal pits at Whitehaven, they are numerous at the depth of 140 fathoms; conveyed probably at first in bundles of horse provender.—Head's *Home Tour*, p. 67.

[*Conclusion.*]

"Call up him, &c.
And of that wondrous horse."

"On purpose to no purpose I did write all. And so at noon I bid you here good night all."—Taylor, W. P. p. 4, *Sir Gregory Nonsense.*

"To perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue."
Tempest, act ii. sc. i.

"What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done."
Henry the Fifth, act iv. sc. ii.

"Porisso, senhor, callo, porque temo
De não chegar ao porto desejado
Por mais que alargue a vella, e aperte o remo."
Diogo Bernardes, *O. Lyma*, p. 139.

Petrarch (vol. 1, p. 291, Son. 175,) dates the birth of his love,

"Mille trecento ventisette appunto
Su l'ora prima, il di sesto d'Aprile,
Nel laberinto intrai; nè veggio ond' esca."

"Now masters all, here now I shall
End there as I began."—Sir T. More.

Reartrait of the author, for a Finis piece.

Herrick, vol. 1, p. 116, penultimate ch.

"Come, lick your dish, wind up your bottom; Play off your dust. Bang the pitcher. Make a pearl on your nail."
Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 69.

Commentators.

Steevens says, the marigold is *supposed* to shut itself up at sunset.—*Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. iii.

Cursed, in the sense of unhappy, Steevens calls a vulgarism.—*Henry the Fifth*, act i. sc. ii.

Tobacco.

Singular Taste of an Ass. There is now in the possession of Mr. Walton, farmer, of Great Lever, near Bolton, a male ass, which is known to be nearly fifty years of age. He is named "Billy," and prefers tobacco to any other luxury; he is likewise very fond

of a pinch of snuff. Our informant has within these few days seen Billy masticate a large quid of pigtail with as much *goût* as any Jack tar in his majesty's service. When he had finished the tobacco, a pinch of strong rappee was administered, which Billy snuffed without the least demur, and curling up his olfactory organ, delivered one of those charming solos so peculiar to his species. Billy is chiefly employed in carrying milk from his master's farm to Bolton; and if Mr. Walton has any other business to transact in the town, he can leave Billy with security at the door of any customer, whence he will not budge an inch until he hears his master's voice. Billy is invariably accompanied on his journies to Bolton by a small cur dog, which is so attached to him that in the absence of Mr. Walton, he takes his station close to Billy, and will not suffer any stranger to come near him.

William Ellis, once a farmer at Little Gaddesden, who in A.D. 1760, published *Every Farmer his own Farrier*, says, upon his own experience, that "half an ounce of tobacco at a time, given among a horse's corn, and continued for a week, will prevent worms, cure greasy heels, and create a fine coat."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 22, p. 166.

Prior speaks of "Portugueze" snuff.

A.D. 1641. A mission to the "Kionontatehronou, ou Nation de Petun."—*Rel. N. France*, tom. 5, p. 131.

"Alas aguas singulares de Sevilla deben los Españoles la bondad de sus tabacos, los mas estimados del mundo."—Masdeu, vol. I, p. 14.

The note says, "La experiencia confirmó la bondad dicha de estas aguas, habiendo procurado en vano os Ingleses imitar el tabaco Español, valiendose de artifices, que sobornados sacaron de la misma fabrica de Sevilla."

Connoisseur, vol. 2, p. 110. Lloyd. J. Hawkins Brown. Charles Lamb.

T. the water poet.

Cowper, Ep. to Bull. Greathead's life, p. 143.—*Correspondence*, vol. 1, p. 215-6, 265-6.

In a classification of trades (*Times*, 14th April, 1835), tobacco and snuff are placed among trades of food, because though "they cannot, in the ordinary sense of the term, be considered as food, they bear some resemblance to it, though a distant one: for tobacco is food to the taste, and snuff food to the sense of smelling."

Raleigh's last "unfortunate attempt upon S. Thomé and Guiana, which was his own ruin and his son's death, yielded only stinking tobacco, a commodity that could not be conveyed away, because of the bulk; and his voyage proved much less than smoke."—Monson, p. 242.

The Norwegians call snuff, "næse-meel."—Pontoppidan.

Virginia, Brazil, and Varinas tobacco, differ in flavour; each having its raciness, its *smaak*, what the French call *le goût de terreau*.—Dr. Douglass, *Monthly Review*, vol. 13, p. 273.

Raleigh's colony in Norambegu.

"Though the situation, the climate, and the natural soil, and the proof of the commodities the country yielded was able to give encouragement for the prosecution of it, yet for want of means and willing minds, which is the bane of all undertakings, it failed, and produced nothing but tobacco, which has brought a greater mischief to this kingdom than the profit would have countervailed, though it had proved successful."—Monson, p. 405.

Guiana. "There have been many colonies settled by one nation in that spacious country; yet I could never hear of any commo-

dities that arose by it, or not so much in value as two miles of ground in England would afford: and yet I must rightly say of that evil tobacco, this plantation sends the best, if the strength of tobacco be so accounted."—Ibid.

"If the charge bestowed upon plantations were valued with the gain reaped from them, it were not worth a purse to put it in; and for ours in England, it would be consumed in smoke. For one staple commodity which it sends out is stinking, barbarous tobacco; for from the barbarous savages it is derived: a brave original for civil men to learn from and imitate!

"The French herein far exceed us; for by their industry and laborious endeavours, they have attained to a rich and profitable traffic of costly furs, which makes our shame the greater, when we consider how easily they have effected it, and how profitably they persevered, whilst we are sucking of smoke, that brings with it many inconveniences, as time has made too plain."—Ibid. p. 414.

His scheme for a tobacco trade.—Ibid. p. 446.

A poor German tutor. In a mock description of one, it is said, "N.B. Bremen tobacco goes down with him."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 17, p. 109.

A friend from Edinburgh sends Shenstone, A.D. 1761, as a small stimulus to their friendship, "a little provision of the best Preston Pans snuff, both toasted and untoasted, in four bottles; with one bottle of Highland Snishon, and four bottles Bonnels. Please to let me know which sort is most agreeable, that I may send you a fresh supply in due time."—Hull's *Select Letters*, vol. 1, p. 313.

"Scarcely any old house without a small apartment called the Smoking-Room. In these, says Sir John Cullum, from about the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign till within almost every one's memory, (1785), our ancestors spent no inconsiderable part of their vacant hours, residing more at home than we do. If modern houses have not a room of this sort, they have one unknown to the ancients, which is a powdering-room for the hair."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 73, p. 22.

Sir J. Hill against snuff.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 25, p. 127.

Rowland White to Sir Robert Sydney. "I was desired by Mr. Roger Manners, that you will send him by a letter (from Flushing), a ball of tobacco—high Trinidado: you can send him nothing that will more increase his love towards you."—*Sydney Papers*, vol. 2, p. 208.

"Capt. Wm. Myddleton, the first who smoked tobacco in London. He was brother of Sir Thomas, who purchased Chirk Castle; and of Sir Hugh, who brought the New River to London, then called Myddelton's Water; another of his numerous brothers wrote a treatise on Welsh prosody."—Yorke's *Royal Tribes*, p. 107.

Tobacco pipes.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 69, p. 538.

Love and smoking favours.—Hippisley's *Orinoco*, p. 341.

Materialism.

The translator of M. Brouzet's *Essay on the Medicinal Education of Children*, says that "the tender brain of Newton or Alexander, altered in their infancy by a small compression, or slight commotion, might have rendered the first stupid, and the other a wise king!"—which the Monthly Reviewer (vol. 12, p. 376), seems to approve.

"There is reason," says Evelyn, (*Misc.* p. 328), "that we who are composed of the

elements should participate of their qualities; for, as the humours have their source from the elements, so have our passions from the humours; and the soul which is united to this body of ours, cannot but be affected with its inclinations."

Heaven.

The elder Venn, (p. 15), speaks of the vast assembly of perfect spirits, who are swallowed up in love and adoration of God, and are perfectly one with each other.

Dante. *Purgatorio*, xxviii. vol. 4, p. 181. Two streams from Paradise, Lethe and Eunoe; the one to wash away the remembrance of sin, the other to renew that of our good deeds.

Ibid. *Paradiso*, xviii. v. 29, vol. 5, p. 116. Paradise is called

"'L'albero che vive de la cima,'

perchè viene arrivato dall' essere sovrano ch'è Dio: al contrario degli altri alberi, che traggono il sugo vitale, e il nutrimento dalla radice."

The Name.

Brantome, vol. 10, p. 48, speaks of a Captain Sainte Colombe, "vaillant et brave soldadin, et déterminé s'il en fut oncques." He was "de cette maison valeureuse de S. Colombe en Bearn, mais non légitime."

At Rochelle he was wounded three times, and was no sooner recovered from the wound than he received another; twice in Normandy—"de-sorte que nous l'appellions et son corps, une garenne d'harquebusades." He was killed at St. Lo.

Cornelius à Lapide, and many others, following the interpretation of St. Jerome, (who, at the 13th chap. of *Isaiah* says, that God calleth Nebuchadnezzar *columbam*), say that the Assyrians (in honour no doubt of Semiramis), bore a dove in their banners. "Heralds may here take notice of the antiquity of their art; and for their greater credit blazon abroad this precious piece of ancientry; for before the time of Semiramis we hear no news of coats or crest."—John Gregoire, p. 236.

"Debohra prophetissa, quia ab asse nomen habet, vocatur apis fœminei sexus."—*Avoda Sara*, p. 324.

Fashion.

In Barbadoes, such was the influence of fashion, or custom, that Dr. Hillary (1759) says, "he had seen many men loaded, and almost half melting, under a thick rich coat and waistcoat, daubed and loaded with gold, on a hot day, scarce able to bear them."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 21, p. 370.

"A wooden pillow, about the width of a hoop, and of a semicircular form, to admit the head, sustained by a column of four to six inches high, with a broad, flat base. They are almost exactly similar to those often found in the ancient tombs of the Egyptians, and, notwithstanding their apparent discomfort, are now very generally used in every part of Upper Nubia. The ladies of Shendy value them highly, because, being so narrow, they do not disarrange their hair, a serious consideration, if it be true, as I am informed, that the *coiffure* of the Shendyan beauties requires nine hours' work to be quite *comme il faut*,— beautifully plaited, bushy at each side, projecting behind, and flat above the forehead."—Hoskins, p. 124.

"To promote the growth of the nails here (as a decided indication of high rank), they are held over small fires of cedar-wood."—Ibid. p. 125.

Whistler to Shenstone. 1762.

"I have struck a bold stroke since I have been in town; I mean a laced coat; for

really waistcoats cost as much, and are no mark of distinction after all."—HULL's *Select Letters*, vol. 2, p. 33.

LAMBSKIN breeches.—Ibid. p. 98.

ROGER WILLIAMS, (*Life*, p. 264), says, "I have long had scruples of selling the natives aught but what may bring, or tend to, civilization. I, therefore, neither brought, nor shall sell them, loose coats nor *breeches*."

A. D. 1767. "A DISSERTATION upon Head-Dress; together with a Brief Vindication of High-Coloured Hair, and of those Ladies on whom it grows: the whole submitted to the Connoisseurs in Taste, whether ancient or modern. By an English Peri-wig-Maker."

COZENS, in 1778, published the "Principles of Beauty relative to the Human Head, a Metaphysico - Physiognomico - Pictorial Work." Each head in the engravings had an antique head-dress. "We sincerely wish, for the honour of the sex, that our countrywomen would study them, and remove the present enormous encumbrances from their heads, to make way for a dress which in more elegant times adorned the heads of the Grecian ladies."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 58, p. 444.

A. D. 1781. "LES dernières robes en vogue sont les *Levites*, imitées sur ces robes majestueuses des enfans de la tribu consacrée à la garde de l'arche, et au service du temple de Jerusalem. Ces *Levites* se modifient déjà de cent manières. Madame la Vicomtess de Jaucour ayant imaginé des *Levites à queue de singe*, a paru, il y a quelque tems, au Luxembourg avec cette queue, très longue, très tortillée, et si bizarre que tout le monde se mit à la suivre; ce qui obligea les Suisses de Monsieur de venir prier cette Dame de sortir pour éviter un trop grand tumulte. Il faut espérer que, pour l'honneur de l'inventrice le public étant fait à cette mode, ou pourra s'y conformer impunément et sans scandale."—*Mem. Secrets*, vol. 17, p. 226.

"A. D. 1775. PARIS. Tell Mrs. Damer that the fashion now is to erect the toupée into a high detached tuft of hair, like a cockatoo's crest, and this *toupée* they call *la physionomie*, I don't guess why."—H. WALPOLE, vol. 4, p. 32.

DOCTORS of Physic and Privy Councillors, in Elizabeth and James's time, wore nightcaps wrought with gold silk; the Puritan Divines, of black satin, tipt with white.—MALCOLM's *Granger*, p. 139.

THE first Fashionable Magazine commenced May 1768, and, as might be guessed, it was a French production; its title, "Courier à la Mode, ou Journal du Goût." "C'est un nouvel ouvrage périodique, fort intéressant pour Paris, et pour les Provinces, qui contient le détail de toutes les nouveautés de mode. C'est, si l'on veut, une espèce de Supplément aux Mémoires de l'Académie des Belles Lettres, qui consacre à la postérité le tableau mourant de nos caprices, de nos fantaisies et du costume national."—BACHAUMONT, *Mem. Sec.* vol. 4, p. 80.

"WHO would have thought that our side-curls and frizzled toupée had such antiquity, but along with that such barbarism, as to be the fashion of the Germans ere they left their native woods. Tacitus mentions their twisting their locks into horns and rings.

"Cærula quis stupuit Germani lumina, flavam
Cæsariem madido torquentem cornua cirro?"—JUVENAL, *Sat.* xiii. v. 164.
PINKERTON, *Lett. of Lit.* p. 61.

THE Merovingian kings used to powder their heads and beards with gold dust.—Ibid. p. 62.

Printed waistcoats, *i.e.* "des scenes galantes ou comiques, &c." engraved on them. 1786.—*Mem. Sec.* t. 33, p. 229.

"In the Samoa Island, many of the women are spotted, which they call sangisengi. It is effected by raising small blisters with a wick of native cloth, which burns but does not blaze. When these are healed, they leave the spot a shade lighter than the original skin. Thus indelible devices are imprinted. This is used like tatooing at other islands, to perpetuate the memory of some important event, or some beloved relative." Williams, p. 538.

"In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket."—Mr. Hardcastle. *She Stoops to Conquer.*

Marriage.

In that middle class of society which might and ought to be the happiest, marriage is more often too late than too early.

"Pepigere tamen Romani cum Sabinis quorum filias rapuerant amicitias; adeo ut Sabinorum Rex Titus Tatius senex regnaret pariter cum Romulo quem mox ut in societatem regni ejus assumpsit occidit: Sabini quoque et Romani unus populus efficerentur. Quo tempore ad confirmandam conjunctionem nomina illorum suis præponebant nominibus et invicem Sabini Romanorum. Et ex illo consuetudo tenuit ut nemo Romanus sit absque prænomine."—*Historiæ Miscellæ.* lib. 1, p. 3.

Beards.

Rogers asked Talleyrand whether Buonaparte shaved himself. Talleyrand answered "Yes. One who is born to be a king has some one to *shave* him, but they who acquire kingdoms, shave themselves."

Probably Buonaparte would not have liked to trust his throat to a razor in any one's hand but his own.

"Till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable."
Tempest, act ii. sc. i.

"Now of beards there be
Such a company,
Of fashions such a throng,
That it is very hard
To treat of the beard
Though it be ne'er so long."

Says a ballad concerning beards in a miscellany entitled Le Prince d'Amour. 1660. —Malone's *Shakespeare*, vol. 17, pp. 366-7.

When Mr. Hoskins was residing in the Temple of Tirhaka, he took the portrait of a Melek of the Shageea Tribe. "As there was no barber in the village, and I was told he had some skill in shaving, I allowed him to officiate in that capacity; but most anxiously shall I avoid to have my head again shaved by the son of a king. Never did I endure such a scarification. His razor, one of the twopenny sort from Trieste, was blunter than even a French table-knife, and he had no means of sharpening it but according to the custom of the country on his bare arm. He drew blood four times, and scraped my head in such a manner that it smarted for several hours afterwards. But it is impossible to endure the wearing of one's hair in this climate, after having once been accustomed to the luxury of having it shaved every week: and having lost my penknife, I had been obliged to take my own razor to cut my pencils."—Ibid. p. 164.

Beard-brushes. "Pulidas escobillas de barba."—Luis Munoz. *Life of L. de Granada*, p. 23.

Effect of shaving on physiognomy, and

in pictures; it aids the former, but in some degree injures the latter.

A Dissertation on Peculiarity in Death, showing the use and abuse of the Barba Humana, or the Human Beard, 1769. Autograph, with a note respecting the Author, 2*s.* 6*d.*—*Rodd MS.* Qy. Dress.

Ulma, (M. A.), "Physiologia Barbæ Humanæ: hoc est, de fine illius." 6*s.* Folio. Bonon. 1602.

3134. Rodd's Cat. 1836.

The famous Roskolniki schismatics consider the Divine image in man as residing in the beard.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 68, p. 352.

Le Sieur Dumont, at Lille, knit a pair of stockings *de cheveux*. They were "plus beaux, plus solides, et plus chauds que ceux de soye," and they would wash. "C'est sa propre chevelure qui lui a fourni la matière; il mettoit de côté seulement les cheveux qui tombojent à mesure qu'il se peignoit." He meant to knit a striped pair of different colours, but still "de chevelures humaines."—*Mem. Secrets*, t. 33, p. 137.

Receipts for its growth.—Wurtzung's *Practice of Physic*, p. 116-7.

"The Lacedemonians obliged their Ephori to submit to the ridiculous ceremony of being shaved when they entered upon their office, for no other end but that it might be signified by this act that they knew how to practise submission to the laws of their country."—*Jones of Nayland*, vol. 5, p. 294.

"If the Normans can scrape off their beards with an English razor, they are happy. But, in fact, no man can be expected to be patriotic or national in the matter of razors; for if the devil himself kept a cutler's shop, and sold a good article, I think no man who has a beard would scruple to become his customer."—Augustin St. John, *Journal in Normandy*, p. 72.

Diet.

Brantome's uncle, Chastaigneraye. As soon as he was weaned, his father, by advice of a great physician at Naples, had gold, steel, and iron, in powder, given him in whatever he ate and drank, "pour le bien fortifier," till he was twelve years old; and this answered so well, that he could take a bull by the horns and "l'arrester en sa furie."—Ibid. t. 9, p. 75.

In New Zealand stones are thrust down the throat of a babe to give him a stony heart, and make him a stern and fearless warrior.—Williams, *Miss. Enl.* p. 543.

Leyden.

Wilkes writes to his daughter from the Hague, A.D. 1767, "I was obliged to go in a coach yesterday little better than a waggon, to pay my duty to the university of Leyden. (The canals were frozen, and no boat could pass.) My good mother (for in that style we always speak of the university where we are educated) received me with raptures, and congratulated herself on having produced so illustrious a son,—a very flattering compliment for me."—*Almon.* vol. 2, p. 223.

"I often put you in mind that I was brought up at Leyden; and there you would be ordered to continue in bed sixteen or eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, when you are oppressed with a violent cold."—Ibid. p. 226.

Gaubius lectured there in D.'s time.
See Monthly Review, vol. 68, p. 555.
He expounded the true principles of medical psychology.

Stolp, a citizen of Leyden, left prizes for dissertations on subjects relative to natural religion and moral philosophy.

De. Coligson there in his time. Profes-

sor of Anatomy at Cambridge, afterward Deputy Regius Professor of Physic, and Professor of Medicine in Downing College. He died A. D. 1785, and his Miscellaneous Works were published in 4to. 1786. There are poems among them of no merit.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 76, p. 464.

Handling a Subject.

By the way, and *by the bye*, difference between them.

"E' d'uom saggio il parlare aurea catena,
Che di sapere preziosi giri
Forman, che dietro l'un l'altro si mena."
Bertucci. *Viaggio al Commo Bene*, p. 103.

A Bolognese noble asked Guido from what model he took the graceful forms of his female heads. "I'll show you," said Guido, and calling up his colour-grinder, a great coarse lubberly fellow, he bade him sit down, turn his head, and look up at the sky. Then taking his chalk, he drew a Magdalene, and when he observed the noble's astonishment, he said to him, "the beautiful and pure idea must be in the mind, and that it is no matter what the model be."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 65, p. 145.

Sir W. Temple says of the Chinese gardens, "Their greatest reach of imagination is employed in contriving figures, where the beauty shall be great and strike the eye, but without any order or disposition of parts that shall be commonly or easily observed. And though we have hardly any notion of this sort of beauty, yet they have a particular word to express it; and where they find it hit their eye at first sight, they say the [1] Sharawadgi is fine, or is admirable, or any such expression of esteem. And whoever observes the work upon the best Indian gowns, or the painting upon their best skreens or purcellans, will find their beauty is all of this kind, (that is,) without order."—Vol. I, p. 186.

Dr. Dee, 74. When Nalvage (see his appearance, 73) began one of his lessons with this invocation, "Pater Filius Spiritus Sanctus, Fundamentum, substantia et principium omnium," Edward Kelly thought in his mind *rerum*, but Nalvage answered his thought, saying, "what need I say rerum. The grammarians will be on my side. *Omnium* is more than to say *omnium rerum*."

"Thou art a retailer of phrases, and dost deal in remnants of remnants like a maker of pincushions."—Congreve. *Way of the World*, p. 92.

"I hope its slow beginning will portend
A forward exit to all future end."
Amaryllis in the Rehearsal.

When Galersis, that great chronicler of the later branches of the house of Amadis, was about to enter upon the adventure in which Don Silves de la Selva won the arms of Jason, he made this exclamation, "O Dieu, et comme je voudroye que tu m'eusses doüe d'un stile si subtil et ingénieux, que je peusse commencer à deduire chose à laquelle je ne trouve commencement."—B. 14, p. 139. Or as in de Nederduytsche tale Overgheset, "O God, hoe hebt ghy my niet ean so subtijlen ende verstandighen stijl begaeft, dat ick kan beginnen eenige dingen de verhalen die nochtans ghaen begin en hebben." So it is written in the 18th chapter of the 14th book of that great history, which 14th book Fynes Moryson bought at Lubeck in the year 1593, "in the Dutch tongue, to practise the same; for these books," says he, in his *Itinerary*, "are most eloquently translated into the Dutch, and fit to teach familiar language, and for this book I paid eighteen Lubeck shillings, and for the binding four Now if my reader should ask why

[1] Courtenay, (vol. ii. p. 161,) says, an eminent Chinese scholar to whom he applied, did not acknowledge this word, which he (T. P. C.) however took to mean picturesque beauty.

I do not rather give the passage in the original Castillian than in the traduction thereof, or the *overghesetting* of that traduction, I reply," &c. &c.

I HAVE not proceeded in writing like the Duchess of Newcastle.—*Poems*, p. 47.

"WHERE thoughts like fishes swim the mind about,
And the great thoughts the smaller thoughts eat out." Ibid. p. 60.

"FOR civil, clean, and circumcised wit,
And for the comely carriage of it,
Thou art the man."
HERRICK *to Sir John Mince*, vol. 1, p. 273.

"COMMENT donc," said a dwarf who met Prince Fortunian le Beau, on his way from the town of Arene towards Hungary, "Comment donc, savez vous pas où vous allez, et où tend ce chemin que vous tenez? Je suis Chevalier estrange, respondit le prince, qui m'en vay je ne say où, à l'aventure, au plaisir de mon cheval. Je le voy bien, dist le nain en souriant, et cognoy bien que vous vous laissez guider par vostre beste."—*Amadis*, l. 16, pp. 120-1.

AMADIS D'ASTRE, when banished unjustly by the Princess Rosiliana from her presence, could not tell where he was going, "comme celuy que s'en alloit à l'aventure au gré de son cheval qui le portoit."—Ibid. l. xvii. p. 383.

"HE that tells a long story should take care that it be not made a long story by his manner of telling it. His expression should be natural, and his method clear; the incidents should be interrupted by very few reflections, and parentheses should be entirely disregarded."—COWPER, xv. p. 70-3?

"Κακὸν δ' ἀνεμώλια βάξειν."
Odyssey, Δ. v. 837.

AS South said of Sherlock's Vindication of the Trinity, "the book is certainly like a kind of pot or vessel, with handles quite round it; turn it which way you will, you are sure to find something to take hold of it by."—SOUTH, vol. 1, p. lxxxiv.

IT was the opinion of the four persons whom Sully employed to write his memoirs, and address their relation to himself, "que longues digressions, exemples, rapports, instructions, et autres narrations hors du principal sujet que l'on s'est proposé, fait perdre le fil, la tissure, et (par consequent) la claire intelligence de la vie de celuy, dont l'on veut faire mention, ou de l'histoire que l'on entend representer. Et afin de ne tomber point nous-mesmes dans les fautes et erreurs que nous blasmons en autruy, nous retournerons à nostre dessein."—Vol. 1, p. 241.

Dreams.

JULIUS BATE, (the Hutchinsonian) says, "that in the days of prophecy, to dream was a divine art. They used means to procure prophetic dreams, by prayer, drinking of sacred wine, and sleeping within the holy precincts." —*Monthly Review*, vol. 36, p. 358

BEATTIE (*Life*, vol. 2, p. 7). "The view I have taken of dreaming is new, so far as I know. I have attempted to trace up some of the appearances of that mysterious mode of perception to their proximate causes, and to prove that it is in many respects useful to the human constitution. On all subjects of this nature, I have constantly received more information from my own experience than from books."

REL. de N. France. A.D. 1642. T. 5, pp. 124-5.

BAPTISTA MANTUAN'S dream of Picus Mirandula.—PICUS MIRANDULA'S *Works*, ff. 69.

The Dead.

SUPERNATURAL notices. Beattie says, "In all cases where such accounts are entitled to credit, or supported by tolerable evidence, it will be found that they referred to something which it concerned men to know; the overthrow of kingdoms, the death of great persons, the detection of atrocious crimes, or the preservation of important lives."—*Life of Beattie*, vol. 1, p. 215.

DONNE says in a letter (p. 260), "If I shall at any time take courage to express my meditations of that lady in writing, I shall scarce think less time to be due to that employment, than to be all my life in making those verses, and so take them with me, and sing them amongst her fellow angels in heaven."

"THE ancient Christian fathers disposed of our disembodied souls, by conveying them into the central regions of our earth; but as our present geologists make that a red-hot or molten mass of fiery matter, any other location of them, while that hypothesis lasts, will be a preferable supposition."—TURNER. *Sac. H.*, vol. 3, p. 36.

THE Rerotongans requesting ghosts not to appear.—WILLIAMS, p. 556.

FASTENING them in their graves. The Mosicougos.—*Parallels on Religions*, vol. 1, p. 723.

How to prevent a husband from coming to life.—CONGO. Ibid. p. 724.

"IN the kingdom of heaven the elect shall not need meat, drink, sleep, air, heat, cold, physic, apparel, or the light of the sun and moon."—PERKINS, vol. 1, p. 94.

THEY are not only to be just, holy, incorruptible, glorious, honourable, and excellent, but also "beautiful, strong, mighty, and nimble."—Ibid. p. 95.

HARTLEY'S opinion which gives up his materialism.—WARNER'S *Recol.* vol. 2, p. 429.

LIFE of Wilberforce, vol. 5, p. 246.

Nonsense.

WHEN Orator Henley was asked what could induce him, being a clergyman, to deal so much in buffoonery, he replied, "I do it that my advertisements and lectures may be taken notice of. If I were not now and then to slip Harlequin's coat over my gown and cassock, people would mind me no more than they mind the parson of the parish."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 38, p. 160.

BEATTIE says that those pieces of his own from which he had received the highest entertainment, were what he had written in a sort of burlesque humour, for the amusement of some particular friend, or for some select company. Of these he had a pretty large collection, and "though I should be ashamed to be publicly known as the author of many of them, I cannot help entertaining a certain partiality towards them."—*Life*, vol. 1, p. 79.

Monthly Review, vol. 68, pp. 204-5.—VANDERKEMP, about Nothing. "Nothing can come of nothing."

THE Bishop of Chartres says to M. de Maintenon, "Si vous ne faites les choses inutiles que pour être en état d'être écoutée dans les choses utiles, vous priez même dans ces inutilités."—*Mem. de M. Maintenon*, vol. 6, p. 119.

"A MERE mouthful of moonshine, true lunatics' diet, the cookery of a cracked brain, froth to feed fools, with."—CUMBERLAND. *Natural Son.*

"HE that has not wit enough to find himself sometimes a fool, is in danger of being

fool enough to have nobody think him a wit but himself."—CIBBER. *Refusal.*

"ELLE pousse des feuilles et des fruits au dehors, parce qu'elle a de bonnes racines au dedans."—*Lett. M. Maintenon*, vol. 9, p. 281.

SIR JOHN ENGLISH says in the play (*Country Lasses*), "That's nonsense; but 'tis pretty, very pretty."

"FOLLY is forwarder to censure wisdom, than wisdom folly."—FIELDING. *Miser.*

"'JE reporte ma langue toute entière,—voire elle est a accreüe de beaucoup en ce voyage; je l'employeray toute et en tous lieux à publier les verités de nostre créance," sayd le bon Neophyte Charles Sondatsaa, to P. Brebeuf.—*Rel. de N. France*, 1640, vol. 1, p. 81.

The Evangelicals.

MILNER (of Hull) "complains much of being harassed with legal dispositions."

MR. J. HARRIS finds himself "at present much pressed down with the old man of sin,"—and "too much like Sampson."

"THERE is a town about eight miles off" (Beverly supposed) "which I could wish to lay siege to."

"DE M. G. FERIZER, the celebrated enchanter, professor of recreative philosophy, mathematician, æronaut, magico-mechanician, prestidigitateur, and author of several experiments adapted to public amusement, begs leave to inform the public, in soliciting their kind support to his splendid entertainments (admittance, front seats, 1*s.*; back seats, 6*d.*; children, half price), that they are particularly calculated to attract the notice and support of those whose religious feelings forbid their participating in amusements of a more marked and decisive character than his cabilistical thaugmaturgical and mechanical imbroglio!

DYSANGELICALS they ought to be called.

DEALERS in spiritual drams. The excitement which Rome provides, the pomp and pageantry of glorious worship,—music, pictures, images, incense, Geneva supplies by mental stimulants.

DRAMS and drastics.

SPIRITS.

[*Genii.*]

"THE wide air,
Where, like innumerous atoms, the black genii
Hover, and jostle one another."
SHIRLEY, *St. Patrick*, vol. 4, p. 368.

[*Guardian Angels.*]

THE Romanists teach "that all mankind hath one protecting angel; all Christians one other; all English one other; all of one corporation, and every civil coagulation or society one other, and every man one other."—DONNE'S *Letters*, p. 43.

[*Resurrection of the Bad.*]

"WHITAKER of Manchester affirms that there are certain fixed parts of the body, which (though they admit of growth and increase) remain unchangeable;" and these, at the resurrection, will "continue to give the body the same air, the same turn of countenance, that it had before."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 68, p. 340.

[*White Art.*]

THE King of Sicambria applies to the Philosopher of the Forest to discover the names and condition of some unknown knights who have arrived and performed great exploits at his court. Defence and

condemnation of his white art.—*Amadis*, lib. xv. p. 178-9.

Duchess of Newcastle's argument for the existence of fairies.—*Poems*, p. 139-40.

Question concerning the bodies which angels assume when they appear.—Perkins, vol. 1, p. 148.

The Non-Naturals.

Why so called.—Sennertus, vol. 1, p. 344.

Fools natural and non-natural.

Rogues also, and blockheads.

Dancing.

"Mrs. Mary, upon St. Stephen's day in the afternoon, danced before the Queen two galliards, with one Mr. Palmer, the admirablest dancer of this time; both were much commended by her majesty; then she danced with him a corante."—Rowland White *to Sir Robert Sydney*, December 28, 1602.

N. Noverre, whose works were translated, and published in 3 vols. 8vo. 1786, has these lines under his portrait, containing, says the Reviewer, his just panegyric.

Du feu de son génie il anima la danse ;
Aux beaux jours de la Gréce il sut la rappeller ;
Et recouvrant par lui leur antique eloquence,
Les gestes et les pas aprirent à parler.

Monthly Review, vol. 74, p. 274.

Duchess of Newcastle's *Poems*, p. 17. —Dance of Life.

Arcadia Felice, the Italian pastoral romance, p. 79-81.

In Bearn—"Là commençastes vous à faire le Courtisan, Madame Sœur du Roy prenant la peine elle mesme de vous montrer les pas d'un Balet, dont elle vouloit que vous fussiez, et de fait vous le dançastes huict jour après devant le Roy et ainsi que nous l'avons ouy dire au Sieur d'Yvetot."—Sully, vol. 1, p. 30.

Life of Wilberforce, vol. 5, p. 262.

To go with Bourdaloue,—preparation for his Good Friday sermon.

"Valentin, a French dancing master, was brought up on a charge of allowing a prohibited dance at a ball in the Place Cadet. Being questioned by the President of the Tribunal, he replied that his profession was that of a dancing master and a teacher of good manners. 'You are accused of an offence against morals, in having exhibited an indecent dance on Sunday, December 13, at a ball in the Rue Cadet.' 'I am sorry to dispute the word of the Sergens de Ville; but what they have asserted is not common sense.' 'You were taken in the fact.' 'This is not to understand what dancing is! How do you suppose that I, a professional man, could permit myself to lapse into such absurdities? You might just as well accuse a professor of rhetoric of tanning hides.' 'Your dance was of so indecent a nature, that you were arrested on the complaint of several persons who were present at the ball.' 'I beg to be remanded for a week, to bring forward a number of pupils as witnesses.' 'What can your pupils say?' 'They will tell you that I am utterly incapable of that which is ascribed to me, and that it is impossible to be more scrupulous than I am in every thing relative to dancing. There are three things that I most particularly enjoin. Honour to the fair sex: the fear of the gens d'armes; and malediction to the Cancan.' 'This proves that you have not followed your own rules.'

"The accused then drew from his pocket a dirty piece of paper, and replied, 'I beg to lay before you the rules of my establishment, and hope to have the pleasure of communicating them to you.' 'It is use-

less.' 'It is my defence. You will see if I am capable of being wanting in the observances due to society.' 'Hold your tongue, the case is decided.' The dancing master persisted, however, in producing his regulations. "Art. 1. Every pupil on entering the ball room shall pay a sum of 25 centimes (2½*d.*) for polishing the floor.' 2. Politeness being the link of humanity, every one is expected to take off his hat on penetrating into the hall. 3. If the wearer has only a casquette, he will take that off, just the same. 4. The ball room will be lit with candles. Those who desire a lamp must make a purse of four persons, and pay 15 centimes (1½*d.*) each. 5. Each pupil shall pay a premium of 30 centimes (3*d.*) on being promoted to the galop, and 50 centimes on reaching the gavotte. 6. The produce of these premiums shall be expended on a dinner, to be given every six months, at which the Professor will preside, who will fix the day and hour. 7. The fair sex being especially the ornament of society, and of the ball room in particular; it is expressly forbidden to occasion the ladies the slightest inconvenience, or to call them camels. Lastly, The Cancan, the Macaire, and other characteristic dances, are forbidden under the most severe penalties; and the person guilty of introducing them will be punished by expulsion.'

"M. Valentin reckoned, no doubt, on the moral effect which this official document would produce; but he was undeceived when the tribunal condemned him to five days' imprisonment, and a fine of 30 francs."—*Gazette des Tribunaux.*

Theatre.

Mrs. Montford's story and remarkable death.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 72, p. 185.

Marriage.

"There's such coupling at Pancras, that they stand behind one another, as it were in a country dance."—Congreve's *Way of the World*, p. 17.

Among the marriages for August, 1731, *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 1, p. 366, are — Railton, Esq. above eighty years old, to a young gentlewoman of twenty-two! Mr. Wilkinson, minister of the Savoy, to her sister.

Navarrete mentions a custom in one of the provinces in China, that if two betrothed persons die about the same time, they are married while their dead bodies are still in their former dwellings, and afterwards burnt together.—*Times*, May 2, 1837, see for this passage.

"How happy is it for young ladies in general, that people of quality overlook every thing in a marriage contract but their fortunes."—*Lord Ogleby, in the Clandestine Marriage*, p. 35.

Henry Smith, pp. 29, 31, 36.

Picus Mirandula.

"Militiam quoque sæculi, et conjugale vinculum perosus fuerat; interrogatusque interjocandum quid ei, ad alterum subeundum onus ferendumque, et necessitate cogente, et optione datâ, levius videretur,—hæsitabundus aliquantulum, nutabundusque necnon pauxillum subridens, conjugium respondit cui non tantum esset et servitutis annexio, et periculi, quantum militiæ subeundum onus."—*Life*, by his Nephew, prefixed to his works.

A. D. 1755. William Dodsham of Durham, to Frances Parton; being of the people called Quakers, the lady made a learned discourse upon the occasion.

Fame.

Troy.

"That fate the gods prepared; they spin the thread

Of man's destruction, that in after days
The bard may make the sad event his theme."
Odyssey, book viii. v. 710.

"THOSE monstrous lies of little Robin Rush;
Tom Chipperfield, and pretty lisping Ned,
That doted on a maid of gingerbread,
The flying pilcher, and the frisking dace,
With all the rabble of Tim Trundell's race."
HERRICK, vol. 1, p. 216.

Names.

"LES Sorciers feront quelquefois changer de nom à quelque malade, s'imaginans quasi que la Mort ou le Manitou qui vouloit attaquer cet homme, ne le cognoistra plus sous un nouveau nom."—*Itel. de la N. France*, 1642, tom. 5, p. 185.

FREQUENT changes of name, and samples. —Ibid. p. 120-1, 2nd paging.

"THE Jews were wont to name their children so when they were born, that ever after, if they did but think upon their names, they would put them in mind of that religion which they should profess, for they did signify something that they should learn."—HENRY SMITH, p. 44.

HEARNE, in his journey to the northern ocean, "coming to a lake which, though very considerable both in length and breadth, was not distinguished by any general name, gave it," he says, "on that account, the name of No-name Lake."—P. 210.

"JOURNEY me Long Lane, from Goole to Thorne, six miles on a dead level, without a turning."—SIR G. HEAD'S *Tour*, vol. 1, p. 222.

AMONG the fantastic tricks in Ireland which make "the angels weep," this stands foremost:—Steele, the mad Limerick agitator, has changed the name of the Clare range of mountains, to "*the* O'Connell mountains;" and the Papist Bishops of Limerick and Killaloe have countenanced the impudent farce, and the priests of the parishes in which the mountains are situate, have *christened them in their chapels.*

A NAME may be monosyllabic, and yet want neither force nor dignity. Jove, e. g. and Thor. Giants Grim and Maul. But for animals you want a short word of emphatic sound. Nobs therefore was in these respects good.

"CON solo ser MARIAS
Se escapan mil pecadoras."
L. DE VEGA, *Isidro*, p. 57.

AMONG the Roman slaves, e gente vil, had only one name. Naõ se soffria mas.

EVELYN'S *Misc.* 124-5.—A practice like Queen Mary's.

Giants.

ALIOFERNES, Tremalion, Timorant, Scaricant.—*Amadis*, lib. XV. *Silves de la Silva.*

TURBULON of Samothrace. "Francanasse le fier, et Robolastre de l'Alfane, ainsi appellé pour ce qu'il ne chevauchoit autre beste, et qu'il n'y avoit cheval ordinaire qui le peust porter."—Ibid. lib. xvii. p. 298.

RADAMANTE the Cruel. Morbiglion the orgullous.

"O INFANTE Fortune, ma fidelle compagne et espouse, ton nom qui te fut imposé dès ta naissance demonstroit bien que tu devois servir de blanc et de butte à la Fortune." Says Prince Lucendus, when after delivering her from the enchantment, in which she was held by Dragosine, he loses her again.—*Amadis*, lib. 17, ff. 89.

Animals.

The Canadian Indians say, "que tous les animaux de chaque espèce ont un frère aisné, qui est comme le principe et comme l'origine de tous les individus, et ce frère aisné est merveilleusement grand et puissant." The beaver, for example, as big as the cabin in which the Jesuits lived. These *aisnez* of all animals, are all *cadets* of Messou, the restorer of the world. "Le voila bien apparente, le brave reparateur de l'Univers."

Atahocam made the world, and Messou repaired it after it had been destroyed by a deluge.

"The *aisnez* of birds had their abode in heaven; those of other creatures in the waters; but of this the Indians were not sure. To dream of any one, was a good omen of success in hunting, whatever animal he represented.—*Relation*, 1634, pp. 44-6.

Women.

Their early decay in France, not perceivable in the higher classes.—Evelyn's *Misc.* p. 90. It is therefore the effect of exposure and hard work.

Insenenda.

Lengthy sermons.—Newton, p. 278.

Seeing the heart.—Ibid. p. 316.

Physiognomy.—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol. 3, p. 638.

Swallowing pebbles.—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 381.

Signatures of plants, a rational view of them.—Ibid. p. 416.

"Burbolts (Gadus Lota. Linn.) a fish not frequent in our southern rivers,[1] often found in Yorkshire, especially in slow rivers and standing waters; but no where more frequent than in the fen ditches of the levels, about four miles from Doncaster."—Ibid. vol. 6, p. 46.

Effects of Love.—Leone Hebreo, ff. 31.

Deæ Matres.—*Philosophical Transactions Ab.* vol. 10, p. 317. Altars at York. "Matribus Africis Italicis Germanicis" discovered A. D. 1753. ded. by Marcus Minucius Ande.—The Beerothites.

Tree lung-wert.—Ibid. vol. 11, p. 259.

"In the neighbourhood of Doncaster two kinds of lime are employed in agriculture. The one must be used sparingly, and spread evenly, otherwise instead of increasing, it diminishes the fertility of the soil. The other is brought farther and therefore much dearer, but more used, and in large quantities. Tennant inquired into the fact, and found that the one species contained two parts magnesia to three of calcareous earth, and that the magnesia was exceedingly injurious to vegetable life."—Ibid. vol. 18, p. 548.

Puppet shows.—*Account of the Stage*, vol. 1, p. 458.

Dr. Dickson published A. D. 1765, a Treatise on Blood-letting; with an Introduction recommending a review of the Materia Medica. Part I. 4to. 1*s.* 6*d.*

"Diseases," he says, "are seldom seen with their natural faces by a physician; for before he is called, the patient has been either blooded or blistered, purged or vomited, and perhaps many other things done which give them often a very artificial complexion."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 32, p. 433.

"Medical Observations and Inquiries, Vol. 4. A Defence of Sydenham's History of the Measles, by him,—and G. Sydenham's treatment of it.—The letters against Mead,

[1] Yarrell says it is met with in the Cam, in some of the rivers of Norfolk and Lincolnshire, and in the Trent, &c. *British Fishes*, vol. ii. p. 183. J. W. W.

—the former to correct an error by Merton.—Ibid. vol. 46, p. 43.

"The Parish Clerk's Pocket Companion, by Joseph Fox, Parish Clerk of St. Margaret, Westminster."—Ibid. vol. 59, p. 387.

Philistis. Rufane Donkin in Pinkerton's *Correspondence*, vol. 2.

River Idle. Scene of Edwin's first victory.

Asgill.—S. T. C.'s *Table Talk*, vol. 1, p. 244. Ibid. vol. 2, p. 48. 184-5.

Among the pamphlets imputed to De Foe is an Enquiry into the case of Mr. Asgill's General Translation; showing that it is not a nearer way to Heaven than the Grave. A. D. 1704.

Pockets.—Humboldt, vol. 6-1, p. 12.

"Turdilli sunt, tuti contumeliæ causâ."
Seneca, *in one of his Epistles.*

Lipsius reads Turdi, "from one Turdus a man of so infamous a character that his name became a proverb. Seneca the father makes mention of him in lib. 9, Controv. 4.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 77, p. 19.

Rats.—Williams. *Missionary Enterprises*, pp. 68. 146. 151-2. 244-5. Head's *Home Tour*, vol. 2, pp. 62. 64. 269-70.

Value of women in the Navigator's Islands.—Ibid. p. 538. *See Women, p.* 17.

Price of Euryclea.—*Odyssey* 1.

Capt. Scoresby.—Ibid. Δ. v. 443.

Sir G. Head's *Tour*, vol. 1, pp. 218-9-21. Doncaster, pp. 24-5. 273. Draining.

Mason's, *Church.* Warner's *Recollections*, vol. 1, p. 309.

Job's wife.—Antonio das Chagas. *Sermons*, tom. 1, p. 79.

Why fleas should be cracked, not drowned.—*Life of Wilberforce*, vol. 4, p. 266.

"When Mr. Faraday told Davy that he wished to escape from trade, which he thought 'vicious and selfish,' and to enter into the service of science which he imagined made its pursuers amiable and liberal, Sir Humphrey smiled at the notion, and said he would leave him to the experience of a few years to set him right in that matter."—*National Portraits.*

Peel's speeches, their effect upon Lord John Russell. As Cowper says, "I am afraid it was only clapping a blister upon the crown of a wig-block."

"Cecy est une autre paire de manches, et longues à coudre, que j'espère dire ailleurs, et à propos."—Brantome, vol. 9, p. 325.

Brantome's uncle, M. de la Chastaigneyays (killed in a duel by M. de Jarnac), when he first carried an harquebuss had half-a-dozen golden bullets cast, to kill the Emperor. He said, "n'estant raisonnable que luy, estant grand et puissant, et plus que le commun, mourust de balles communes de plomb, mais d'or: dont le Roy François qui l'avoit nourry, l'en ayma tousjours fort depuis."—Ibid. vol. 10, p. 215.

"Some bold hypothesist has asserted that the pyramids were built, not where they stand, but upon floats in a quarry, and when the Nile overflowed, a dyke was cut through the quarry, and the pyramid floated to its destined site."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 19, p. 205.

"Dr. Uvedale (A. D. 1758) prescribed composing in music and poetry for certain heavy disorders of the nerves, having seen an instance, he said, which justified him in

saying that nervous disorders were sometimes owing to smothered genius,—to a suppression of poetry.

"Such genius may exist with the very worst state of nervous disorder. 'I could instance a patient whom I am not permitted to name, among whose papers I have seen passages exceeding all that I have read in poetry; and who has at this time, outlines of three great works, which himself will not complete, and with which I know no one else worthy to meddle.' "—Ibid. vol. 29, p. 507.

"ADAM CLARKE obtained a book of Mantras or Charms from Ceylon, consisting of eleven leaves, full of the most grotesque figures of gods, demons, &c. The gentleman from whom he received it was in the Supreme Court at Colombo when a woman preferred a charge against a man of extreme oppression and injury, but she could not proceed in her evidence, being seized with severe shivering and violent agitations, and sweating most profusely at the same time. The judge enquired what was the matter; and when a little recovered she said the defendant had enchanted her, and if he were searched, she was sure the charm would be found upon him. Order was given to search him accordingly, and this identical book was found among his clothes. The Judge ordered it to be delivered into the possession of the Court, and in that moment the woman became calm, and proceeded in her evidence without hesitation."—*Catalogue of Adam Clarke's MSS.* p. 225.

"IF you take Sophocles, Catullus, Lucretius, the better parts of Cicero, and so on, you may with just two or three exceptions arising out of the different idioms as to cases, translate page after page into good mother English, word by word, without altering the order; but you cannot do so with Virgil or Tibullus; if you attempt it, you will make nonsense." — SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. *Table Talk*, vol. 2, p. 56.

See Aaron Hill's Preface to Gideon.

IN the Index of obscure words in Dante, by Volpi, it is said that Cæsar was the first person who was ever addressed in the plural number, "quando fu creato Dittatore perpetuo, per essere in lui solo raccolta l'autorità di tutti i magistrati: dandosi per altro del *tu* ad ogni persona singolare."—DANTE, vol 3, p. 359.

"THOMAS WHITAKER, Doctor in Physic, of London, A. D. 1638, in a treatise called the Tree of Human Life, or the Blood of the Grape, observes that Noah lived twenty years longer than Adam, which he attributes to his having tasted nectar from that plant from which Adam was excluded, and which he calls an inferior species of the Tree of Life."—BOSWELL'S *Shakespeare*, vol. 17, p. 171. N.

THE Knight of the Sun was taller than the Emperor Trebatius his father, who was eight feet. "Mais quoy qu'il fust d'une si riche taille, on ne vit jamais pourtant un corps si bien proportionné que le sien. Il sembloit qu'une main divine l'eust formé. Aussi plusieurs peintres, tant Grecs qu'Assyriens, ne peurent jamais representer un *corps avec une vraye proportion et mesure*, jusques à ce qu'ils virent ce Chevalier, et qu'ils l'eurent tiré. C'est pourquoy ils envoyerent *son pourtraict* en plusieurs contrées du monde, comme le plus parfaict de tous leurs ouvrages."—*Chev. du Soleil*, tom. 1, p. 93-4.

"THE three great original objects of poetry were self, a mistress, and an enemy; these produced verses upon religion, love, and war; poetry purely descriptive is the product of a much later time." — *Monthly Review*, vol. 40, p. 117.

Compare with the Triads—and the truth.

"NATURÆ, Philosophia, et Ars in Concordiâ," or Nature, Philosophy, and Art in Friendship. An Essay in four parts by W. Canty, Cabinet Maker, 2*s*. Nicol. He shows that all houses might be built proof

against fire and vermin, chimnies built so as not to smoke, and smoky ones cured, and furniture and wainscots so constructed as that no vermin can exist therein. — Ibid. vol. 46, p. 623.

Dr. Lettsom distilled *some green tea*, injected three drachms of the very odorous and pellucid water which he obtained "into the cavity of the abdomen and cellular membrane, — by which he paralysed the animal. He applied it to the cavity of the abdomen and to the ischiatic nerves of another, and the frog died. And this he thought proved green tea to be unwholesome."—Ibid. vol. 47, p. 133.

The author of an Inquiry into the connection between the high price of provisions, and the size of farms, A. D. 1773, says that no small farmer ought ever to rear a pig, none but large farmers, or dairy-men. —Ibid. vol. 48, p. 348.

On common he says, "a few sheep are maintained as winter food for ravens and crows."—Ibid. p. 349.

"The trading part of the nation," he says, "*dare* not retrench their way of living, lest they should thereby ruin their credit, the very life of trade."—Ibid. p. 353.

Mortimer's Elements of Commerce, A. D. 1772. "A list was lately put into my hands of upwards of 1000 alehouse keepers, green-grocers, chandlers, oil shops, and other retail traders in London and the villages adjacent, all of whom were originally footmen and servant maids."—Ibid. p. 368.

"Broad cloths deteriorated in quality, and deceit complained of both in length and breadth."[1]—Ibid. p. 370.

His proposal of making book debts transferable justly objected to.—Ibid. p. 373.

"We remember to have seen somewhere in the Low Countries a print of a bookseller digging in the tomb of an author, and saying to himself as he works *Il y a de plus*." —Ibid. vol. 49, p. 337.

An anonymous poet in 1774 has this couplet,

Yet doubly happy could I justly claim
One puff of merit from the trump of Fame.

Unhappy poet. If instead of having Snagg for his publisher, he had been in the service of Henry Colburn, a whole band of trumpeters would have been employed in his praise.—Ibid. p. 484.

"Let it be remembered that minds are not levelled in their powers, but when they are levelled in their desires."

Johnson says this when speaking of Dryden's controversy with Settle.

"It is very happy that *de tems en tems*, there will always arise certain moral characters of very good hearts and very odd heads, of exceeding benefit in a world too much disordered to be set right by the regular process of sober systematical virtue." —*Letter to Mrs. M.* vol. 2, p. 263.

Mrs. Carter says this of Jonas Hanway.

—"'Tis a maxim of mine that neither the

[1] The stretching of broad cloth and devil's dust are no new inventions. Witness good old Latimer.

"If his cloth be eighteen yards long, he will set him on a rack, and stretch him out with ropes, and rack him till the sinews shrink again, while he hath brought him to twenty-seven yards. When they have brought him to that perfection, they have a pretty feat to thick him again. He makes me a powder for it, and plays the poticary; they call it flock powder: they do so incorporate it to the cloth, that it is wonderful to consider; truly a good invention. Oh that so goodly wits should be so applied; they may well deceive the people, but they cannot deceive God. They were wont to make beds of flocks, and it was a good bed too. Now they have turned their flocks into powder, to play the false thieves with it." *Third Sermon before King Edward VI.* vol. i. p. 122, ed. Watkins.—J. W. W.

body nor the mind should be kept to the same food; variety not only gratifies the taste but quickens the appetite."—Lady Hervey's *Letters*, p. 149.

"In general I have observed that those who live in town think too little, and those who live in the country think too much: the one makes them superficial, the other sour."—Ibid.

"One of young Beattie's lectures was an account of Raymond Sully's mill for making books, alluded to by Dr. Campbell in the Philosophy of Rhetoric. He got Raymond's book in the College Library, and made the mill exactly according to the author's directions? in pasteboard. The model was exhibited at the lecture."—*Life of Beattie*, vol. 2, p. 213.

Boswell had in his youth one Mr. S. for an acquaintance,—a riotous old humourist, who used to rank all mankind under the general denomination of Gilbert.—*Letters between* Erskine *and* Boswell, p. 73.

"The Morleechians (inlanders of Dalmatia) have in their ritual a service for the solemn union of two friends, male or female. Posestre (half sisters) the sworn female friends are thus made; the men (Pobratimi) half-brothers, their duties are to assist and avenge each other. A quarrel between two thus sworn is talked of all over the country as a scandal, unheard of in former times, and owing only to the depravation which an intercourse with the Italians has brought on."—Fortis's *Travels*, *Monthly Review*, vol. 59, p. 41.

Arthur Young says, "that about the year 1760, perch first appeared in all the lakes of Ireland and in the Shannon at the same time."[1]—*Monthly Review*, vol. 63, p. 193.

Fear has been called by Dean Young (the father) "that most treacherous of all vices, entangling men into such necessities of sinning, that the fearful are therefore set by St. John at the head of all those who have their part in the fiery lake" (Rev. xxi. 8.)—*Sermons*, vol. 1, p. 174.

"In matters of duty, our power is always the measure of our obligation."—Ibid. p. 209.

"I heartily pity the people, however wise, who are destitute of the pleasures which arise from a vivid imagination: for surely nothing is so dull as uncoloured sense."—Mrs. Carter, vol. 3, p. 40, Vesey.

"To make one's mind easy with regard to the situation of others, it is quite necessary to be persuaded of a very *certain* truth;—that the odd kind of *something* which human creatures substitute for happiness, depends on the particular turn of every individual imagination."—Ibid. p. 79.

"Few people give themselves time to be friends,—a natural consequence of a more general maxim, that few people give themselves time to be as wise, as good, and as happy as Heaven designed them, even in the present mortal state."—Ibid. p. 245.

"I remember," says Cooke, the actor, "hearing a reverend gentleman of Newcastle (Mr. Wanilaw, a Roman Catholic), say, that when a person on being asked what he was thinking of, replied nothing, he was then thinking of a multitude of things, but not any thing distinctly. I have often, he adds, experienced the remark to be just."—Dunlop's *Memoir of G. F. Cooke*, vol. 2, p. 12.

A notable argument against suicide.—"Car si l'homicide d'un frère, et le parri-

[1] Yarrel does not mention this,—but simply states, "In the various historical and statistical accounts of the counties of Ireland, the perch may be traced through the southern, eastern, and northern districts from Cork to Londonderry."—*British Fishes*, vol. 2, p. 2.—J. W. W.

cide sont de grandes fautes parce que le père et le frère nous sont proches, quel doit estre le meurtre de soy-mesme, puis que nul ne nous peut estre si proche que nous nous sommes?"—*Astrée*, tom. 5, p. 525.

JACOBUS BERGAMENSIS, or de Bergamo, says, "that Noah planted the vine because he saw a goat in Sicily eat some wild grapes, and afterwards fight with such courage that Noah inferred there must have been virtue in the fruit. He planted a vine therefore, and wherefore is not said, manured it with the blood of a lion, a lamb, a swine, and a monkey or ape."—CONDE DE MORA TOLEDO, tom. 1, p. 59.

Ibid. p. 163.—"HORSE and chariot races won by the help of the devil." Cassiodorus and Amm. Marcellinus quoted.

TITEA MAGNA was the name of Noah's wife. Pandora was Shem's. Noala, or according to others Cataflua, Ham's. Noegla, Funda, or Afia, Japhet's.—Ibid. p. 57-8.

NASH, in his Collections for Worcestershire, shows that the name of Percy has been spelt twenty-three different ways.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 67, p. 339.

"BISHOP KIDDER and his wife were killed in their bed in the palace of Bath and Wells, and yet his heirs were sued for dilapidations!"—HORACE WALPOLE, vol. 4, p. 146.

A. D. 1787. "OLD Madam French, who lives close by the bridge at Hampton Court, where between her and the Thames she had nothing but one grass plot of the width of her house, has paved that whole plot with black and white marble in diamonds, exactly like the floor of a church; and this curious metamorphosis of a garden into a pavement has cost her £340. A tarpaulin she might have had for some shillings, which would have looked as well, and might easily have been removed."—Ibid. p. 426.

STERNE probably called *his* Corporal Trim after Trim in the Funeral. "M. General Trim—no, pox, Trim sounds so very short and priggish. That my name should be a monosyllable! But the foreign news will write me, I suppose, Monsieur or Chevalier Trimont. Signor Trimoni, or Count Trimuntz in the German army, I shall perhaps be called."—P. 71.

DONNE to Sir H. Wotton.

"Let me tell you the good nature of the executioner of Paris, who, when Vatan (?) was beheaded (who dying in the profession of the religion, had made his peace with God in the prison, and so said nothing at the place of execution) swore he had rather execute forty Huguenots than one Catholic; because the Huguenot used so few words, and troubled him so little, in respect of the dilatory ceremonies of the others in dying."—*Letters*, p. 122.

"WHEN abjuration was in use in this land, the state and law was satisfied if the abjuror came to the seaside, and waded into the sea when winds and tides resisted."—Ibid. p. 121.

"I AM now like an alchemist, delighted with discoveries by the way, though I attain not mine end."—Ibid. p. 172.

"HALLER'S catalogue of medical and chirurgical writers, notwithstanding numerous omissions, amount to more than 30,000 names or titles of authors or their works, much the greater part having belonged to the last 300 years."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 68 (1783), p. 465.

A WATCH tower in Sicily, where there once stood a temple of Castor and Pollux (Polluce) is now called Torre del *Pulci*, no doubt properly enough.—Ibid. p. 596.

PINKERTON (*Lett. of Lit.* p. 179) quotes the Abbé du Bos as saying, "Different ideas are as plants and flowers, which do not grow equally in all climates. Perhaps our terri-

tory of France is as improper for the Egyptian modes of reasoning as for their palm trees; and, without going so far, perhaps the orange trees, which do not flourish here so easily as in Italy, denote that there is in Italy a certain turn of mind, which we have not in France. It is however certain, that by the reciprocal connection and dependance that exists among all the parts of the material world, the difference of climate, perceivable in its effects upon plants, ought also to extend its influence to the powers of the human brain."

"Mlle. d'Osmond, à laquelle on avoit défendu de faire des vers, en faisoit dans le cabinet secret."

The Duc de Bourgoyne thus alludes to this in some verses to his wife.

"O toi Latonien, descends du sacré mont,
Fais éclore de ma pensée
Des vers, tels que tu sçais sur le chaise percée
Dicter à la belle Osmond."
Mem. de M. Maintenon, tom. 6, p. 133.

The two things in the world of which there seems to be the greatest waste, are good advice, and good intentions.—R. S.

"The time shall come that the oak which is beaten with every storm shall be a dining table in the Prince's hall."—Dr. Dee's *Relation*, p. 153, said by Gabriel.

"The Turks say a man is to say No only to the devil."—*Lives of the Norths*, vol. 3, p. 181.

Oyster mouse trap.—Britton's *Devonshire*, p. 26.

Will any great effects be produced again in Christendom, as in former times, by religious delusion, or imposture? The failure of the St. Simonians does not prove it to be impossible.

"In the first days of balloons, c'd Frederick said, Austria and Russia aimed at supreme dominion on the land, England at sea, France now in the air, so that the only element left for him was fire."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 70, p. 408.

"Neocles of Crotona maintained that the women in the moon lay eggs, and that the men children hatched from them grow to five[1] times our stature."—*Athenæus Deip.* lib. 2, p. 57. Turner's *Sacred History*, vol. 3, p. 18, N.

"Archimedes is said to have raised four columns at Syracuse, and to have placed upon each a bronze ram, so ingeniously constructed that the wind made them bleat, and so placed that the ram which bleated denoted what wind blew. M. Houel thought he had identified two of these weather-rams in the Viceroy of Palermo's palace (about 1780), for he observed small holes in their flanks, near the thigh, and in other parts, and by blowing in them, a sound like bleating was produced."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 72, p. 515.

A story of Theocritus, that when some one who had been reading some of his verses to him, desired to know which he liked best, he replied, "all that you were so kind as *not* to read."—Ibid. vol. 74, p. 457.

Under the article Amusements in Dr. Trusler's *London Adviser and Guide*, he ranks as one "occasional floating through the atmosphere in balloons." A. D. 1786.

Dr. Sedgwick. A little, pale clergyman, Master of Queen's, Cambridge, always stood by the fire at Morgan's Coffee-house, without speaking to any one; so splenetic, that he fancied his nose to be loose in his face, and consulted Palmer upon it, who

[1] It were hardly worth the statement,—but in the original of Athenæus, instead of *five*, it is *fifteen*—πεντεκαιδεκαπλασίονας ἡμῶν εἶναι, *in loc.*—J. W. W.

convinced him of his error (if any body is to be convinced) by giving it a pull.

"Le Massinahigan, c'est à dire le Livre qui enseigne comme il se faut bien comporter."—*Rel. de N. France*, 1640-1, p. 55.

In a Declamation ascribed to South, the spectre which appeared to Brutus at Philippi, is called "Spectaculum sanè unico Cyclopis oculo congruum."

— "As our comprehensions are not infinite, the more ideas a man has of things which concern not the matter in hand, the less room he will have for those that are necessary."—Hutchinson, vol. 10, p. 3.

Hutchinson's chapter on steam.—Vol. 10, pp. 42, 49, 58, 297-8; vol. 11, p. 69.

His reasons why man's health is less constant than that of beasts.—Vol. 10, p. 270-2-3, *overlooking all moral causes.*

"There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things."—*Fluellen, Henry V.* act v. sc. i.

"I remember Mrs. Higgons used to say Lady Clarendon had such a power over her understanding, that she might persuade her she was a fish." A. D. 1748, Countess of Hertford (afterwards Duchess of Somerset) to Lady Luxborough.—Hull's *Select Letters*, vol. 1, p. 81.

Whistler telling Shenstone of his brother's marriage, says, "I had rather have a relative than a friend married, for the last is always entirely lost."—Ibid. p. 163.

A barber expressed his regret to Mr. Hoskins (p. 59), "that the prophet had only promised them rivers of milk in his paradise instead of bouza."

Tutelar idols are supposed to have been talismans made according to magical rules. Clemens Alexandrinus says, "the statue of Jupiter Olympus was made of the bones of an elephant." (Sed qy. ivory?)—Hooke, vol. 1, p. 23.

A suspicion that Pallas, derived name and origin from the Palladium, that statue which represented a young man, armed from head to foot, having been given by Pallas, King of Arcadia, to his daughter Chrysé when she married Dardanus.—Ibid. p. 23, N.

"The Flamen Dialis, or Priest of Jupiter, might not ride on horseback, nor be absent a night from Rome; but he had the privilege of wearing a hollow or pierced ring, wearing a splendid robe (the *prætexta*) and sitting in the senate in a curule chair; none but a freeman might cut his hair; and the clippings, and the pairings of his nails, were to be buried '*subter* arborem felicem.'"—Ibid. p. 115, N.

"Hor ristringendomi sotto i panni de la patienza."—Pietro Aretino, *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 23.

"Quis enim potest crastinum videre solem? aut quis imaginem hominis nondum nati depingere?"—South as *Terræ Filius.*

"Triste de quem assi sua vida passa."
Diogo Bernardes, *Lyma*, p. 143.

"Quanto o silencio val, sabese tarde."
Antonio Ferreira, ibid. p. 168.

"Ὀρθῶς μ'ἐρωτᾶς, κεἰς ἀγῶν' ἔρχει λόγων." Euripides, *Phœnissæ*, v. 944.

"Οὐ γὰρ ὃ μὴ καλὸν, οὔποτ' ἔφυ καλόν."
Ibid. v. 828.

"It is not and it cannot come to good."
Hamlet, act i. sc. ii.

In an Eclogue of Diogo Bernardes, Alcido, who was chosen by two poetical shepherds,

" Por ver qual a vitoria levaria,
Como juiz (que foi) deo por sentença
Que naõ-avia entr'elles differença."
Lyma, p. 23.

" Prometo,
De naõ me ficar isso no tinteiro,
Que de fallar verdades naõ me pejo."
Ibid. p. 99.

" Tal frutto nasce di cotal radice."
Petrarch, vol. 1, p. 247.

Juan Gonzalez, a Catalan optician, under D. Antonio Gimbernet's direction (then Professor of Anatomy at Barcelona) made artificial eyes,—that is, eyes on the retina of which objects were reflected according to the laws of optics.—Masdeu, vol. 1, p. 93, N.

" Thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road way better than thine."—*Henry IV.* part ii. act ii. sc. ii.

The russetine, or brown russet, is called buff-coat in Devonshire.

" Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting."
Henry V. act ii. sc. iv.

" Io non l'intesi allor: ma or sì fisse
Sue parole mi trovo ne la testa
Che mai più saldo in marmo non si scrisse." Petrarch, vol. 2, p. 153.

So too the Nobila Donna, before whom Love and Petrarch plead, after listening to them, concludes,

" Piacemi aver vostre questione udite:
Ma più tempo bisogna a tanta lite."
Ibid. p. 133.

Some who appeal to posterity may be told,

— " Che così lange
Di poca fiamma gran luce non viene."
Ibid. p. 158.

" Non a caso è virtute; anzi è bell' arte."
Ibid. p. 106.

" περισσοὶ πάντες οἱ 'ν μέσῳ λόγοι."
Euripides, *Medea*, v. 815.

" Hearken to me and I will tell you,—touch whom it may touch, hurt whom it may hurt, feel it who that may feel it."—*Golden Book*, G. 2.

" In verities he was very veritable."—Ibid.

The Twelve Tables say, when they order temples to those commendable qualities by which heroes obtained heaven, such as understanding, virtue, piety, fidelity, say, "But let no worship ever be paid to any vice."—Hooke, vol. 2, p. 322.

" Mr. Darby.—I might call him *the religious printer*. He goes to heaven with the Anabaptists, but is a man of a general charity."—J. Dunton, p. 247.

" Whose wife was chaste as a picture cut in alabaster; whose son John was a very beauty of a man, and a finished Christian to boot, and for his daughter in Cornhill, she bore away the bell from all the booksellers' wives in London."—Ibid.

" *Duchess.* Why should calamity be full of words?
Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope, though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart." *Richard III.* act iv. sc. iv.

" Humphrey hour "[1] calls upon every one.
Richard the Third, act iv. sc. iv.

[1] This, I suspect, has reference to dining with " Duke Humphrey,"—a well known expression;—but not, as far as I remember, to be found in Shakspeare, unless in this passage.
J. W. W.

"What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?" Ibid.

"Worldly men
Have, miserable, mad, mistaking eyes."
Titus Andronicus, act v. sc. ii.

"'Tis a mortifying circumstance, that when a man has outlived his follies, he cannot procure them Christian burial."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 24, p. 276.

"What subject can be found that lies not fair for me?"—Drayton, *Song* 20, p. 453.

"En vérité l'espérance vaut à peu près la réalité pour la plupart des hommes; je ne sais pas même si elle ne vaut pas mieux. C'est un bien qui ne s'use jamais, au lieu que ce qu'on possede perd bientôt de son prix."—*Supplement Historique à l'Etat Nominatif du Pension*, p. 3. Anonymous.

"Cette prudence végétative qui sied si bien à qui connôit les hommes et les choses."—Ibid. p. 10.

In a winter piece published A. D. 1763, in a folio pamphlet, where it is time, by nature's decree, for Hyems to retreat:

"Eurus and Boreas turn their tails and fly,
And bear him backward down the northern sky."
Monthly Review, vol. 28, p. 161.

Medea's complaint that there is no touchstone for men.—vv. 516-19.

Writers upon unfathomable mysteries and questions:

Οὐδ' ἂν τρέσας εἴποιμι τοὺς σοφοὺς βροτῶν
Δοκοῦντας εἶναι, καὶ μεριμνητὰς λόγων;
Τούτους μεγίστην μωρίαν ὀφλισκανειν.
Medea, 1222-4.

Ibid. v. 1382. Events disposed of by the gods, contrary to the expectations of men.[2]

"All that's good in nature, ought To be communicable."
Shirley, vol. 2, p. 314.

"—tel que je n'ose m'esmanciper de le vous dire."—Chev. du Soleil, tom. 4, p. 17.

Dioscorides incidentally mentions an art by which the Greeks could change blue eyes into black ones.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 32, p. 462.

Ποῖ βῶ; πῆ στῶ; τί λέγω; τί δὲ μή;
Euripides, *Alcestis*, v. 880.

"It is said of the late Lord Orrery, that he used sometimes to amuse himself with writing love letters, in some inferior character, to his kitchen maids, desiring their answers to be left at certain places, from whence they were probably conveyed to him."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 35, p. 344.

"A very unedifying stuffage of mind."
Norris.

Kinds of knowledge, "which ignorance will never be the better for, and which wisdom does not need."—Ibid.

Materials which are
"Con cierto desconcierto concertadas."
Fuente Desseada, p. 160.

Masonry the Turnpike-road to Happiness in this Life, and Eternal Happiness hereafter. 1*s.* A. D. 1768.

"If what is here said be true, what occasion have we for the Christian religion. Would it not be right for us all to turn Free Masons?"—*Monthly Review*, vol. 38, p. 323.

Among the Flemings, guardians over the persons and estates of prodigal persons, as well as lunatics.—Ibid. vol. 40, p. 43.

[2] With the variation only of one verse, Euripides thus concludes his Alcestis, Andromache, Bacchæ, Helen, and Medea.—J. W. W.

"You've put a question, would afflict an oracle
To understand and answer."
Shirley, vol. 3, p. 301.

"But take heed, Sir, how you proceed to jest
With frailty, lest too much disordering
Your good thoughts, you forget, and by degrees
Lose your own innocence."
Ibid. *Gamester*, vol. 3, p. 187.

"Black sin doth scatter
Her seed betimes, and every ground is fruitful." Ibid. *Example*, p. 292.

"Be wise;—
Your vessel may be rigg'd, and trimm'd, and launch'd
Into a calmer sea, and return fraught
With lawful prize hereafter."
Ibid. p. 413, *Opportunity*.

Rhyme the leading principle of Latin versification, a pamphlet published at Cambridge, 1829. What next?

Rowland Jones, Esq. made a dictionary of more than 200 full octavo pages in his Circles of Games, and resolved every word into *spring-water*. "This writer's disorder is certainly not a hydrophobia."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 45, p. 155.

How you may *hear a triangle*.—Ibid. p. 537.

Lord Lyttelton was at Paris when a dauphin was born (Louis the Sixteenth, I suppose). "The natural gaiety of the nation is so improved upon this occasion, that they are all stark mad with joy, and do nothing but sing and dance about the streets by hundreds and by thousands. The expressions of their joy are admirable. One fellow gives notice to the public that he designs to draw teeth for a week together upon the Pont Neuf gratis.—Ibid. vol. 51, p. 444.

Ibid. vol. 53, p. 218. Well said, that *egotisms* in writing are not improved by converting them into *nostracisms*.

Cradock (vol. 1, p. 202,) says, "the politics of the day are not properly adapted either to the pulpit or the stage." Not to the stage certainly, but as certainly they are to the pulpit.

Anti-Seganus Scott has these lines in a poem on the art of Rising in the Church:
"Thus straws and feathers easily will fly,
And the light scale is sure to mount on high;
Then air-blown bubbles by each breath are borne,
And wind will take the chaff, that leaves the corn." Cradock, vol. 4, p. 274.

"The gayest place of resort is still enlivened by the presence of a friend; and a friend does not diminish the tranquillity of retirement." Mrs. Montague.—Beattie, vol. 1, p. 278.

She says, "the human mind is liable to strange starts if it has not been in early and good training."—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 370.

Beattie says, "I have known a staunch Presbyterian, who was always a Roman Catholic in his liquor."—*Life*, vol. 1, p. 407.

"Il court un manuscrit dans le monde d'un volume assez considerable, que a pour titre, *la Religion, tragi-comedie en cinq actes et en prose*, soidisant, *traduite de l'Anglois de M. R. pas M. J. M.* A. D. 1764. Dans ce prétendu drame sont personnifiés la Religion, la Fanatisme, la Cruauté, l'Imbécillite, la Crédulité, la Philosophie, &c.: et l'on met en action ces êtres moraux avec aussi peu d'esprit que de bon sens. Il est d'autant moins dangereux, qu'il n'a point le charme séducteur d'une diction élégante."
—Bachaumont, *Men. Sec.* vol. 2, p. 78.

Adam Smith told Boswell that he was "happily possessed of a faculty of man-

ners!" which Boswell, being much amused with the compliment, has himself recorded. —*Letters between* A. ERSKINE *and* BOSWELL.

"A SENTENCE so clumsily formed, as to require an *I say* to keep it together; which I myself candidly think much resembles a pair of ill-mended breeches."—Ibid. p. 42.

"I EXHIBITED my existence in a minuet; and as I was drest in a full chocolate suit, and wore my most solemn countenance, I looked as you used to tell me, like the fifth act of a deep tragedy."—Ibid. p. 72.

JOHN MORLEY, of Halstead in Essex, Prior's companion in his Ballad of Down Hall, who was bred a butcher, but became one of the greatest land jobbers in England, used in honour of his profession, annually to kill a hog in the public market, and receive a groat for the job. He died A. D. 1732.

"THE highest absurdity I ever heard of in the way of ornamenting grounds was committed by a member of the Irish Parliament, M———e by name. He laid out his whole demesne, for some unexplained reason, in the shape of a thistle. A deep and wide trench, a mile in circumference, was cut to represent the bulb, double ramparts formed the petals, and clumps of trees were for the down. The avenue to his house was the stalk; and the leaves were the several fields branching from thence, and from each other." *Phil. Survey of the South of Ireland*, A. D. 1772.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 60, p. 9.

GRAVES wrote his Colloquial Tale of Columella, or the distressed Anchoret, "to expose the folly of those who, after having been prepared by a liberal education, and a long and regular course of studies, for some learned or ingenious profession, retire in the vigour of life, through mere indolence and love of ease, to spend their days in solitude and inactivity; or even in those meaner occupations which persons of inferior abilities and unimproved talents might discharge with equal, or perhaps with superior, skill."

Monthly Review, vol. 61, p. 316. Where it is properly observed that this was not the vice of the times, but the very contrary to it.

Ibid. vol. 62, p. 556. *Issues* to prevent earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. See for some, Mr. Williams's (?) scheme for wholesale irrigation, and for regulating the weather in this island.

"CAR il est vraysemblable, et nous le voyons tous les jours, que l'on reçoit avec amour la briefveté discrète et bien troussée, pourveu toutesfois qu'elle n'entre d'une extremité en l'autre."—CHEVALIER DU SOLEIL, vol. 6, p. 148.

HUTCHINSON, in his View of Northumberland (A. D. 1776), says "he cannot perceive that the name Burrough or Burgh, was instituted to denote any kind of eminence in the place so called, beyond others, so as to mean a fort, or castle, &c. It signifies no more than house, houses, or town, a settlement where one or more families dwelt. *Burrough* was the habitation, and *bour* was the inhabitant; hence neighbour, i. e. a *nigh bour*, or one that lived in a *burrough* not far off. And because this name is appropriated to the underground lodgings of animals, as to the holes of foxes, rabbits, &c. he infers that when it was first applied to human habitations, the inhabitants of this land dwelt chiefly under ground, and lived not in houses raised from the ground, but dug in it: which sense of the word seems still to obtain as to the dead, though it has lost its native idea as to the living. Our original boroughs were so many human warrens, consisting of a set of underground caverns. And it is not unlikely that the vast caverns, such as those of the Peak, may not be all the work of nature, but in great measure the effect of under-ground architecture. As they look

like the palaces of some old giants, so they might be the Windsor's and Hampton Court's of those times, when under-ground lodgings were in fashion."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 64, p. 54.

Elephants, Ellora, &c. Troglodytes. Burrowing Tribes, and Roosting Tribes.

"He that has this wisdom, has sufficient; and without it, the greater our pretences are to wisdom, the more conspicuous is our folly."—Dean Young's *Sermons*, vol. 2, p. 3.

"And fooling is an angry name for wit."
J. Baillie, *The Bride*, p. 354.

"If incorruption have put corruption on, we may very well eat and drink as we do, for to-morrow we die indeed. The unlikely heathen ploughed in more hope than so."—John Gregoire, p. 124.

"A man may come unto the pericardium, but not the heart of truth."—Sir T. Brown, vol. 4, p. 81.

"Many positions seem quodlibetically constituted."—Ibid.

Herod a pigeon fancier. There were Herodian doves, named from him, a rare breed which he introduced; this is more likely, than that he should have been the first who bred doves in the house, which Ramban affirms.—John Gregoire, p. 149.

Pineda believed that Adam understood all sciences except politics.—H. Walpole, vol. 1, p. 188.

Keith, the marriage broker, cursing the bishop as he spoke, said, "So they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em! But I'll be revenged. I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and by G— I'll underbury them all."—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 292.

Mr. Ashe, a nursery-man, when H. Walpole told him he would have his trees planted irregularly, replied, "Yes Sir, I understand; you would have them hung down somewhat poetical."—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 319.

"You know my system is, that everything will be found out; and about the time that I am dead, even some art of living for ever."—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 344.

Kean's opinions of high and low life seem to have been much the same. "Neither of them are judges of acting," said he, (his only method of measuring a man's intellect.) "The only critics worth a thought are doctors, lawyers, artists, and literary men."—*Life of* Kean, vol. 2, p. 71.

Messor chose his dish with his character. "Broth," said he, "for one; roast pork for tyrants; steaks for Measure for Measure; boiled mutton for lovers; pudding for Tancred."—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 34.

"Even moralizing," says H. Walpole, "is entertaining, when one laughs at the same time: but I pity those who don't moralize till they cry."—*Letters*, vol. 2, p. 198.

It was a maxim of his, that "it is idle to endeavour to cure the world of any folly, unless we could cure it of being foolish."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 14.

"Visions, you know, have always been my pasture; and so far from growing old enough to quarrel with their emptiness, I almost think there is no wisdom comparable to that of exchanging what is called the realities of life for dreams. Old castles, old pictures, old histories, and the babble of old people, make one live back into centuries that cannot disappoint one. One holds fast and surely what is past. The dead have exhausted their power of deceiving: one can trust Catharine of Medicis now."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 126.

"I will attempt in some measure to practise a rule given to me a great many years

ago by a good old lady, which was, "When I had nothing to say, to say nothing."—LADY POMFRET, *Letters*, vol. 2, p. 161.

"WITH all the divinity of wit, it grows out of fashion like a fardingale. I am convinced that the young men at White's already laugh at George Selwyn's bon-mots only by tradition."—H. WALPOLE, vol. 3, p. 236.

"IT is right to lay vanity under contribution, for then both sides are pleased."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 288.

"METHINKS as we grow old, our only business here is to adorn the graves of our friends, or to dig our own."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 385.

"MY pen is not always upon its guard, but is apt to say whatever comes into its nib."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 505.

WHITAKER'S History of Manchester. "To be sure, it is very kind in an author to promise one the history of a country town, and give one a circumstantial account of the antediluvian world into the bargain."—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 15.

H. WALPOLE (vol. 4, p. 160) says, "I do not repine at reading any book from which I can learn a single fact that I wish to know."

He might have added, "or a single remark that I should wish to remember."

THE best likeness which H. Walpole (vol. 4, p. 206) ever saw of Charles the Second, was in a picture of the smaller landscape size, in which Rose, the royal gardener, was presenting to him the first pine-apple raised in England. "They are in a garden, with a view of a good private house, such as there are several at Sunbury and about London. The king is in brown, lined with orange, and many black ribands; a large flapped hat, a point cravat, no waistcoat, and a tassolled handkerchief hanging from a low pocket: his countenance chearful, good-humoured, and very sensible. The whole is extremely well-coloured, with perfect harmony, and H. Walpole calls it a most curious and delightful picture."

Though raised by the royal gardener, it seems to have been in a private garden.

"YOU saints," said he to Hannah More, "can set down and feast on your self-denial, and drink bumpers of satisfaction to the health of your own merit."—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 441.

"KNOWLEDGE," says HICKES, "in the most learned men is imperfect; so imperfect that, as my Lord Bacon observes, all the learning which hath been in all men from the beginning of the world, would but make one good scholar, if it could be all in one man."—*Letters from the Bodleian*, vol. 1, p. 72.

"BELIEVE me," says Cumberland, "there is much good sense in old distinctions. When the law lays down its full-bottomed perriwig, you will find less wisdom in bald pates than you are aware of."[1]—*Choleric Man*, p. 19.

"THERE are times when sense may be unseasonable as well as truth."—CONGREVE, *Double Dealer*, p. 18.

WHAT is now called a fancy, Steel calls a *fantasque*.—*Tender Husband*, p. 48.

"THE estate which I should leave behind me of any estimation is my poor fame in the memory of my friends; and therefore I would be curious of it, and provide that they repent not to have loved me."—DONNE, *Letters*, p. 32.

[1] This is a very striking truth. The careful reader will observe that I have used it as an illustration elsewhere, together with a parallel quotation from the *Gull's Horn Book*.

J. W. W.

A MEMOIR by l'Abbé Ameilhon was read before the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, 1768, wherein the author asserted that the Tritons, Nereids, and other sea-gods, &c., " n'étoient que des plongeurs exercés à cet art dès leur plus tendre enfance, et qui l'avoient perfectionné au point de vivre sous les eaux. Ce systême harde fait autant d'honneur à la fécondité de son imagination, qu'à la sagacité de son esprit et à la profondeur de ses recherches." —BACHAUMONT, vol. 4, p. 168.

"A-GAD," says Sir Joseph Wittol, "there are good morals to be picked out of Æsop's Fables, let me tell you that, and Reynard the Fox too."—CONGREVE. *Old Bachelor*, p. 88.

DONNE says in a letter to Mrs. Martha Garet, "you must not think that I begin to think thus, when you begin to hear it by a letter. As sometimes by the changing of the wind you begin to hear a trumpet, which sounded long before you heard it, so are these thoughts of you familiar and ordinary in me, though they have seldom the help of this conveyance to your knowledge." —P. 40.

" IT is true that a good conscience is our triumph and banquet in the haven; but I would come towards that also, as mariners say, with a merry wind.—Ibid. p. 46.

" At request of hyr to whom sey nay
I nethyr kan, ne wyl, ne may."
OSBERN BOKENAM.

DONNE. *Letters*, p. 139.

"I am the worst present man in the world. If I have been good in hope, or can promise any little offices in the future probably it is comfortable, for," &c.

Ibid. p. 141. " — BOTH true business, and many *quasi negotia*, which go two and two to a business,—which are visitations, and such as though they be not full businesses, yet are so near them that they serve as for excuses, in omissions of the others."

" — As by our law, a man may be *felo-de-se*, if he kill himself, so I think a man may be *fur-de-se*, if he steal himself out of the memory of them which are content to harbour him."—Ibid. p. 295.

" As Cardinal Cusanus writ a book Cribratio Alchorani, I have cribrated, and re-cribrated, and post-cribrated this sermon." —Ibid. p. 308.

Πόλλ' ἂν σὺ λεξας οὐδὲν ἂν πλεόν λάβοις.
EUR. *Alcestes*, v. 72.

Διπλοῦς 'επ' ἀυτῇ μῦθος ἔστι μοι λέγειν.
Ibid. v. 535.

Δείξω δὲ μύθων τῶνδ' αληθειαν τάχα.
Ibid. *Hippolyt.* v. 9.

Βιότου δ' ἀρκεῖς ἐπιτηδεόσεις
Φασὶ σφάλλειν πλέον ἢ τέρπειν,
Τῇ δ' ὑγιείᾳ μᾶλλον πολεμεῖν.
Ibid. v. 261-3.

" THE first sharp sorrow,—ay, the breaking up
Of that deep fountain, never to be sealed
Till we with Time close up the great account."
CAR. BOWLES, *Birth Day*, p. 12.

" — ET il est bien doux de voir ses peines suspendues. Lorsqu'on on n'a plus l'espoir de les voir finies."—M. MAINTENON, vol. 6, p. 152.

" WHEN youth made me sanguine, I hoped mankind might be set right. Now that I am very old, I sit down with this lazy maxim, that unless one could cure men of being fools, it is to no purpose to cure them of any folly, as it is only making room for some other."—H. WALPOLE. *Pinkerton's Corr.* vol. 1, p. 91.

"SELF-INTEREST is thought to govern every man: yet is it possible to be less governed by self-interest than men are in the aggregate?"—Ibid. p. 91.

"—BUT the most surprising part of his character is his memory, which is the most prodigious and the most trifling in the world.

"I have met with such men, and I take this good-for-nothing memory to proceed from a certain contexture of the brain which is purely adapted to impertinencies, and there they lodge secure, the owner having no thoughts of his own to disturb them."—FARQUHAR. *Recruiting Officer.*

LOCKIT. "Of all animals of prey man is the only sociable one. Every one of us preys upon his neighbour, and yet we herd together."—*Beggar's Opera.*

ONE of Cumberland's ladies says, "Sentiment in the country is clear (n ?) another thing from sentiment in town. In my box at the Opera I can take it as glibly as a dish of tea, down it goes, and there's an end of it. But in walks of willows, and by the side of rivulets, there's no joke in it."—*Natural Son.*

"DONT you know, there is nothing so foolish as the follies of genius; nothing so weak as the weaknesses of the wise."—Ibid.

"A REPARTEE that only lights upon the outside of the head."—CIBBER. *Refusal.*

WHEN Croaker in the *Good Natured Man*, speaks of our bad world, his wife says to him, "Never mind the world, my dear, you were never in a pleasanter place in your life."

"LES gens qui n'ont qu'une affaire, sont dangereux, et quand l'oisiveté s'y joint, c'est encore pis."—M. DE CEYLUS. *Maintenon's Letters*, vol. 6; p. 60.

"EN quelque humeur qu'on soit, ma chère nièce, on se déshabitue mal aisément de ce qui plaît."—Ibid. p. 103.

"LEGER m'a dit que vous êtes fort triste: surmontez vous là-dessus, ma chère nièce; la tristesse n'est bonne, ni pour ce monde, ni pour l'autre. Croyez-en une personne assez gaie de son naturel, assez triste par état, et fort instruite des maux inséparables des soucis."—Ibid. p. 124.

"JE ne vois rien, je ne sçai rien, et je ne pense presque rien."—Ibid. p. 265.

"J'ai toujours trouvé en lui ce bon sens cette bonne tête, ce juste discernement entre le bien et le mieux."—Ibid.

WHEN the Princes in the Tower of the Universe were disenchanted in consequence of the combat between Florisel in Niquea and El fuerte Anaxartes, the Queen of Argines said to them of Amadis, "No es de tener en servicio a quien diezyseys años de vida os ha hecho passar sin ser passados en edad ni cuydados? con tener talis hijos aparajedos con los demas que vereys."—ff. 80.

The French has it, "Sire, il n'a pas faict peu pour vous autres, quiconque vous a tenu quinze ans en repos, sans vous esveiller, et voire maintenant telle posterité yssue de vous."—ff. 325.

DR. SHARP says "the very weakest side of an honest and sincere man is ever the most inexpugnable by reason."—*Life of Archbishop Sharp*, vol. 1, p. 59.

"AND hence will result a petit biography, wherein the remarkable may assist the theory of human nature, which consists in the knowledge of its perfections and infirmities."—ROGER NORTH, vol. 1, p. 99.

IT is said to have been a saying of Dryden's, that he never knew the wisest man, who had a fair opening for a good pun, lose the opportunity.—*Gent. Mag.* vol. 2, p. 643.

Rabbi Perida made it a rule to read and explain the same thing 400 times over to his scholars; and when one of his pupils was found utterly ignorant of one of these lessons at last, he repeated it to him 400 times more. Upon this a voice came from heaven, saying, "Perida chuse whether to live 400 years, or obtain innocence and eternal life for thyself and thy posterity." He would have chosen the latter and better reward, but his pupils exclaimed, "No! no! 400 years for Perida."—Polwhele's *Cornwall*, vol. 5, p. 190.

A critic on the *Conscious Lovers* says, "perhaps it is dangerous to hold up for distinguished admiration the performance of mere duty. It weakens the influence of goodness to tell mankind it is so rare among them."

"There are hours, you know," says Tom, in the *Conscious Lovers*, "when a lady is neither pleased nor displeased, neither sick nor well; when she lolls or loiters; when she is without desires, from having more of every thing than she knows what to do with."—P. 26.

Mr. Sealand, in the *Conscious Lovers*, says, "Give me leave to say, that we merchants are a species of gentry that have grown into the world this last century; and are as honourable, and almost as useful, as you landed folks that have always thought yourselves so much above us;—for your trading, forsooth! is extended no farther than a load of hay, or a fat ox."—P. 81.

"April 21, 1731. One William Peters committed to jail in Ireland, being found alive on a journey three days after he had been executed for horse-stealing."—*Gent. Mag.* vol. 1, p. 172.

"January 3. A post-boy was shot by an Irishman on the road near Stone in Staffordshire, who died in two days, for which the gentleman was imprisoned."—Ibid. p. 32.

M. Rivarol says—"C'est avec une ou deux sensations que quelques Anglois ont fait un livre."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 71, p. 581.

He says, that "French is now no more to be considered as the French language, but rather as the language of man; the European powers employ it in their treaties on this account, and also because, to speak plainly, it is the *only* language that has a character of probity attached to its very genius."—Ibid. p. 582.

"Practical Benevolence; in a Letter addressed to the Public, by a Universal Friend, to whom Persons of all Ranks and Denominations may have recourse for Advice in the most critical situations and most delicate circumstances of Human Life. 1*s*. Murray. *1785*.

"The writer having gone through a great variety of scenes in life, opens a shop of experience, where any one may purchase advice. He proposes to make up quarrels; to give counsel in weighty undertakings; to afford assistance in writing letters on delicate occasions; and to minister friendly counsel in distress. In return, he expects a gratuity proportioned to the ability of his client. "What my destiny," says the author, "may be preparing for me under this character, time alone can determine. If I reap from the employment of every moment of mine sufficient to support life with decency, for the *public good*, it is all I desire; and if my existence is found by experience to produce *that good*, it will be the interest of the public, as well as my own, to prolong it. Yet, however it may happen, I have such sort of feelings about my heart as seem to presage success; for to the honour of this country be it said, that whenever virtuous ends are pursued by virtuous means, encouragement never fails to accompany the attempt.—The Universal Friend, address me, 5 Dartmouth Street, Westminster.—Ibid, vol. 73, p. 472.

CULLEY, the famous breeder, in his Observations on Live Stock, recommends for the road horses that have what is called a *little blood* in them, that is, a small strain of the running breed; as such a horse, he says, "will usually perform a pleasanter day's work, than one that has little or none of the racing breed in him." This is an opinion very generally admitted, though we are disposed to believe that it applies only in certain cases, and is by no means universal."—Ibid. vol. 75, p. 130.

A LADY in one of Congreve's comedies says, "One's cruelty is one's power; and when one parts with one's cruelty, one parts with one's power."—*Way of the World*, p. 47.

So slaveholders seem to think.

"THE Devil's an ass," says a jade in this comedy. "If I were a painter, I would draw him like an idiot, with a bib and bells. Man should have his head and horns, and woman the rest of him."—Ibid. p. 62.

DRUNKENNESS. Mrs. Williams said one day to Johnson, "I wonder what pleasure men can take in making beasts of themselves." "I wonder, Madam," he replied, "that you have not penetration enough to see the strong inducement to this excess; for he who makes a beast of himself, gets rid of the pain of being a man."—PERCIVAL STOCKDALE, vol. 2, p. 109.

ANGELICA in *Love for Love*, when affecting an indifference to Valentine which she does not feel, says, "Would any thing but a madman complain of uncertainty? Uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life. Security is an insipid thing, and the overtaking and possession of a wish discovers the folly of the chase."—P. 116.

"THE single word Pleasure, in a masculine sense, comprehends every thing that is cruel, every thing that is base, and every thing that is desperate."—*School for Wives*, p. 87.

SORRY should I be to think "que os meus escritos naõ somente saõ como arvore sem fructo, mas como folhas sem proveito, que servem so para o vento da vaidade."—P. ANT. DAS CHAGAS. CARTES, t. 1, p. 218.

IN the advertisement to his *Fashionable Lover*, CUMBERLAND says, "The level manners of a polished country like this, do not supply much matter for the comic muse, which delights in variety and extravagance. Wherever, therefore, I have made any attempt at novelty, I have found myself obliged either to dive into the lower class of men, or betake myself to the outskirts of the empire: the centre is too equal and refined for such purposes."

LUTHER says, "Sæpe recordor boni Gersonis, dubitantis num quid boni publicè scribendum et proferendum sit. Si scriptio omittitur, multæ animæ negliguntur, quæ liberari potuissent; si vero illa præstatur, statim Diabolus præstò est cum linguis pestiferis et calumniarum plenis, quæ omnia corrumpunt et inficiunt."—SENNERTUS, vol. 1, p. 862.

ONE of Alexander's flatterers, (Athæneus calls him Nicesius), "protested to him that the very flies which sucked his blood became more valiant, and gave stings more courageously than other flies did."—EVELYN, *Misc.* p. 33.

LOUIS XIII. had among his guards 150 horse musqueteers chosen from the first families in France; and he was so physiognomically punctual in their election, that it is reported he would admit none who were of a red hair.—Ibid. p. 63.

THE abbey of St. Faron at Meaux. In the midst of its refectory was a fountain, that supplied their repasts.—*Voyages de Montaigne, Rome*, 1774.

THE inns must have been superb in his days. At Chalons he was served in silver,

and "la pluspart des lits et couvertes sont de soie." 1580.

AMONG the Germans he remarks that it was respectful to get on the left side of a gentleman, that the right arm might be free, and ready to lay on the sword.

"IT being now, methinks, a long time since these old walls have had the honour to loop my lord, and *the hour glass so often turned*, since I enjoyed the happiness of your conversation."—STAFFORD, *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 17.

"THERE is a way
Which the Italians and the Frenchmen use,
That is, on a word given, or some slight plot,
The actors will extempore fashion out
Scenes neat and witty."
MIDDLETON and ROWLEY's *Spanish Gipsy*, p. 187. *Old Plays*, vol. 4.

"WE have but two sorts of people in the house, and both under the whip; that's fools and madmen: the one has not wit enough to be knaves; and the other not knavery enough to be fools."—Ibid. *Changeling*. Ibid. p. 237.

"*Tædet* it irketh, *oportet* it behoveth my wits to work like barme, alias yeast, alias sizing, alias rising, alias God's good."—LYLY's *Mother Bombie*, ibid. vol. 1, p. 224.

"We see the son of a divine
Seldom proves preacher, or a lawyer's son
Rarely a pleader, (for they strive to run
A various fortune from their ancestors)."
MARSTON, *What you will*. Ibid. vol. 2, p. 212.

HUMAN nature is a generic term, and has many specific distinctions. There is a savage nature and civilized nature: Asiatic and European, French and English, male and female; and even after the division of sex, difference of age constitutes another.

"CERTAIN it is that all that truth which God hath made necessary, he hath also made legible and plain, and if we will open our eyes we shall see the sun."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

"IT is a most sure truth, and worth all this world, that to an honest unbiassed heart, it is a far easier thing to please God than men."—JOHN HOWE.

"THIS world is a good servant, but a bad master; a very good inn, but a sad home; a comfortable bever, luncheon, or bait, but a sad inheritance."—HUNTINGDON, *S. S.*

"SOME men are wholly made up of passion, and their very religion is but passion, put into the family and society of holy purposes."—J. TAYLOR.

CERTAIN acts of the saints he happily calls "excrescences and eruptions of holiness."

"OUR charging ourselves so promptly with Adam's fault, whatever truth it may have in the strictness of theology, hath (*forsitan*) but an ill end in morality."—Ibid.

"ANGER is like the waves of a troubled sea, when it is corrected with a soft reply as with a little strand, it retires, and leaves nothing behind but froth and shells, no permanent mischief."—Ibid.

"FORTITUDE is a royal virtue; and though it be necessary in such private men as be soldiers, yet for other men, the less they dare the better it is, both for the Commonwealth and for themselves."—*Behemoth*.

"CONSTITUTIONS, whether of Church or of State, should be free, not only," as J. TAYLOR says, "from the indiscretions, but (which is very considerable) from the scandal of popularity."—Vol. 7, p. 287.

"Et croi que ce fut pour éviter la dépense. Hé qui des petites mesnageries apportent quelquefois de perte!"—MONTLUC, vol. 1, p. 49.

EVEN Montluc distinguishes between temerity and courage, and says, "il n'est pas mal séant d'avoir peur, quand il y a grande occasion."—Tom. 1, p. 238.

CONTROVERSY, if I must engage in it—

"A la buon'ora,
Poichè così ha esser, così sia."
Orl. Innam. XXV. 39.

"HE that begins without reason, hath reason enough to leave off, by perceiving he had no reason to begin."—J. TAYLOR, vol. 12, p. 28.

"BY long ages and the silence of historians, places are as much subject to death as the men who resided in them."—BISHOP KENNETT.

REPLYING to anonymous assailants—

"Ch'a quel modo combattere a lo scuro
Cosa è da pazzo, e non da nom sicuro."
Orl. Innam. XXVII. p. 33.

DEATH.—"It is but a point which divides Adam and his remotest descendants."—DOUGLAS'S *East Coast of Scotland.*

BARROW calls envy "that severely just vice, which never faileth to punish itself."

"A CHARITABLE man, or true lover of men, will," says St. Chrysostom, "inhabit earth as a heaven, every where carrying a serenity with him, and plaiting ten thousand crowns for himself. Τὴν γῆν οὕτως ὡς τὸν ἐρανὸν οἰκήσει, πανταχοῦ γαλήνης ἀπολαύων, καὶ μυρίους ἑαυτῷ πλέκων στεφάνους."—BARROW, vol. 2, p. 74.

"THE truth contended for may not be worth the passion employed upon it; and the benefits of the victory not countervail the prejudices sustained in the combat. For goodness and virtue may often consist with ignorance and error, seldom with strife and discord."—Ibid. p. 99.

"THE bottom of gravity is nothing like the top."—MARSTON'S *Fawn*, p. 302.

"THE unjust knoweth no shame."—ZEPHANIAH, iii. 5.

BARROW (vol. 3, p. 132), speaks well of "unconscionable scruples, and hardhearted pretences to tender consciences devised to baffle the authority of superiors."

Is it Daniel or G. Wither who says,

"Old age doth give by too long space
Our souls as many wrinkles as our face."

The thought is from Montaigne. "Elle nous attache plus de rides en l'esprit qu'au visage; et ne se void point d'ames, ou fort rares, qui en vieillissant ne sentent l'aigre et le moisi."—Tom. 7, p. 185, liv. iii. c. 2.

"IL est impossible de traitter de bonne foy avec un sot."—Ibid. tom. 8, p. 82.

"SOMME, il faut vivre entre les vivants, et laisser la rivière *courre* soubs le pont, sans nostre soing, ou à tout le moins, sans nostre alteration."—Ibid. liv. iii. ch. 8.

"WHERE interests are irreconcileable, opinions will be so."—BARROW.

"HE fights with his own shadow, and like a wanton whelp runs round after his own stern, dissembling his adversary's opinion, and instead thereof substituting any lame consectary which came suddenly into his distempered fancy."—BRIAN WALTON, *Reply to Owen.*

THERE is, as S. AMBROSE, says, "*otiosum silentium* as well as *otiosum verbum*."—Ibid.

"Lun'y peut avoir d'amitié, là lou est la cruauté, la lou est le desloyausté, la ou est l'injustice. Entre les meschants, quand ils s'assemblent, c'est un complot non pas compaignie. Ils ne s'entretiennent pas, mais ils s'entrecraignent. Ils ne sont pas amis, mais ils sont complices." Estienne de la Boetie, Montaigne's friend.—MONTAIGNE, tom. 9, p. 458.

Applicable to the party at Pisa.

"HEU! hominum miseram sortem: quæ nomina læti
Quasve nocendi artes, aut crimina sæva relinquunt
Intentata?"
MAMBRUNI CONSTATINUS,
sive *Idololatria Debellata.*

"SEDERAT ad fontem, tenui qui murmure labens
Paulatim insinuat blandum per membra soporem." Ibid.

"ACERBIS
Defunctos expurgat ubi vis flammea Manes
Suppliciis, atque ipsa levis vestigia culpæ,
Ignibus ad purum lentis coquit usque nitorem
Sordibus innatis. Veluti concreta refossi
Gleba nitens auri vitium fornacibus omne
Exuit, et labis sincero corpore floret." Ibid.

IN *Fenton's Voyage, Hakluyt's Collection*, is a striking sailor-like account of a death at sea. "About ten a clocke in the foreneoone M. Walker died, who had bene weake and sicke of the bloodie flux six dayes; wee tooke a viewe of his things, and prised them, and heaved him over bord, and shot a peece for his knell."

"PASSIONS are like thieves,
That watch to enter undefended places."
SIR ROBERT HOWARD'S *Blind Lady.*

"How greedily I wish, yet fear to see her!
Like some poor votary, whose holy thoughts
Sets off so much the joys of Paradise
That it employs as many fears as wishes!" Ibid.

"VERTUE is like pretious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed; or crushed."—BACON.

"SÆPE aliquas motus partes sensusque relinquunt,
Ambulat, heu monstrum! semicadaver homo.
Mezenti superat furias, et corpore eodem
Conjungit vivis mortua membra lues.
Ast alios premit integrâ caligine torpor,
Et toto lethi pondere sæva quies."
Plantarum. COWLEY.

"MAGNA contemnens, miseransque magnos,
Invidens nulli, minimo invidendus,
Vive Coulci; lege tuta parvâ
Littora cymba.

"Hospitem cœlorum, imitare alaudam,
Sis licet nubes super ire cantu
Doctus, in terris humilem memento
Ponere nidum." COWLEY.

"DE hum Rey potente somos, taõ amado,
Taõ querido de todos, e bem quisto,
Que naõ no largo mar com leda fronte
Mas no lago entraremos de Acheronte."
CAMOENS.

"Launch on the sea of death."
MADOC.

AL Escurial.

"Sacros, altos, dorados Capiteles,
Que à las nubes borrais sus arreboles,
Febo os teme por mas luzientes Soles;
Y el Cielo por Gigantes mas crueles."
GONGORA.

"SACRIS tenebrescit odoribus nemus."
COLUMBUS.

"Los naturalistas han reparado, que quando el aguila cubre sus huevos, el que

cae mas cerca del coraçon, alcansa un calor mas vivo, mas fuerte, y mas eficaz, que los otros; de manera, que saca un pollo de mas vigor, actividad, generosidad, y fortaleza que sus hermanos; y que con un ardor mas animado, con un aliento mas robusto, una perspicacia mas viva, et ligereza mas elevada, se levanta mas alto que todos, y mira al sol con mas atrevimiento, sin que el la deslumbre ni ciegne."—*Dedic. to Pineda's Spanish Dictionary.*

" Vendo-se ja de brancas nuves chea
A Esphera celeste, que parece
De vazia mare ondada area,
Ou peito de Falcão quando envelhece."
Elegiada de Luys Pereyra.

" Que ao longo da ribeira sanguinosa
Do enojado Tejo, em pranto andava
Ja a triste mãe, irmã, amiga, ou esposa,
Quem por marido ou filho preguntava,
Quem eo a esperança duvidosa
Saber o desengano naõ ousava,
Quem huma e outra magoa vai dizendo
Cadaveros despojos va revolvendo."
Ibid.

" De negros corpos negras almas manda
A negra casa de perpetuo pranto."
Ibid.

" —— hum venerando velho,
—— qual Ethna vermelho
Nas faces fogo, e neve nos cabellos."
Viriato.

" Treme ja de terror o grosso Atlante,
Treme toda a Numidia, e Lybia ardente,
Que no seco terreno Garamante
Naõ cuyda escapar a Maura gente:
Ajuntan-se nas praças de Trudante
Os que por larga idade ou inocente
Estaõ em roda, co a orelha pronta
Ao que o errante passageiro conta."
Elegiada.

" A deserta Cidade ficou toda
Ardendo, e por mil partes arrasada.
Ajuntaõse nas praças infinitos
Caẽs, e outros animaes, dando bramidos."
Successo do Segundo Cerco de Diu, por J. Corte Real.

" Depois que no confuso laberinto
De amor, hum alma achou entrada aberta,
Cerra-se-lhe a sahida."
Fernao Alvares do Oriente.

" Avec son visage sans couleur et sans forme, ses yeux enfoncez, ses joües pendantes, et sa peau seche et ridée; il luy restoit si peu de traicts de la vie, qu'il sembloit qu'elle ne demeurast au monde que pour y faire voir seulement l'image de la mort . . . toute courbée et chancelante, comme celle qui estoit lasse de porter le faix de tant d'années, et a qui l'espasse de trois pas seulement qu'elle avoit a faire, tenoient lieu d'une fort longue carriere, et d'un exercice fort penible."—Endymion de Gombauld.

" Et combien me faisoit il gouster encore de plus douces faveurs, si la bouche qui les recevoit les ose dire? puisque mesme elle estoit teniie si close et si pressée, que cela luy sembloit recommander le silence."—Ibid.

" O Hamedryades! que de Cerfs et de Corbeaux dont la vie est si longue, ont eu loisir de vivre et de mourir, depuis vostre naissance."—Ibid.

" A sete companheiros que morreram
No combate, daõ logo sepultura.
Nam se ouvem nas obsequias tristes cantos
Que a sancta Igreja ordena para os mortos,
Nem officios se rezam com funesto
E tristissimo som: mas com trombetas
E com mil alegrias encomendam
As almas destes sete Cavalleiros,
A aquelle que na cruz morreo por ellas."
Cerco de Diu.

" Morreo Mestre Joaõ, varam prudente,
De ousado coraçam, de vivo spirito,

E muito exprimentado em Cururgia."
Ibid.

" Y QUANDO igualmente amados
Comen assi dos casados,
La Embidia, a quien todo pesa,
Bien puede estar a su mesa
Contandoles los bocados."
Isidro, LOPE DE VEGA.

SOLOMON's temple.

" Templo, que llegue a partir
competencias con el Sol,
quando desde su Zenit
en que madrugò Tapaçio,
para acostarse Rubi
no sepa à quien debe el dia
resplendezer, y luzir,
viendo que de cada Almena
es cada Estrella Pensil."
CALDERON, *El Arbol del Mejor Fruto.*

" JEJUM bem aventurado,
Que huma alma alegra et recrea,
E a carne prende et enfrea;
Jejum de Jesus amado
Que o mesmo demonio enlea:
E tu fermosa et presada,
Na mais alta estimaçaõ,
Que estas co Jejum casada,
De Deos querida et amada,
Santa et divina Oraçaõ."
Santo Antonio, por FRANCISCO LOPEZ.

CRISPIN the Conjuror thrown overboard by K. Rodrigo.

" Lançado pois nas ondas que ferviaõ
A as ondas mais sobidas se sobia,
E quanto as mais ligeiras naos corriaõ
Tanto por cima dagoa elle corria:
Se com lanças des naos o opprimiaõ
No golfo incontinente se escondia."
Destruiçam de Espanha, ANDRE DA SYLVA MASCARENHA.

" HER eyes a deep delightful blue, *well slit*, sweet and even."—*Memoirs of Several Ladies.*

THE Devil in hermit shape when he persuades Garin to commit murder.

" Puesta la barba sobre el pecho estava,
En el baculo el cuerpo reclinado,
Ya los ojos abria, ya enarcava
Ambas las cejas, el color mudado."
El Monserrate. CRISTOVAL VIRUES.

" Nos eccos da propria consciencia
Se ha de escutar a voz das profecias."
Joanneida, por JOZE CORREA DE MELLO E BRITTO D'ALVIM PINTO.

"QUIN et vinclorum depressas ponderè Cœlo
Attollunt cum voce manus."
PACIECIDOS, lib. 4.

EMBARKATION of the Christian prisoners.

" HILARES circum dant cornua cantus,
Dant litui, plausere acies, gemuere carinæ
Sub pedibus, plausumque ferunt ad littora fluctus.
Duri etiam venti scelerata in carbasa blandè
Adspirant, nec duri undas impellere remi
Erubuere, silet mare, splendent sidera, puppes
Rectam inter fluctus credas, celeremque sagittam
Assimilare; favet quid non tibi Monde? sed istud
Non favor, ira est; qua citius te perdere ad unum
Conspirant venti, remi, mare, sidera, puppes."
Ibid.

" SED quid ego externos oculos bellantibus addo
Vincendi stimulos? satis, o satis, inclyta pubes
Quod vos bellantes ipsi modo cernitis, ingens
Quisque sibi spectator adest."
Ibid. lib. 8.

" YA en las trompetas tortuosas suena
Tārătāntāră tāntă, dos mil vezes;
Las caxas huecas de Mavorte fiero
Tāpătātāpătān tătān responden.
Y los dos sin hablar, con el son solo

Llevando al Parche el pifaro el contralto,
Dizen, alarma! alarma! assalto! assalto!"
Los Amantes de Teruel. JUAN YAGUE DE SALAS.

VIRIATUS to the Lusitanians.

" A princeza das Aves nos insina
Como ha de ser a guerra executada:
Nam vedes como dece repentina
Sobre a caça, que pasce descuydada?
E que naõ para nunca em tal rapina
Senaõ que pello ar arrebatada
A vem comer sobre hum penhasco duro,
Que inda que bruta, julga-o por seguro."
Viriato Tragico. BRAS GARCIA MASCARENHA.

" YACIA la Serpiente, y se abreviabo
En mil vueltas con rueda portentosa,
La cabeza en el vientre reclinaba,
Y lecho de si misma en si reposa."
Alphonso. Franc. Botello de Moraes y Vasconcelos.

" NONDUM amabam, et amare amabam,
—querebam quid amarem, amans amare,"
—*St. Augustine's Confessions.*
Quaintly said, but true.

" GRIEF had tongue-tied her speech,
Her words were sighs and tears, — dumb eloquence,
Heard only by the sobs and not the sense."

Thealma and Clearchus, a pastoral historie, by JOHN CHALKHILL, an acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spencer. Published by Izaac Walton.

" THE proud waves beat
With more impetuousness upon high lands
Than on the flat and less resisting sands."
CHALKHILL.

" AND ever and anon he well might hear
A sound of music steal in at his ear,
As the wind gave it being."—Ibid.

" DEATH's not such a thing
As can fright Memnon! He and I have met
Up to the knees in blood and honoured sweat,
Where his scythe mowed down legions; he and I
Are well acquainted; 'tis no news to die."
Ibid.

" No quiero detenerme mas en esto,
pues que no es mi intencion dar pesadumbre
y asi pienso pasar por todo presta
huyendo de importunos la costumbre."
Araucana, p. 1.

" Con subita presteza el mar cortando
atraveso por medio de la armada,
de blanca espuma el rastro levantando,
qual luciente cometa arrebatada,
quando veloz rompiendo el ayre espeso
le suele asi dexar gran rato impreso."
Ibid. p. 24.

" VOLVIO el Indio diciendo a nuestra gente.
Yo no paso adelante, ni es posible
seguir este camino comenzado,
que el hecho es grande y el temor terrible
que me detiene el paso acobardado,
imaginando aquel aspecto horrible
del gran Caupolican contra mi agrado
quando venga a saber que solo he sido
el soldado traydor que le ha vendido."
Ibid. p. 33.

" I SAW the mourner mount her funeral pyre,
Kiss the cold corpse, and triumph in the fire,
One farewell tear to parting life she shed,
Sunk on his breast, and bowed her dying head.
So, were the sun extinguished in his sphere,
The widowed moon would perish on his bier."
The Bramin, by Paul Positive, a newspaper poem. MONTGOMERY.

" LET not the godly men affliction fear,
God wrestle may with some, but none orethrowes,

Who gives the burthen, gives the strength to bear."

LORD STERLINE. *Doomsday. First Houre.*

"WE furnish feathers for the wings of Death."—Ibid. *Second Houre.*

"THAT pompous bird which still in triumph bears
Rolled in a circle his ostentive taile
With starres (as if to brave the starry sphears)
Then seemes at once to walk, to flie, to saile."
Ibid. *Third Houre.*

"HIS foot doth beat the earth, his tail the air,
Mad to be hurt and yet not find a foe."
Ibid.

Drunkards.

"WHO keep the appetite but not the taste."
Fourth Houre.

Virginia.

"ON honour's altar offered up to fame."
Fifth Houre.

Lucretia.

"STEEL only helped. Shame gave the wound indeed.
The modest matron did but blush, not bleed."—Ibid.

Cato. Brutus.

"GLORY was their god, and Rome their heaven."—Ibid. *Sixth Houre.*

"HE who caused place upon Vienna's height
His gaping moon, not filled with kingdomes won,
Though but a badge of change, portending night."—Ibid.

"A PROMISE is the child of the understanding and the will; the understanding begets it, the will brings it forth; he that performs it delivers the mother, he that breaks it murders the child. If it be begotten in the absence of the understanding it is a bastard, but the child must be kept. If thou mistrust thy understanding, promise not; it is better to maintain a bastard, than to murder a child."—QUARLES. *Enchiridion.*

"SEARCH into thyself before thou accept the ceremony of honour. If thou art a palace, honour, like the sunbeams will make thee more glorious; if thou art a dunghill, the sun may shine upon thee, but not sweeten thee. Thy prince may give honour, but not make thee honourable."—Ibid.

OF faith and submission in religion, he says, "the best way to see daylight, is to put out thy candle."

The Ship of Columbus.

"JAM volat, illam omnes animique oculique sequuntur,
Ire nec aspicitur, nisi postquam apparuit esse."—CARRERA.[1] *Columbus.*

Aretia in Heaven pleading for Columbus.

"VULTUM Oratricis rubor est in fine sequutus,
Qualis ubi mersâ rubuere crepuscula luce,
Restat adhuc cælo species emortua solis,
Et color, Assyriæ cuperent quem sugere lanæ."—Ibid.

"TUM roseum per iter visa est Aurora venire,
Incessu testante Deam: de prole futurâ
Vivit et ornatur genetrix brevis: æmula prolis
Est, à prole tamen: ne quærite, qualia terris
Munera largitur, satis est promittere solem."
Ibid.

'TALIA dicta dabat; cum diceret, illa tenebat
Ora intenta Deæ, totamque medullitus hausit.

[1] The copy of the COLUMBUS, *Carmen Epicum*, &c., now before me, was Southey's. It was printed at Rome 1715. J. W. W.

Sponsa gravis veluti, bibulo si lumine sæpe
Majorum vultus depictos atria circum
Viderit, ex ipsâ picturâ pingere matris
Nescio quid discunt oculi, natosque figurant
Dum mirantur avos."—Ibid.

"Qualiter Æacides cum Mercatoris Achivi
Inter et armillas et Coæ cingula lanæ
Non expectati species apparuit ensis,
Erubuit, parmamque tuens, non pertulit ultra
Mentiri; strictoque respexit in Hectora ferro
Asper, et imbelli patuit sub cyclade sexus."
Ibid.

Queen Isabel arming for Battle.

"Poscenti clypeum, gemmatum protinus orbem
Obtulit Harpalyce, dederatque Philandria tegmen
Peetoris, inque manu Lampedo locaverat hastam.
Hactenus ad comptus armandi corporis uti
Censuit ancillis; sibi cætera sufficit arma
Quorum fabra fuit melior natura Cyclope:
Fronte supercilium grave colloeat, afflet et ignem
Luminibus, tonitruque sonorem vocibus addit."—Ibid.

"Qualis triplicata videri
Lingua selet colubri, positâ cum pelle venenum
Asperat ad solem, cristataque colla coruscat;
Talis hic apparet, tantâque volubile ferrum
Dexteritate movet, triplices videatur ut enses
Una rotare manus; deceptus fulgure Maurus
Vera putat, terrorque fidem trepidantibus addit."—Ibid.

The *whirl* and *wheel* of light.

"Gestit Androphagus viso hospite, deque severâ
Fronte supercilium paulum secedere jussit,
Admisitque brevi mansurum tempore risum.
Sic torpet, non virus abest, cum vipera florem
Strata super dormit, nocituraque vulnera differt
Donec sopitas injuria provocet iras."
Ibid.

"Ignarus quamvis collaudet et approbet ensem
Attamen indignatur onus ceu debile dextræ
Ad nodosa suæ dum pondera respicit hastæ."
Ibid.

Caribs' contempt of Armour.

"At multo clarescit lumine corpus,
Vestiri plerumque solent quo membra Deorum.
Hic si vos, Proceres, (quod non reor) occupat error,
Ponite crassam animi nebulam: non corpore, tanquam
Vivo fonte, fluens translucet in extima splendor;
Emendicatus de tegmine corporis exit;
Hoc et membra tegit, simul hoc munimine freta
Plebs vilis, metuensque mori, defendere pellem
Nititur à jaculis; sed nondum conscia, nostris
Quale volet pharetris indeclinabile vulnus."
Ibid.

"In grov'ling minds but low resentment dwells,
For blood that's gross, rare o'er its channel swells,
Spirits high-born, like meteors in the sky,
Ferment in storms, and round in ruin fly."
The Bruciad.

This said Bruciad is not a good poem. e.g.

"Renowned beast, (forgive poetic flight)
Not less than man deserves poetic right."

"Against the king to prove his matchless might,

The Scottish chief rode furious through the fight;
Through all the force of the opposing foe
Full at his vizor aimed a deadly blow;
He miss'd the king; the standard-bearer's head
Asunder cleft the unresisted blade."
Happy transposition!

"On Dona's fertile banks a fortress stood,
Stupendous pile! the labour of some god!
Held by the father of the royal dame,
Impregnable! Kildrummy is its name."

"Des Monts de Sable où les ondes arides
Ont l'instabilité des Campagnes liquides."
St. Amant.

"Son Coutelas qui semble en perdant sa lueur
Verser de trop d'effort cette horrible sueur."
Ibid.

"Il se debat, il crie a chaque fois que rentre
L'impitoyable fer en son malheureux ventre."
Ibid.

God to Moses—
"Et s'il t'est necessaire aux lieux où je t'envoye
D'avoir de l'eloquence afin que l'on te croye,
Doutes tu que celuy qui la langue forma,
Qui du vent de sa voix les levres anima,
Qui peut faire au besoin parler mesme une Souche,
Ne puisse t'inspirer des graces en la bouche."
Ibid.

"La Fleuve est un Estang qui dort au pie des Palmes
De qui l'ombre plongée au fonds des ondes calmes,
Sans agitation semble se refraischir
Et de fruits naturels le cristal enrichir."
Ibid.

"Ainsy, diray-je donc, la fameuse Christine
Allant voir des vaisseaux qu'en guerre elle destine,
Tomba dans le Meller, et par cet accident
Pensa faire du Nord un funeste Occident:
Ainsy, d'une licence et temeraire et juste,
Pour d'un si grand peril sauver sa teste auguste,
Un des siens, bien instruit que garder le respect
De crime, en tel besoin, c'est se rendre suspect,
Osa porter la main profane et secourable
Sur le sacré tresor de sa tresse adorable,
Et cruel en son ayde, eut l'estrange bonheur
D'arracher au trespas ce Miracle d'honneur."
Ibid.

Angling.

The fish ..... "sur la plaine verte
D'une bouche sans cry, de temps en temps ouverte
Baaille sans respirer."
Ibid.

"Tel, qu'un riche navire, apres mainte fortune
Esprouvée en maint lieu sur le vaste Neptune,
Revient avecques pompe au havre souhaité
Sous la douce lenteur des souffles de l'Este,
Qui faisant ondoyer dans les Airs pacifiques
De tous ses hauts Atours les graces magnifiques,
Enflé a demy la voile, et d'un tranquile effort
Presqu' insensiblement le redonna a son port."
Ibid.

"A prayer concealed may have as much *heat*, but a prayer expressed hath more *light* therein; it doth shine before men."—Fuller's *Triple Reconciler*, p. 121.

A true epitaph.
"Aqui jaz Vasco Figueira, muito contra sua vontade."
At Santarem. M. da Esperanza, vol. 1, p. 471.

"Todos los males y trabajos se passan con el comer,"
says honest Bernal Diaz.

To the author of a bad poem:

"De los yerros que hay en ella
Sois digno de haber perdon,
Siquiera por la pasion
Que pasastes en hacella."

CASTILLEJO, vol. 1, p. 251.

"MERCY, which my sire doth call a star
That looks *a pattern* from the silver moon."

JOHN LOWE, Junior.

"NACE da desesperaçam si confiança, e onde fora do perigo, nenhùa cousa cria menos, que aver na ley de Deos, salvaçam eterna, ja cre, que so nella tem a temporal."

LUCENA, vol. 1, p. 203.

"LEST his body should controul,
He almost work't it up to soul."

This is in the epitaph of Thomas Tryon, who at the end of the seventeenth century, attempted to found a sort of Pythagorean sect in this country.

"FILLE rideva, e la Natura anch' ella
Al par di Fille era ridente e bella."

PIGNOTTI.

A BAD and laborious poet:

"Qual avria crudel martire,
Se alfin vedesse, che le lunghe notti
Ei veglia sol per fare altrui dormire."

Ibid.

"PARA enturbiar el agua basta poco movimiento, y para sossegarla es menester mucho tiempo."—GIL GONZALEZ DAVILA.

DAVENANT calls poets,

"Love's partial jewellers,
Who count nought precious but their mistress' eyes."

"GET a painter, Sir,
And when he has wrought a woman by your fancy,
See if you know her again. Were it not fine
If you should see your mistress without hair,
Drest only with those glittering beams you talk of?
Two suns instead of eyes, and they not melt
The forehead made of snow? No cheeks, but two
Roses inoculated upon a lillie
Between a pendant alablaster nose?
Her lips cut out of coral, and no teeth
But strings of pearl; her tongue a nightingale's;
Her chin a rump of ivory, and so forth."

SHIRLEY, *The Sisters*.

CLERKES of Irelonde:

"they ben chaste, and sayen many prayers, and done grete abstinence a daye, and drynketh all nyght." — *Polycronicon*, vol. 1, p. 36.

Reputed historians, an old phrase of good application.

"SE hum vaso de ouro tiver a forma de algum que serve em cousas vis e torpes, ante quererão beber per outro de barro de forma natural deste uso, que pelo outro."—BARROS. *Prol.* a, Dec. 3.

"GEFFRAY CHAUCIER, as *A per se* sans peir In his vulgare."

GAWINE DOUGLAS, *Palace of Honour*.

THE Institutes of Menu rank a poetical encomiast with one of evil repute, a dancer, a cheat, an oilman, and a seller of the moon-plant.

B. LEONARDO has a sonnet on this thought.

"Es nuestra alma en nuestra palma
Si el proverbio no nos miente."

Los 100 Preguntas.

"ALEXANDER and Darius, when they strave who should be cock of this world's dunghill."—SIR P. SIDNEY, *D. of Poesie*.

"OPPOSING duty against reason, or rather accompting duty a reason sufficient."

CAREW's *Survey of Cornwall*.

Charles the First.

"While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands;
He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye,
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods with vulgar spight
To vindicate his helpless right!
But bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed."

ANDREW MARVELL.

"To a dull contentment being bred."
WITHER.

"You that seek to turn all flowers,
By your breath's infectious powers,
Into such rank loathsome weeds
As your dunghill nature breeds."
Ibid.

Kehama.

"For I will for no man's pleasure
Change a syllable or measure;
Pedants shall not tye my strains
To our antique poet's veins;
Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please." Ibid.

"Ill tongued and envious, ignorant of shame." Ibid.

"This matchless inspiration of the devil."
Ibid.

"As offenders being pursued, have recourse to altars and the sepulchres of the dead, and in former times to the statues of emperors, so they who have nothing else commendable in them but their nobility of flesh and blood, being destitute of all merit and subject of true honour, have recourse to the memory and armouries of their ancestors."—CHARRON, p. 199.

"We men are weak;
Whereon much musing makes me inly mourn
And grieve almost that I a man was born;
Yet hereupon I do desire that no man
Would gather that I long to be a woman."
WITHER.

"Yea I have learn'd that still my care shall be,
A rush for him that cares a straw for me."
Ibid.

"Get thee to school again,
And find the natural cause out why a dog
Turns thrice about ere he lie down:—
there's learning."
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Mad Lover*.

The moon,
"Queen of the sea and beauty of the night."
SIR D. LYNDSAY.

A party of Majorcan Moors fled before Jaymes troops, but one of them being overtaken, fought like a hero. Hence the Aragoneze said, "Que los Mallorquines devian ser como los toros, los quales tomados juntos son manses; mas cada uno por si muy bravo."—MIEDES.

"The house of hope is raised upon a weak foundation."—HAFIZ.

"In Ballyricknakelly,
By Lagan's limpid stream,
Once flourished blue-eyed Nelly,
Each rural poet's theme.

She left her tender mother,
The frowning seas to pass;
She left her loving brother,
And hurried to Ardglass.

Ye gentle nymphs of Logan
That read this rueful strain,
Lament fair Nelly Hogan,
Who perished in the main."
Star, Dec. 22, 1808.

One would think Nicolas Espinosa had been a galley-slave from this stanza:
"Mas en la tarde refrescando el viento

Cansadas de remar (qu'es mal oficio)
La rica vela dieron con contento
Al fresco aire, dexando el exercicio
Qu'es proprio causador de gran tormento
Y premio en fin de todo qualquier vicio
Por mal del masculin genero hallado
Y muerte la mas cruda que han pensado."
Sec. Part, *Orlando Furioso*,
canto 3, p. 13.

Τὴν κεφαλὴν πεφύλαξο, was the advice to a soldier.

In this vile poem Cotaldo (the hero) slices off a giant's arm.

" — El Jayan con la su diestra pone
El ya caido braço y le compone.

Como suelen surzir delgadamente
El paño Inglez, de todos el mas fino,
Con el aguja y seda que consiente
Cegarse la rotura del camino;
Assi apegado fuera el muy valiente
Braço d'aquel Jayan por su destino,
El Borgoñon quedo maravillado
Viendo a su contrario assi curado."
C. 9, p. 47.

Orlando kills a giant who has a lion with him.

" El animal señala aver sentido
La muerte del Señor, porque consiste
En el fiero leon conocimiento
Mas que otro animal so el firmamento."
C. 11, p. 55.

" The people," says Warburton, " are much more reasonable in their demands on their patriots than on their ministers. Of their patriots they readily accept the will for the deed, but of their ministers they unjustly interpret the deed for the will."

" Solus homo ex omnibus animalibus commodè sedet, cui carnosæ et magnæ nates contigêre, et pro substernaculo pulvinarique, tomento repleto, inserviunt, ut citra molestiam sedendo, cogitationibus rerum divinarum animum rectè applicare possit." —Spigelius. *De Hum. Corp. Fab.* p. 9.—*Cyclopædia. Man.*

Schoolmasters have discovered a different final cause.

" Wings are the property of genius, and of genius only. He that encounters genius in its flight must himself be upon the wing. What advantage is it to the man on foot that he shall take the same direction; since, though he can creep, he cannot soar?"—Stolberg's *Travels*, vol. 2, p. 41.

" Poets," says Stolberg, " beware how you paint too much."

" The Genius of the sublime and beautiful is a jealous spirit, and only half reveals himself to those who worship inferior objects."—Ibid.

Buonaparte—

" — The best sacrifice to Heaven for peace
Is Tyrant's blood; and those that stuck fast to him,
Flesh'd instruments in his commands to mischief,
With him dispatch'd."
Beaumont & Fletcher.
The Double Marriage.

Brooke, in his *Universal Beauty*, says that the clouds

"O'er torrid climes collect their sable train,
And form umbrellas for the panting swain."

And that

" from on high the rapid tempest's hurl'd,
Enlivening as a sneeze to man's inferior world."

" Through sparkling gems the plastic artists play,
And petrify the light's embodied ray;
Now kindle the carbuncle's ruddy flame,
Now gild the chrysolite's transparent beam,
Infuse the sapphire's subterraneous sky, (!!)

And tinge the topaz with a saffron dye;
With virgin blush within the ruby glow (!!)
And o'er the jasper paint the showery bow."
Ibid.

"— He bears the note of folly now,
Who shot some time to hit philosophy."
Ibid.

A. Hill says of Richardson, "He seems to move like a calm summer sea; that swelling upward with unconscious deepness lifts the heaviest weights into the skies, and shows no sense of their incumbency."—Better *said* than *applied.*

"Your cardinals," (says Fleckno), "live like great princes as to the exterior, with great trains of coaches, *Staffieres*, and other dependencies; but examine their interior and you'll find, while their bodies inhabit whole acres of palaces, their souls, in their strait narrow bosoms, are stifled for want of room."

"Quanto melhor hé ter o mundo debayxo dos pès que sobre os hombros."—Vieyra.

A good man "by placing his happiness in that which is permanent, piety and wisdom, is sure to avoid that grand infelicity which it is to have been happy."—John Burton's *Eriander.*

The old technical verse—

"Quis, quid, ubi, quibus auxiliis, cur, quomodo, quando."

"I have read," says St. Evremond, "all that has been written on the Immortality of the Soul, and after I have done so with all possible attention, the clearest proof that I find of the eternity of my soul is my own constant desire that it may be so."

"What meanest thou by that?
Juniper. Mean! od'so—is it not a good word, man? What, stand upon meaning with your friends!"
Ben Jonson. *The Case is altered.*

Cary, Earl of Monmouth, said of Leicester, "A brave war, and a poor spirit in a commander never agree well together."

Some one, by a felicitous blunder, talked of "universal suffering and animal parliaments."

Benezet, one of the best men that ever lived, used to say that the highest act of charity, was to bear with the unreasonableness of mankind.

"Indeed, most national customs are the effect of some unseen, or unobserved natural causes, or necessities."—Sir W. Temple.

"Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and the seasons whether they come up or no, and whether he or any other gathers the fruit."—Ibid.

A good phrase of Eachard's—"close and *thick* thinking."

Over-fine policy. "Great events are commonly too rough and stubborn to be wrought upon by the finer edges or points of wit."—Bacon.

"He will neither buy peace with dishonour, nor take it up at interest of danger to ensue."—Ibid.

"Avarice doth ever find in itself matter of ambition."—Ibid.

"There is nothing too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible."—Johnson.

It is a good remark of Johnson's, "that the naval and military professions have the dignity of danger, and that mankind reverence those who have got over fear, which is so general a weakness."

"Xerxes contemplant ses dix-sept cents mille hommes, s'escria de douleur, sur ce que dans cent ans il n'en resteroit un seul en vie. Il nous faudroit tous les jours faire un cri bien divers, sur pareil nombre; de ce qu'il ne s'y trouveroit pas à l'adventure un sage, ni qui pis est, un juste."—*La* Demoiselle de Gournay, *in her Preface to Montaigne.*

"La vraye touche des esprits, c'est l'examen d'un nouvel auteur; et celuy qui le lit, se met à l'espreuve plus qu'il ne l'y met."—Ibid.

A very good remark.

"Plus une loi se maintient sans altération, plus aussi fait-elle connoitre le grand sens et les grandes vuës de celui qui l'a faite."—*Pensées sur le Comete*, vol. 1, p. 457.

When the Italians would give a man the highest praise for prudence, they say of him "Capo da far statuti."—Ibid.

We have few such heads!

"Les grandes et les importantes veritez ont des caractères interieurs qui les soutiennent; c'est à ces signes que nous les devons discerner."—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 9.

"La verité perdroit hautement sa cause, si elle étoit decidée à la pluralité des voix."—Ibid.

"Tritissima quæque via et celeberrima maximè decipit. Nihil ergo magis præstandum est quam ne pecorum ritu, sequantur antecedentium gregem, pergentes non qua eundum est, sed qua itur."—Senecal.

— This they do "ob magnitudinem infamiæ, cujus apud prodigos novissima voluptas est."—Tacitus: *Annal.* l. xi. c. 26.

"L'homme est le morceau le plus dificile à digerer qui se presente à tous les systêmes. Je ne sai si la nature peut presenter un objet plus étrange, et plus dificile a demêler à la raison toute seule que ce que nous apellons un animal raisonnable."—Bayle, p. 536-7.

"—Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on), only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out."—*Hamlet*, act v. sc. ii.

"When rank Thersites opes his mastive jaws,
We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle."
Troilus and Cressida, act i. sc. iii.

"Vray moyné, si onques en fut, depuis que le monde moynant moyna de Moynerie."—Rabelais, vol. 2, p. 3.

"Jamais homme noble ne haït le bon vin; c'est un apothegme monacal."—Ibid. p. 5.

"Nature me semble non sans cause nous avoir formé aureilles ouvertes, n'y apposant porte ne cloture aucune, comme a fait és yeux, langue, et autres issuës du corps."—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 165.

"Ce que Dieu garde est bien gardé."—Montluc, vol. 1, p. 368.

"—Ceste peur vous desrobe le sens et l'entendement qui est la meilleure piece de vostre harnois."—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 298.

"Quesia pianeri
Son altro, che di duol ferma radice?

"Non è stato felice
Alcun, se 'l può turbar Fortuna o Morte."
BER. TASSO, vol. 1, p. 98.

"M'AYEZ pour excuse, si je ne rithme ou cranoisi."—RABELAIS, vol. 8, p. 396.

CICERO says of the scholars of Heraclides, "quos duplò reddidit stultiores quam acceperit; ubi nihil poterant discere nisi ignorantiam."—*Orat. pro Flacco.*

IT was a remark of SIR P. SIDNEY, "that he never found wisdom, where he found not courage."

BISHOP HACKET calls "conscience and honour the Urim and Thummim, with which the noblest whom God hath made should consult in all things."—*Life of Archbishop Williams*, p. 164.

"SECUNDÆ res felicem, magnum faciunt adversæ"—very well said by Hermolaus Barbarus.—Ibid. part ii. p. 4.

"A LIBERTY to be lawless is the greatest bondage."—Ibid. p. 198.

"GOD defend us from making experiments of what would come to pass if the choice of a governor or governors were referred to the thousands and millions of England! Beware a heptarchy again, beware a hecatontarchy. Things give better counsel to men, than men to things."—Ibid. p. 202.

JAMES I. said "men had a salmon-like instinct to visit the place of their breeding."—Ibid. p. 208.

"IN reading the scriptures," says BISHOP CHENY, "be you like the snail; which is a goodly figure. For when he feeleth a hard thing against his horns, he pulleth them in again. So do you. Read Scripture a God's name; but when you come to matters of controversy, go back again; pull in your horns."—STRYPE's *Annals*, vol. I, p. 560.

"NEMO non aliquem habet cui tantum credat, quantum ipsi creditum est."—STRADA, p. 42.

Is this true? A Jesuit is good authority on such a point.

"ETENIM Religionem rarò solam mutavere civitates; sed quoties mota est sacra hæc Anchora, toties fluctuavit simul Reipublicæ navis. Nec mirum; est Hæresis contumaciæ rudimentum, dumque ex hominum mentibus sensim excutit Dei jugum, detrectare atque excutere humana imperia similiter docet."—Ibid. p. 71.

CARDINAL GRANVILLE.—"Pleraque feliciter confecit eloquentiæ beneficio, sed mirâ solertiâ temperatæ, sine quâ parsimoniâ, omnis facundia importuna denum profluentia est, et morbus haud se retinentis ingenii."—Ibid. p. 77.

"NAM vilissimo cuique crescit audacia, si se timeri sentiat."—Ibid. p. 230.

"VETERANO Duci repentinus magis quàm improvisus occurrit hostis."—Ibid. Dec. 2, l. 1, p. 22.

"FACILE veniunt in potestatem alienam, qui præ timore semel exiere de sua."—Ibid.

"NEMO adeo intractabilis est, cui suum denique manubrium non sit, quo capi, ac teneri possit."—Ibid. p. 41.

Is this also a Jesuit maxim?

"C'EST mal connaître les hommes que de s'imaginer qu'on leur plaira, en adoucissant le joug que la raison et la morale leur imposent. Les prédicateurs les plus sévères sont toujours ceux qui attirent la foule."—LINGUET, *Hist. Imp. des Jesuites*, tom. 1, p. 184.

The latter sentence is certainly true. The former with some qualification.

" Les plus redoutables fanatiques auraient certainement été bien innocens, s'ils n'avaient confié leurs délires qu'au papier. Ce n'est jamais avec des *in folio* qu'on a formé des sectes et executé des meurtres. Laissez écrire, et empêchez de parler, les états seront toujours tranquilles. Voilà peut-être la maxime la plus incontestable de la politique."—Ibid. p. 215.

Linguet ought to have known better, even though he lived before the age of newspapers.

" Soy poeta,
y assi ningunos me agradan,
si no son mis proprios versos;
los demas no valen nada."
Calderon. *Cisma de Inglaterre.*

" Peligroso
alcance signe el hombre que es graciosa;
pues llega en ocasion donde se enfria,
quando dize una gracia, y no ay quien ria."
Ibid.

" L'homme digne d'être écouté, est celui qui ne se sert de la parole que pour la pensée, et de la pensée que pour le vérité et la vertu. Rien n'est plus méprisable qu'un parleur de metier qui fait de ses paroles ce qu'un charlatan fait de ses remèdes."—Goujet, tom. 1, p. 311.

" Bene et præclarè, quamvis nobis sæpe, dicatur; bellè et festivè nimium sæpe nolo."—Cicero *de Orat.* l. 3. c. 25.

Count Hamilton says of Richelieu's age that this " great man commanded little armies and little armies did great things."—*Mem. of Grammont.*

" Un mauvais cœur travaille à la ruine des autres, et un bon cœur à la sienne."—*Pensées d'Oxenstern.*

" Ci-dessous git un grand Seigneur
Qui de son vivant nous apprit,
Qu'un homme peut vivre sans cœur
Et mourir sans rendre l'esprit."

This is printed in the worthless book entitled *Pensées, &c. du Comte Oxenstern.*

" You dissentious rogues
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion
Make yourselves scabs."
Coriolanus, act i. sc. i.

" This maxim," says Sir Ph. Warwick, " is never to be forgot by the state physician, 'Malum bene positum non est movendum.' If the stone lie quiet in the body provoke it not by diuretics."

" Sir P. W. quotes some good historian as saying, " great imprisperities deprive a man of half his understanding at once."

" He that ought to command seldom gets any thing when he is reduced into a condition to supplicate."—Ibid.

" Improsperity is always in confusion." Ibid.

" The scene between the taylor and gardener lies much in the same latitude of understanding," Jeremy Collier says of a scene in one of Tom D'Urfey's plays.

Scougal speaks of religionists who " would be the better thought of for speaking ill of themselves,—and would be very ill pleased if you should believe them."—*Fourth Discourse*, p. 147.

" L'occhio dì sua virtù fa più riserbo,
Se abbassando le ciglia, al lampo cede.
Chi mira in alto più, quegli men vede:
La più cieca ignoranza è del Superbo."
Maggi, tom. 1, p. 5.

" No man's religion," says South, " ever survives his morals."

—" Raking into the dirt and dunghill of these men's devotions."—Ibid. It is necessary sometimes, as he knew, to do this.

"MELIUS est nonnunquam, etsi non tam benè eligas, in proposito persistere, quàm optimè eligendo postmodum variare."—CARDANUS *de propria Vita*, p. 36.

"QUÆ est excusatio laus ab eis dicitur, tam magnum putant non esse scelestum."—Ibid. p. 42.

"IN some things it is much more difficult for a man, upon a very ordinary use of his judgement, to be ignorant of his duty than to learn it; as it would be much harder for him, while he is awake, to keep his eyes always shut than open."—SOUTH, vol. 2, p. 389.

"ONE is born with a kind of lethargy and stupefaction into the world, armed with an iron body and a leaden soul against all the apprehensions of ordinary sorrow."—Ibid. p. 480.

"I CANNOT see but that the itch in the ear is as bad a distemper as in any other part of the body, and perhaps worse."—Ibid. p. 529.

"CERTAIN it is, that the virtues of a prince are a blessing to more than to himself and his family. They are a public seminary of blessings: they are the palladiums and the strong holds, nay, the common stock and the inheritance of the kingdom."—Ibid. p. 566.

SOUTH speaks of men whose souls serve only to keep their bodies from putrefaction. Ingelo has the same thought, the people of his Piacenza, he says, "suppose it was put into the body only to keep it sweet."—*Bentivolio & Urania*, p. 46.

THE wittiest and strongest writer in our language says, "that is not wit which consists not with wisdom."—SOUTH, vol. 3, p. 33.

"No man shall ever come to heaven himself, who has not sent his heart thither before him."—Ibid. p. 374.

WELL, indeed, does he vindicate his strong language upon the rebellion, when he asks, "Can things peculiar and unheard of be treated with the toothless generalities of a common place?"—Ibid. p. 445.

"WHAT a poor thing is preparation to be trusted to in opposition to accident. And what a pitiful defence is multitude on one side, where omnipotence takes the other."—Ibid. vol. 4, p. 22.

"IT is enough that God has put a man's actions into his own power, but the success of them, I am sure, he has not."—Ibid. p. 27.

"THIS we may rest upon as certain, that he is still the powerfullest preacher and the best orator, who can make himself best understood."—Ibid. p. 151.

"A LIBERTY of sin, (christen it by the name of what liberty you will) is yet one of the greatest and dreadfullest judgements which can befall any person or people, and a certain cause as well as sign of an approaching destruction."—SOUTH, vol. 4, p. 429.

"LET faction look and speak big in a tumult, and in the troubled waters of rebellion, yet I dare vouch this as a truth of certain event, and that without the spirit of prophecy, that courage assisted with law, and law executed with courage, will assuredly prevail."—Ibid. vol. 5, p. 64.

"NOTHING can be more irrational, than to be dogmatical in things doubtful; and to determine, where wise men only dispute."—Ibid. p. 243.

"POUR moi, parmi des fautes innombrables,
Je n'en connois que deux considérables,
Et dont je fais ma declaration;
C'est l'entreprise et l'execution.
A mon avis fautes irréparables
Dans ce volume."—BENSERADE.

"Il y a des occasions où il faut laisser dormir les Loix d'autant qu'elles sont faites pour les hommes, et non pas les hommes pour elles."—Amelot de la Houssaie.

A wise remark, and of wide application:—"Que les insolences d'un peuple contre ses voisins se termineront toûjours à une guerre; non seulement parce que l'homme prudent se lasse de souffrir, mais aussi parce que l'insolent se lasse d'être souffert."—Ibid.

"Moderons nos propres vœux,
Tâchons à nous mieux connoître,
Desire tu d'être heureux?
Desire un peu moins de l'être."
De Charleval

"Voici comment j'ai compté
Dès ma plus tendre jeunesse,
La vertu, puis la santé,
Puis la gloire, puis la richesse."—Ibid.

"Men who have built their faith upon the ruins of charity, and wholly cried up one, while they sufficiently acted down the other."—South, vol. 6, p. 8.

"That man will one day find it but a poor gain, who hits upon truth with the loss of charity."—Ibid. p. 30.

"The height of prudence is, in all precepts, laws, and institutions to distinguish persons, times, and occasions; and accordingly to discriminate the obligation, and upon the same exigence of justice to dispense with it in some, upon which it confirms it in others."—Ibid. p. 221.

"What is absurd in the sanctions of right reason, will never be warranted by the rules of religion."—Ibid.

The Sermon.—"It inevitably puts us upon an act of religion: if good, it invites us to a profitable hearing; if otherwise, it inflicts a short penance, and gives an opportunity to the virtue of patience."[1]—Ibid. p. 332.

"How hard is it to draw a principle into all its consequences, and to unravel the mysterious fertility but of one proposition!"—Ibid. p. 330.

Andrew Marvell says of Talbot, in one of the *State Poems*,

"He's of a size indeed to fill a porch,
But ne'er can be a pillar of the church."
Vol. 1, p. 91.

"A busy man,
And what is that at best, but one whose mind
Is made to tire himself and all mankind."
Ibid. p. 182. Dryden.

"His nose turns all his handkerchiefs to tinder."—Ibid. *Continuation*, p. 237.

"If we pursue most of those contentions which afflict the world, to their first principle, we shall find that they issue from pride, and pride from self-opinion, and a strange persuasion that men have of their knowledge of those things of which they are indeed ignorant."—South, vol. 7, p. 120.

"When we speak to a superior, to use words few and expressive is the proper dialect of respect."—Ibid. p. 319.

"Who among the rude vulgar's a prophet at least,
But who e'er preached well when the people were pleased?"
State Poems, vol. 3, p. 171.

"I went without feet, and flew without wings."—*M. Magist.* vol. 2, p. 36.

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1 "The worst speak something good. If all want sense,
God gives a text, and preacheth patience."
George Herbert. *Church Porch.*—J. W. W.

"And whoso trusteth a foe reconciled
Is for the most part always beguiled."
Ibid. p. 40.

Liking for Names-sake

"For though no cause be found, so nature frames,
Men have a zeal to such as bear their names."
Ibid. p. 98.

"A thousand times I mind you in my dreams,
And when I wake, most grief it is to me
That never more again I shall you see."
Ibid. p. 123.

"Few hate their faults, all hate of them to hear,
And faultiest from fault would seem most clear."—Ibid. p. 368.

"Est enim nescio quid naturâ insitum nationibus aliis longè à nostris moribus ingeniisque alienum; atque ut Falerni vini sapor alius est quam Taracinensis, ita michi[1] videntur homines ab ipsâ in quâ nascuntur terrâ, saporem, ut ita dixerim, naturæ ingenierumque traxisse." — Leon. Aretine, *Epist.* tom. 2, p. 101.

[1] I am under the impression that in the word *michi* here, Southey thought he had a similar word to *miching*, see suprà, p. 329, and in turning to his copy of Leon. Aretine's *Letters* before me, I find his well-known mark against the word. I suspect he had in his mind the word *Micha*, on which see Du Cange in v.

The word *michi*, however, is here simply the pedantic form of *mihi*. I give the following from Nolteni, as the work may not be in every one's hands.

"Absurda etiam est consuetudo pronunciantium H per CH, ut *miCHi* pro *mihi*, *niCHil* pro *nihil*; id quod ab Leonardo Aretino profectum est, qui consonantis C adjectionem in ejusmodi vocabulis serio defendere est adnixus, L. 8. Ep. 2. ad Antonium Grammaticum. Voss. Art. Gr. 149. A quo quidem tempore monachi ita non solum pronunciarunt, sed etiam scripserunt, ut codices complures manibus ipsorum exarati satis testantur, qui *michi*, *nichil* scriptum exhibent." *Lexicon Lat. Ling. Anibarbarum*, H. p. 70. Ed. 1780.—J. W. W.

—"It grieves me to behold
The learned wits left all forlorn to whom whilome it was told
Mæcenas was revived again; yet grieve I, more to see
The loathed lozell to profane that sacred mystery.
Each vulgar wit that what it is could never yet define,
In ragged rhymes, with lips profane, will call the learned nine
To help him utter forth the spawn of his unfruitful brain;
Which makes our peerless poesy to be in such disdain
That now it skills not whether Pan do pipe, or Phœbus play,
Tom Tinker makes best harmony to pass the time away."
Niccols. *M. for Mag. Induction.* Vol. 3, p. 552.

"Who doth to sloth his younger days engage
For fond delight, he clips the wings of fame;
For sloth, the canker-worm of honour's badge,
Fame's feathered wings doth fret."
Ibid. p. 567.

"Il y a bien peu de mauvaises opinions que je n'aie leües ou oüi dire; et toutefois je n'en suis de rien pire pour cela, et n'en sens en moi aucune inquiétude d'esprit, et ne voudrois ceder à homme vivant d'être mieux persuadé de la vertu, de Dieu, et de toutes bonnes choses, ni d'être plus homme de bien que moi, ni d'avoir l'âme moins troublée et passionnée que j'ai." — Card. D'Ossat, vol. 1, p. 81.

"Media sequi inter ancipitia deterrimum est."—Tacitus.[2]

"Il mezzo dell'operare riesce l'estremo del nuocere."

[2] The real words are spoken of Fabius Valens, "Quod inter ancipitia deterrimum est, dum media sequitur, nec ausus est satis, nec providit."—*Hist.* lib. iii. c. 40. J. W. W.

"Il y a deux sortes de gens, qui ne jugent point sainement des afaires du monde, les ignorans, et les gens trop subtils; les uns, parce qu'ils ne savent rien, et les autres, parce qu'ils se piquent trop de savoir."—Amelot de la Houssaie.

"Les chapeaux rouges ne sont pas pour les têtes vertes."—Ibid. But this was not allowed at Rome.

"En une grande partie des afaires de ce monde, autant a de puissance l'opinion, que la verité même."—Ibid. vol. 5, p. 35.

Amelot says there is a book entitled Opinio Regina Orbis.

"Is God merciful and shall men be cruel? Is the master meek and mild, and shall the servant be fierce and furious? shall he give the lamb in his scutcheon, and they the lion?"—Featley. *Clavis Mystica*, p. 9.

—"Sed tantam hominis esse imperitiam et tam stupendam asinitatem (non enim possum aliter vocare) putavi nunquam."—Casaubon. *Epist.* p. 359.

—"Neque ignorabam quam benigna materia sit, in eos dicere, quos impudentia plus quam canina, omnibus bonis reddit exosos."—Ibid. p. 434.

"Miror esse qui, quicquid somniant, verum esse sibi persuadent: ac benè nobiscum ageretur si nec aliis persuadere vellent. Hæc δοκησισοφία quam multos perdidit, et perdit quotidie."—J. Scaliger. *Epist.* 10, p. 87.

"Certe in omni re prius quod benè gestum sit, scire debemus, quam benè gerere possumus."—Ibid. *Epist.* 58. p. 171.

"Nullus est liber paulo vetustior, ex cujus sterquilinio aurum non colligas."—Ibid. *Epist.* 73, p. 204.

"Marchez de cueur doneques loyaulx Françoys;
Car qui ne quiert le loup jusques au boys,
Il vient menger les moutons en la plaine."
Jean Marot, p. 87.

"Nam in omni se omnium interest, non solum ut sui unusquisque, sed etiam ut aliorum rationem habeat."—J. Scaliger, *Ep.* 271, p. 518.

"Extol not thyself in the counsel of thine own heart:—thou shalt eat up thy leaves, and lose thy fruit, and leave thyself as a dry tree."—*Ecclesiasticus*, vi. 2, 3.

"Avec de méchants cœurs on perd tout par être généreux."—M. de Sevigne, tom. 3, p. 221.

— "Il est certain
Que pour le son de son dire hautain
Des simple gens passoit l'intellective."
Clement Marot, tom. 1, p. 287.

To an obscure writer:

"Si ton esprit veut cacher
Les belles choses qu'il pense,
Di-moy, qui peut t'empêcher
De te servir du silence." Maynard.

"Si on pouvoit avoir un peu de patience, on épargneroit bien du chagrin."—M. de Sevigne, tom. 4, p. 96.

"Le temps en ôte autant qu'il en donne." Ibid.

"Folly hath eagle's wings, but owl's eyes."—*Dutch Proverb.*

"L'envie d'être singulière, et d'étonner par des procédés non communs, est, ce me semble, la source de bien des vertus."—M. de Sevigne, tom. 6, p. 312.

"Il y a de certaines choses qu'on n'entend jamais, quand on ne les entend pas d'abord."—Ibid. tom. 7, p. 388.

Anxiety or weariness arising from any present business or care:—"It is said.

says STEELE, "that a little mirth and diversion are what recreate the spirits upon those occasions; but there is a kind of sorrow from which I draw a consolation that strengthens my faculties and enlarges my mind, beyond any thing that can flow from merriment."—*Guardian*, No. 5.

COMMON words, started into a new signification.—Ibid. No. 60.

"IF," says LIGHTFOOT, (vol. 6, p. 179) "I were to make a threefold wish, as Austin once did, I cannot tell what to wish for to more profit and advantage, than to know God as he is, the Devil as he is, and ourselves what we are."

LIGHTFOOT says (vol. 6, p. 236), "there is no grace, but there is a false coin minted by the Devil to dissemble it."

"HE that desires to be undone, and cares not to be prevented by God's restraining grace, shall find his ruin in the folly of his own desires, and become wretched by his own election."—J. TAYLOR, tom. 3, p. 274.

"OUT of this life I can carry nothing but my good works: I will not add unto my evil ones that of vain glory. I will take heed wherein I set my heart; since the accomplishing of what I wish, may be a punishment of my desires."—Ibid. p. 437.

"CELUI qui n'a égard en écrivant qu'au goût de son siècle, songe plus à sa personne qu'au ses écrits."—LA BRUYERE, vol. 1, p. 41.

"IL y a dans quelques hommes une certaine médiocrité d'esprit qui contribuë à les rendre sages."—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 123.

"LES esprits capables d'envisager plusieurs choses à la fois sont raisonnables; ceux qui n'en voïent qu'une sont entêtés et opiniâtres quoiqu'ils se croïent fermes et constans."—Ibid. p. 318.

IF the dwarfs offered the choice of a shield or a sword of their fabric, which ought to be chosen?

"QUE ceux qui ne peuvent pas découvrir par le raisonnement l'évidence des vérités de la Religion, conçoivent au moins du respect pour elle, en voïant le caractère de ceux qui la méprisent, ou qui la combatent."—LA BRUYERE, tom. 2, p. 421.

"QUE l'esprit de contradiction vienne de la jalousie, de l'ignorance, du savoir même, c'est toûjours un mauvais esprit."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 148.

"— IN the approbation of our own inventions, affection, and that natural inclination whence they spring, have swaying voices; and unless these stubborn suffragants be first squared to the rules of reason taught by others, they enforce our judgements to bow unto their bent."—JACKSON, vol. 1, p. 1042.

JACKSON says of Maurice of Saxony (vol. 2, p. 245), "he was the only man of this age (as one writes of him) that had the skill to take occasion (when it offered itself) by the very point, and to carve opportunities out of perplexities."

"A MAN cannot more strengthen or confirm a weak, crazy, or unsound objection, than by giving it a lame, unsolid, or unsatisfactory answer."—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 515.

"THAT which we call a brazen face, hath always for its supporter an iron sinew, or a brawny heart."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 479.

"MAGIS eligo cautam ignorantiam confiteri, quam falsam scientiam profiteri."—ST. AUGUSTINE. Ibid. vol. 7, p. 435.

"AND Heaven that knows what most ye
ought to ask,
Grant all ye ought to have."
MASON'S *Caractacus*.

"THE very hope that cheers us is more vain
Than the desire that raised it."
Ibid. *Pigmalion.*

"— MULTIQUE in sapientiâ supercilii virum."—JUSTIN MARTYR, *Baronius*, vol. 2, p. 86.

"LIKE leaves on trees his bones began to shake,
And on his head each hair rose like a stake,
And from his brow the sweat began to pour,
Like rain from hèaven, in a gentle shower."

From some verses sent me by one THOMAS LILLEY, of Birmingham, Dec. 20, 1825.

"THE wild ivy
Spreads and thrives better in some piteous ruin
Of tower, or defaced temple, than it does
Planted by a new building."
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER,
Fair Maid of the Inn.

"IN brief he is a rogue of six reprieves,
Four pardons o'course, thrice pilloried, twice sung *Lacrymæ*
To the virginals of a cart's tail; he has five times
Been in the gallies, and will never truly
Run himself out of breath, till he comes to the gallows." Ibid.

"BE sure thou do not lie; make no excuse
For him that is most near thee; never let
The most officious falsehood scape thy tongue,
For They above, that are intirely truth,
Will make that seed which thou hast sown of lies
Yield miseries a thousand fold
Upon thine head."
Ibid. *Cupid's Revenge.*

"IT will pluck me
Back from my entrance into any mirth,
As if a servant came and whisper'd with me
Of some friend's death." Ibid.

"THE usage I have had, I know would make
Wisdom herself run frantic through the streets,
And Patience quarrel with her shadow."
Ibid.

"THE Devil, and
This fellow are so near, 'tis not yet known
Which is the eviler angel." Ibid.

"NEITHER our preaching, nor our praying to God are only sufficient, but withal we must do our endeavours and help each other; since for the driving away of a dog there is (as the countryman saith) some virtue in a stone, if it be conjoined with St. John's Gospel." — *Parliamentary History*, vol. 1, p. 750. Elizabeth. Speaker not named.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE appearing before the world, "as an atonement in the dust and sackcloth of this discourse."—*Essays*, p. 41.

"— WHOSE conventicles, compared with our Jerusalem, resemble only the removed huts of those who live apart, because they are sick of the plague."—Ibid. p. 85.

PRAYING and preaching: "— No wonder that the success be unequal, seeing in the one we have to do with a merciful God, whereas in the other we must persuade a hard-hearted people."—Ibid. p. 84.

"THE multitude, which albeit it hath ever been allowed many heads, yet was never allowed any brains."—Ibid. p. 87.

"THERE are some thoughts in this piece which may seem to rebel against the empire of the schools; yet who knows but my watch goes right, albeit it agree not with the public clock of the city? especially where the sun of righteousness hath not, by pointing clearly the dial of faith, shown which of the two is in the error."—Ibid.

It is a good remark of Lord Waldegrave, that "the transition from pleasure to business is both shorter and easier, than from a state of total inaction."—P. 9, *Memoirs*.

News.—"I commend it to your lordship as men do fish, for the freshness, not for certainty."—Sir Thomas Rose to Strafford, *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 356.

"Delays are wisdom, where
Time may more easy ways of safety show."
Lord Brooke, p. 104.

"Self murther is an ugly work of fear."
Ibid.

"Never make a defence or apology before you be accused;" a rule, said Charles the First to Strafford, "that may serve for a statesman, a courtier, or a lover." And for an author too, say I.

"Stale reversions,
Glean'd from the rags and frippery of wit."
Ro. Randolph, *Verses prefixed to his Brother's Poems.*

"Do boast their loves and braveries so at large,
As they came all to see, and to be seen."
Ben Jonson. *Underwoods*, vol. 9, p. 35.

"Extend a reaching virtue."—Ibid. p. 42.

"The ignoble never *lived*; they were awhile
Like swine, or other cattle here on earth:
Their names are not recorded on the file
Of life that fall so." Ibid. p. 41.

"It will be a commendable thrift to spare myself the labour of that accuracy."—Patrick's *Parable of the Pilgrim*, p. 1.

"They fancied themselves engaged against sin, whilst they were buffeting a contrary opinion. There was no heat, but they took it for divine, though it were of their own kindling: and so they were but all on fire, they never doubted but it was from heaven."—Ibid. p. 10.

"He hath faith enough to save himself, and charity enough to believe that others may be saved, who are not in all points just of his belief."—Ibid. p. 14.

People who seem to think "they could not be saved unless they make an ugly face."—Ibid. p. 77.

"There are a company of men in the world who despise any thing which they understand easily, and imagine there is no great matter in it, if it be presently intelligible. They admire that most which they do not comprehend; and conceive there is some mystery and depth in it, if it be difficult to be explained."—Ibid. p. 146.

Is it not "unreasonable to imagine, that when all other things are suffered to grow to their height and utmost perfections, the spirit of man only should ever remain a dwarf, or rather continue a child, and never be unloosed from its swadling bands?"—Ibid. p. 347.

"The time, I believe, hastens, when my knowledge shall be so clear, that faith shall find no employment, and hope shall receive a discharge, and charity shall be left alone in its full strength."—Ibid. p. 348.

Serious Christians:—"Must we let them wear the title of virtue above their neighbours, merely because they are more grave and solemn? Do they live in a greater sense of God, because they look more sourly? Must we think there is no piety but what is pale-faced? no mortification of ourselves, but when our thorns prick other folks?"—Ibid. p. 383.

Cranmer is said by Fuller to have had an *amiable* eye.—*Church History*, p. 179.

"We are but farmers of ourselves; yet may
If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treasure for the great
rent-day." Donne.

"And strength itself by confidence grows weak." Ibid.

"His frail freehold of flesh and blood."
Lord Brooke, *Mon. and Rel.* p. 8.

"For reputation, airy though it be,
Is yet the beauty of authority."
Ibid. p. 43.

"Power for a pencil, conscience for a table,
To write opinion in of any fashion."
Ibid. p. 58.

"The plague that in some folded cloud remains,
The bright sun soon disperseth: but observe,
When black infection in some dunghill lies,
There's work for bells and graves if it do rise."
Webster, *Appius and Virginia. Old Plays*, vol. 5, p. 406.

"He that would tame a lion, doth not use
The goad, or wierd whip; but a sweet voice,
A fearful stroking; and with food in hand
Must ply his wanton hunger."[1]
Ibid. p. 441.

"All disgrace
Lights less upon the person than the place."
Ibid. p. 442.

"Piteous fires
That chance in towers of stone, are not so fear'd
As those that light in flax shops; for *there's* room
For eminent ruin." Ibid. p. 442.

"And seen you sit, sole companied with thought,
As if your passions were your comforters."
Webster and Rowley, *Thracian Wonder*. Ibid. vol. 6, p. 31.

"Fie, foolish earth! think you the heaven wants glory
Because your shadows do yourself benight?
All's dark unto the blind."
Lord Brooke, p. 170.

"Fortune and love have sworn
That they were never born
Of one alliance." Ibid. p. 179.

"Fortune should ever dwell
In courts where wits excel:
Love keep the wood." Ibid.

"Good fellows, whom men commonly do call
Those that do live at war with truth and shame." Ibid. p. 181.

"I have for books, above my head the sky,
Under me earth; about me air and sea."
Ibid. p. 206.

"False antidotes for vicious ignorance,
Whose causes are within, and so the cure;
Error corrupting nature, not mischance,
For how can that be wise which is not pure."
Ibid. p. 210.

"Till the inward moulds be truly placed,
All is made crooked that in them we cast."
Ibid.

"From early childhood's promising estate,
Up to performing manhood."
Gondibert, p. 2.

"War, art's deliberate strength." Ibid.

"Ready as pilots waked with sudden winds."
Ibid. p. 14.

"Dogs, such whose cold secresy was meant
By nature for surprize." Ibid. p. 24.

"Relays of horse, long-breathed as winter winds." Ibid. p. 25.

"Animals—
They want not the re[illegible] of thought,
But speech, by which we ours for reason boast." Ibid. p. 26.

[1] The classical reader will not forget the beautiful lines in the *Agam.* of Æschylus,

ἔθρεψεν δὲ λεόντα, κ. τ. ἑ. v. 696.

J. W. W.

"Counsels are but weak which come from fear." Ibid. p. 30.

"Like our curtains drawn at point of death,
When all our lungs are spent, to give us air." Ibid. p. 28.

"And like high anger his complexion rose." Ibid. p. 31.

"Fame, some life is to the dead." Ibid. p. 33.

Current Reputation.

"But such small money (though the people's gold,
With which they trade,) great dealers scorn to take." Ibid. p. 38.

Honour's Field.

"Which yields no harvest when 'tis overgrown
With wild ambition, the most rank of weeds." Ibid. p. 40.

"Poets the old renowned physicians are,
Who for the sickly habits of the mind
Examples, as the ancient cure, prepare." Ibid. p. 55.

"So manly and so fair a wound,
As loyal ladies might be proud to dress." Ibid. p. 56.

"Life, seemed to look about,
And fain would be abroad, but that a gate
She wants so wide, at once to sally out." Ibid. p. 62.

The devil in the story of St. Martin.

"I wish to foes the weaknesses of haste:
To you, such slowness as may keep you strong." Ibid. p. 69.

"And through the world their valour current make,
By giving it the ancient stamp of death." Ibid. p. 72.

"Sins are heard furthest when they cry in blood."

Spanish Gipsy, Middleton & Rowley, *Old Plays*, vol. 4, p. 174.

"Sir, I hope
You are not his judge: you are too young, too choleric,
Too passionate: the price of life or death
Requires a much more grave consideration
Than your years warrant."—Ibid. p. 206.

"Good works
Give wealth a blessing. On the contrary,
What curses does he heap upon his soul
That leaves his riches to a riotous young man,
To be consumed on surfeits, pride, and harlots.
Peace be upon that spirit, whose life provides
A quiet rest for mine."

Middleton, *More Dissemblers beside Women. Old Plays*, vol. 4, p. 341.

"There is no mischief
But brings one villainy or other, still
Even close at heels on't.'—Ibid. p. 345

"—Fortune
Cast all their eyes
Into a thicker blindness than thine own,
Darker than ignorance or idolatry." Ibid. p. 386.

"Slow seems their speed whose thoughts before them run."

Gondibert, p. 134.

"As if Heaven's King so soft and easy were,
So meanly housed in Heaven, and kind to guilt,
That he would be a Tyrant's tenant here." Ibid. p. 103.

Well said of such votive churches as the Escurial.

"—Whose needless carefulness
Infects them past the mind's best medicine, sleep." Ibid. p. 105.

"Yet in our walk to our last home design'd
'Tis safe by all the studied guides to go,
Lest we in death, too late, the knowledge find,
Of what in life 'twas possible to know."
Ibid. p. 114.

"Souls are alike of rich and ancient race,
Though bodies claim distinction by descent." Ibid. p. 120.

"And make (since strength's but nature hourly tried)
The body weak by softness of the mind."
Ibid. p. 139.

"And like young-conscienced casuists, thinks that sin
Which will by talk and practice lawful seem." Ibid. p. 204.

"Rivers whose breadth inhabitants may stride,
Parts them as much as continents and isles.

On equal, smooth, and undistinguish'd ground
The lust of power does liberty impair,
And limits by a border and a bound
What was before as passable as air."
Ibid. p. 224.

"Toil which does keep
Obstructions from the mind, and quench the blood,
Ease but belongs to us like sleep, and sleep
Like opium, is our medicine, not our food."
Ibid. p. 276.

"For of the suing crowd, half are relieved
With the innate delight of being heard."
Ibid. p. 330.

"Yield not, in storms of state, to that dislike
Which from the people does to rulers grow;
Power (Fortune's sail) should not for threatenings strike,
In boats bestorm'd, all check at those that row." Ibid.

"Learning is not knowledge, but a continued sailing by fantastic and uncertain winds towards it."—*Preface to Gondibert*, p. 9.

"When your coffers
Swell to the brim, then Riot sets up sails,
And like a desperate unskilled mariner
Drives your unsteady fortunes on the point
Of wrack inevitable."
Old Fortunatus, vol. 3, p. 143.

"Oh, bid thy soul
Lift up her intellectual eyes to Heaven,
And in this ample book of wonders, read
Of what celestial mould, what sacred essence
Herself is formed: the search whereof will drive
Sounds musical among the jarring spirits,
And in sweet tune set that which none inherits." Ibid. p. 160.

"In the scapes of virtue
Excuses damn her: they be fires in cities
Enraged with those winds that less lights extinguish."
Chapman. *Bussy d'Ambois*.
Ibid. p. 321.

"The winds sing through a hollow tree,
And (since it lets them pass through) let it stand:
But a tree solid, since it gives no way
To their wild rage, they rend up by the root." Ibid. p. 327.

"Free as the sun, and nothing more corrupted."
Ibid. *Monsieur d'Olive*, p. 346.

"Noble she is by birth, made good by nature,

Exceeding fair, and her behaviour to it
Is like a singular musician
To a sweet instrument."—Ibid. p. 346.

"His face was like the ten of diamonds,
Pointed each way with *pushes*, [pimples],
and his nose
Was like the ace of clubs."—Ibid. p. 378.

"Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but where we are is hell,
And where hell is there must we ever be:
And to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven."
Marlow. *Dr. Faustus. Mephistophilus loquitur.*

"The Mother Queen
Is trying if she can with fire of gold,
Warp the green consciences of two covetous friars." Ibid. *Lust's Dominion.*

"— Fly, for the day is lost.
Eleazar. There are three hundred and odd days in the year,
And cannot we lose one of them?"
Ibid. p. 157.

"You be all young and fair; endeavour all to be wise and virtuous; that when, like roses, you shall fall from the stalk, you may be gathered and put to the still."
Lyly's *Midas.* Ibid. p. 314.

"— Do not dream of miracles!
Alas, we shall but falter, if you lay
The least sad weight of an unused hope
Upon our weakness."
Marston. *Prologue to Antonio and Mellida. Old Plays*, vol. 2, p. 114.

"Can man by no means creep out of himself,
And leave the slough of viperous grief behind?" Ibid. p. 115.

"— Thriftless minutes,
Wherein false joys have spun a weary life."
Ford, vol. 1, p. 88.

"To be man
Is to be but the exercise of cares
In several shapes; as miseries do grow
They alter as men's forms."
Ibid. p. 122.

"— Commonwealths
Totter, and reel from that nobility,
And ancient virtue, which renowns the great
Who steer the helm of government, while mushrooms
Grow up, and make new laws to license folly." Ibid. p. 127.

"— Yet beware
Of an unsure foundation: no fair colours
Can fortify a building, faintly jointed."
Ibid. p. 269.

"Tears flowing from the fear of the Most High God are a refreshment to the eyes."—Ali.

"Prayer in the night watches is the light of the pious soul."—Ibid.

"I expect
No less than what severity calls justice,
And politicians safety."
Ford. *P. Warbeck*, vol. 2, p. 96.

"Where I find worth,
I love the keeper till he let it go,
And then I follow it."
Beaumont & Fletcher, *Maid's Tragedy*, p. 4.

An offence
"— which Heaven and you
Know to be tougher than the hand of Time
Can cut from man's remembrance."
Ibid. p. 60.

"Thou'st brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve."
Ibid. p. 60.

Virtue.—"The memorial thereof is immortal, because it is known with God and with man. When it is present, men take example at it; and when it is gone, they desire it; it weareth a crown, and triumpheth for ever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards."—*Wisdom*, iv. 1-2.

"Nimirum primorum parentum peccatum et luimus, et imitamur."—Bacon, vol. 10, p. 4.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."—*Psalm* 97, v. 11. Bible translation.

"— Divinations, and soothsayings, and dreams, are vain; and the heart fancieth as a woman's heart in travail."—*Ecclesiasticus*, 34. 5.

"— Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into Whey!"
Beaumont & Fletcher, *Philaster*, p. 103.

"— Whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drowned in the doing."—Ibid. p. 105.

Agar Ellis, Hallam, et id genus.

"Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe?—Not with the living:
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make them truths: they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
And when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongue,
Oh, how they cast to sink it! and defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where-noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt."—Ibid. p. 135.

"I hold a spleen, no sin of malice,
And may, with man enough, be best forgotten."—Ibid. *Scornful Lady*, p. 347.

"And when
I light upon (such worthies)
Crowned with still flourishing leaves of truth and goodness,
With such a feeling I peruse their fortunes
As if I then had lived."
F. *Elder Brother*, p. 110.

"He has made his study all his pleasure,
And is retired into his contemplation,
Not meddling with the dirt and chaff of nature,
That makes the spirit of the mind mud too."
Ibid. p. 115.

"He has been at court, and learned new tongues,
And, now to speak a tedious piece of nothing,
To vary his face as seamen do their compass,
To worship images of gold and silver,
And fall before the she-calves of the season."
Ibid.

"— Unbaked poetry,
Such as the dablers of our time contrive,
That has no weight nor wheel to move the mind,
Nor indeed nothing but an empty sound."
Ibid. p. 121.

"Such a one—shews his thoughts double,
Making 'em only food for his repentance."
Beaumont and Fletcher. *Wit without Money*, p. 282.

"Nothing to lose but that my soul inherits,
Which *they* can neither law nor claw away."
Ibid. p. 292.

"That daily thrust their — lives through hazards;

And fearless, for their country's peace,
—march hourly
Through all the doors of death, and know
the darkest."
Ibid. *Loyal Subject*, p. 319.

"What danger
Where honour is, though seated in a billow,
Rising as high as heaven, would not these
soldiers,
Like to so many sea-gods, charge up to it."
Ibid.

"The same men through all the straits of
virtue."—Ibid. p. 392.

"To talk of things we know not, and to
know
Nothing but things not worth the talking of."
Sir R. Fane, Jun. *Home Table Book*,
vol. 2, p. 810.

"Time takes no measure in eternity."
Sir Rob. Howard. Ibid. p. 811.

We have in many of these dramatists what is truly said of Fletcher in the Prologue to the Chances,

—"Sweet expressions, quick conceit,
Familiar language, fashioned to the weight
Of such as speak it."

"Put on
The surest armour anvil'd in the shop
Of passive fortitude."
Beaumont and Fletcher. *Lover's Progress*, p. 421.

"A man from whose example
As from a compass, we may steer our fortunes,
Our actions, and our age; and safe arrive at
A memory that shall become our ashes."
Ibid. *The Pilgrim*, p. 445.

"For he that holds no faith, shall find no
trust;
But sowing wrong, is sure to reap the same."
Daniel, vol. 1, p. 77.

"How were I cleared of grief
Had I the power to unbelieve belief."
Ibid. p. 219.

—"Doubt
Comes in far easier than it can get out."
Ibid.

"True spirits,
That whilst the wars were, served like walls
and ribs
To girdle in the kingdom."
Beaumont and Fletcher. *Captain*,
p. 24.

"I'd have him buried
Cross legg'd, like one of the Templars,
And on his breast a buckler with a pike in't,
—— and at his feet
A musquet, with this word upon a label,
Which from the cock's mouth thus should
be delivered,
'I have discharged the duty of a soldier.'"
Ibid. p. 39.

"I know that glory
Is like Alcides' shirt, if it stay on us
Till pride hath mixt it with our blood; nor
can we
Part with't at pleasure: when we would
uncase,
It brings along with it both flesh and sinews,
And leaves us living monsters."
Ibid. *Prophetess*, p. 166.

"Where benefits
Are ill-conferred, as on unworthy men
That turn them to bad uses, the bestower
For wanting judgement how and on whom
to place them,
Is partly guilty."
Ibid. *Queen of Corinth*, p. 192.

Humility.

"The fullest and best ears of corn hang lowest towards the ground."—Bp. Reynolds, vol. 5, p. 47.

"Smiles that give but shadows,
And wrinkle not the face."
Beaumont and Fletcher. *Love's Pilgrimage*, p. 55.

"Nor do I think you wretched or disgraced
After this suffering,—but rather know
You are the charge and business of those Powers,
Who, like best tutors, do inflict hard tasks
Upon great natures, and of noblest hopes;
Read trivial lessons, and half lines to slugs.
They that live long and never feel mischance,
Spend more than half their age in ignorance."—Ibid. p. 88.

"The world's a labyrinth, where unguided men
Walk up and down to find their weariness;
No sooner have we measured with much toil
One crooked path with hope to gain our freedom,
But it betrays us to a new affliction."
Ibid. *Night Walker*, p. 154.

"The monuments of virtue and desert
Appear more goodly when the gloss of art
Is eaten off by time."
Epilogue to the Noble Gentleman.

"Like the elements
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance."
Beaumont and Fletcher. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 22.

"Had mine ear
Stolen some new air, or at adventure, humm'd on
From musical coinage, why it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn,—rather dwell on:
And sing it in her slumbers."
Ibid. p. 24.

"The polled bachelor
Whose freaks of youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,
Have skipt thy flame, at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love."—Ibid. p. 96.

"A monastery,
A most strict house; a house where none may whisper,
Where no more light is known but what may make ye
Believe there is a day: where no hope dwells,
Nor comfort, but in tears."
Ibid. *Thierry and Theodoret*, p. 124.

"Would
It could as soon be buried to the world
As it should die to me."—Ibid. p. 138.

"And can it be that this most perfect creature,
This image of his maker, well-squared man,
Should leave the *handfast*[1] that he had of grace?"—Ibid. *Woman Hater*, p. 239.

"He that intends well, yet deprives himself
Of means to put his good thoughts into deed,
Deceives his purpose of the due reward
That goodness merits."
Ibid. *Honest Man's Fortune*, p. 377.

"Dost know what 'tis to die?
—Thou dost not,
And therefore not what 'tis to live; to die
Is to begin to live. It is to end
An old, stale, weary work, and to commence
A newer and a better. 'Tis to leave
Deceitful knaves for the society
Of gods and goodness."
Ibid. *Triumph of Honour*, p. 491.

Flatterers.

"These very slaves shall when these great beasts die
Publish their bowels to the vulgar eye."
Ibid. *Triumph of Love*, p. 518.

[1] i. e. the hold. On the technical sense of "handfast," and "handfastning." See Todd's *Johnson*, in v. J. W. W.

"Call up thy goodness,
Thy mind and man within thee.
Crown thy mind
With that's above the world's wealth, joyful suffering.
And truly be the master of thyself,
Which is the noblest empire; and there stand
The thing thou wert ordained and set to govern."—Ibid. p. 562.

"Let your reprehension
Run in an easy current, not o'er high,
Carried with rashness or devouring choler:
But rather use the soft persuading way,
Whose powers will work more gently, and compose
The imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim,
More winning than enforcing the consent."
Ben Jonson. *Every Man in his Humour*, vol. 1, p. 48.

"But men of your condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in,
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness."
Ibid. p. 61.

"My brain methinks is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands
Filling up time; but these are turn'd and turn'd,
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less to put in act."—Ibid. p. 75.

Critics.

"Durum nimis, altera, quicquid
Componis, pars esse putat; numerosque fluentes
Lenius, et molli pede, ut ipsi molliculi sunt,
Nec nisi plana, tolutim et euntia verba requirunt."—Douza, p. 363.

"Wrath holds fast
On sin through generations."
Impious Feast. Rob. Landor, p. 37.

"Ourselves change most; yea, all things change below,
Strength, wisdom, beauty, grandeur, riches, fame.
There is but One immutable, whose will
Stands unreversed and unperverted, still
Above man's thought, yet softening toward his prayer.
Part of that will it is which hearkens thus
Free, yet by love's necessity the same,
Most stedfast when the most inclined to us.
Truth never stoops, and Wisdom cannot err;
These, if we mark or not, their task fulfil
And go right on."—Ibid. p. 39.

"Scattering distrustful thoughts 'midst cautious words,
And numbering worse men's sins to hide their own."—Ibid. p. 41.

"Extorted truth has dropt from impious tongues."—Ibid. p. 54.

"The wicked have looked farther than the just."—Ibid. p. 54.

"Cleave to this promise with all thy inward power,
Firmly enclose it in thy remembrance fast,
Fold it in thy faith with full hope, day and hour,
And thy salvation it will be at the last."
Bale. *God's Promises. Old Plays*, vol. 1, p. 13.

"Ruthful remembrance is yet *raw* in mind."
Ferrex and Porrex. Ibid. p. 128.

Committing new crimes in the hope of averting punishment:

"E per meno temer, più reo si rende."
Maggi, vol. 1, p. 9.

"Perchè il rimorso duole, e no'l peccato
Smorza quel duolo, e sanità non cura;
Contro alla punta onde verria sanato,
Col callo del costume il senso indura."
Ibid. vol. 2, p. 9.

"Chi sta nel mondo, e pur vaol pace interna
Voglia il suo voler di chi il governa."
Ibid. p. 12.

"Non è chiuso sentier, che meni all'ombra
Dell'amate foreste di Parnaso,
Che a lui fosse nascosto: e non è balle.
Che sorga à puri rivi d'Ippocrene,
Che a lui non fosse aperto."
Chiabrera. T. 2, p. 175.

"The *humourous* (i.e. humid) air shall mix her solemn tunes
With thy sad words."
Ben Jonson, vol. 2, p. 237.
Cynthia's Revels.

"But such is the perverseness of our nature,
That if we once but fancy levity,
How antic and ridiculous soe'er
It suit with us, yet will our muffled thought
Choose rather not to see it, than avoid it:
And if we can but banish our own sense,
We act our mimic tricks with that free license,
That lust, that pleasure, that security,
As if we practised in a paste-board case,
And no one saw the motion, but the motion."
Ibid. p. 252.

"Men speak ill of thee: so they be ill men,
If they spake worse, 'twere better; for of such
To be dispraised, is the most perfect praise.
What can his censure hurt me, whom the world
Hath censured vile before me!"
Ibid. p. 281.

"Years are beneath the spheres; and time makes weak
Things under heaven, not powers which govern heaven."
Ibid. p. 375.

"The rest of greatness princes may command,
And therefore may neglect; only a long,
A lasting, high and happy memory,
They should, without being satisfied, pursue.
Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue."
Ibid. *Sejanus*, vol. 3, p. 36.

"The way to put
A prince in blood, *is* to present the shapes
Of dangers greater than they are, like late
Or early shadows; and sometimes to feign
Where there are none, only to make him fear;
His fear will make him cruel."
Ibid. p. 55.

"You equal *gods*
Whose justice not a world of wolf-turned men
Shall make me to accuse, howe'er provoked."
Ibid. p. 72.

"Nessuno è reo,
Se basta a'falli sui
Per difesa portar l'esempio altrui."
Metastasio, vol. 1, p. 17.
Artaserse.

"Ordina in guisa
Gli umani eventi il Ciel, che tutti a tutti
Siam necessarj; e il più felice spesso
Nel più misero trova
Che sperar, che temer."
Ibid. p. 181. *Adriano.*

"Poco è funesta
L'altrui fortuna,
Quando non resta
Ragione alcuna
Nè di pentirsi, nè d'arrosser."
Ibid. p. 195.

Lepidus.
"Arts, Arrantius?
None but the plain and passive fortitude,
To suffer and be silent; never stretch
These arms against the torrent; live at home
With my own thoughts, and innocence about me,
Not tempting the wolves' jaws: these are my arts."—Ben Jonson. *Sejanus*, p. 104.

"What a wild muster's here of attributes
T' express a worm,—a snake."—Ibid. p. 115.

Said of the serpent which came out of his statue,—but applicable to adulatory epithets of dignity.

"It is a note
Of upstart greatness, to observe and watch
For these poor trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects and scorns.
—Aye, and they think themselves
Deeply dishonoured where they are omitted,
(As if they were necessities that helped
To the perfection of their dignities,)
And hate the men that but refrain them."
Ibid. p. 137.

"Beauty, wit, and grace,
The elements of active delicacy,
Those all-eye-pleasing harmonies of sight
Which do enchant men's fancies, and stir up
The life blood of dull earth."
Machin's *Dumb Knight*.
Old Play, vol. 4, p. 383.

"Aye! well done!
Promises are no fetters: with that tongue
Thy promise past, unpromise it again.
Wherefore has man a tongue of power to speak,
But to speak still to his own private purpose?
Beasts utter but one sound; but men have change [them,
Of speech, and reason, even by nature given
Now to say one thing, and another now,
As best may serve their profitable ends."
Chapman. *All Fools*.
Old Play, vol. 4. p. 129.

"Believe it, sir,
That clothes do much upon the wit, as weather
Does on the brain: and thence, sir, comes your proverb, [perience
The tailor makes the man. I speak by ex-
Of my own customers. I have had gallants
Both court and country, would have fool'd you up
In a new suit, with the best wits in being,
And kept their speed as long as their clothes lasted
Handsome and neat; but then as they grew out
At the elbows again, or had a stain or spot,
They have sunk most wretchedly."

"I wonder gentlemen
And men of means will not maintain themselves [highest:
Fresher in wit, I mean in clothes, to the
For he that's out of clothes is out of fashion,
And out of fashion is out of countenance,
And out of countenance is out of wit."
Ben Jonson. *Staple of News*,
vol. 5, pp. 177-8.

A rich piece of French eloquence. The night after the battle of Toulouse.—"Le silence, muet de sa nature, n'y parlait pas, mais il poussait des gemissemens confus qui perçaient l'âme."—*Precis Historique de la Battaile*, part 3, p. 156.

"Good Master Picklock, with your worming brain
And wriggling engine-head of maintenance,
Which I shall see you hole with very shortly.
A fine round head, when those two lugs
To trundle through a pillory." [are off,
Ben Jonson. *Staple of News*,
vol. 5, p. 298.

"A poor affrighted
And guilty race of men, that dare to stand
No breath of truth, but conscious to themselves
Of their no-wit or honesty, ran routed
At every panic terror themselves bred,
Where else as confident as sounding brass,
Their tinkling captain, Cymbal, and the rest
Dare put on any visor to deride
The wretched, or with buffoon license, jest
At whatsoe'er is serious, if not sacred."
Ibid. p. 307.

"— The Hours,
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of Heaven,
Down to the laps of thankful men."
Ibid. *New Inn*, p. 347.

True Valour.

"It is the greatest virtue, and the safety
Of all mankind; the object of it is danger.
A certain mean 'twixt fear and confidence.
No inconsiderate rashness, or vain appetite
Of false encountering formidable things,
But a true science of distinguishing
What's good or evil. It springs out of reason
And tends to perfect honesty; the scope
Is always honour, and the public good,
It is no valour for a private cause."
Ibid. p. 412.

"Fear to do base unworthy things is valour;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too." Ibid.

"I never thought an angry person valiant.
Virtue is never aided by a vice.
What need is there of anger and of tumult,
When reason can do the same things, and more." Ibid. p. 413.

"The things true valour's exercised about
Are poverty, restraint, captivity,
Banishment, loss of children, long disease;
The least is death. Here valour is beheld,
Properly seen; about these it is present;
Not trivial things which but require our confidence." Ibid. p. 414.

"And as all knowledge when it is removed
And separate from justice, is called craft,
Rather than wisdom; so a mind affecting
Or undertaking dangers for ambition,
Or any self-pretext, not for the public,
Deserves the name of daring, not of valour.
And over-daring is as great a vice
As over-fearing.
— Yes, and often greater."
Ibid. p. 415.

"How most ridiculous quarrels are all these!
Notes of a queasy and sick stomach, labouring
With want of a true injury."—Ibid. p. 417.

"Be watchful; have as many eyes as Heaven,
And ears as harvest."
Albumazar. Old Play, vol. 7, p. 111.

"Rosy modesty."—Ibid. p. 113.

This is in Albumazar's impudent mouth, and said of himself; but for *bashfulness* it is the prettiest of epithets.

Condition of man.

"A baser state than what was first assign'd;
Whereon (to curb the too-aspiring mind),
The better things were lost, the worst were left behind."—Ph. Fletcher. C. 2.

"The Sun with gentle beams his rage disguises,
And, like aspiring tyrants, temporises,
Never to be endured, but when he falls or rises." Ibid. C. 3.

"Would God I then had chanced this life to leave, [did give;
The tomb straight taking what the womb
Then always buried, changing but the grave,
I had not lived to die, but died to live."
Lord Sterline. *Cræsus*, p. 40.

One of Alexander's victories.

"Unburied bodies buried all the fields."
Ibid. *Darius*, p. 69.

"Love hath larger scopes,
New joys, new pleasures, of as fresh a date
As are his minutes; and in him no hopes
Are pure, but those he can perpetuate."
Ben Jonson, vol. 8, p. 91.
Love's Triumph.

"For good men but see death; the wicked taste it."—Ibid. p. 195. *Epigrams.*

"Aquella Ciudad, que en siete
Montes es hydra de piedra
Pues siete cabezas tiene."
Calderon, *El Magico prodigioso.*

"Retraxe al oido todos
Mis sentidos juntamente." Ibid.

"El sol cayendo vaya
A sepultarse en las ondas,
Que entre obscuras nubes pardas
Al gran cadaver de oro
Son monumentos de plata."—Ibid.

"C'ÉTAIT l'heure où l'incertitude de la lumière rend à l'imagination son vague empire, l'heure où la réverie la remet en possession de tout ce que lui ôtait la réalité; où le présent disparaît, où l'avenir et le passé semblent sortir des ténébres."—CUSTINE, vol. 2, p. 338.

"THE voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked[1] the air;
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense."
BEN JONSON, vol. 9, p. 70.

"ALL nobility
But pride, that schism of incivility,
She had, and it became her."
Ibid. p. 78.

OLYMPIA says of Bireno,
"Io credea e credo, e creder credo il vero,
Ch' amasse ed ami me con cor sincera."
ARIOSTO, c. 9, st. 23.

"FOR my life,
My sorrow is I have kept it so long well,
With bringing it up unto so ill an end.
I might have gently lost it in my cradle,
Before my nerves and ligaments grew strong
To bind it faster to me."
MASSINGER, *Old Law*, p. 472.

IN what an execrable feeling was this written by Montrevil.

"Quand je seray tout prest d'avoir les yeux couvers
De l'ombre et de l'horreur d'une nuit eternelle,
Plût aux dieux devant moy voir perir l'univers!
Que ma mort me sembleroit belle!
J'aurois en expirant un plaisir sans pareil;
Et comme en me couchant je souffle ma chandelle,
Je voudrois en mourant éteindre le soleil."
RECUEIL, &c. vol. 4, p. 271.

"MAL est gardé ce que garde la crainte."
PASSERAT, &c. vol. 2, p. 111.

"O THOU soft natural death, that art joint twin [comet
To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded
Stares on thy mild departure; the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion! Pity winds thy corse,
Whilst horror waits on princes."
WEBSTER, vol. 1, p. 129.

"I DO love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history,
And questionless. Here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interr'd
Who loved the church so well, and gave so largely to it: [bones
They thought it should have canopied their
Till doomsday. But all things have their end, [like to men,
Churches and cities, which have diseases
Must have like death that we have."
Ibid. vol. 1, p. 306.

"FOR it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth [lost,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and
Why then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show
While it was ours." [us
Much Ado about Nothing.
act iv. sc. i.

"THE fineness of our metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft seem all affin'd and kin:
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,

[1] Southey has here inserted with two *queries* —charm?—struck?—J. W. W.

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled."
Troilus and Cressida, act i. sc. iii.

"A BLUSH
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus." Ibid.

"BETTER I were distract;
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves."
King Lear, act iv. sc. vi.

"To-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time:
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death."
Macbeth, act v. sc. v.

ON the spheres.
"What are those ever-turning heavenly spheres, [urns,
But wheels that, from our cradles to our
Wind up our threads of life, that hourly wears, [turns."
And they that soonest die, have happiest
TH. BANCROFT, *Restituta*, vol. 2, p. 490.

"HIS qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free.
Yet if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be."
SHAKSPEAR, *Lover's Complaint.*

"HE's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs [carelessly,
His outsides; wear them like his raiment,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart
To bring it into danger."
Timon of Athens, act iii. sc. v.

"O THE fierce wretchedness that glory brings us." Ibid. act iv. sc. ii.

'TIS far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants."
Tempest, act i. sc. ii.

"SUCH shapes, such gestures, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse."
Ibid. act iii. sc. iii.

"DULL folly (not the wanton wild,
Imagination's younger child,)
Has taken lodgings in his face,
As finding that a vacant place,
And peeping from *his* windows, tells
To all beholders where she dwells."
ROBERT LLOYD.

"WOULD you be still more learned than the learn'd? [known,
Learn well to know how much need not be
And what that knowledge which impairs your sense. [food,
Our needful knowledge, like our needful
Unhedged, lies open in life's common field,
And bids all welcome to the vital feast."
YOUNG, vol. 1, 142.

"No deeper wrinkles yet! Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds!"
Richard the Second, act iv. sc. i.

"LEARN, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream,
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death."
Ibid. act v. sc. i.

"TELL them I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread;

And smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, THOU art." SMART.

In his song to David, composed in a madhouse.

"RICH gums,
Sweeter than those the phœnix makes her altar
When she is her own sacrifice, and fans
The glowing pile with her gray wings."
SHIRLEY, *Example*, vol. 3, p. 332.

A VERY pretty line of Hall Hartston's, describing a butterfly.

"From earth he springs,
Opes his gay downs, and spreads his gold-dropt wings;
Turns every beauty to the sunny ray,
And winnows with soft wing his easy way."
Youth, *Monthly Review*,
vol. 48, p. 459.

"LOVE leads to penitence,
And is the noblest, surest path; whilst fear
Is dark and devious."
Miss BAILLIE, *Martyr*, p. 413.

"PAST and future are but shadowy visions,
Dark cumberous things, which we must cast aside,
To make the present hour endurable."
Ibid. *Separation*, p. 29.

"A FEEBLE body,
The worn out case of a more feeble mind."
Ibid. *Phantom*, p. 245.

"BUT Lord preserve us all!
We by God's grace, may sit by Satan's side,
Ay, in the self-same settle, yet the while
Be ne'er one whit the worse."
Ibid. p. 273.

"*Marian*. I thought thou wert prepared.
Alice. I thought so too.
But certainty makes previous expectation
Seem, by comparison, a state of hope."
Ibid. p. 277.

"WHAT a sweet thing is night! how calm and harmless;
No whispering but of leaves, on which the breath
Of heaven plays music to the birds that
Of heaven plays music to the birds that slumber."—SHIRLEY, *Constant Maid*,
vol. 4, p. 494.

"TU vero fili contende intrare per angustam portam; nec quid multi agant attende, sed quid agendum ipsa tibi natura, ipsa ratio, ipse Deus ostendat."—PICUS MIRANDULA, ff. 60.

"SI non desipit auditor, a fucato sermone quid sperat aliud quam insidias? Tribus maxime persuadetur, vitâ dicentis, veritate rei, sobrietate orationis."—Ibid. ff. p. 62.

"THEY who in former times, like pipes of reeds, have sweetly sounded out the praises of God, but now are cracked with some pardonable error in judgment, or slip in manners, if they be truly bruised with the weight of their sin, and thoroughly contrite, may plead the privilege of the bruised reed in the text, not to be broken by any overhard and severe censure or sentence."
FEATLEY, *Clavis Mystica*. p. 10.

EXTRACTS, FACTS, AND OPINIONS, RELATING TO POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SOCIETY.

Prospects of Society.

SEE CLARENDON, vol. 1, part 2, p. 498. Concerning the arts and activity of factious men.

"So most men are deceived in being too reasonable; concluding that reason will prevail upon those men to submit to what is right and just, who have no other consideration of right or justice, but as it advances their interest, or complies with their humour and passion."—Ibid. p. 1043.

ONE who had hurt his foot by paring a nail to the quick, laughed on being told there was danger of a mortification, and replied, "the foot is a long way from the heart." But the mortification found its way there.

BACON observes, "it is not incredible that it should have come into the mind of such an abject fellow (as Lambert Simnell) to enterprize so great a matter, for high conceits do sometimes come streaming into the imaginations of base persons, especially when they are drunk with news and talk of the people."—*Henry VII.* p. 20.

BACON says that in the Statute of 19 Henry VII. against vagabonds, there may be noted "the dislike the parliament had of gaoling of them, as that which was chargeable, pesterous, and of no open example. And he notices that in all the statutes of this king there are ever coupled the punishment of vagabonds, and the forbidding of dice and *cards*, and unlawful games unto servants and mean people, and the putting down and suppressing of alehouses, as strings of one root together, and as if the one were unprofitable without the other."—Ibid. p. 216.

NATIONAL wealth wholesome only when justly, equitably (not equally) diffused. When the workman as well as the capitalist has his fair proportion of gains and comforts.

"SED jam pudet me ista refellere, cum eos non puduerit ista sentire. Cum verò ausi sint etiam defendere, non jam eorum, sed ipsius generis humani me pudet, cujus aures hæc ferre potuerunt."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

THE overflow of educated persons in both sexes,—"the condition of the one being accompanied with more unhappiness than would easily be imagined, and that of the other bringing with it more danger than statesmen perhaps have yet taken into the account of the evils that are to come."

"THINGS (in Scripture) manifestly and mercifully undefined."—MILLER'S *B. Lectures.*

"SIMPLE (The) Cobler of Aggawam in America. Willing to help 'mend his Native Country, lamentably tattered both in the upper-Leather and Sole, with all the honest stitches he can take, 10*s.* 6*d.* *Lond.* 1647."

"The Othomacas, one of the rudest of the Orinoco tribes, suppose themselves descended from a pile of stones upon the top of a rock called Barraguan, and that they all return to stone as they came from it; so that this mass of rock is composed of their forefathers.

The system of lying was not practised more impudently by Buonaparte's government, than by the Opposition papers and the Opposition speakers.

Johnson once said of Derrick, "he may do very well as long as he can outrun his character, but the moment his character gets up with him, it is all over." Alas! character now goes for nothing with the mob, or even the people in this country.

"Est enim metus magister longè optimus maximequè opportunus."[1]—Greg. Nazianzen.

Alfred's police.—Turner, vol. 2, p. 304.

Works of fiction monstrous in kind, devilish in feeling, damnable in purpose.

Every man his own king, his own priest, and his own God.

The American war destroyed that amicable feeling which till then had for half a century prevailed between the Church and the Dissenters. In Abp. Secker's days, e. g.

"Mais on feint de ne rien croire, afin de tout permettre," was said of the Dragonnades in Poictou, and may be said of the Cato-street Conspiracy, &c.

A. D. 1821. In the course of thirty-nine years the Catholics in England are said to have increased sevenfold. Their present numbers are about 500,000.

"La multitude est plus frappé de ce qu'on lui ordonne que de ce qu'on lui prouve. Les hommes en général, ont besoin d'être fixés : il leur faut des maximes plutôt que des démonstrations."—Portalis.

See this paper of Portalis. L. Goldsmith, vol. 1, p. 281, &c. concerning a *settled* mode of belief. It contains much excellent wisdom excellently expressed.

Reformation.

Necessity admitted—the consequence of fraud and falsehood.

Errors—in abolishing the Regulars. Purgatory. Calvinism.

Iconoclasm. The Cross.

Croyland and Ely still worse for the Reformation.

Your great Whig landholder is a Leviathan with the intellect of a Dodo.

Revolution would soon produce *malaria* in England. The condition of the Bedford Level would be more advantageous to coot, teal, widgeon, and wild ducks, than to the goosey goosey ganders of the house of Russell.

Beggars' Opera in Heroics. Lord B.

No happiness but in a *settled* state of things.

"Omne quod exit in *hum*."

Slavery.

Feudal dependence.

Manufactures.

Treasure so frequently concealed in India, that whenever the foundation of a house is to be dug, officers of government attend to seize one, if it should be found. (This in Tranquebar.)

Evil of having introduced our system of laws in India.—Murray, *Hist. Acc.* vol. 2, p. 320.

Justice is defied in consequence, and the country at the mercy of most merciless banditti.

[1] I suspect this is a line from the *Carmen de Vitâ suâ*, v. 47.

Φόβος γὰρ ἦγεν, ὃς μέγας διδάσκαλος.

Tom. ii. p. 678. Ed. Fol. 1840.

J. W. W.

Printing. General education.
Emancipation. Association in clubs, &c.
Reformation. Revolution in America and France.
Church. Universities. Lay Monasteries. Protestant nunneries. Alms-houses.
Condition of women.
Monastic virtues, humility, obedience.
Laws.
Literature.
Colonization at home and abroad.
Progress of trade and manufactures.
Question of exclusive companies.
Prevention of fires.

End of all disputed successions with the Union of the Roses.

The old denominations of small coin becoming too small.

Manufacturing populace in Flanders. But the higher classes in those days, Comines says, were good people, and sorely disliked the mutinous spirit of the community. Our mischief lies with the half-educated class,—the agitators.

Consequence of the struggle for Reformation in different countries. The League. Accidental effect of the Inquisition.

No one put to death for heresy while Sir [illegible] was chancellor.

Destruction of buildings began with the Reformation, when strong passions were at work than in the successive wars of which Comines speaks.

A good remark of Marlborough's upon Lord Halifax, "if he had no other fault but his unreasonable vanity, that alone would be capable of making him guilty of any fault."

Growth of good government through the wreck of its institutions. Difference in Iceland.

The world may be progressive as a whole, while parts are retrograde, e. g. New Holland, Canada, and America, while Great Britain, &c.

Condition of the lower classes, physical as to health, diet, clothing, fire, moral, religious, political.
Hinds, small farmers, domestic servants, male and female, manufactures, coachmen, &c.

Question of improvement examined. Scene, the ruined village. Small farmers and peasantry, certes worsened. Manufactures a new class. Servants an altered one.
Tradesmen.
Condition of women. *Quoad* marriage, worsened, and *quoad* education, not so good as in Henry VIII.'s time.
Dr. Johnson, Boswell says, "was willing to speak favourably of his own age: and indeed maintained its superiority in every respect, except in its reverence for government; the relaxation of which he imputed as its grand cause to the shock which our monarchy received at the Revolution, though necessary; and secondly, to the timid concessions made to faction by successive administrations in the reign of his present Majesty, George III."—Vol. 3, p. 3.

"There is a strange rout made about deep play," said Johnson; "whereas you have many more ruined by adventurous trade, and yet we do not hear such an outcry against it."

Opinions concerning the mercantile profession by Cicero, and Plutarch's character of it in eastern times. — Wadding. vol. 1, p. 17. Essenes. *Basnage*, vol. 1, p. 536.

"In colonizing new countries provision should be made for towns, and those limited in size. See Henry the Fowler's regulation in Germany."—Turner, vol. 2, p. 359.

THE Bramin walking straight forward till he dies.

AN autumnal poem—the first discoloured leaves—possibility of a scathe at the top.

WITCHCRAFT, note. Captain Beaver's story of the "incorruptible witch."

POETS in heaven.—BISHOP KEN'S *Poems*, vol. 1, p. 200.

ALI BEY known for an European at Morocco by his *corns*.

THE P. in one of their addresses to Charles I. say truly, "a kingdom being many times as much exposed to ruin for the want of a new law, as by the violation of those that are in being."

THE divine right was a wholesome opinion both for prince and subject; impressing upon both a sense of duty, from which no ill could follow, but much good might arise.

Is not the increase of poor rates a consequence of the increase of population in great proportion? that class always breeding without remorse; and early marriages not common in any other.

"MOREOVER the profit of the earth is for all: the king himself is served by the field."—*Ecclesiastes*, v. 9.

THE Saxons could have brought no trades with them—these must then have been practised by slaves till the *liberti* arose.

THE thirst of gain has occasioned more crimes and more misery than the thirst of glory.

MACHINERY tends to create enormous wealth for a few individuals.

CAUSES of the moral and intellectual degradation of the Roman world.

AT the Hospital General in Rouen, old people are permitted on making a calculated payment to become pensioners comfortably resident in it, in various classes, according to their rank in life.

LATENT dirt in a frost. So with the vices and ill qualities of those whom we meet only in society.

VAGABOND laws.

MANUFACTURES in their wholesome state.

ALFRED'S police.

ALFRED'S law against public liars.

ALL handicraft trades first exercised by slaves.

HOBBES says, "Could the city of London swallow this? yes, and more too, if needs be; London, you know, has a great belly, but no palate, nor taste of right and wrong."

ROGUES.—HOLINSHED, vol. 1, p. 309.

THE Spencean system is radically the same as that in Hindostan of the Zemindars and Rayuts, and would end in making every landholder a tenant at rack rent, by way of relieving the subject from taxes; it seizes upon all estates in toto.

HENRY VIII. said truly to his Parliament, "that no king or kingdom was safe but where the king had ability to live of his own, and able to defend his kingdom upon any sudden invasion or insurrection, and to reward his well deserving servants."

EVILS which arose from ignorance and withholding of the scriptures—contrasted with those which arose from ignorance and the use of them.

WHEN the feudal system of education in great houses became obsolete, nothing suc-

ceeded it in Portugal, and boys of course became little men.

STEAM engine. Mail coach. Arkwright. Watt.

THE only means by which such countries as Naples and Spain can be regenerated without a long and dreadful age of suffering, is by an enlightened king or minister possessing his entire confidence and support.

PRINCIPLES of order and association turned *against* society.

WE have rats from Norway and cockroaches from the West Indies, bugs and blasphemy from London.

A LAW nicety kept the lawyers *cold*.—R. NORTH, vol. 1, p. 185.

"IT had been a prime jest," says ROGER NORTH (vol. 1, p. 284), "if, under the pretence of a defence, the criminal should be allowed to vent seditious libels, full of mutiny and reflection, to amuse the people, and so to come forth and be published in print."

And so "he took unto the treason trade."—Ibid. p. 285.

BY Lord Keeper Guildford's advice, counter-pamphleteers, Sir Roger, &c. were set up, as a better way than prosecutors, "they soon wrote the libellers out of the pit, and during that king's life, the trade of libels, which before had been in great request, fell to nothing."—Ibid. p. 301.

A TIME of long continued deterioration every where, except in arts; the light being only preserved among the Jews. Note this lapse from the patriarchal and golden age, in the second Dialogue.

THREE cries occasioned the acts after the war — cheap bread, retrenchment, and a metallic currency.

IN reducing an army after a war, those men only should have been discharged at first who wished their discharge, others kept on for one year at least, till they could find employment for themselves.

Free passage given to as many as chose to go out and colonize; officers tempted to colonize by grants of land, passage, and their half pay, either by drawing for it, or in stores, &c. upon the spot, at English prices, for a certain number of years, till the land could well support them; and till that term, the half pay to be continued to their widows and children in case of death.

THE present race are what Johnson emphatically called bottomless Whigs. Their attachment to the most sacred institutions of the country is so lax, that no person knows how far the loose tether of their principles extends.

IN Utopia, "extra senatum aut comitia publicè, de rebus communibus inire consilium, capitale habetur." — P. 129. This was a precaution against tyranny.

BROUGHAM.

"While these terrified petitioners were brooding over the dangers of Catholic admission to Parliament, it might afford some comfort, as diversion to their fears, to know how slight a phrase it was which prevented Roman Catholic Bishops from sitting in the Upper House, but which precluded Jewish Rabbis, or even the great Mufti himself, from coming into Parliament, either by creation from the Crown, or election by the people. (Hear! and laughter.) It was barely the accidental insertion of the word Christian, in one of the tests, which prevented that consummation, dreadful as it would be to the good men of Kent. Neither the Mahometan nor the Rabbi had any objection to the oaths; they could digest the supremacy, the allegiance, and the abjuration of Catholic doctrines; nothing kept them out but the fortunate insertion of 'all this I promise upon the faith of a Christian.'"—*Courier*, Saturday, May 11, 1822.

Such trash as this is uttered in Parliament and passes current!!

"THE reason," says SWIFT, "why the Whigs have taken the atheists, or free-thinkers into their body is, because they wholly agree in their political schemes, and differ very little in church power and discipline."

AT Westminster, the College ought in this to resemble a college, that each scholar should have his separate apartment, and that to all others it should be his castle.

THE fault in Europe seems to be too much government and too little police.

HOBBES says, in his *Dialogues concerning the Common Law*, "perhaps the greatest cause of multitude of suits is this, that for want of registering of conveyances of land (which might easily be done in the townships where the lands lie) a purchase cannot easily be had which will not be litigious."

MANUFACTURERS seditious when provisions are at a high price: the agriculturists when they are cheap, and both classes showing their total want of reverence or attachment towards the institutions of their country.

WRITS—"de inquirendo de prodigo"[1]—proposed in that very sensible tract called *England's Wants*.—SOMERS' *Tracts*, vol. 9, p. 223.

MR. HUME "the great toe of the assembly."

"LAWS and church discipline."—LORD BROOKE, p. 40.

OWENITE communities in Auvergne before the revolution.—See MRS. CAREY'S *Tour*, p. 347.

HAYLEY says, "I remember to have heard it said by a late anatomist, in a professional discourse on the female frame, that it almost appeared an act of cruelty in nature to produce such a being as woman."

IN a Monarchy there certainly is something more like a moral responsibility, more like a conscience than in a Republic, as Dryden says,

"Well Monarchies may own Religious name,
But States are Atheists in their very frame,
They share a sin: and such proportions fall
That like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all."

SEE a horrid passage concerning original sin in SOUTH, vol. 7, p. 131.

AN opinion that departed spirits do not see what passes on earth.—Ibid. p. 346.

BOOKS composed without a grain of research or a pennyweight of reason, a scruple of conscience: a dram of impudence or of slander suffices.

SOCIETY with books.—ERAS. *Epist.* p. 297.

OPPOSITION like the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, from the proudest Whigs down to the most desperate levellers.

"IN Cretâ Iouis simulacrum confingi certum est sine auribus, quoniam principem uirum, et omnibus late dominantem audire addecet neminem, sed id demum persequi quod dictat rationis examen, et iustitiæ nusquam præflorata integritas. Hæc Cœlius, li. 6."

"IN quibus, neque tibi neque mihi satisfeci, propterea quod rei quæ non ratione nititur, ratio nulla reddi potest."—SCALIGER. *Ep.* 85, p. 220.

"LITTERÆ quid aliud sunt hodiè, quam

[1] The Flemings put the estates of prodigals, as they did those of lunatics, under guardians. See suprà, p. 616.—J. W. W.

latrocinium publico assensu concessum."—Ibid. *Ep.* 273, p. 527.

MOTTO for the B. of the State. Joel i. 3.

THERE is a law which says "affectus enim tanquam effectus inspicitur."—BOUVET, p. 297.

DIFFERENT effect of Popery on different ranks, as of Methodism; worsening as it ascends.

"THE knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom," saith the wise son of Sirach.—*Eccl.* xix. 22.

"I am the mother of fair love and fear, and knowledge, and holy hope."—Ibid. xxiv. 18.

"The first man knew her not perfectly, no more shall the last find her out."—Ibid. xxiv. 28.

"They that eat me shall yet be hungry, and they that drink me shall yet be thirsty. He that obeyeth me shall never be confounded, and they that work by me shall not do amiss."—Ibid. xxi. 2.

"I will yet pour out doctrine as prophecy, and leave it to all ages for ever."—Ibid. 33.

PROPHECY of the kingdom which is to come. Isaiah xxv. 7-8. Hosea ii. 14-23.

"GIVE me any plague but the plague of the heart."—*Ecclesiasticus* xxv. 13.

"JE trouve que le prix de la plupart des choses dépend de l'état où nous sommes quand nous les recevons."—M. DE SEVIGNE, tom. 3, p. 112.

"POUR celui-ci, il n'y a qu'a laisser aller sa plume."—Ibid. p. 352.

"THE pit wherein Democritus imagined Truth to be buried, was questionless the heart of man."—JACKSON, vol. 1, p. 887.

"AND let the counsel of thine own heart stand; for there is no man more faithful unto thee than it."—*Ecclesiasticus* xxxvii. 13.

"For all things are not profitable for all men, neither hath every soul pleasure in every thing."—Ibid. 28.

"FOR out of the old fields as men saith
Cometh all this new corn fro year to year
And out of old books in good faith,
Cometh all this new science than men lere."
CHAUCER. *Assembly of Fowls.*

"WHOM shall he teach knowledge, and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breast."—ISAIAH xxviii. 9.

"In rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." Ibid. xxx. 15.

M. SEVIGNE's opinion of the peasantry in Bretagne—their natural uprightness.

"BUT the only good that grows of passed fear,
Is to be wise, and ware of like again."
Faëry Queen.

"WHY then should witless man so much misween,
That nothing is, but that which he hath seen."—Ibid.

No persons are made miserable by the reformed religion; they are not compelled by fear of death to continue in professing what they disbelieve.

Nunneries, &c.

"To triumph in a lie, and a lie themselves have forged, is frontless. Folly often goes beyond her bounds, but Impudence knows none."—B. JONSON.

MILNER, &c. and our martyrs. "Let the lying lips be put to silence, which cruelly, disdainfully, and despitefully speak against the righteous."—*Ps.* xxxi. 20.

"Et sicut aqua extinguet ignem, ita eleemosyna extinguit peccatum," says Ralph Coggeshall, speaking of Cœur de Lion's death.—M. Durand, *Col. An.* vol. 5, p. 858.

"Desinant
Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua."
Ter. *Prol. ad Andriem.*

"How canst thou say, I am not polluted, I have not gone after Baalim?—Jeremiah ii. 23.

Where are thy gods that thou hast made thee? let them arise if they can save thee in the time of thy trouble."—Ibid. v. 28.

Jewel replied to Cole who said, "I see ye write much and read little." "How are ye so privy to my reading? Wise men avouch no more than they know. Ye lacked shift when ye were driven to write thus."—Wordsworth's *Ecc. Biog.* vol. 4, p. 69.

Vested interests.

Resource of spinning taken from old women.

Small traders eaten up by the great.

Settled shopkeepers injured by interlopers, and by too much competition. Like cattle who are starved by overstocking the pasture.

Bonner and Gardiner, or the Guy Foxites. "And yet, Sir, you complain that these men are, as they deserve to be, in the words of the prophet, 'an execration, and an astonishment, and a curse, and a reproach.'"

"L'art de ne rien faire en faisant quelque chose, est de toutes les espèces d'orsiveté la plus dangereuse, parce qu'elle paroit la plus excusable."—*Entretien sur les Romans*, p. 106.

This is said of idle reading.

"Free men by fortune, slaves by free will."—*Euphues.*

"Je sai que les grands out pour maxime de laisser passer et de continuër d'agir; mais je sai aussi qu'il leur arrive en plusieurs rencontres que laisser dire les empêche de faire."—La Bruyere, tom. 2, p. 15.

"Les fautes des sots sont quelquefois si lourdis et si difficiles à prévoir, qu'elles mettent les sages en défaut, et ne sont utiles qu'à ceux qui les font."—Ibid. p. 84.

Ps. xxxvi. 7. "Thou, Lord, shalt save both man and beast." I wonder nothing has been deduced from this text in favour of the immortality of brutes.[1]

"The doctrine of the Church's Infallibility," says the excellent Jackson, "undermines the very foundation of the Church's faith,—those of merit and justification, and the propitiation of the mass unroof the edifice and deface the walls, leaving nothing thereof but altar stones for their idolatrous sacrifices."—*To the Christian Reader.*

The greedy speculating spirit of our trade compared with old frugality, and the hereditary enjoyment of realized wealth as now exhibited in Holland.

"But is not this a fear makes virtue vain?
Tears from yon ministring regents of the sky
Their right? plucks from firm-handed Providence
The golden reins of sublunary sway,
And gives them to blind chance? If this be so,
If Tyranny must lord it o'er the earth,
There's anarchy in heaven."—*Caractacus.*

Converts from Popery. Isaiah xxix. 18-24. "And in that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book; and the eyes of the

[1] Adam Littleton in his Sermons, p. 21, refers this text to our Lord's taking away all other sacrifices by the sacrifice of himself.—J. W. W.

blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness.

—"They also that erred in spirit shall come to understanding: and they that murmured shall learn doctrine."

"For that which had not been told them shall they see; and that which they had not heard shall they consider."—Ibid. lii. 15.

THE Romish system is to be taken from its authorized records, and its established practices. From books which have been examined and re-examined, revised and corrected, and finally approved and licensed by Qualifiers, Inquisitors, Provincials, and Heads of Orders, not from such books as an Englishman sets forth at his own pleasure, and for his own purpose. I take it as it appears in Baronius and Bellarmine, in the Acts of your Saints, in the Annals of your Religious Orders, in your Church Service, not as it is in the British Roman Catholic Church, nor in the Declaration of Kelly, &c. nor in the Evidence of Drs. Doyle, and Co. I take it as it appears and is, at Madrid and Rome, not as it is in Great Ormond Street.

CONCERNING novel reading, the ABBE F. says, "nos voisins sont plus sages que nous." (*Entret. sur les Romans*, p. 112.) The English are too wise a people to read such frivolous things (see the passage,) and he speaks with great contempt (p. 114) "d'une lecture, dont le seul agrément est de pouvoir dire dans un cercle, qu'on a lû le livre du jour, et de le trouver admirable ou detestable."

POPERY makes infidels, and is the worst enemy of Christianity. Necessity of exposing it for this reason, which Baronius applies to the exposition of heresies. "Sed quorsum, dicat aliquis, quæ profundo perpetuoque fuissent sepeliendæ, silentio, hujuscemodi sordes, suo putore aërem ipsum corrumpentes, hinc inde ex industriâ veluti scopâ collectæ, produntur in lucem?"—Vol. 2, p. 69.

A GOOD passage in Baronius, stating why the wise and good among the heathen became converts, vol. 2, p. 256. It is perfectly applicable to Bucer and Beza and those who forsook his own idolatrous church.

"LET us take care," says LARDNER, (vol. 1, p. 257,) "that by introducing numerous inferior and intermediate beings and their agency, we do not derogate from the Divine empire and government, as supreme over all causes and things, visible and invisible."

REVELATION. JACKSON, vol. 1, p. 164.

TIME and space. St. Augustine.—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 883, vol. 2, p. 20.

OPPORTUNITIES of retirement which the convents afforded.—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 926.

152. HEAVEN within us.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 29.

CONTINGENCY and Providenee.—J. TAYLOR, D. p. 13.

105. POLICE. Louis Buonaparte. 3, p. 80.

"PONTIFICIA potestas est velut cardo, fundamentum, et ut uno verbo dicam, summa fidei Christianæ."—SKULTENIUS, *Apol. pro Bellarmino*, c. 6. Quoted in Featley's Advertisement to Crakanthorp's Vigilius Dormitans.

"IN Papâ omnem esse potestatem supra omnes potestates, tam cœli quam terræ."—STEPHEN, Archiepisc. Patracensis, in an oration at the Lateran Council before Leo X. Quoted in Poole's Nullity of the Romish Faith, p. 118.

CRESSY had said in one of his books (the *Exomol.* I believe) that "no such word as infallibility is to be found in any council. But in his second edition ("et secundæ cogitati-

ones sunt meliores," says Poole) I find him sick of his former notion. I suppose he hath met with sharp rebukes from his wiser brethren: what penances or censures they have inflicted on him, I know not, but the effect is visible, and the man is brought to a recanting strain. And that he may have some colourable palliation for it, he pretends that he was misunderstood, and never meant to deny infallibility to the Church, save only in the most rigorous sense that the term would import, and therefore he roundly asserts that the Church can neither deceive believers that follow her, nor be deceived herself.—*Exomolog.* sect. 2, c. 21. Poole's *Nullity of the Romish Faith*, p. 244.

"Concerning this glorious text of *not erring*, the case is easy, and the issue short. If the true church, which can never err, be the visible church, then that visible church which often hath erred, and doth still err, cannot be the true church."—Jackson, vol. 3, p. 841.

"Ὁπερ εἶμι τοῦτο μένω, καὶ δυσφημέμενος καὶ θαυμαζόμενος."—Nazianzen.[1]

"But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."—*Matthew*, xv. 9.

"Every plant which our heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."—Ibid. 13.

To the words of your church, sir, I must keep you, "for by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."—Ibid. xii. 37.

Bellarmine saith, they must go directly to hell who do not believe in purgatory.—*De Purgatorio*, l. 1, c. 11, §§ Hæc sunt. Quoted in Doctrines and Practice of the Romish Church truly represented, p. 119.

[1] I have not been able to verify this passage, and it certainly does not read right.—J. W. W.

The real name of Andreas Eudæmon Johannes Cydonius was Jean L'Heureux. *Refutation of P. Coton's Letter*, p. 18.

See the *Anti-Coton*, English translation, p. 30-2, for the Kakodæmon's justification of Garnett. Garnett and Oldcorne are both by him and by Bellarmine called martyrs, and their names are in the Jesuits' Catalogue of their martyrs printed at Rome.

In Bale's Epistle to the Reader, before his *Pageant of Popes*, English translation, A. D. 1574, he says of the Regulars, "they gave unto them in most places either the French pockes, or the Spanish disease." *Thus distinguishing them.*

"Truth, fully and evidently declared, will justify itself against all gainsayers."—Jackson, vol. 2, p. 170.

"I see not how any man can justify the making the way to heaven narrower than Jesus Christ hath made it,—it being already so narrow that there are few that find it."—J. Taylor, vol. 7, p. 446.

Permit me, sir, in my turn, to ask if you have read it, or if your allusion to it is built upon the interpretation given to it by that foul slanderer James Laing, whom I thank Sir Egerton Brydges for introducing me to in one of his erudite volumes, and for designating him as a furious and calumnious bigot.

Austerities.—The man who worshipped cleanliness, and was burnt at Paris. Contrast him with the stinking saints.

Mr. Hussenbeth, a Romish priest in Lord Stafford's family, expressing his disapprobation of a book of Prayers recently published in France, "which are nothing but charms or spells beneath the regards of any reasonable person," complains of those who would make "it believed that such ridiculous charms are sanctioned by the Catholic Church. If they were," he adds, "I, as one of her ministers, however unworthy,

should be bound to defend them."—*Norfolk Chronicle*, Jan. 14, 1826.

"TELL me, gentle reader," says LIGHTFOOT, vol. 4, p. 59, "whether doth the Jew Romanize, or the Roman Judaize in his devotions."

"IT is a canonical saying which the Son of Sirach hath to this purpose, 'In every work be of a faithful heart,' (Ecc. xxxii. 23.) Or as Drusius, trust thy soul,—but most directly to the author's meaning, believe with thy soul, for this is the keeping of the commandments."—JACKSON, vol. 1, p. 729.

"VIOLENT passions, intensive desires, or strong affections, either strain out, or suck in, only so much of the sense of scriptures as symbolizeth with themselves, for with much the same reason that if one string be stiffly bent and another slack, only one doth sound, though both be touched."—Ibid. p. 1021.

DR. SAYERS (vol. 2, p. 73) argues acutely that "a want of miracles would have been accounted by the very persons who object to them, and certainly by others, a want of the material part of the evidence for a divine revelation."

HARTLEY was of opinion that it is impossible to prove all Pagan miracles to be false. Sayers, vol. 2, p. 80, differs from him. Pagan miracles, Baronius, vol. 2, p. 102-3. Romish ones, Matthew vii. 22-3.

MRS. HUGHES heard Wesley say at a meeting where the singing did not please him, "There are two ways of performing this devotional exercise, singing and screaming.—Don't scream."

She lived in the street at Bath where he had his quarters, and observed that he used to order his carriage every day some half hour before he wanted it himself, that the children of his flock might be indulged in a few minutes' ride, as many at a time as the coach would hold.

THE Armenian Bible Christians, commonly called Briantes, have female as well as male itinerants. The female preachers, described in the *Pulpit*, No. 6, p. 91, were dressed like Quakers. One of them held forth fluently, distinctly, with ability, and apparent effect upon a not numerous auditory in the fields between the City Road and Islington. She belonged to the London Circuit, and was No. 11 of the place.

P. BAGOT, who was confessor to Louis XIII. used to say, "si l'on vous fait entrer à la Cour par la porte, sauvez-vous par les fenêtres."—*Vie de Boudon*, p. 39.

"DECEM præceptorum custos Carolus," written upon Charlemagne's sword.

"IT is a strange thing that, among us, people cannot agree the whole week because they go different ways upon Sundays."—FARQUHAR.

Poor Farquhar probably did not care which way he went.

"AN everlasting reproach upon you, and a perpetual shame, which shall not be forgotten."—JEREMIAH xxiii. 40.

"CEUX qui sans nous connoître assez pensent mal de nous, ne nous font pas de tort; ce n'est pas nous qu'*ils* attaquent, c'est le fantôme de leur imagination."—LA BRUYERE, tom. 2, p. 144.

"RIEN ne nous venge mieux des mauvais jugemens que les hommes font de nôtre esprit, de nos mœurs et de nos manières, que l'indignité et le mauvais caractère de ceux qu'ils approuvent."—Ibid. p. 146.

"THE civil magistrates' facility to countenance every prating discontent, or forthputting vocalist in preaching what he list."—JACKSON, vol. 1, p. 190.

"Weeds are counted herbs in the beginning of the spring; nettles are put in pottage, and sallats are made of eldern-buds."—Fuller's *Holy State*, p. 11

"Christ," says good old Fuller the Worthy, "reproved the Pharisees for disfiguring their faces with a sad countenance. Fools! who to persuade men that angels lodged in their hearts, hung out the devil for a sign in their faces."—Ibid. p 18.

"'Ανάγκη πότε χρόνῳ ἐκ τῶν ψευδῶς ἀγαθῶν ἀληθὲς ἐκβῆναι κακόν."
Jackson, vol. 2, p. 318. But whether by the great philosopher, whom he quotes, Aristotle or Plato[1] be meant, I am not certain, probably the former.

"As passengers of good respect would often pass by unregarded of poor cottagers, did not ill-nurtured curs notify their approach by barking; so many divine mysteries would be less observed than they are, did not profane objectors become our remembrancers."—Jackson, vol. 2, p. 410.

La Bruyere, (vol. 1, p. 40), says truly, that there is a sort of criticism which corrupts both the writer and the readers.

Jackson says, that "to distinguish feigned or counterfeit from true experimental affections, is the most easy and most certain kind of criticism."—(Vol. 1, p. 22.) True; for men who have the faculty of discernment. But there is nothing in which common readers and common critics are more frequently deceived.

"Nor is it when bad things agree
Thought union, but conspiracy."
Katherine Philips.

[1] I have not found the passage in Aristotle, whom I have searched by the Index. The argument, and the words *nearly*, I have found in the *Philebus* of Plato, ii. 40. Ed. Priestley à Bekker, vol. v. p. 521. As Jackson makes no reference he probably quoted *memoriter*.
J. W. W.

The worst malison that can be pronounced against one of an uncharitable, envious, malicious, spiteful mind, is—
"Let him be still himself, and let him live."
Ibid.

The brewers have a society for the protection of casks.

If the argument presses you with a *peine fort et dure*, you have brought it upon yourself.

The gunpowder heroes,—the pious and persecuted Percy, calumniated Catesby, intrepid Tresham, and glorious Grey; base Bates; the excellent and elevated Sir Everard. Best speaks of his family as *illustrated* by the name of Sir Everard, and the plot as *ministerial*. Even if it had been so, Sir Everard was not the less a traitor.

"The presumed absolute infallibility of the visible Romish church for the time being, doth lay a necessity upon their successors of freezing in the dregs of their predecessors' errors."—Dr. J. Jackson, vol. 3, p. 187.

"For among my people are found wicked men; they lay wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men.
"As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit; therefore they are become great, and waxen rich.
"They are waxen fat; they shine."
Jeremiah, v. 26-7-8.

Rome.

"As a fountain casteth out her waters; so she casteth out her wickedness."—Ibid. vi. 7.

Reformation.

"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."—Ibid. vi. 16.

"THEY have made lies *their* refuge, and under falsehood have *they* hid *themselves*."—*Isaiah*, XXVIII. 15.

"THEY will prove their religion," says LIGHTFOOT, (vol. I, p. 190), "by antiquity, universality, and I know not what. Let them show it by the humility and mercifulness of it, and we shall desire no more."

"THIS is the reason, (Ibid. p. 192), that so many Protestants turn Papists, (1674); because Popery opens an easier way to heaven a thousand fold than the Protestant doth."

IN that story of the Frison chief, (Rochardus, LIGHTFOOT calls him), who having his foot in the Baptistery, asked whether his unbaptized forefathers were gone to heaven or hell; and being told by the bishop, that most certainly they were gone to hell, withdrew his foot, and saying, then I will go the same way with them, refused to be baptized,—I am more inclined to compassionate the error of the bishop than of the barbarian.

OLD truths will be again acknowledged, and exploded principles re-established. It will be in philosophy as in geography since we have re-discovered Baffin's Bay.

"ROUGE au soir, blanc au matin,
C'est la journée du Pelerin.
L'on entend cela pour le temps
Mais je l'entens pour le vin." MOY.
Le Berger Extravagant, vol. I, p. 40.

CONSTANT alliance of the Popes with any conquering dynasty noted by THIERRY.

"When thou sawest a thief thou consentedst unto him."

And this from Phocas and Charlemagne down to Buonaparte.

"I WILL reprove thee, and set before thee the things that thou hast done."—*Psalm* I. 21.

"BENEFITS please, like flowers, while they are fresh."—*Jacula Prudentum*. G. HERBERT.

"LIVING well is the best revenge."—Ibid.

"TAKE heed of an ox before, of a horse behind, of a monk on all sides."—Ibid.

"A PIECE of a churchyard fits every body."—Ibid.

"BOLERMOS a los mismos lances de la platica passada, que es donde doblamos la hoja."—PEREZ DE MONTALOAN, p. 74.

"'THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;' but calling it the beginning, implies that we ought to proceed farther,—namely, from his fear to his love."
PALEY. *Sermon* 2.

WORSE sins than idolatry, when men walk every one after the imagination of his evil heart.—*Jeremiah* xvi. 11-12.

AND above all things well and thoroughly consider the horrors of the Mass,—for the sake of which idol God in justice might have drowned and destroyed the universal world.—*Coll. Mensalia*, p. 288.

"WHO dips with the devil, he had need have a long spoon."[1]—*Apius and Virginia*.

Jacula Prudentum.

HE that stumbles and falls not, mends his pace.

The gentle hawk half mans herself.

A lion's skin is never cheap.

Nothing is to be presumed on, or despaired of.

Think of ease, but work on.

[1] A common proverb. So in the *Comedy of Errors*, "Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil."—Act iv. sc. iii.
J. W. W.

Punishment is lame, but it comes.

A man's discontent is his worst evil.

Fear nothing but sin.

You cannot make a windmill go with a pair of bellows.

The eyes have one language everywhere.

Heresy is the school of pride.

For the same man to be a heretic and a good subject is *incompossible*.

SINGING the ass's tune, high begun, but lowly ended. — LUTHER. . *Coll. Mensalia*, p. 401.

"EBUR atramento candefacere."
ERASMUS. *Adag*. p. 140.

A GERMAN quarrel—three fighting, each one against the other two.

THERE's craft in the clouted shoe.

"DESDICHADO Convento, triste Religion,
Que la Missa del Gallo la canta un Capon."

The Spaniards applied this to some of their officers who were unworthily entrusted with command.

"CHERCHANT toujours cinq pieds."—*Pamela*, vol. 3, let. 20. "En un mouton."—*Amadis*, l. 10, p. 37.

"NOVIT enim Deus, cur capræ curtam eandam dederit."—VAN HELMONT, p. 751.

"I MUST tell you," says Strafford to Lord Cottington, "a sow's ears may prove good souce, albeit no silken purse: and the proverb is such as any king in Christendom must be pleased withal, the expression being so significant, and yet withal so quaint, and so little vulgar. Look you, put it among those of Spain, which you brag so much of, for in the whole catalogue you have not one so poignant and pressing."—STRAFFORD's *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 163.

GUIBERT, Abbas de Pignoribus Sanctorum *in Dacherius*.

He tells us that Odo, the Conqueror's brother, bought the body of a countryman called Exuperius of a sexton for £100, and made a solemn translation of it for St. Exuperius.

THERE was a sort of wandering monks called Circelliones,[1] who made a trade of selling and stealing relics.—HUGO MENARD, *Not. in Concord. Regul.* c. 3, p. 125.

STILLINGFLEET's *Second Discourse*, pp. 603-4.

ST. JOHN of Beverley's relics found—yielding a sweet smell, in A. Wood's time.—WOOD's *Life*, p. 193.

"IT must be a hard winter when one wolf eateth another."—*Euphues*.

"ONE thing said twice (as we say commonly) deserveth a *trudge*."—Ibid.

"IT is a blind goose that knoweth not a fox from a fern-bush; and a foolish fellow that cannot discern craft from conscience, being once cousened."—Ibid.

"As good never a whit, as never the better."—GOODMAN's *Conference*, part 3, p. 50.

"REVENONS des asnes aux chevaux, comme dit le proverb." —BOUCHET. 12 *Sereés*. p. 370.

"MUCK is the mother of the meal chest."—WORGAN's *Cornwall*, p. 123.

"DEXAR los cuydados en el jubon, para tomarlos en la mañana con el."—DOÑA OLIVA SABUCO, p. 33.

"LUNÆ radiis non maturescit botrus."—Such things will not prosper with cold encouragement.

[1] "*Circelliones dicuntur qui sub habitu Monachorum usquequaque vagantur, venalem circumferentes hypocrisin.*" Gloss. MS. Sangerman. n. 501. DU CANGE in v. Circellio.—J. W. W.

As you sow, so you must reap; as you brew, so you must bake.

You would be over the style before you come to it.

"And so like Cole's dog, the untutored mome,
Must neither go to church, nor bide at home."
TAYLOR, the W. P.

THERE is a proverb about the pride of old Cole's dog, who took the wall of a dung cart, and was crushed to death by the wheel.

"MENDACIA curta semper habent crura."
GOLDASTUS' *Rer. Alem.* vol. 1, p. 93.

"LA ou Dieu batit une Eglise, le Diable y fonde une Chapelle."—BEKKER, vol. 2, p. 670.

CON *tiempo se maduran las nispolas.* This proverb the Hispanized Irish used when plotting the rebellion.—CLARENDON *Papers*, vol. 2, p. 138.

AGLIONBY, in his account of the Earl of Cumberland's last voyage, uses this[1] as if it were a common saying.—"Needs must, needs shall."—ROB. GREENE.

YOUR proverb in England is, that
"That country is best for the bider,
That is most cumbersome for the rider."

"EL que no fue paje siempre huele a azemilero." OVIEDO, (ff. 14), gives this as a "proverbeo cortesano que suelen dezir los curiosos."

HE gives, too, as an Italian proverb,—"Altro vole la tabla que toualla bianca."—ff. 14.

"RIÑAN les comadres, y descubrense las verdades."—ff. 127.

"MATARAS y matarte han,
Y mataran quien te matare."
Ibid. ff. 148.

"SET the hare's foot against the goose giblets."—WEBSTER, vol. 3, p. 131.

"LIKE Coventry bowlers, who play their best at first."—ASGILL.

"YOUR place may bear the name of gentlemen,
But if ever any of that butter stick to your bread."
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER,
Hum. Lieutenant, p. 7.

"QUI veut aller les pieds nuds, ne doit semer des espines."—BOUCHET, vol. 2, p. 16.

ST. JEROME admonishing St. Augustine, "ne juvenis senem provocaret," reminded him that "Bos lassus fortius figit pedem."—ERASMUS. *Adagia.*

"THE fatter the sow is, the more she desires the mire."—J. BUNYAN.

"NONE of God's angels."
WEBSTER, vol. 3, p. 173.

TOUGH Welsh parsley, which in our vulgar tongue is, strong hempen halters.

"DOUCE parole n'escorche gorge."—*Amadis*, vol. 10, p. 105.

FELLOWS who have well deserved that their "heads should make buttons for hempen loops."—IVIMEY'S *History of Baptists*, vol. 1, p. 158. From a pamphlet,—"New Preachers, New!"

"LIKE a winter's day, short and dirty."—*Pisgah View*, p. 137.

"THE thief in the candle wasteth more than the burning of the wick."—Ibid. 197.

"IT must be a wily mouse that shall breed in the cat's ear."—*Euphues.*

[1] The saying here alluded to is, "To return therefore to the stile where I come over." GREENE'S is a parallel one."—J. W. W.

Church of England. "We have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully: but by manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."—2 *Corinth.* iv. 2.

In the patriarchal and earlier age, though men were so much nearer their origin that the intercourse with spiritual beings was open, yet they were incapable of conceiving any but a personal and visible Deity.

Fuller (*Pisgah Sight*, p. 394), speaking of the fire from heaven which consumed Elijah's sacrifice, says in an odd parenthesis, "God employs no slugs on his errands." Yet the slow causes of destruction which work in performance of the Almighty will, are as sure and more numerous than the swift ones.

Ibid. p. 403-4. Sacrilege. No such sin in their days! well answered.

Men rendered so impotent by their false philosophy, even more than by their natural corruption, that they are not sufficient "to think a good thing, not able to understand a good thing, nor to comprehend the light when it shines upon them."—Bp. Reynolds, vol. 1, p. 209.

Some in the prospect of death, have the galling anticipation of what others will gain by it, and rejoice therefrom; some the painful one of what others will lose.

Men may more easily persuade against their inclination, as well as their judgment, to do what is foolish, absurd, imprudent, dangerous, and even sinful, than to what is right, if inclination to the right is wanting.

The author who draws upon the firm of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, is always sure that his bills will be accepted there.

"To pull down churches, with pretension
To build them fairer, may be done with honour,
And all this time believe no gods."
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wife for a Month*, p. 277.

"Report? you are unwise; report is nothing:
For if there were a truth in what men talk,
(I mean of this kind) this part of the world
I am sure would be no more called Christendom."—Ibid. *Captain*, p. 6.

Few of our present unbelievers retain any natural religion: they verify our Saviour's words, "He that hateth me, hateth my Father also," (John xv. 23.) and are thus living witnesses, how well he knew what is in the heart of man.

"Il y a certains moyens qui, par cela même qu'ils sont fort propres à faire la moitié de l'œuvre, sont incapables de la faire toute."—Bayle, *Dict.* vol. 1, p. 277.

The Jews dedicated their *houses*.
Deuter. xx. 5.

They who set aside the consideration of religion in political matters, act like a physician who, in the treatment of his patients, should disregard all affections of the mind.

Society, or rather government, is like a road; the best require to be constantly kept in order; else nothing can be worse than the decayed and broken state of that which has been most firmly constructed.

"Il est de l'utilité publique que certaines gens soient obligés de s'écrier,"
"Eheu,
Quam temerè in nosmet legem sancimus unquam."—*Horace*, sat. 3, l. 1, v. 67.
Bayle, vol. 3, p. 331.

Nicius Erythreus says there is a pro-

verb at Rome, "Quo dicitur, tria esse hominum genera, qui nihil ferè legibus, quas ipsi aliis imponunt, utantur; nimirùm, Jurisconsultos, Medicos atque Theologos. Nulli enim magis in negotiis ab jure, ab æquitate, discedunt quam jurisconsulti; nulli tuendæ valetudinis rationem minùs servant quam medici; nulli conscientiæ aculeos minùs metuunt quam theologi."—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 497.

THE character of Margites suits many a man in these days.

Πόλλ' ἠπίστατο ἔργα, κακῶς δ' ἠπίστατο πάντα.

"THIS heresy
Must be look'd to in time; for if it spread,
'Twill grow too pestilent. Were I a scholar,
I would so hamper thee for thy opinion,
That, ere I left, I would write thee out of credit
With all the world, and make thee not believed,
Even in indifferent things;—that I would leave thee
A reprobate out of the state of honour."
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *The Captain*, p. 13.

"A PILL,
Gilded to hide the bitterness it brings."
Ibid. p. 18.

"I COULD now question heaven (were it well
To look into their justice) why those faults,
Those heavy sins others provoke 'em with,
Should be rewarded on the heads of us
That hold the least alliance to their vices:
But this would be too curious; for I see
Our suffering, not disputing, is the end
Reveal'd to us of all these miseries."
Ibid. p. 27.

"SUCH wretched people,
That have no more to justify their actions
But their tongues' ends; that dare lie every way,
As a mill grinds." Ibid. p. 35.

"ARBITRARY government would quickly be tampering in sacred things, because corruption in the church is marvellously subservient and advantageous to corruption in the state."—BP. REYNOLDS, vol. 3, p. 200.

"EXAMPLES that may nourish
Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies,
And totter the estates and faiths of armies,
Must not be plaid withal."
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Bonduca*, p. 330.

"THE gentlemen will praise thee, Ralph, if thou playest thy part with audacity."
Knight of the B. Pestle, p. 383.

"LA corruption des mœurs a été si grande, tant parmi ceux qui ont vécu dans le monde, que parmi ceux qui ont vécu hors du monde (c'est à dire, les gens d'eglise) que plus on s'attache à donner des relations fidèles et véritables, plus on court risque de ne composer que des libelles diffamatoires."
BAYLE, vol. 4, p. 181.

"IL y a sans doute une grande opposition entre l'histoire et la satire; mais peu de choses suffiraient pour métamorphoser l'une en l'autre."—Ibid.

PEN WAR. "Je ne crois pas qu'on doive exiger d'un historien tout le sang froid avec quoi il faut que les juges prononcent une sentence de condamnation contre les voleurs et les homicides. Quelques réflexions un peu animées ne lui siéent pas mal."—Ibid.

"IL est utile de faire voir aux lecteurs, par des exemples sensibles, jusqu' où peut aller la hardiesse de mentir publiquement, quand une fois on a l'impudence de faire imprimer tous les contes qui courent les rues."—Ibid. p. 218.

"IL n'y a point de mensonge, pour si absurde qu'il soit, qui ne passe de livre en livre, et de siècle en siècle. *Mentez hardiment, imprimez toutes sortes d'extrava-*

gances, peut-on dire au plus misérable lardoniste de l'Europe, *vous trouverez assez de gens qui* copieront vos contes; et si l'on vous rebute dans un certain temps, il naîtra des conjunctures où l'on aura intérêt de vous faire resusciter."—Ibid. p. 399.

"AVARISSIMA honoris humana mens, facilius regnum et opes quam gloriam partitur."—*Æn. Sylvius, Hist. Boh.*

"AFIN qu'un raillerie soit bonne, il faut que celui qu'on raille mérite d'être raillé."
Ibid. vol. 5, p. 243.

"PLUS je lis, plus je me persuade qu'il n'est pas aussi difficile de trouver des écrivains qui aient de belles et de bonnes pensées, que d'en trouver qui les expriment sans s'embarrasser dans quelque mauvais raisonnement. Un bon logicien est plus rare qu'on ne pense."—Ibid. p. 501.

A FLINT is easily broken upon a pillow.
Bp. REYNOLDS, vol. 4, p. 300.

"A DISTEMPERED constitution of mind, as of body, is wont to weaken the retentive faculty, and to force an evacuation of bad humours."—BARROW, vol. 1, p. 285.

"THE reporter in such cases must not think to defend himself by pretending that he spake nothing false; for such propositions, however true in logic, may justly be deemed lies in morality, being uttered with a malicious and deceitful (that is, with a calumnious) mind; being apt to impress *false conceits*, and to produce hurtful effects concerning our neighbours. There are slanderous truths as well as slanderous falsehoods: when truth is uttered with a deceitful heart, and to a base end, it becomes a lie."[1]—Ibid. p. 387.

"As for wisdom, that may denote either sapience, a habit of knowing what is true; or prudence, a disposition of choosing what is good."—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 491.

POINTS upon which, with Jeremy Taylor, I will express my own sense in St. Augustine's words:—"Mallem quidem eorum, quæ à me quæsivisti, habere scientiam quam ignorantiam; sed quia id nondum potui, magis eligo cautam ignorantiam confiteri, quam falsam scientiam profiteri."—J. TAYLOR, vol. 7, p. 435.

THE wise and the half-learned.—PINDAR, *Olym.* 2, v. 155, &c.

VIRTUE requires struggling. — *Olym.* 4, 30, &c.

Αἰεὶ δ' ἀμφ' ἀρεταῖσι, πόνος δαπάνα τε μάρναται πρὸς
Ἔργον κινδύνῳ κεκαλυμμένον.
Ol. 5, v. 34.

Εὖ δὲ ἔχοντες, σοφοὶ καὶ πολίταις ἔδοξαν ἔμμεν. Ibid. v. 37.

No virtue without danger.—*Ol.* 6, v. 14.

Τιμῶντες δ' ἀρετὰς,
Ἐς φανερὰν ὁδὸν ἔρχονται.
Ibid. v. 122.

Τεκμαίρει
Χρῆμ' ἕκαστον. Ibid. v. 123.

IMPULSE to compose a poem.
Ibid. v. 146.

MUTABILITY.

ἐν
Δὲ μιᾷ μοιρᾳ χρόνου,
Αλλοτ' ἀλλοῖαι διαιθύσσουσιν αὖραι.
Ol. 7, v. 173.

ὃ τ' ἐξελέγχων μόνος
Ἀλάθειαν ἐτήτυμον
Χρόνος. *Ol.* 10. v. 65.

[1] ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON says, "Even sin may be sinfully reproved; and how thinkest thou that sin shall redress sin, and restore the sinner?" See on 1 Pet. iv. 8. Vol. ii. p. 339.
J. W. W.

"Επεται δ'ἐν ἑκάστῳ μέτρον. νοῆσαι δὲ καιρὸς ἄριστος.

Ol. 13, v. 67.

THE graces.—*Ol.* 14, v. 4.

"MANY times the use of new phrases and expressions (a curiosity too much affected in this age) doth make way for the introducing of new doctrines."—REYNOLDS, vol. 5, p. 176.

True in politics as in religion.

"WE ourselves by our sins, have loosened the joints of religion and government, and done that with our own hands, which our enemies, by all their machinations, did in vain attempt."—Ibid. p. 225.

"PERSONAL chastisements may be for trial and exercise of faith and patience: But general and public judgments are ever in wrath and displeasure."—Ibid. p. 274.

THERE is no end to the mischief and misery which may arise from any folly, or any whim, in a consciencious but weak-minded man, if it amount to the weight of a scruple.

"THERE can no greater revenge light upon thee, than that as thou hast reaped where another has sown, so another may thrash that which thou hast reaped."

Euphues.

"THE old verse standeth as yet in his old virtue, that Galen giveth goods, Justinian honours."—Ibid.

"LE bien dire ne peut pas payer le bien faire."—SALMASIUS, *Ep.* 1, p. 1.

"IL y a moins de péril a ne pas sçavoir du tout une chose, qu'à la sçavoir mal."—Ibid. *Ep.* 6, p. 10.

BELLEAU's words may be applied to hungry patriots, who

"pris d'ambition
Dedans leur estomac font la sédition."

Tom. 1, p. 116.

"BUT well in you I find
No man doth speak aright who speaks in fear.
Who only sees the ill, is worse than blind."

SYDNEY, p. 403.

"WHY should such plants as you are,
Tenderly bred, and brought up in all fulness,
Desire the stubborn wars?

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Love's Pilgrimage*, vol. 7, p. 40.

"THEY are things ignorant,
And therefore apted to that superstition."

Ibid. p. 43.

"WHAT a world is this,
When young men dare determine what those are,
Age and the best experience ne'er could aim at!
Marc. They were thick-eyed then, Sir; now the Print's larger,
And they may read their fortunes without spectacles." Ibid. p. 43.

THE tyrant in BEAUMONT and FLETCHER (*Double Marriage*, p. 139,) says, of the people,

"Let 'em rise, let 'em rise; give me the bridle here,
And see if they can crack my girths! Ah Villio,
Under the sun there's nothing so voluptuous
As riding of this monster, till he founders."

"THOSE men have broken credits,
Loose and dismember'd faiths,
That splinter 'em with vows."

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Maid in the Mill*, p. 214.

A LIE, that will stretch well. "It must be faced, you know; there will be a yard of dissimulation at least, city measure, and cut upon an untruth or two; lined with fables, that must be, cold weather's coming; if it had a galoon of hypocrisy, 'twould do

well, and hooked together with a couple of conceits."

Bustopha the miller's son, in the *Maid in the Mill*, p. 257.

"I GRANT you we are all knaves, and will be your knaves; but oh! while you live, take heed of being a proud knave!—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Martial Maid*, p. 415.

"How men, in high place and authority,
Are, in their lives and estimations, wrong'd
By their subordinate ministers! yet such
They cannot but employ, wrong'd justice finding
Scarce one true servant in ten officers."
Ibid. p. 455.

"THE higher thy calling is, the better ought thy conscience to be. And as far it beseemeth a gentleman to be from pride as he is from poverty; and as near to gentleness in condition, as he is in blood."
Euphues.

"SUCH a quarrel hath there always been between the grave and the cradle, that he that is young *thinketh* the old man fond, and the old *knoweth* the young man to be a fool."
Ibid.

"IL faut en chaque estat vouloir ce que l'on peut,
Quand on ne peut atteindre à cela que l'on veut." PASQUIER, vol. 2, p. 880.

"IN truth, I think there is no more difference between them, than between a broom and a besom."—*Euphues.*

EUPHUES says, "I have now lived compasses,[1] for Adam's old apron must make Eve a new kirtle; noting this, that when no new thing could be devised, nothing could be more new than the old."

"SUCH a malady in the marrow, will never out of the bones."—Ibid.

"AN archer is to be known by his aim, not by his arrow. But your aim is so ill, that if you knew how far wide from the mark your shaft sticketh, you would hereafter rather break your bow than bend it."—Ibid.

"BE your cloth never so bad, it will take some colour; and your cause never so false, it will bear some shew of probability."—Ibid.

"NOT willing to have the grass mown, whereof he meant to make his hay."—Ibid.

HAIR has its steel shade first, because it becomes silvered.

A PRECIOUS science that must be, in which it would require two years' study for a man like G. T. to settle his opinion upon some of its fundamental principles!

"THE one's wealth
Shall weigh up t'other's wisdom in the scale
Of their light judgment."
GOFF's *Raging Turk*, p. 62.

THE court of chancery becoming a court of Nequity. We want that word.

"I HAVE seen young faces traced by care; cheeks that ought to have been bright, already faded by want: some poor little ones, to whom Christmas day was not a feast day."
MISS EMRA, *Scenes in our Parish*, p. 27.

"To tell a practical lie is a great sin, but yet transient; but to set up a theorical untruth, is to warrant every lie that lies from its root to the top of every branch it hath."
Cobbler of Aggawan, p. 6.

"WISE are those men who will be persuaded rather to live within the pale of truth, where they may be quiet, than in the purlieus."—Ibid. p. 7.

"THAT state that will give liberty of conscience in matters of religion, must give liberty of conscience and conversation in their

[1] Not being able to find the passage, I leave it as it stands.—J. W. W.

moral laws; or else the fiddle will be out of tune, and some of the strings crack."—Ibid. p. 8.

We live in expectance "of that happy night that the king shall cause his chronicles to be read, wherein he shall find the faithfulness of Mordecai, the treason of his eunuchs, and then let Haman look to himself."—Strafford, *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 33.

Unworthy prelates. One of this description, "like that candle hid under a bushel, darkens himself, and all that are about him."—Wandesford, Ibid. vol. 1, p. 49.

"The rust of the laws, which hath almost eaten out the very iron, the strength that was in them."—Ibid.

Mr. Ch. Hodson tells me he has been informed that in agricultural countries the Methodists are attached to the church, in manufacturing ones and large towns, their feeling towards it is hostile. This might be expected.

"If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established."—*Isaiah*, vii. 9.

"A wounded spirit,
Dejected, and habitually disposed
To seek in degradation of the kind
Excuse and solace for her own defects."
Excursion, p. 391.

"Wisdom, which works through patience."
Ibid.

Enthusiasm of missionaries, societies, &c. The tares and the wheat must grow together, for the one cannot be gathered in without rooting up the other also. "Let both," therefore, "grow together until the harvest."

Superstition
"Sprung from the deep disquiet of man's passion." Lord Brooke, p. 158.

The reader may be surprised to learn that the *village* of Islington, as late as the commencement of the present century, was "in a dark and benighted state," yea, till the forty-fifth year of George the Third's reign, A. D. 1804, when the Reverend Evan John Jones took upon himself the care of the Islington and Silver Street churches. From that period down to the present, the light of the gospel has been more and more abundantly spread abroad. — *Evangelical Magazine*, August 1827, p. 327.

An independent congregation in a pleasant village, where the prospect is encouraging, having an exceeding neat chapel, unencumbered, are desirous of a minister of Calvinistic sentiments, who can support himself independent of trade or profession, for which there is no opening, except it be a day-school for boys. No salary can be ensured, beyond payment of rent of a comfortable house and garden. Apply, A. B., Post-office, St. Alban's.—Ibid.

Heaven deliver us from persons who are bristled with virtue like a hedgehog, as Iso appeared to his mother in a dream.—Goldastus, p. 51.

The Lord promises to give Israel "pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding."—*Jeremiah*, iii. 15.

"I am surprised," says Lady Hervey, (p. 45) "to hear you talk of bigoted Jacobites as of a numerous set of people. Do you really think that most of the people concerned in this affair care more for one king than another, or act upon a principle of right or wrong? Would to God they did! for one might convince their reason, but not their passions."

"There is undoubtedly," says Lady H. (p. 146) "a great deal of wickedness in mankind, but indeed there is a great deal

more folly; and I have always found more springs of action in the weakness than in the wickedness of our natures."

"Mais pour quoy s'en étonner? il n'y a rien de si naturel, c'est que les sots font toujours des sottises." The old French Lady Stafford, Grammont's daughter, used to say this.—Lady Hervey's *Letters*, p. 180.

A philosophe who puzzled Lady Hervey and a very sensible cautious Abbé, and engaged them in controversy with each other, ended by saying, "the abbé was determined to believe more than he could, and Lady H. ready to give up as much as she dared." This is the case with the Romanists and the Unitarians.—Ibid. p. 184.

In Denmark and Sweden, the reformation was accomplished without a struggle, and the same good consequences seem to have resulted in the church there, which the peaceful occupation of the country produced among the Icelanders in their state of society.

Mr. Hallam tells us, that when innovations are intended in religion, every artifice of concealment and delay is required, (vol. 1, p. 30). This should be borne in mind when we observe the proceedings of that party to which Mr. H. is attached.

"He is an irrecoverable puppy by disputation that dares avow the speaking for them." Clarendon's *State Papers*, vol. 2, p. 337.

The Romanists who cannot, and do not, believe what they uphold, "He that sinneth against me," saith Wisdom, "wrongeth his own soul."—*Proverbs*, viii. 36.

The seven abominations, Proverbs vi. 16-19, are found in the Papal church.

"He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord." —*Proverbs*, xvii. 15.

Mr. —— is gravelled here.

"Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble, is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint."—*Proverbs* xxv. 19.

"Should I then be angry God hath made him no wiser? Howbeit were not his meaning better than his understanding, he might chance now and then to try a man's patience."—Strafford, *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 381.

"Thus saith the Lord: If ye can break my covenant of the day, and my covenant of the night, and that there should not be day and night in their season: Then also may my covenant be broken with David my servant."—*Jer.* xxiii. 20-1.

Strafford writes of Lord Netherdale, "all I say is, I wish him more christian, less catholic, and for the rest, let him do his worst."—Strafford's *Letters*, vol. 2, p. 146.

"They say it is an Englishman's quality not to let things alone when they are well."—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 157.

"Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right
Lay trampled on."
Ben Jonson, vol. 9, p. 10.

"Sunk in that dead sea of life."
Ibid. p. 11.

Still the creature waiteth in earnest expectance for the manifestation: and the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together still.—*Romans*, viii. 19-22.

"An evil, an *only* evil, behold is come."—*Ezekiel*, vii. 5.

"La haine et la demangeaison de médire

vont toujours plus loin que la reconnoissance et l'amitié, et la calomnie trouve plus aisement croyance dans la public, que les éloges et les louanges."—CHARLEVOIX, *N. France*, vol. 2, p. 287.

WHAT the church of England holds with regard to the church of Rome. Joseph Mede.
Nichols, Calv. and Arm. p. 496-7.

INTRODUCTION of new articles of belief by the Romanists. Hammond.—Ibid. p. 560. His offer for a groundwork of unity.

"THE vail is upon their heart. Nevertheless when it shall turn to the Lord, the vail shall be taken away."—2 *Corinth.* iii. 15-16.

"ALL observation tends to confirm that female life, at all ages, is better than male, and even married better than single."—*Minutes of Evidence on Friendly Societies*, A. D. 1827, p. 38.

THE increase of population entirely attributable to a diminution in the rate of mortality.—Ibid. p. 38.

A VERY small number of first-born children are alive at the expiration of ten years. —Ibid. p. 42.

AN important point had been gained in civilization when men began to build with stone.

"BUT let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord, which exercise loving-kindness, judgement, and righteousness in the earth; for in these *things* I delight, saith the Lord.—*Jeremiah* ix. 24.

WHEN the Earl of Seafield signed, as Chancellor of Scotland, the engrossed exemplification of the Act of Union, he returned it to the Clerk, in the face of Parliament with this despising and contemning remark, "Now there's ane end of ane old song."—LOCKHART'S *Memoirs*, vol. 1, p. 223.
There may have been more of feeling than of levity in this.

MY feelings are in accord with the Emperor Baber, when speaking of a villainous deed he says—"Let every man who hears of this action of Khosrou Shah pour out imprecations on him; for he who hears of such a deed, and does not curse him, is himself worthy to be accursed.—LEYDEN'S *Mem of Baber*, p. 63.

"HE that getteth wisdom, loveth his own soul."—*Proverbs* xix. 8.

"I AM on my Persian steed, sir, and the plains of prolixity are before me.
"I placed my foot in the stirrup of resolution, and my hand on the reins of confidence-in-God."—BABER'S *Memoirs*.

PAPAL Church. "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not: if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive."—*John* v. 43.

INDIA. Captain William Bruce remarked to me that if our empire in that country were overthrown, the only monuments which would remain of us would be broken bottles and corks.
Along the whole coast, he says, our government is popular, because the people share in the advantages of a flourishing trade. But in the interior we are hated. There it is a grinding system of exaction; we take nine-tenths; and the natives feel the privation of honours and places of authority more than the weight of imposts. One of them compared our system to a screw, slow in its motion, never violent or sudden, but always screwing them down to the very earth.

SWORD and spear have been beaten by the flail.

If ye search the Scriptures "ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—*John* viii. 32.

"He that is of God heareth God's words: ye therefore hear them not because ye are not of God."—Ibid. 47.

Satan has always two strings to his bow.

2 *Corinthians* iv. 2.—This *our* Reformers did.

Idolatry prevailed because it was adapting religion to low and earthly minds. So their saints are like fetishes, whom they treat familiarly, coax, threaten, maltreat and punish.

One of our Martyrs.—2 *Maccabees* vi. 23.

Effect of processions in which children bear a prominent part. The handsomest chosen for angels, and the parents making it a pride to decorate them with all the jewels and finery of the family.

A distinction between glory and honour. The glory of France is what Buonaparte sought. The honour of England is that for which we contend.

The Temple at Jerusalem served as a bank for deposit.—*Maccabees* ii. See the miracle of Heliodorus,—a use for which in war time the convents also served.[1]

At Strasburg, 1826, forty days' indulgence to all those who, after having fully confessed and communicated, shall visit this cathedral on the anniversary of the birth of the holy father I. Loyola, and shall there pray for the union of Christian princes,—"l'extirpation des hérésies,"—and the exaltation of the holy and true religion.

[1] So the Oracles of old time. "Thus Delphi," says Mitford, "appears to have become the great bank of Greece, perhaps before Homer, in whose time its riches seem to have been already proverbial."—C. iii. sect. 2. vol. i. p. 213. 8vo.—J. W. W.

"If the root be holy, so are the branches."—*Romans* xi. 16.

In the *Atlas* of February 18, 1827, is this passage, forming part of a leading paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle*.

"Those who use the word *liberty*, as applied to civilized life, are either very ignorant, or very evil-intentioned. Wherever we turn in civilized life, we are met by restraints on our liberty; and the more civilized the society the more numerous the restraints. If we use the words *good government*, we shall then speak an intelligible language. Now such restraints as are necessary to the well-being of society, that is, to good government, must be submitted to."

"Ignorantiæ inimicus alienæ, inimicissimus meæ, et à quocunque corrigi paratus."—Dr. O'Conor, *ad lectorem*.

"Tu autem.—Memento, genus esse hominum adeò malignum, ut quidquid benè egeris in pessimam semper partem accipiant et aliorum mentes suo metientes ingenio, benefacta quælibet pravo animo interpretentur."—Ibid.

I lay no siege to impregnable understandings.

I would examine this argument farther, as a Spaniard said in the Cortes, "si las bellas razones y exemplos con que se ha sido apoyada, no probaran mas bien su impertinencia que su oportunidad."—*Diario de las Cortes*, t. 4, p. 182.

Latent hope, which exists in almost all extremities.

Sir F. Burdett admits that high prices are probably best. I think they are both an effect and a cause of prosperity. I am sure that system must be the best which will make poor lands pay for cultivating.

When we have once gone astray, the best thing we can do is to retrace our steps.

"Now the end of the commandment is charity, out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned."—1 *Timothy* i. 5.

"The time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine,—and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."—2 *Timothy* iv. 3-4.

One of the sticklers against a liturgy in the days of the Puritan Rebellion used to say of the prayers of his own party,—"Though we speak nonsense, God will pick out the meaning of it."—Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, part 2, p. 197.

"Invention is a solitary thing."—Harrington.

Our despondents.—*Parliamentary History*, vol. 4, p. 678.

"These things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth."—*Rev.* iii. 7.

A text not very consistent with the Pope's pretensions.

Sir Edward Dering, (A.D. 1675), says, "Another thing as properly under our cognizance as Popery, is regulating men's manners, very worthy of our consideration. Under that notion of religion it may be done. We want *censores morum* as well as inquisitors of faith: thinks that else we cannot see religion prosper.—*Parliamentary History*, vol. 4, p. 746.

"—It is a duty which we owe to God and to ourselves, to the present age and to posterity, to improve the opportunities God gives us of fencing our vineyard, and making the hedge about it as strong as we can."—Lord Chancellor Finch, Ibid. p. 980.

"He whose house is destroyed by fire, would find but little consolation in saying the fire did not begin by his means. But it will be matter of perpetual anguish and vexation of heart to remember that it was in his power to have extinguished it."—Ibid. p. 982.

More fit to be answered, as King James said, *fustibus quam rationibus*. Or, at least, *fistibus*.

Fuller said well in James's Parliament, 1606, "that country is miserable where the great men are exceeding rich, the poor men exceeding poor; and no mean, no proportion between both."—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 1082.

"Studied orations," said James I. "and much eloquence upon little matters, is fit for the universities, when not the subject that is spoken of, but the trial of his wit that speaketh is most commendable; but on the contrary, in all great councils of parliament, fewest words with most matter do become best; where the dispatch of the great errands on hand, and not the praise of the person, is most to be looked into."—Ibid. p. 1099.

"Conferences between the two Houses," James said, "breed but delays; for sometimes the Lower House brought nothing but tongues, sometimes nothing but ears."—Ibid. p. 1156.

He said well of Ireland, "they can never be reduced to so perfect obedience without establishment of religion."—Ibid. p. 1154.

King James concerning the Papists.—Ibid. pp. 984-1057.

Church discipline relaxed.—Ibid. p. 774.

A Mr. Hislock called here to-day to solicit a subscription for the Moravian missions. I asked him if he were a Moravian minister? He said, no; an Independent, so called, he added, though we are the most

dependent poor creatures on the face of the earth.—April 12, 1827.

Pym says, "the execution of laws against Papists forces not their conscience, but prevents mischief; and therefore he would have the Papists used like madmen, and have all dangerous weapons taken from them."—*Parliamentary History*, vol. 1, p. 1314.

Mr. Thomas Crewe. "It is a wonder to see the spiritual madness of such as will fall in love with a Romish harlot, now she is grown so old a hag." A.D. 1621.—Ibid. p. 1321.

"Account of the English Government in the Corte del Dios Momo. 55. By Dr. Joseph Michele Marquez." Our liberals know about as much of the Spanish people now as this writer did of the English Government then.

Some good remarks upon frugality.—Ibid. pp. 351-9.

Scoffers at religion cannot make good statesmen, "for none are such save they who from a principle of a conviction and persuasion (say rather a religious sense of duty) manage public affairs to the advantage of those who employ them. Since they care not for the things themselves, and scorn such as employ them, they must never care for what events attend them." And as an example, Sir G. Mackenzie says, (p. 439), "Have we not seen some of these great wits prove the worst of all statesmen in our own days, and as far below the meanest in management as they were above the wisest in wit and sharpness?"

Roman Catholics and their abettors at this time.

"Surely in vain the net is spread in sight of any bird."—*Proverbs* i. 17.

"The prosperity of fools shall destroy them."—Ibid. 32.

By the receipt-book at the Margate Pier Office, the persons who have visited Margate by the steam-packets are found to have increased from 41,347 in the twelve months ending April 1822, to 64,070 in the same space of time ending April 1827.

Hallam's opinion that England might be made a republic.

Yes; just as Melrose was made a kirk, and Glastonbury a manufactory.

H. Walpole's wish that Whigs and Tories would call themselves Greens and Blues, as at Constantinople.

Parties *are* thus divided into colours in the counties.

"Be not persuaded in any treaty to consent to any thing you do not think simply good in itself, upon any imagination that by yielding now to somewhat unreasonable and inconvenient, you may be able hereafter to reverse it."—Clarendon to Lord Hopton. 1647. *Papers*, vol. 2, p. 369.

"— Pour qui sait y lire, peu de documens indiquent mieux la verité que les mensonges officiels."—M. de Barante.

"Since I have ventured to preach to you," says Hyde, writing to Lord Hopton, "let me prophecy too, that those Reformed Churches will be destroyed, and grow into contempt for want of Bishops, whom they so much contemn."—Clarendon *Papers*, vol. 2, p. 403.

"Motives for founding an University in the metropolis. 1647." One should like to see those motives, and compare them with the views of the present founders and supporters.

"For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."—*James* i. 20.

"— Car rien ne met davantage de mauvaise humeur, qu'une proposition raisonnable et sans replique, faite à des gens, qui

ont prétexté une fausse raison, pour couvrir leur mauvaise volonté."—CHARLEVOIX. *N. France*, vol. 1, p. 290.

" — VERY true *it* is of all the rest of our passions, if they be not bridled, which one said of love, (as that word hath now stabled itself in that one dirty delight), that they are as good as spectacles, to make every thing which they either run to, or run from, much greater than it is."—AGLIONBY, *E. of Cumberland's Voyage.*

REGARD to family estates in the Mosaic law.

THE mischief which such a minister as Lord —— may do himself in the revolution which his whole conduct tends to bring on, is like that of the barber who cut a deep gash in his own thumb through the cheek of his unfortunate patient.

A GOOD crop of hemp prepares for a good crop of wheat. It destroys the weed.—HENNING. *Agricultural Report*, p. 43.

"IT would be recollected," said BROUGHAM, " that when a bill was introduced to fix Easter term, Mr. Justice Rook exclaimed, 'Good God, think of the horror of depriving the whole Christian community of the consolation of knowing that they all kept Easter on the same day?' (hear, and laughter). Now he had no wish, not the least desire, to deprive the Christian community of this consolation, if consolation they found it. They might enjoy it still. But business ought not to be sacrificed to their ideas of comfort and consolation! He should be more glad to see that folly,—for really he could not call it by any other name,—that absurd and vexatious mode of regulating Easter by *moons*, as it was called, done away with. (hear, and laughter.) There was no inconvenience in Easter being moveable, but there was a very great inconvenience in making the returns moveable."—*Times*, 8*th Feb. Friday*, 1828.

" HE that opposes his own judgment against the current of the times, ought to be backed with unanswerable truths: and he that has that truth on his side, is a fool as well as a coward if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of other men's opinions."—DEFOE, vol. 1, p. 153.

" I TELL you," says DEFOE, " there's no people in the world so forward to condemn a man upon hearsay as the Dissenters; when they have a mind to slander a man, they take every thing upon trust; 'tis their shortest way."—Ibid. p. 228.

" YOU Dissenters are rare fellows for punishments! If God should have no more mercy on you than you show to all men that offend you, we should have plagues, pestilence, and famine every year upon us."—Ibid. 234.

" SIR, I know you too well to go about to persuade you to any thing, whose peculiar talent is to be unpersuadable: but if you will please to answer me a few questions, you may perhaps persuade yourself of something or other."—Ibid. p. 238.

LAWGIVERS sometimes " by engrafting upon a defective system defective remedies have produced nothing but confusion and disorder."—PITT. 12*th Feb.* 1796.

I BELIEVE, with T. P. COURTENAY, " that the public expenditure, be it in a commercial view profitable or ruinous, increases wealth, inasmuch as it sets wealth more actively and variously in motion. I believe that a multifarious and rapid circulation is of all things the greatest promoter of wealth; and that, generally speaking, the more a nation spends the more it has."—*Treatise on P. Law*, p. 80.

THE great rule in architecture is, " stronger than strong enough."

— I, too, say hear! hear! And I would also say learn—mark—and inwardly digest, if I did not know that there are certain diseases in which truth is found to be of all things the most indigestible.

It is truly said by Sir William Meredith, that "when once a villain turns enthusiast, he is above all law. Punishment is his reward, and death his glory."—Locke, quoted by Glover. *Parliamentary History*, vol. 19, p. 241.

Lord George Gordon complimented Burke upon "the wreath of flowers that grew out of the fertile bog of his understanding."—Ibid. vol. 20, p. 1406.

"Coming to Parliament," said Dundas, "in the first instance, and submitting their crude ideas on subjects of national operation, was the true and most effectual mode of frittering away and diminishing the virtue of the plan, whatever it might be."—Ibid. vol. 23, p. 5.

A combination at Birmingham for raising the price of firelocks made the Government contract for them in Holland.—Ibid. p. 626.

Burke said on Pitt's Economical Bill, 1783, it substituted vexation for economy, and expense for reform.—*Parliamentary History*, p. 958.

Whigs in Parliament during the war—our Agonales—our Priests of Pavor and Pallor.

"And yet see the age we live in. Enthusiasm and atheism divide the spoil, and the former makes way for the latter, till at length it be devoured by it."—Bishop Bull, vol. 1, p. 255.

"It is enough to say that the people are now more enlightened than they were; the mob, whenever they are put in motion, have but one way of proceeding, and that is, to take a catchword, and under it to plunder and destroy wherever they proceed."—Sheridan. *Parliamentary History*, vol. 35, p. 365.

"Oh, how false
Doth the eye of pity see."

The eye of law takes often a much falser view.

"Pues agora claro esta que no entender una cosa, es cierta manera de entenderla, como no entendiendo a Dios, entendemos que es infinito, y es lo que nuestro entendimiento no alcança."—Doña Oliva Sabuco, p. 299.

"A land which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year, even unto the end of the year."—*Deuteronomy* xi. 12.

Atkins, the Purser of the Weymouth, was led by what he observed in Jamaica to conclude, "that although trade be wealth and power to a nation, yet if it cannot be put under restrictions, controlled by a superior and disinterested power, excess and irregularity will be an oppression to many by increasing the difficulties of subsistence, and with it men's disaffection. Here is a distant evil, the cure of which lies in an expence that nobody likes, nor for such dislike will ever blame himself in time of danger."—T. S. vol. 2, p. 227.

"The Lord is a God of judgement: blessed are all they that wait for him."—*Isaiah* xxx. 18.

"When Englishmen," says M. Galiffe, (*Italy*, vol. 1, p. 302), "talk nonsense, they are more intolerable than any nation on earth, because they talk it methodically, and with a provoking air of pedantic assurance."

He speaks of the "silly observation and vexatious ill-nature of English travellers." p. 302.

Spirit-shops corrupting the people of Hindostan, and rendering them more ferocious.—Heber's *Journal*, vol. 1, p. 217.

Wholesome feeling in the Turks of the instability of earthly blessings, though beginning in servitude perhaps, and carried to superstition.—Turner's *Levant*, vol. 3, p. 374.

"Then, man, mark by this change what thou hast won,
That leavest a torrid for a frozen zone,
And art by Vice-vicissitudes unknown."
Lord Brooke. *Mor. and Rel.* p. 24.

Applicable to the Romanists who pass into infidelity, and the Calvinists who become Socinians.

Periodical Publications.

"'Tis true these publications belong to different orders, classes, or parties; and that, like the prismatic colours, one is blue, another red, another green, and another yellow, but let it be remembered that the whole put in motion constitute light."—Mr. George Pearson's *MSS.*

To a Roman, Spanish and the other mixed languages would appear as the talkee-talkee does to us.

"No rules of ordinary foresight will now serve the time," says Ormond, (A.D. 1668) "but those of honesty and loyalty are in all events safe, provided they are assisted by prudence and industry."—Carte, vol. 2, p. 377.

Brag is a safer game for a minister than Hazard: and one which will sometimes succeed when weak cards are in an unskilful hand.

Almost I think it may be inferred from Luke xiii. 16, that diseases are the effect of the fall,—part of the penalty, not in the original constitution of our nature, but superinduced by an evil agency.

"Your iniquities have turned away these things, and your sins have withholden good things from you."—*Jeremiah* v. 25.

He who has a squint in his intellect, never can keep the straight line.

Here, I think, is the most absurd sentence I ever read—in its kind. It is from Hodgskin's *Travels*, vol. 1, p. 392.

"If men be, as learned doctors say, 'born to evil,' the ambition of protecting them from it far surpasses in madness the mad ambition of conquerors; and they who undertake it make themselves responsible for all the imbecility, immorality, and misery which are found in the world."

In the same book there is this passage, which contains much more matter for consideration.

"Political economy means with them (the Germans) the knowledge of promoting the prosperity of the people by means of governments. If that general opinion which supposes governments to be beneficial be accurate, it can scarcely be possible that we can have too much of them. The conduct of the Germans is perfectly consistent with this opinion; and those nations only are inconsequent, who acknowledging governments to be beneficial, seek at the same time to limit their power as much as possible."—vol. 1, p. 414.

But he proceeds to deliver an opinion that they are a great evil, of which we are to get rid—in the march of intellect.—Ibid. p. 417.

"Man, instructed well, and kept in awe,
If not the inward, yet keeps outward law."
Lord Brooke, p. 61.

Young preachers.[1]—Absurdity of letting

"Youth appear

[1] The reader should not forget that when Sir Roger de Coverley asked his chaplain, who preached to-morrow? the good man answered, "The Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon," as it conveys the opinion of Addison on this point.—J. W. W.

And teach what wise men think scarce fit
to hear."—Ibid.

The proper object of government is

"So from within man to work out the right
As his will need not limit or allay
The liberties of God's immortal way."
Ibid. p. 62.

Men—

"More divided
By laws than they at first by language
were."—Ibid. p. 65.

"Men joy in war for conscience."
Ibid. p. 80.

"When friends or foes draw swords
They ever lose that rest or trust in words."
Ibid. p. 143.

"I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts."—*Jer.* vi. 19.

Every one sees how preposterous it would be for his shoes to be made upon another man's last. And how many a one is there who thinks that his last ought to fit everybody's foot!

Certain reputations

"Which glow-worm like, by shining, show
'tis night."—Lord Brooke, p. 225.

"We do, though not the best, the best we
can."
Spanish Gipsy. Middl. and Rowley.

Predisposition to contagion is less in those who are much exposed to impure air, than in those who live in the country.

What we want is a state of feeling and manners equally opposed to the sullen character of Calvinism and the riot and license of Popery—therefore all harmless adjuncts of religion would be helpful. Church festivals, rush-bearing,[1] catechetical rewards, club Sundays. Any thing that on holy days and Sundays might make men eschew the idle vein, &c.

Nettles and docks and brambles flourish and spread when fields and gardens run to waste.

Lord Gosling cackles in the House of Commons just in the same notes as Earl Gander, his father, in the House of Lords.

"True: there your Lordship spake enough
in little."
Middleton. *Old Plays*, vol. 4, p. 377.

"Wit, whither wilt thou?"—to one talking nonsense.

Why will not persons in better life engage in colonial adventures, or in Owenite establishments?

Old Mr. Honest from the town of Stupidity, Mr. Feeble-mind, Mr. Timorous, and Mr. Pliable—whose opinions are anything which it may please Serjeant Plausible, or Counsellor By-ends to make them.—Mr. Turn-away of the town of Apostacy. Sir John Turntail and Sir Thomas Weathergoose.

"Great wealth and great poverty,—if they do not necessarily produce one another, will be generally found co-existent."—*Zillah.* H. Smith.

Like old John Bunyan "I bind these lies and slanders to me as an ornament. It belongs,—let me not say to my Christian profession,—to my vocation, to my principles, to the course which I hold, and in which I will proceed manfully till the end,—to the station which I have won for myself, and will maintain,—it belongs to them to be villified, slandered, reproached, and reviled, and since all this is nothing else, as my God and my conscience do bear me witness, I rejoice in such reproaches."—*Grace Abounding*, p. 40.

[1] See Du Cange in v. *Juncus*, and *Notes* to Brand's *Pop. Antiq.* The "Rush-bearing Sunday" is still a high day in the north of England. The happy medium is what is wanted in these matters.—J. W. W.

"THE gratification of an erroneous conscience."—J. BUNYAN.

"THEY are bad times, and bad they will be until men are better; for they are bad men that make bad times; if men therefore would mend, so would the times!"—*Life and Death of Badman.*

DAVENANT thus speaks of city labourers:

"Beasts to the rich, whose strength grows rude with ease,
And would usurp, did not their rulers care
With toil and tax their furious strength appease."—p. 105.

THE doctrine of the Times is that in all matters affecting commerce, the comforts of the consumer ought chiefly to be regarded, "*because he constitutes the nation!*"—the language is worthy of the philosophy.

To make

"The body weak by softness of the mind."
GONDIBERT, p. 139.

POLITICAL violence—

"Which in a few, the people madness call;
But when by number they grow dignified,
What's rage in one, is liberty in all."
Ibid. p. 152.

HEAVEN bless some popular minister with a cold which may take away his voice, and compel him to make him written statements—which may be short and to the matter!

A CURIOUS passage in LORD BROOKE, (*Rel. and Mon.*) pp. 168-9, showing that the Roman empire bred better men among the emperors than ever democracies brought forth. But he is plainly wrong in thinking that democracy cannot breed a state.—p. 169.

"FOR though books serve as diet of the mind,
If knowledge early got self-value breeds,
By false digestion it is turned to wind,
And what should nourish, on the eater feeds."—GONDIBERT, p. 221.

"POWER should with public burthens walk upright."—Ibid. p. 227.

D'AVENANT very justly notices "the usual negligence of our nation in examining, and their diligence to censure."—*Preface*, p. 32.

IN *mere* truth, i. e. *vinous* verity.

"DIVINES," says D'Avenant, "are made vehement with contemplating the dignity of the offended (which is God), more than the frailty of the offender."—*Preface to* GONDIBERT, p. 57.

"POWER hath failed in the effects of authority upon the people by a misapplication, for it hath rather endeavoured to prevail upon their bodies than their minds; forgetting that the *martial act of* constraining is the best, which assaults the weaker part; and the weakest part of the people is their minds, for want of that which is the mind's only strength, education; but their bodies are strong by continual labour, for labour is the education of the body."—Ibid. p. 59.

A BOOK is new when, on a second or third perusal, we bring to it a new mind. And who is there who, in the course of even a few years, does not feel himself in this predicament?

FORMALITY in business:

"Never was any curious in his place
To do things justly, but he was an ass:
We cannot find one trusty that is witty,
And therefore bear their disproportion."
CHAPMAN, *Bussy D'Ambois*, p. 294.

"IF any worthy opportunity
Make but her fore-top subject to my hold."
Ibid. *Monsieur D'Olive*, p. 376.

"The matter, Sir,
Was of an ancient subject, and yet newly
Called into question."—Ibid. p. 377.

"'Twill be expected I shall be of some religion; I must think of some for fashion, or for faction sake."—Ibid. p. 384.

"The learning of the ignorant is, as it were, printed in stereotype. The last edition of their minds is exactly the same with the foregoing one."—Roland's *Estimate*, p. 115.

It was Mirabeau who said that words are things.

Luther said that every man had a pope in his own heart.[1]

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, *St. James*, ii. 8, calls *the royal law.*

The perfection of society would be a state in which there should be no impediment to the full and fair development of his moral and intellectual capabilities in every individual.

Where there is "a noonday of innocence in their intentions," men will be careful that no "twilight of suspicion obscure their actions."—*Pisgah View*, p. 60.

"How smooth and tender are the gums of infant treason; but oh! how sharp are the teeth thereof when once grown to full greatness."—Ibid. p. 98.

Time-pieces in France became bad as they became common,—so with certain branches of literature.—Prudhomme.

Scotico-jargonicé. I thank thee, Jeremy, for teaching me that word.

Make it as impossible for an open ruffian to exist in the land, as for a wolf or bear.

When the seven deadly sins appear to Faustus in Marlow's tragedy, Envy says, "I cannot read, and therefore wish all books burned."—*Old Plays*, vol. 1, p. 37.

Roman geese saved the capitol; our cacklers will destroy us.

Dissenting churches. The ministers and the people may be said, in a certain sense, to ride and tie; the latter are priest-ridden, the former congregation ridden.

I incline to think that the Scriptural opinion of demoniacal possession cannot be explained away; and that, as applied to wickedness, it is a wholesome opinion, taking this with it, that the mercy and grace of God afford a sure preservation; and that these are granted to all who earnestly pray for them.

"Your only smooth skin to make vellum is your Puritan's skin; they be the smoothest and sleekest knaves in a country."—Ben Jonson, *Eastward Hoe.*

The thistle might be my emblem (though I shall never assume its motto), because asses mumble it with impunity, and to their own great contentment.

I have indeed worn my opinions for daws to peck at: but though many daws peck with impunity, those which I lay hold on, are not likely soon to forget the finger and thumb which have grasped them.

Tythes, with their old obligations, would be desirable now in new colonies, if only men were now what they were when tythes were instituted.

Impatience of obligations, as e. g. of rent in Canada.

Feudal settlements have answered in Canada.

[1] "It was an usual speech with Martin Luther, that *every man was born with a Pope in his belly*; and we know what the Pope hath long challenged and appropriated to himself, Infallibility and Supremacy, which like two sides of an arch mutually uphold each other."—Ant. Farindon's *Sermons*, vol. 1, p. 158. He often alludes to the saying, *e. g.* vol. ii. pp. 631, 650, &c.—J. W. W.

"WHATSOEVER a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—*Galatians*, vi. 7.

AN honourable member sometimes indulges in gratuitous assertion concerning one who is not present to defend himself; which he would not dare do if the person whom he insults and slanders, were near enough to spit a contradiction in his face.

THE old maxim is reversed, and in these days *poeta fit, non nascitur*.

"WHEN kingdoms reel (mark well my saw!)
Their heads must needs be giddy."
FORD, vol. 1, p. 299.

"WHEN I understand what you speak, I know what you say: believe that."—Ibid. *Witch of Edmonton*, vol. 2, p. 443.

"BEHOLD the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."—*Job* xxviii. 28.

"YEA, what things thou didst determine were ready at hand, and said, Lo! we are here! For all thy ways are prepared, and thy judgements are in thy foreknowledge."—*Judith* ix. 6.

"FOR thy power standeth not in multitude, nor thy might in strong men; for thou art a God of the afflicted, an helper of the oppressed, an upholder of the weak, a protector of the forlorn, a Saviour of them that are without hope."—Ibid. 11.

"HE maketh small the drops of water; they pour down rain according to the vapour thereof."—*Job* xxxvi. 27.

THE abomination of desolation *is* standing where it ought not.

"Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."—*Mark* xiii. 2.

This verse seemed to me almost appallingly applicable, when I read the chapter this morning.

SOME hearts are like certain fruits, the better for having been wounded.

"TAKE heed that the light which is in thee, be not darkness."—*Luke* xi. 35.

The author of the Wisdom[1] certainly held no doctrine allied to that of original sin, for he says,

VIII. 19-20, "I was a witty child, and had a good spirit:
Yea, rather, being good, I came into a body undefiled."

I AM afraid that more persons abstain from doing good, for fear of contingent evil, than from doing evil, in the persuasion that good may follow.

As time and tide will wait for no man, so neither will they hurry for any man.

THE condition of the poor must be bettered, before they can be improved; that of the great must be worsened: i. e. birth and connections must not be passports to situations for which worth and ability are required.

"DISTRUST your own limbs, and they will fail you in the moment of need." Thus it is that swimmers are drowned.

MAN is the most valuable thing that this earth produces, and the moral and intellectual culture of the species ought to be the great object of government.

MORAL economy versus political.

"THOU hast moved the land, thou hast divided it—heal the breaches thereof, for it shaketh."—*Psalm* lx. 2.

PERHAPS a degree of Christian holiness may be attainable in which the heart will

[1] He favoured the opinion of a pre-existence of souls. See the Note of ARNALD *in loc.*—J. W. W.

not be accessible to evil thoughts. But we who are far from this must turn from them when they assail us, and never for a moment entertain them with the will's consent. And with regard to angry and resentful emotions, which oftentimes must, and sometimes ought to arise, the sin lies in giving utterance to them, in any other manner than is solely and certainly for the good of others.

Reasons which may prevail if at some time they may happily "find your affections quiet, your understanding well awakened, and your will, willing to stand neuter."—Bishop Womack, *Pref. Epist. to the Exam. of Tilenus.*

"Woe be to fearful hearts and faint hands, and the sinner that goeth two ways."—*Ecclesiasticus* ii. 12.

The Church (using that word not in its Christian but in its ecclesiastical sense) very soon adapted itself both to the vulgar belief of the heathens and to their philosophy.

"The words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance."—*Ecclesiasticus* xxi. 25.

"An eloquent man is known far and near, but a man of understanding knoweth when he slippeth."—Ibid. 7.

The increased population which is consequent upon a certain degree of misery, in a crowded community, according to Sadler's theory, may seem noticed in Exodus i. The more the Hebrews were afflicted by their Egyptian taskmasters "the more they multiplied and grew." And I think the fact may be explained physically, by the care which Nature upon the great scale takes of the race, rather than of its individuals.

My dissenting assailants.—Men who are thus manifestly "in the gall of bitterness" give proof that they are "in the bond of iniquity."—*Acts* viii. 23.

"Laissez nous faire." But this is what no government can safely do. No government can rely enough upon the virtue, the common honesty or the common sense of its subjects to do it.

E. g. cruelty of soldiers to their prisoners, when men were to be ransomed instead of being exchanged.

Privateers. Quacks. Carriers. Posting. Monopolists.

Let every man choose his religion.

Ecclesiasticus xxxix. 12.—"Yet have I more to say which I have thought upon; for I am filled as the moon at the full."

Ibid. xxviii. 31.—The plague which "shall be ready upon earth when need is."

The *peine fort et dure* by which age now destroys us.

Let any person act up to his own Christian principles, and by so doing he will render it more easy for all about him to do the same: he will take away from them all occasion for offence. For whoever sins in temper has not only his own sin to answer for, but also for that which he thereby occasions in others.

Stooping for the golden apples of popularity in the race of fame.

"An heavy yoke is upon the sons of Adam, from the day that they go out of their mother's womb, till the day that they return to the mother of all things."—*Ecclesiasticus* xl. 1.

"Death and bloodshed, strife and sword, calamities, famine, tribulation, and the scourge: these things are created for the wicked."—Ibid. ix. 10.

It is stated by Sir Andrew Halliday, that "cases of insanity have increased in this country during the last twenty years in the proportion of three to one. There

are now of lunatics and idiots about one in a thousand in England, about one in eight hundred in Wales; in Scotland, one lunatic in five hundred and seventy-four persons."

The lunatics in England are more numerous than the idiots by about one-sixth. In Wales the idiots are more numerous in nearly the same proportion (if there be no mistake in the newspaper paragraph which is my authority).

"In the course of twenty-five years, out of more than three thousand six hundred Company's officers sent to Bengal, not more than five per cent. have returned home, after twenty-two years actual service, on pensions."—*Times.*

Argument upon which "*a poor belief may follow.*" — Beaumont and Fletcher, *King and no King*, p. 235.

I know not in what latitude to look for his meaning.

Discretion is sometimes as much the better part of oratory as of valour.

"He that ploweth should plow in hope." —1 *Cor.* ix. 10.

"Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."—Ibid. 25.

This is said with relation to athletæ and such persons.

"He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."—*Ecclesiastes* xi. 4.

"Vox et præterea nihil—
— I love the sound on't,
It goes so thundering as it conjured devils.
— do you understand?
I tell thee no; that's not material, the sound is
Sufficient to confirm an honest man."
Fletcher, *Elder Brother*, p. 116.

"Can history cut my hay, or get my corn in,
And can geometry vent it in the market."
Ibid.

"To be of no religion
Argues a subtle moral understanding,
And it is often cherished." Ibid. p. 160.

"From the black guard
To the grim sir in office, there are few
Hold other tenets." Ibid.

"Now my eyes are open,
And I behold a strong necessity
That keeps me knave and coward."
Ibid. p. 160.

Whigs, Whig clergy, &c.

"You are struck blind as moles, that undermine
The sumptuous building that allowed you shelter." Ibid. p. 161.

Certain virtues—whose

"Seeds grow not in shades and concealed places:
Set 'em in the heat of all, then they rise glorious."
Ibid. *Spanish Curate*, p. 201.

"Simplicity and patience dwell with fools,
And let them bear those burthens which wise men
Boldly shake off." Ibid. p. 258.

This is the language of those who seek to raise a tempest.

"— Gross untruths?
— Aye, and it is a favourable language,
They had been in a mean man lies, and foul ones."
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Beggar's Bush*, p. 358.

"A beggarly clergy," says Fuller, "is the forerunner of a bankrupt religion."—*Pisgah Sight*, p. 274.

I HAVE known many men who made the most, and in that sense the best use of their abilities; but did I ever know one who made the best use of his riches?

"OH, if order were observed for every one to mend his own heart or house, how would personal amendment by degrees quickly produce family, city, country, kingdom reformation! How soon are those streets made clean, where every one sweeps against his own door!"—FULLER, *Pisgah Sight*, p. 327.

WHAT FULLER says of the Libertines may be said of our liberals; "such as used their liberty for an occasion to the flesh, or a cloak of maliciousness." "A numerous society, wherof Satan's subtilty and man's corruption the founders, the negligence and connivance of magistrates the daily benefactors. A college whose gates, like those of hell, stand always open, having no other statutes than the student's pleasure; where the diet is so dear, that their commons cost the souls of such as feed on them, without their final repentance."—Ibid. p. 340.

"WANTON children by breaking their parents' old rod, give them only the occasion to make a better and bigger in the room thereof."—Ibid. p. 385.

"Indeed in all fickle times (such as we live in) it is folly to fix on any durable design, as inconsistent with the uncertainty of our age; and safest to pitch up *tent projects*, whose alteration may with less loss and a clear conscience comply with a change of the times."—Ibid. p. 386.

DANGER from a king's wife or mistress of a different religion.—"Yea, grant at first his constancy in the truth as hard as stone, yet in continuance of time it might be hollowed with that which Solomon called a continual dropping, and restless importunity, advantaged with bosom opportunity, may achieve a seeming impossibility."—Ibid. p. 127.

"THE infection" of such a wife, he calls it.

CERTAIN subjects, which, as FULLER says of the devil's riddling oracles, (Ibid. p. 128) "like changeable taffeta, wherein the woof and warp are of different colours, seems of several hues, as the looker-on takes his station," so these "appear to every one's apprehension as he stands effected in his desires."

"*Infra-annuated.*"—Ibid. p. 140.

"IN the mixture of all liquors of contrary kinds, the best liquor (which may be said to lose by the bargain) incorporates always with a reluctancy."—Ibid. p. 137.

"EYES dry for their sins, are vainly wet after their sufferings, and a drought in the spring is not to be repaired by a deluge in the autumn."—Ibid. p. 180.

"FEW drops seasonably showered would preserve the green blade from withering, when much rain cannot revive the roots once withered."—Ibid.

MR. FISHER of Seatoller, said upon occasion of Wells Fisher's bankruptcy—"double religion always requires double looking after."

No instrument so often out of tune as the human voice! And then all is discord.

"T'ZIJN de valsche begrippen omtrent de Geschiedinis, waar uit walsche begrippen van Staats-Vorsten-en Volksrecht ontspruiten; daar valsch of verkeerd en gebrekkig begrepen gebeurtenissen en daden valsche gronden opleveren, waar men hersenschimmige wetten en rechten op vest, of uit afleidt, die daarne Thronen en Natien schudden an omkeeren."—HET TREURSPEL, p. 162.

"LESLEY is said to have come to this conclusion at the latter end of his life, that

it was scarce worth while to make a convert from either of the religions (Popish or Protestant) to the other."—SPENCE's *Anecdotes*, p. 202.

This can only have been meant as to the improvement of the individual,—and even so confined is not maintainable.

Βλέπου, πῶς ὄνος ὢν, ἀνέστη. There are men in place and power always, to whom this may be applied.—ZUINGER, vol. 2, p. 1496.

IT is lavish expenditure that, more than the plenty of the circulating medium, raises prices,—as in markets, lodgings, &c.

A country may be rich, and yet prices continue low, if the habit of frugality be retained.

"BEHOLD I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts; because they have not hearkened unto my words, nor to my law, but rejected it."—JER. vi. 19.

"WHAT a blockhead," says Nelson, "to believe any body is so active as myself!"

"IF it be ill, I will not urge the acquaintance."
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. *Hum. Lieutenant*, p. 61.

"THAT man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not show his sore."—*Faithful Shepherdess*, p. 130.

"THEY make time old to tend them, and experience
An ass, they alter so."
Ibid. *Mad Lover*, p. 228.

OUR "recovery must be by the medicines of the Galenists and Arabians, and not of the chemists or Paracelsians. For it will not be wrought by any one fine extract, or strong water, but by a skilful company of a number of ingredients, and those by just weight and proportion, and that if some simples, which perhaps of themselves, or in over-great quantity, were little better than poisons, but mixed and broken and in just quantity, are full of virtue."—BACON, vol. 12, p. 285.

"ON Sunday, the 28th March, 1830, the New Baptist Chapel at Highgate, will be opened, when a sermon will be preached in the morning by the Rev. —— and in the evening by ——.

"N.B. A Prayer Meeting will be held every Tuesday and Friday, at seven o'clock in the morning.

"It is hoped that the *Friends of the Redeemer* will avail themselves of this opportunity to worship the Lord Jesus in spirit and in truth."

With these handbills the walls were posted about the environs of London.

MANY who think they are proceeding at quick time in the straight forward march of an upright mind, are owing to a squint in the intellect, making all speed in a wrong line.

CHURCH rents,—being saved from rack-rent, have become almost the only beneficial tenure.

"I AM one of those," says SIR EG. B. "who feel no particle of doubt in the conviction, that whenever we give up what natural sagacity and plain reason suggest to us, we are sure to go wrong, and repent of it."—*Gnomica*, p. 194.

"THERE is no glaring fact (as indisputable as that two and two made four) which will not be disputed, if it be less to a man's conscience and sense of shame, whether he will dispute it, or not."—Ibid. p. 197. See also p. 211-13.

"'Tis rather wish'd,
For such whose reason doth direct their thoughts
Without self-flattery, dare not hope it."
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. *Bloody Brother*, p. 83.

THE Rake in the *Wild Goose Chase*, p. 197, says of vows and oaths,—
"I have made a thousand of 'em,
They are things indifferent whether kept or broken,
Mere venial slips, that grow not near the conscience."

READY for adventure to any land.
—"I care not how far it be,
Nor under what pestiferous star it lies."
Ibid. p. 249.

CONSTITUTION—what is meant by the cry for it.—*Parliamentary History*, vol. 9, p. 410.

FREQUENT Parliaments not the same thing as frequent Elections.—Ibid.

SIR R. WALPOLE on the Test Act.—Ibid. p. 1054.

KING William.—Ibid. vol. 28, p. 18.

PITT.—Ibid. pp. 410-12.

MORTMAIN.—Ibid. p. 1111.

BILL for limiting the Peerage thrown out in the Commons. George I.—Ibid. vol. 7, pp. 592-606.

NEW Nobles.—BURTON'S *Journal*, vol. 3, p. 362.

ARGUMENTS against Population Returns, when proposed by Potter in 1753.—*Parliamentary History*, vol. 14, pp. 1318-31-47.

THE Registry Bill exceedingly popular when it was thrown out.—Ibid. p. 1361.

JEWS' Naturalization.—Ibid. p. 1366.

DISSENTERS ministerial and Roman Catholic also—just so long as they were glad of toleration.—Ibid. p. 1427.

SOME singularly applicable remarks upon liberal principles.—Ibid. p. 1429.

CLAMOUR against legislative precautions when the plague was feared, then raging at Marseilles, and the act repealed in consequence.—Ibid. vol. 15, p. 101; vol. 7, p. 929.

ONE ill effect of the Marriage Act. Before it passed, the man who seduced a woman under promise of marriage was compelled to perform that promise by the Ecclesiastical Courts, or excommunication followed.—Ibid. vol. 15, p. 58.

ABROJOS. The expression is found in Columbus's journal.—"Hay muchas bagas in aquella comarca, y conviene abrir el ojo hasta entrar en el puerte."—NAVARRETE. *Collect.* vol. 1, p. 100.

YOULARSIZ arslan, — unmuzzled lions. The Turkish epithet for the sultans.—*Foreign Review*, vol. 1, p. 276.

LORD CAMDEN'S rant about representation. — *Parliamentary History*, vol. 16, pp. 178-9.

LORD CHATHAM'S about the Lord Mayor and Livery.—Ibid. p. 968.

REPUBLICS more turbulent than monarchies.—AB. S. PIERRE, vol. 1, p. 251.

MORE stable.—Ibid. p. 275.

ROGER CLIFFORD.—PALGRAVE'S Volume, p. 6.

FOX against the voice of the people.—*Parliamentary History*, vol. 17, pp. 146-9.
And against the cry of ruin.

A GOOD speech of Lord North, showing

why articles of faith were introduced and necessary.—Ibid. p. 274.

Dowdeswill's scheme for the poor. To invest their savings in the funds, and receive annuities from the age of fifty.—Ibid. p. 640.

Burke upon the growth of atheism—a very fine passage.—Ibid. p. 779. See his *Works*, vol. 10, p. 22.

St. Helena.—Lt. Ed. Thompson's *Sailors' Letters*, vol. 1, p. 116.

Fabulous History of Port.—*Hist. de le Reoja*, p. 160.

The Abbé S. Pierre agrees with Sir William Petty concerning colonies, and condensing a people!—Vol. 1, p. 357-8.

Internal and external legislation—for colonies. Fox's distinction.—*Parliamentary History*, vol. 23, p. 21.

All Alva's cruelties committed with a good conscience — by Luiz de Granada's account of his death.—*Foreign Review*, No. 2, p. 628.

Representation not the principle of our constitution. How it grew up.—Lord Hawkesbury. *Parliamentary History*, vol. 35, p. 103.

Men of birth or wealth will always be chosen.—Galiffe's *Italy*, vol. 1, p. 306.

Pitt on removing the casual poor.—Ibid. pp. 199-201.
He seems always to have spoken humanely concerning the poor.

Windham sees no danger in Popery,—and no provocation to unbelief that it gives.—Ibid. p. 347.

Emigrant religioners. Sir W. Scott.—Ibid. p. 360.

Schools require superintendance.—Ibid. p. 383.

Necessity of restraining religious zeal.—Horsley.—Ibid. p. 372.

Plans of assassination among the Reformers here.—Ibid. pp. 1300-7.

Irish.—Ibid. p. 1317.

Tampering with fanatics. — Ibid. pp. 1309-11.

Nobility, physical degradation of the lower ranks in barbarous times.—Philip's *Africa*, vol. 2, p. 128.

Admiration of the Greeks and Romans an *ill* lesson to impress upon youth.—Galiffe's *Italy*, vol. 1, p. 75.

Marriage with religious ceremonies not allowed the plebeians, till they extorted a law for it.—Ibid. p. 320.

Numbers who died of famine in Italy.—at Rome, Naples, &c.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 244.

Lottery at Salerno in which provisions are the prizes.—Ibid. p. 259.

Pride of ancestry justified.—Ibid. p. 227.

Old families respected by the Hindoos.—Heber, vol. 1, p. 294.

A beautiful picture of the golden age of governments.—Lord Brooke's *Monarchy and Religion*, pp. 1-2.

Mourning ale,—perhaps from the Jews. *Jeremiah* xvi. 7.—"Neither shall men give them the cup of consolation to drink for their father, or for their mother."

Cardinal Ximenes cured of a hectic fever by outward applications—by an old Moorish woman.—Alvas Gomez, p. 40.—Wadding, vol. 15, p. 249.

Her whole practice was by liniments and unctions.

PREFACE to Gondibert, p. 62.—Folly of the maxim exposed, that the people ought to be kept in ignorance.

TENDENCY in the public to disparage what they read, and of unsuccessful authors to became malignant critics. — *Preface to* GOZZI, p. 31.

ABUSE of words.—THUCYD. p. 181. *Trans.* p. 210.[1]

NOT to be too wise in imminent danger. —Ibid. p. 205. *Trans.* p. 237.

"HE who places a seed in the earth," says FRANKLIN, "is recompensed forty fold; but he who draws a fish out of the water, draws up a piece of silver."

How has he overlooked the outlay of tackle and labour?

KEPLER drawing by a camera obscura.—SIR H. WOTTON'S *Remains*, p. 300.

COTTAGES and their comforts in Sir G. Wheeler's time.—SURTEES, vol. 1, p. 172.

THE name of the mother is sometimes mentioned in the Old Testament, and not that of the father.

AT the inns in Germany, TAYLOR, the Water Poet, says, "if we did ask them why they did salt their meat so unreasonable, their answer was that their beer could not be consumed except their meat were salted extraordinarily." — *Travels to Bohemia*, p. 99.

[1] The words alluded to are evidently those in the Corcyrean sedition. Καὶ τὴν εἰωθυῖαν ἀξιωσιν τῶν ὀνομάτων ἐς τὰ ἔργα ἀντήλλαξαν τῇ δικαιώσει, i. e. as they thought right. Lib. iii. c. 82.—J. W. W.

WHEN boys (CUDWORTH, *e.g.*) went at thirteen to College, were they brought more forward at school than they were in the next generation? I suppose so; the first ardour of study after the revival of letters had not ceased. Emulation has recently brought it back.

ON what authority does the Editor of the *Correio Braziliense* assert that Charles V. wished at once to have made the Spanish colonies independent, forseeing the impossibility, at last, of keeping them in subjection?—Vol. 5, p. 353.

BY observing the vibration of the lamps in the Cathedral of Pisa, Galileo was led to the important discovery of the isochronism of the pendulum.—*Quarterly Review, No.* 78, p. 435.

COTTLE, vol. 1, p. 93. — Some very just remarks upon Monday markets.

THE breed of bees is discouraged in the wine countries, owing to the injury which they are known to do to the young blossoms of the vine.—KINSEY, p. 459.

ONE may apply what is said of the various classes who cross the Pont Neuf, (see PRUDHOMME). "You cannot look through a magazine without finding in it things which bear the stamp of a regularly bred author, of an aspirant genius, of a dandy dabbler in fine literature, of a radical, of a *soi disant* philosopher, of a political economist, of a clever woman, of a coxcomb, and of a thorough-paced profligate."

THERE is a Roman inscription in which *bene bibente* is written for *bene viventi*—as a Spaniard might write it by ear.

ÆLIAN says that all the barbarians established in Europe looked upon the knowledge of letters as mean and disgraceful, as did the barbarians of Asia also.—*Collect. Hibernica*, vol. 2, p. 166.

SOMEWHERE in his *Politics* ARISTOTLE observes, that "*multo plura Imperia contemptus quam odium evertit.*"

ROMAN prose was corrupted earlier than poetry.

THE political economists treat this subject as Machiavelli treated the policy of princes, setting aside all considerations of morals and religion.

ATTEMPT to prove that the old law relating to the frequency of celebrating the Jewish continual sacrifice is still in force. A. D. 1755.

PRIZE questions proposed by DEAN TUCKER.—*Memoridl Literario*, vol. 8, p. 276.

LACTATION, three years. — 2 *Maccabees*, vii. 27.

AN officer, writing from the camp near Bhurtpore to his brother, says, that when he went round the walls the day after that place was taken by storm, "I was so horror-struck, that I could have knelt down, resigned my commission, and have foresworn war in all its circumstances: and I am not very squeamish either." — *Times*, Dec. 23, 1829.

I wish he had.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER notice the *fact* on which Sadler builds.

"'Tis the curse
Of great estates to want those pledges, which
The poor are happy in. They in a cottage,
With joy, behold the models of their youth:
And as their root decays, those budding branches
Spout out and flourish, to renew their age."
Spanish Curate, p. 190.

There is a passage unfit for quotation to the same purport in their *Wit without Money*.

PEPYS, vol. 1, p. 249.—"25 Feb. 1661-2. Great talk of the effects of this late great wind; and I heard one say that he had five great trees standing together blown down; and beginning to lop them, one of them, as soon as the lops were cut off, did, by the weight of the root, rise again and fasten."

Mark vii. 3-9. — DECISION against the Romish doctrine of tradition.

JOYOUSNESS of the world.—JAMES's *Comment on the Creed*, p. 93.

CHANGES of ministry not worth any passionate interest. — MR. VICKAR's *Life of Dr. Bard*, p. 174-6.

BORY ST. VINCENT, in the Isle of France, placed his boxes of insects on a stand surrounded with water, two inches deep. One night the ants constructed a bridge with straws, reached the boxes, and devoured all his insects.—PHILLIP's *Coll.* vol. 2, p. 77.

"THE Negroes of the Isle of Bourbon say that the souls of wicked whites go into the volcano, where they are employed under black drivers to throw fuel on the fire, and dig channels for the lava. Troops of white souls, they say, have been seen at this."—Ibid. p. 132.

"ST. PIERRE saw all the French sailors in a mess (seven in number) agree to go without their allowance of wine or brandy alternately, each for six days, that on the seventh he might have the allowance of the whole."—*Voyage to the Isles*, p. 18.

IN some French ships they "amused themselves with flogging the cabin boys in calm weather to procure a wind." — Ibid. p. 19.

EUROPEAN trees dwindle in tropical climates. "The fir, pine, and oak," says ST. PIERRE, "grow to a middling stature and then decay." Many of our fruit trees bles-

[1] The passage referred to occurs in lib. v. c. x. ἐκ δὲ τῆ καταφρονεῖσθαι πολλαὶ γίνονται τῶν καταλύσεων.—J. W. W.

som, but produce no fruit. And European man does not thrive better. He is out of his place upon the globe.

" Sows in the Isle of France frequently produce monsters."—Ibid. p 153.

Dogs never go mad there.—Ibid. p. 154.

" Scarcely had the terrace at Windsor been opened ten minutes, before some parties cut their initials in the stone work surrounding it. A strong feeling of indignation was expressed at this abuse of the liberty of walking there, by many respectable persons."—*Times*, August 9, 1830.

" Some Bibles sent by the Bible Society for Nova Scotia were taken by an American privateer in 1813, carried into Portland and sold. The Massachusetts' Bible Society resolved to replace them by sending from its own funds the sum. But the people of Boston raised a subscription, and sent the full amount, £155."—*History of the Bible Society*, vol. 2, p. 486.

" When the Committee of the Bible Society was formed, the Wesleyan Methodists refused to nominate two from their body, assigning as a reason, that they considered themselves represented by the bishops."—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 81.

Truths of Religion, p. 102.—" In all primitive tongues, vowels of small consequence, and therefore not marked." See the passage.

So idle is it to reason in such matters upon what *must* naturally be. One nation stretches, attenuates, and liquifies its words: another compresses and hardens and stiffens them.

Co-operative system that on which governments would be founded, were it not for the depravity of human nature. This is Mr. Douglas's position in his *Truths of Religion*, p. 157, which *see*.

Sermons used to be preached on S. Cæcilia's day as late as 1713, and I know not how much later.

Wickedness working the designs of Providence.—Bishop Reynolds, vol. 5, p. 116.

" Aristotle (*Polit.* 7, § 8) reckoneth divine worship as a principal thing, without which a city or civil polity cannot be."—Ibid. p. 333.

What preaching should be.—Ibid. p. 397.

In feudal times opposition, or rather resistance to the government, arose from personal feelings: it was to some favourite or some invidious family, not to public measures. The people took part only upon feudal principles of obedience to their immediate lords.

Then came the age of religious commotion, in which the citizen and the peasant took as deep an interest as the peer.

Botany Bay, 1786.—The marines were to take out twelve women to a company of forty men.

Mr. Matre proposed a settlement there for the American loyalists at first; but afterwards recommended it for convicts; and he thought women in sufficient number might be " obtained in a friendly manner from New Zealand." He speculated also upon settlers from Java and Japan.

There is scripture for the opinion that the will will be accepted for the deed. " The Lord," says Solomon, " said unto David my father, Whereas it was in thine heart to build an house unto my name, thou didst well that it was in thine heart."—1 *Kings* viii. 18.

Depreciation in consequence of an influx of wealth.—Silver " was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon:—the king made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones, and cedars made he to be as the

sycamore trees that are in the vale for abundance."—Ibid. x. 21-27.

"Foot passengers in every city of Europe, except London, were exposed to accidents from being mixed with horses and carriages, as well as from the insolence and brutality of their riders and drivers, for want of a footpath. In Paris, a great many people are annually killed and maimed for want of one."—Burney, *Musical Tour in Germany*, vol. 2, p. 197.

"There is a foot pavement in Pompeii; and on *each* side the Via Appia and other ancient roads in Italy."—Ibid.

Ibid. p. 36.—A strange story of a native of Poole, driving a nail into a horse's head, and curing it by a chemical liquid of his own preparing.

Some excellent remarks upon those poets whose verses are made up from memory, and whose memory sticks in the letter, without having a glimpse of the spirit.—Sir Egerton Brydges' *Recollections of Travel*, vol. 1, p. 240.

Agriculturists prone to religion, as soldiers to impiety.—Max. Tyrius, *Dissert.* 14, p. 172. A valuable passage.

The Hindoos at their marriage invoke the manes of their ancestors to be present.—Morgan's *Doct. of Mar.* vol. 1, p. 97.

1791. The Royal Academy of Sciences at Gottingen, in 1791, proposed these questions:

"What is the reason that ornaments of public buildings, bridges, railings, monuments, mile stones, trees, and banks of walks, &c. are defaced, out of mere malice (mischief) more in Germany, or in many parts of it at least, than in Italy or other countries? and how may this apparently national viciousness be most securely and speedily eradicated?

"What is the least expensive mode of inclosing towns that have neither walls nor dikes, so that no one can go in or out unperceived?"

A passage in Beaumont and Fletcher vol. 8, p. 192 (*Woman's Prize*), which looks as if there was a notion concerning women like that concerning sylphs, upon which the tale of Undine is founded. Yet there cannot have been; the meaning must be accidental, I think.

"A conjurer's the devil's master, and commands him.
Whereas a witch is but the devil's prentice,
And obeys him."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Fair Maid of the Inn*, p. 360.

"Les Européens seuls sont capables d'apprendre aux Indiens leur propre histoire, et de voir dans leurs traditions, dans leurs monumens des idées et des faits qui ne sauraient être découverts et compris par les Indiens aux-mêmes."—*Doctrine of S. Simon*, p. 118, N.

St. Augustine derives *servus* from *servare*.—Ibid. p. 240.

The following is *said* to be the state of church preferment in this country:—

Livings in the gift of	
The nobility and gentry	5033
The church	3769
Government	1014
The universities	814
Public bodies	197
The inhabitants	64

One, in the *Serées* of Bouchet, (vol. 2, p. 361) asks, "qui est celuy de nostre temps, qui ne naisse moindre que ses pere et mere?" Perhaps the wars of that age had, as in Buonaparte's, left only the immature and the old to propagate; and in the same way affected female constitutions, as the revolution is known to have done. See the account of Strasburg.

During the civil wars in France, people retired into the lazar houses for safety, feign-

ing to be lepers, and exposing themselves to leprosy.

See this very curious passage in the *Serées* of BOUCHET, tom 3, p. 245-6.

THERE used to be a very considerable demand for Irish editions, from America.—*Irish Debates*, vol. 16, p. 73.

THE roots of the couch grass (*triticum repens*) in Flanders, and in the south of Italy, are collected, washed, and sold in bundles for horses.—QUAYLE'S *Survey of Jersey, Guernsey*, &c. p. 255.

WHOEVER would understand what reliance may be placed upon the Unitarian writers on the score of integrity, should consult Archbishop Magee's notes upon their improved version of the New Testament. They are to be found in the third volume of his most valuable discourse on the Atonement.

See also in the same volume, N. p. 810, the fraudulent manner in which they have used the names of Dr. Watts and Mrs. Trimmer.

HOBBES recommends the *Whole Duty of Man*, as (except a few passages that he misliked) very well worth reading; and as containing the then system of church morals. —BEHEMOTH.

IT has been said that "bugs were first brought into the country after the fire of London, in the fir timber imported for the rebuilding of the city." Gifford says, "unfortunately for them, however, they were the greatest sufferers by the fire, having been denizened in vast numbers long before that calamitous event took place."—B. J. vol. 6, p. 50, in a note upon

"*Run away like cimici,*
Into the crannies of a rotten bedstead."

This seems to be an Italian word.

DUELS.—B. JONSON, vol. 6, p. 69.

GILL, the master of St. Paul's school, circiter A. D. 1600, published Logonomie, a conceited and barbarous attempt, Gifford calls it, to rectify the writing of the English language, which seems to have fallen into the hands of the late James Elphinstone.—Ibid. vol. 6, N. p. 127.

"As just a carrier as my friend Tom Long was." Ibid. *Tale of a Tub*, p. 201.

He was of that age then, and noted for his honesty.

"THE whirligig, the whibble, the carwidgen.
Hey day, what names are these?
New names of late."
MIDDLETON, *Mayor of Queenborough*, *Old Plays*, vol, 11, p. 167.

VINDICATION of Alva's cruelty.
Adventures of Five Hours, *Old Plays*, vol. 12, p. 41.

THE most curious stage direction I have seen is in *Apius and Virginia*. "Here let him make as he went out, and let conscience and justice come out of him; and let conscience hold in his hand a lamp burning, and let justice have a sword, and hold it before Apius's breast."—Ibid. p. 356.

French Memoirs.

Tom. 28.—VINCENT CARLOIX, Mem. du Vieilleville.

Tom. 165.—Defence of spies, as men of principle.

Tom. 331.—Bull dogs, and bull baiting introduced from England into France.

Tom. 32.—Mem. de Tarannes. A Frenchman proposes to surprise Malta, as a sure step to Sicily, and to the conquest of Italy.

Ibid. tom. 30, p. 197. BY the usage of war, the cannoneers had a right to all "les cloches d'une ville qu'ils ont battue, en quelque sorte qu'elle se sont rendue, ou par force ou composition."—VINCENT CARLOIX.

IN R. Greene's Looking Glass for London and England, Jonah is cast out of the Whale's belly upon the stage.

Wallius, p. 106. Paulus Manutius Aldus, lib. 1, ep. 4, describes his way of borrowing from ancient authors, which is precisely the same as Ebenezer Elliot's. Wallius himself (p. 150) recommends it.

Parnaso Ital. Modern. vol. 13, Parini, p. 125-7. What men of rank learnt from Voltaire, and what they did *not* learn.

Mr. Devay of Boston tells me, that madness is more common in America than in England; and that the most frequent cause is political excitement, the boundless ambition, and continual ferment of democracy. He says also, that a small collection of good books is more generally to be found in an American house, than in an English one.—*July*, 1833.

Uncalculated and, quasi, uncalculable dangers, or consequences—

"It lately happened that an iron bridge fell in very curious circumstances, by the marching of a body of soldiers over it. Now, the bridge was calculated to sustain a greater weight than this body of men; and had they walked tumultuously over it, it would have withstood the pressure: but the soldiers marching to time, accumulated a motion, aided by the elasticity of the material, which broke it down."—Bell's *Bridgwater Treatise*, p. 234.

"Nous entrâmes dans un petit batteau rond qui avoit à chacun de ses flancs une roue attachée dont les aîles servoient de rames, une manivelle double les faisoit tourner à la fois."—Lamekis, vol. 1, p. 93.

Question de Amor. At a tournay, prizes both for knights and ladies who shall appear in the most gallant attire.—H. 2, I. 5.

"I do not like that he names me so often,
Especially on his death-bed: 'tis a sign
I shall not live long."
Webster, vol. 1, p. 134.

"Out of brave horsemanship arise the first sparks of growing resolution, that raise the mind to noble action."—Ibid. p. 183.

"The smallness of a kitchen, without question,
Makes many noblemen in France and Spain
Build the rest of the house the bigger."
Ibid. vol. 2, p. 33, *Devil's Law Case.*

Figs were called fig dates; unless, which is less likely, dates were so called.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 83.

"The midwife straight howls out there was no hope
Of the infant's life: swaddles it in a flayed lamb skin,
As a bird hatch'd too early."
Ibid. vol. 2, p. 98.

"This three months did we never house our heads
But in yon great star chamber."
Ibid. vol. 2, p. 152.

This, which is no uncommon allusion at that time, is contrary to a general principle in poetry, of a sublime character.

"Though we dine to day
As Dutchmen feed their soldiers, we will sup
Bravely, like Roman leaguerers."
Ibid. vol. 2, p. 224.

"A Spaniard is a Camocho, a Salimanco; nay, which is worse, a Dondego; and what is a Dondego?

Clown. A Dondego is a kind of Spanish stock-fish, or poor John.

Brett. No, a Dondego is a desperate Villiago, a very Castilian; God bless us."—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 298. *Sir T. Wyatt.*

Cold harbour, Ibid. vol. 3, p. 90. It was called the devil's sanctuary. Hence, no doubt, the song.

At the sale of ordnance in England, if

it break the first discharge, the workman is at the loss of it; if the second, the merchant and the workman jointly; if the third, the merchant.—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 185.

Generation of the winds as marked in the compass; a good satire on allegorical mythology.—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 346.

Fuller, *Church History*, p. 146. Touching for the king's evil. He believed it, and relates a cure by Queen Elizabeth on a Papist, which converted him.

St. Ambrose's, perhaps, the first hymn book ever published.—Clarke, *Ecc. Lit.*, vol. 1, p. 465.

By St. Basil's canons, the same penance of ten years is appointed for him who *opens a tomb*, as for involuntary homicide.—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 356.

Curious, considering "that Anarch old" of Milton, that "Ἀναρχος should have been one of the names given by the early Christians to the Almighty.—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 112.

The word Trinity, Τριας, first used at Antioch, and first found in Theophilus, A. D. 181.—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 113.

In Gregorius Nyssensis, is a full account of the *necessity of hands* to a rational being.—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 422.

Augustine says that infants dying unbaptized, depart into a slight damnation, "in damnatione mitissimâ."—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 34.

Accidental discovery of fire by Adam and Eve throwing a stone at a serpent, which struck a spark from a flinty rock, into the crevice of which the serpent escaped, and that spark kindling the dry vegetation around. This is related by Victor of Marseilles in his poetical commentary on Genesis.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 216.

Cosmos Indicopleustes writes to prove that the world is an universal plain, of the form of a parallelogram, shut in by walls, and surrounded by the ocean, which is again enclosed by another land, wherein the terrestrial paradise is *situated*.—Ibid. vol. 2, p. 310.

"The master in the fable did not well to beat his maid for serving him with thin milk, when it was his own cow that gave it."—Sanderson's *Preface*.

"Who knoweth not that as empty[1] vessels give the loudest sound, and shallow brooks run with a fiercer current, and make a greater noise than deeper rivers do; so they that are the least able to judge are ever the most forward to pass sentence, and when they so do, the most rigid and peremptory therein."—Ibid. *to his Fourteen Sermons.*

"Says the master of a booth at a fair to the fellow who managed affairs behind the curtain, 'Why don't you snow there?' 'Sir,' says the fellow aloud to him, 'all the white paper's gone.' 'Why, then, you blockhead,' cries the master, 'snow in some brown paper.'"—T. Brown's *Dialogues*, p. 294.

It is a just remark of Charlevoix, that "il n'y a qu'au Tribunal de Dieu, que le témoignage de la Conscience rassure parfaitement."—*N. France*, tom. 1, p. 92.

Our old lawyers were fond of rhymes, as witness John Doe and Richard Roe. So when two representative places are spoken of, the one is Dale and the other Sale; a beggar is to be whipped at Dale and passed to Sale.—*Statutes*, tom. 3, p. 331.

[1] We may not readily forget the words of the Quaker in the *Spectator*, "Thy drum is a type of thee; it soundeth because it is empty. Verily it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness that thou hast spoken this day." No. 132.—J. W. W.

" Qui non s'ha d'uopo aver da Bonaparte
Avuta lezion di cavalcare."
Cacasenno, xviii. p. 5.

If the date of this villainous poem were to be made out by internal testimony alone, who would suppose that it was older than the days of Napoleon.

" Cutting down the sea weeds for kelp has injured the Scotch fisheries: there is no longer protection for the young fry, and therefore the old fish forsake those places." —*Quarterly Review*, No. 74, p. 348.

Water melons grow in the deserts of South Africa.—Philip, vol. 2, p. 121.

Flies annually destroyed by fire at Florence."—Galiffe, *Italy*, vol. 2, p. 408.

" Rex Nemorensis, a priest of Diana at Nemi by the lake, who held his place by the tenure of having murdered his predecessor, and was never without a drawn sword to protect himself against his aspirant successor."—*Mementoes of a Tour*, vol. 2, p. 217.

Gas from a burning spring used for domestic purposes in America.—M'Kenney's *Sketches*, p. 84.

Galileo's finger *bit* off by an antiquary. Duppa's *Travels*, p. 13.

A saintly beard.—Heber's *Journal*, vol. 2, p. 17.

The modern Greeks use Μπ for B.—Turner's *Tour*, vol. 1, p. 145.

Strange history of a Corsican who was like Prince Leopold of Naples.—Ibid. p. 195.

Red *sand* fell with the rain at Zante.—Ibid. p. 204.

Spanish Jews in the Levant are very numerous, and still speak Spanish as their mother tongue.—Ibid. vol. 3, p. 244.

A Frenchman, for want of bark, cured ague by coffee in powder.—Ibid. p. 255.

Turkish allowance of heads decapitanda. —Ibid. p. 400.

Prohibition of smoking is thought the hardest duty of Wahabism.—Ibid. p. 467.

" Es tan grande la fuerza de una batalla campal, que con mucha razon dizen los que professan la arte y disciplina militar. Dios me dè ciento años de guerra, y no un dia de battalla."—Garibay, vol. 4, p. 1031.

Sugar canes, *Jer.* vi. 20, " from a far country."

" Then Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom, and wrote it in a book, and laid it up before the Lord."—1 *Sam.* x. 25.

A constitution or original compact here.

" — *L'on* étoit assuré, avant que l'on parlât, qu'il étoit d'un sentiment contraire à ce qui se diroit. Le *mais* étoit sa transition favorite, et le *non* son mot chère et familier."—Marivaux, *La Paysanne Pauvre*, vol. 3, p. 17.

The miscreant Burke was asked how he felt when pursuing his trade of murder, he replied that " he had no feelings about it when he was awake, but that when he slept he had frightful dreams, such as he had never had before."

Drink had something to do with this waking state, for the price of blood was chiefly expended in ardent spirits.

" Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
—I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,

And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates."
MARLOW, *Dr. Faustus*, p. 15.

STORY in Oviedo of the fruit brought from the West Indies by a Devil to England.

"Enter two friars, with a rout of stinkards following them." — MARLOW, *Lust's Dominion*. This then was a common appellation for the rabble. The dialogue proceeds with 1st, 2nd, and 3rd stinkard. In our days this would be high treason against the majesty of the people!

BALGUY's father composed a sermon weekly for the first four years after he obtained his small preferment; and that his son might follow the same course, he destroyed almost his whole stock, burning two hundred and fifty at one time.

"HARTLEPOOL," says MR. SURTEES, vol. 3, p. 100, "was now in that delightful state of existence which is allowed once, and once only to all bodies, as well human as corporate, bourgeoning with the fresh vigour of young life, regardless of the distant hours of slow decay, which as surely await, if exempt from sudden ruin, every institution of human policy, as they do every form of mortal mould."

Not so *necessarily*.

KINSEY (*Portugal*, p. 229), says "cider is an African liquor; the use came from thence to Spain, so into France, and from Normandy to us."

But is the apple an African fruit?

"IN the neighbourhood of Sheffield, when the garden flowers are nearly past, bee hives are carried to the moors, that they may collect honey enough from the heath to maintain them during the winter. This removal takes place either in the case of late swarms, or poor stocks which have but little honey, or after the seasons' honey has been taken from the heavier hives, without destroying the labourers, in other words, after driving them, as it is termed, out of the full hive into an empty one."—*Sheffield Iris.*

A BOOK or pamphlet was published, 1712, with this good title, "Account of the damnable Prizes in Old Nick's Lottery."

COMMON Prayer as read in private by Garrick. 1797.

"ISLAND newly emerged from the ocean obtains peculiar plants."—PRICHARD, vol. 1, p. 35.

N. B. Island not elevated from the ocean, but formed by coral, &c.

IN 1679, when the family of the Lords of Brederode became extinct, their escutcheon was laid with the last of them in the grave, at Vianen.

DALMAN, a Tarragonan conjurer, often taken before the Inquisition and examined. —*Grandezas de Tarragona*, p. 264.

FLETCHER (*Elder Brother*, p. 118) sneers at

"Dunce Hollinshed.
The Englishman that writes of shows and sheriffs."

IN the description of an *Auto-da-fé*, which is in Humboldt's possession (*Travels*, vol. 7, p. 263), "a boast is made of the prodigality with which refreshments are distributed to the condemned; and of the staircase which the Inquisition have had erected in the interior of the pile for the accommodation of the *relaxados!*"

Selection, Gentleman's Magazine, vol. 3, p. 455. GASSENDI's delight in the singing of birds; a very beautiful passage.

Danish Folkesagn, vol. i. p. 84. ANDERS, a parallel case to Huntington's way of living.

Aaron Purgatus, a book by Monceau, or Moncæus, to justify Aaron for making the golden calf!—Bayle.

"Knowest thou not that fish caught with medicines, and women gotten with witchcraft are never wholesome."—*Euphues.*

The first assertion may be true, and probably is; the beasts killed by the Indian poisoned arrow are not rendered unfit for food. The effect is altogether different.

Indians.—"Their connection with the lowest orders in the United States has induced a shocking demoralization; the greater number of them in the United States are now entirely dependent on them; they are rapidly decreasing, or in some instances retiring further west. The manner in which they live among the Americans, without actually amalgamating, is curious; they have no vote, no privilege as citizens; but this indifference towards them is got over by saying, '*that they are considered as and treated with as independent nations.*' I should however suppose, if they became farmers, *out* of the lands appropriated to them and gained property, they would be entitled to the rights of citizens. Except in one part of this Continent, they have never yet shewed themselves patient of regular labour; this exception is at Nantucket, where they have long assisted in navigating the whaleships, and prove active, good seamen. They are now becoming extinct most rapidly; the habits of a seaman in such long voyages, and the irregularities attached to it, are sufficient causes. The few who remain at home marry into the lowest orders of whites or of negroes; the latter is the most common."

In the *Independent Whig* are some remarks by Gordon on Sir R. L'Estrange's style.

Frozen Potatoes.—"In the time of frosts, the only precaution necessary is, to retain the potatoes in a perfectly dark place for some days after the thaw has commenced. In America, where they are sometimes frozen as hard as stones, they rot if thawed in open day; but if thawed in darkness they do not rot, and lose very little of their natural odour and properties." — *Recueil Indust.* xiv. p. 81, as quoted in Jameson's *Edinburgh New Phil. Journal.*

Choristers pressed formerly.—Tusser, p. 316.

"For some centuries there was scarcely a Knight of Malta, though all of noble families, who could write his name; wherefore the Vice-Chancellor who committed all the acts of their chapters to writing, was always a clergyman." — Carte's *Life of Ormond*, vol. 1, p. xxxviii.

"E crudele il rimorso a i solitari,
Chi i pensier non divia,
Ricadendo sul cuor, come in lor dentro,
Si pascon del velen che sta piu dentro."
Maggi, tom. 2, p. 72.

"It appears," says Percy, "from the Earl of Northumberland's Household Book, that horses were not so usually fed with corn loose in the manger, in the present manner, as with their provender made into loaves."—N. Ben Jonson, vol. 2, p. 118.

Horse loaves and horse bread are frequently mentioned, and probably the poor ate the same bread, at least bread called by the same name, certainly.

"A serpent ere he comes to be a dragon,
Does eat a bat."
Ben Jonson, *Cataline*, vol. 4, p. 269.

A serpent, the Greek proverb says.[1]

"The Roman soldiers bore other devices for their standards as commonly as the eagle, minotaurs, boars, wolves, dragons, &c. till Marius having won many battles under the eagle, introduced that more generally. Cataline had his (M.'s) silver eagle, and put

[1] See Gifford's Note *in loc.*—J. W. W.

some faith in it."—Gifford's *Ben Jonson*, vol. 4, p. 272.

"The Rhizomorpha—a fungus. This genus, which vegetates in dark mines, far from the light of day, is remarkable for its phosphorescent properties. In the coal mines near Dresden it gives those places the air of an enchanted castle. The roofs, walls, and pillars are entirely covered with them; their beautiful light almost dazzling the eye."—Ed. Phil. *Journ.* vol. 14, p. 178. Turner's *Sacred History*, p. 92.

Scurvy—wainscotted rooms instead of walled ones thought to mitigate or prevent the disease.—Olaus Magnus, p. 653.[1]

"Mr. Burton, afterwards Lord Conyngham, was with Lord Charlemont on his passage from Greece to Malta, when a tempest came on, and the Captain at length advised them to prepare for the worst. Burton broke the dead silence which ensued by exclaiming "Well," and I fear with an oath, "this is fine indeed. Here have I been pampering this great body of mine for more than twenty years; and all to be a prey to some cursed shark, and be damned to him!"—Hardy. *Life of Lord Charlemont*, vol. 1, p. 38.

Such a feeling many a man entertains towards his heir.

"Ma come potrò mai condurmi al fine
Senza par due parole delle stringhe,
Sorelle delle calze, over cugine.
Chi le vuole spagnuole, e chi fiaminghe,
E chi le fa venir fin d'Inglaterra
Come se possin *sermoni* au-ò aringhe."
Bino, *Op. Burl.* vol. 1, p. 302.

"The Roman armies used to carry tiles with them, enough for paving the place where the prætorium or General's tent was set up." Suetonius the authority in Julius Cæsar."—Malcolm's *Londinium*, vol. 3, p. 513.

Ariosto saying that when Rodomonti set fire to Paris the houses were all of wood, adds—

"Ch' in Parigi ora
De le dieci le sei son cosi ancora."
C. 16, St. 26, tom. 2, p. 153.

The slaughter of the pagan put a stop to by night.

"Dal Creatore accelerata forse,
Che de la sua fattura ebbe pietade."

And then

"Villani e lupi resoir' poi de la grotte
A dispogharli, e a divorar la notte."
Ibid. c. 18, st. 162, tom. 2, p. 275.

Astolfo, in Ariosto's abominable story is by his courtiers

"Lodato
Or del bel viso, or de la bella mano."
C. 28, st. 6, tom. 3, p. 230.

Ariosto speaks of

"L'audaci galee de Catalani."
Orl. Fur. c. 42, st. 38, tom. 5, p. 14.

"La ferocità de' montoni, ferendo loro il corno presso l'orecchia, si possa mitigare." Sanazzaro. *Parn. Ital.* vol. 16, p. 229.

"El enzeno mandamiento,
Es, no estorvarás."
i. e. not interfere in a quarrel.
Calderon. *El Maestro de Danzas.*

Soldiers could not be quartered upon an hidalgo. The high-minded labrador in Calderon's play, (El Garrotte mas bien dado) is advised to buy an *executoria* for the sake of this exemption.

The Venetians. Du Bellay, in the *Recueil*, vol. 1, p. 214. A very good sonnet of its kind.

Ibid. p. 161.—Sonnet of St. Gelais upon the whims in his mistress's head.

[1] I suspect the passage here alluded to occurs in p. 316 of the *Edit. Romæ*, 1555, which I look upon as one of my very curious books.
W. W.—J. W. W.

"ATQUI ante annos viginti-quinque nihil receptius erat apud Brabantos, quam thermæ publicæ: eæ nunc frigent ubique. Scabies enim nova docuit nos abstinere." — ERASMUS. *Diversoria*, p. 172.

A. D. 1459. JOHNES's *Monstrelet*, vol. 10, pp. 44-7, a horrid persecution at Arras for witchcraft. Vaudoisie it was called, meaning a nightly meeting of sorcerers, for to this calumny the poor Vaudois were exposed! It was known "that these charges had been raked up by a set of wicked persons against some of the principal inhabitants of Arras, whom they hated, and whose wealth they coveted."

Ibid. p. 69.—MILITARY patrols established in France, which made travelling safe. The *Escorcheurs* were thus employed. This was in the latter years of Charles VII.

MONSTRELET, vol. 10, p. 74. — "It has been commonly said that the sons of the kings of France are made knights at the font when baptized."

Des gens de Guerre.

"JE ne connois qui que ce soit
De ceux qui maintenant suivent Mars et Bellone,
Qui—s'il ne violoit, voloit, tuoit, bruloit,—
Ne fust assez bonne personne."
Le Chevalier de Cayney. RECUEIL, tom. 4, p. 211.

DE CHARLEVAL, ibid. p. 301. Au Roy.

"Tout l'Univers s'ément quand ta fondre s'aprest,
Où la crainte, où l'amour, partagent tous les Rois;
Et le Batave ingrat, et si fier autrefois,
N'observe qu'en tremblant où fondra la tempeste.
De son frivole orgueil, de sa temerité,
Tu dois un grand exemple à la posterité;
Et son abaissement importe pour ta gloire.
Tu le veux; il suffit; son sort est dans ta main;
De ces Republiquains tu vas finir l'histoire,
Trop heureux mille fois s'il t'ont pour Souverain."

"YOUR Dutchwomen in the Low Countries
Take all and pay all; and do keep their husbands
So silly all their lives of their own estates,
That when they are sick, and come to make their will,
They know not precisely what to give away
From their wives, because they know not what they're worth."
WEBSTER, vol. 2, p. 57. *Devil Law Case.*

"THE Empress Eudocia wrote a history of Cyprian and Justina the martyrs, which is lost. It was probably in verse, and the legend was believed in her time."—CLARKE, vol. 2, p. 154.

"SOME (in Edward III.'s reign) had a project that men's clothes might be their signs to show their birth, degree, or estate, so that the quality of an unknown person might at the first sight be expounded by his apparel. But this was once let fall as impossible. Statesmen, in all ages, (notwithstanding their several laws to the contrary) being fain to connive at men's riot in this kind, which maintaineth more poor people than their charity."—FULLER. *Church History*, p. 117.

HERODOTUS, lib. 2, § 137.—Criminals in Egypt condemned to the public works.

"GENERALLY speaking, a person connected with grain will tell you at once where any sample of wheat from any part of Europe, or any part of the world, comes from."—MR. JOSEPH SANDERS. *Agric. Report*, 1833, p. 216.

"THE times forbidden to matrimony were from Advent Sunday till a week after Epiphany; from Septuagesima Sunday till a week after Easter; and from Ascension day

till Trinity Sunday."—CRANMER's *Remains*, vol. 1, p. 236.

RABBITS making way for a sand flood in Suffolk, by which much land was lost.—*Phil. Trans. Abr.* vol. 1, pp. 264-5.

THE Queen of Corinth, in the Grand Cyrus, said to have been intended by Scudery for Queen Christina.—DRYDEN. *Preface to Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen.*

A LATIN translation of the New Testament in hexameters, with dedications, one to the Holy Trinity, another to King James, preface, index to the gospels, and variæ lectiones, all in hexameters. 1604.

So says a Catalogue.

AN advocate of Poictiers, Le Breton by name, took up the cause of a widow and her child. He lost it both there and at Paris. But, being strongly persuaded that though law was against him, all justice was on his side, he sought to reform the law, presented himself before Henry III. and addressed him upon the subject. The King treated him with contempt, (probably as a madman), so did the Dukes of Guise and Mayenne, and the King of Navarre would not hear him. He returned to Paris and printed a book containing the case, and his efforts afterwards, and interspersed it with "a thousand injuries and calumnies against the King and the Parliament." M. Seguier, the Lieutenant-Civil, seized the book and the author, brought him to trial, and he was hanged in the Court of the Palace, about twenty paces from the grands degrez, and his book burnt before his face.

This execution "fut un des plus specieux prétextes qui prirent les Seize, de parler contre le Roy et la justice."—PALMA CAYET. *Col. Gen.* vol. 55, pp. 76-7.

THE Pomœrium was that space of ground both within and without the walls which the augurs at the first building of cities solemnly consecrated, and on which no edifices were suffered to be raised.—HOOKE, vol. 1, p. 43. LIVY, lib. 1, c. 44, referred to.

A politic provision.

MONCK MASON derives Bachelor from Bas Chevalier,—the title Sir being still appropriated to Bachelors of Arts in the University of Dublin.—SHAKESPEARE, vol. xix. p. 203, N.

Monthly Review, October 1764.—A Harmony of the Gospels, in Welsh, by John Evans, A. M. Bristol.

All the reviewer says is, "We cannot conceive how any subject can be *harmonized* by being treated in *Welch*. However as the poor Welchmen have souls to be saved as well as other people, we have no objection to their receiving the assistance of good books, in whatever language they can read."

Ibid. vol. 32. *May* 1765. P. 395.

THE Freemasons' Quadrille, with the Solitary, printed by order of the Prince of Conti, Grand Master of the Lodges in France; and revised by M. de Bergeron, Advocate in Parliament, and Perpetual Secretary of the Royal Lodge at Versailles; in French and English; with the Free Masons' Minuet and Country Dance.—12mo. 1*s.*

The free masons of some of the principal lodges in France, in order to take off a scandalous imputation, were politic enough to admit their wives into their assemblies and societies; and this quadrille is indebted to the female masons for its establishment. The rules are nearly the same as those of the other quadrilles played in France; but there is a variation in the names of the cards, which have been changed, in order to conform to the terms of masonry.

MATHEMATICS and absence of mind running in a family. Sir Isaac Newton had an uncle, Ayscough by name, a clergyman, who when he had any mathematical problems or solutions in his mind, would never

quit the subject on any account. Dinner has been often three hours ready for him before he could be brought to table. When he has been getting up in a morning, he has sometimes begun to dress, and with one leg in his breeches, sat down again on the bed, and so remained for hours before he got his clothes on.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 47, p. 332.

In a letter from one of his descendants.

Curious phenomenon on the morning of the earthquake.—About two o'clock, A.M., on the 20th ult., a smack from the Wyre was off Bispham, at the distance of about a mile and a half from the shore, when the master, who was at the helm, perceived within a few yards of the vessel a large volume of pale fire whirling round with great rapidity over the surface of the sea. The water at the spot did not seem agitated. Report says that a slight shock was felt at Kirkham about two o'clock.—*Manchester Courier, Sept.* 12, 1835.

In the Kamtchatsal translation of the Lord's Prayer, the passages—forgive us our trespasses, and lead us not into temptation, are omitted. M. Kracheninnikow assigning as a reason, that the Kamtchadales could not be made to comprehend the meaning of the terms.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 41, p. 443.

An enquiry into the subject of suicide, published by some Mr. Moore, in 1790, is said to prove that no cause has produced it so frequently as gaming,—probably in the proportion of nine cases out of ten.

The editor of Mrs. Carter's *Letters* calls it a copious and elaborate enquiry.

Monthly Review, vol. 65, p. 313.—Triumph of Dulness, a poem, against this Grace:

A.D. 1781. A grace past at Cambridge to prevent those who either directly or indirectly had the assistance of private tutors for the two years preceding their degree, from receiving those honours to which they would otherwise have been entitled. The ground was, that it increased the expenses of the University, already too high, and gave an undue advantage to those who could afford to pay for this assistance. *Feeders* these tutors were called, a cockpit term, cramming being thought good only for the nonce, leaving no strength.

In the year 1008 the Emperor Tchintsong was informed in a vision that a book should be sent to him from Heaven. Accordingly it was, suspended at one of the gates of his palace, in a covering of yellow silk, twenty feet long. The Emperor went to the place, attended by his grandees, received the celestial book on his knees, placed it on a magnificent chariot, and read in it a prediction that the family of Song, (his dynasty), should possess the empire during 700 generations. The book was deposited in a gold box, the monarch received the congratulations of the whole empire on occasion of the celestial present, and public rejoicings were celebrated five days successively.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 60, p. 508.

From the *Hist. Gen. de la Chine.*

The vilest wretch may become an object of the best feelings in others. When William Coxe was at Moscow, there was a gentleman confined there in the prison of the police; and he alone of all the prisoners was denied the privilege of ever coming out. His crime was, having used several of his peasants so cruelly that they died. Close to the door of his prison, his nurse, then about seventy years of age, had built a miserable shed which scarcely protected her from the weather, and there she lived in order to render him all the services in her power,—services which could have no other possible motive than affection; for it was certain that his punishment would be, as it deserved, for life. Upon Coxe's giving her a small piece of money, she immediately gave it to the prisoner.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 64, p. 383.

Specht's (Rachel) Mouzell for Melastomus, the Cynical Bayter, and foul-mouthed

Barker against Evah's Sex, and Answere made to Jo. Swetnan's Arraignment of Women, 4to. with many MS. Notes, half russia, 9*s.* 6*d.*, sold for £1. 11*s.* 6*d.* at Gordonstoun sale. 1617.

"In ancient Rome, when the empire was come to its height, and learning and arts were grown into reputation among them, it was the fashion for such as aimed at the credit of being accomplished gentlemen, to frequent conferences, and entertain the company with discourses of philosophy, and all other specimens of study and wit. In consequence to this it happened, that others who had neither parts nor industry to accomplish themselves on this manner, and yet were ambitious to have a share in every thing that made men look great, made it their practice to buy some learned slaves out of Greece, and to carry those about with them into company; and then whatsoever wit or learning the slaves could produce, *that* the masters looked upon as their own, and took the glory of it unto themselves." — Young (the father's), *Sermons*, vol. 1, p. 97.

Times, 23*d March*, 1836.—Wax and composition casts from the heads of Fieschi, Lacenaire, Avril, and David, exhibited at the Cosmorama in Regent Street; in appearance like so many heads just separated from the bodies by the guillotine. And to make them more complete, the hair and whiskers are those of the murderers themselves!

July, 1836. Strange Discovery.—"About three weeks ago, while a number of boys were amusing themselves in searching for rabbit burrows on the north-east range of Arthur's Seat, they noticed, in a very rugged and secluded spot, a small opening in one of the rocks, the peculiar appearance of which attracted their attention. The mouth of this little cave was closed by three thin pieces of slate-stone, rudely cut at the upper ends into a conical form, and so placed as to protect the interior from the effects of the weather. The boys having removed these tiny slabs, discovered an aperture about twelve inches square, in which were lodged seventeen Lilliputian coffins, forming two tiers of eight each, and one on a third, just begun! Each of the coffins contained a miniature figure of the human form cut out in wood, the faces in particular being pretty well executed. They were dressed from head to foot in cotton clothes, and decently "laid out" with a mimic representation of all the funereal trappings which usually form the last habiliments of the dead. The coffins are about three or four inches in length, regularly shaped, and cut out from a single piece of wood, with the exception of the lids, which are nailed down with wire sprigs or common brass pins. The lid and sides of each are profusely studded with ornaments, formed with small pieces of tin, and inserted in the wood with great care and regularity. Another remarkable circumstance is, that many years must have elapsed since the first interment took place in this mysterious sepulchre, and it is also evident that the depositions must have been made singly, and at considerable intervals—facts indicated by the rotten and decayed state of the first tier of coffins, and their wooden mummies, the wrapping cloths being in some instances entirely mouldered away, while others show various degrees of decomposition, and the coffin last placed, with its shrouded tenant, are as clean and fresh as if only a few days had elapsed since their entombment. As before stated, there were in all seventeen of these mystic coffins; but a number were destroyed by the boys pelting them at each other as unmeaning and contemptible trifles. None of the learned with whom we have conversed on the subject can account in any way for this singular fantasy of the human mind. The idea seems rather above insanity, and yet much beneath rationality; nor is any such freak recorded in the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*. Our own opinion would be, had we not some years ago abjured witchcraft and

demonology, that there are still some of the weird sisters hovering about Mushat's Cairn or the Windy Gowl, who retain their ancient power to work the spells of death by entombing the likenesses of those they wish to destroy."—*Scotsman.*

"ALBAQUE puniceas interplicat infula cristas."—STATIUS. *Theb.* lib. 4, v. 218.

This is plainly the origin of the line which Samuel Taylor Coleridge used to say Canning, in one of his prize poems made up from Politian, through the Gradus.

"Alba coloratos interstrepit unda lapillos."

"Candida purpureos interfluit unda lapillos."

CIBBER, in *She Would and she Would Not*, makes Trappanti ask the Host at Madrid, "Have ye any right Galicia?" and is answered, "The best in Spain, I warrant it." Galicia growing no wine.

"THE half-taught and therefore the doubly ignorant classes."—RICKMAN.

"VOILA une abdication sans les trois jours!" was what one of the French ministers said, upon hearing of the Reform Bill.

GARASSE, whose most uncharitable writings belie his own nature, as his death proves, came to this charitable conclusion, "que la pluspart des fautes se committent par sottise, et qu'il y a plus de sottise au monde que de malice."—*Doct. Concup.* p. 196.

TAKING a Licentiate's degree in the University of malice.—Ibid. p. 613.

"EVERY man," says Swift, "knows that he understands religion and politics, though he never learned them."—CHESTERFIELD, vol. 1, p. 125.

"YOUNG men are as apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are to think themselves sober enough. They look upon spirit to be a much better thing than experience, which they call coldness. They are but half-mistaken; for though spirit without experience is dangerous, experience without spirit is languid and defective."—Ibid. p. 308.

THEIR own interest he calls, "a solid security with knaves, but none with fools."—Ibid. p. 379.

THAT Alderman Venables who qualified himself for the Geographical Society by the exploratory voyage which he happily performed from London to Oxford during his mayoralty, of which voyage a full and immortal account was published by his chaplain and historiographer, but who cannot be admitted a member of the Travellers' Club, because of the illiberal base upon which that society has been established!

AMONG the members who voted for the bill, we read the name of Calcraft, John—by G.!

Too surely may the scripture be applied to the government and constitution at this time, "he that is not with me is against me."

HE looks at things with an evil eye, and when the "eye is evil, the body also is full of darkness."

THERE are times when it may be "impossible but that offences will come, but woe unto him through whom they come."

CALVINISTIC teachers. *Deuteron.* xviii. 20-2.

FEMALE B. Soc. By far the most delicate branch of the B. Soc. system, "it scarcely needs to be intimated of how great importance it is that all the duties attached

to it should be regulated with a more than ordinary regard to propriety and decorum." —Owen. *Hist of B. Soc.* vol. 2, p. 529.

See vol. 3, pp. 154-5.

How the B. Soc. may be looked at by its friends.—Ibid. vol. 1, p. 44.

"What truth, what knowledge,
What any thing but eating is good in her?
'Twould make a fool prophecy to be fed continually;
Inspired with full deep cups, who cannot prophecy?
A tinker, out of ale, will give predictions."
Beaumont and Fletcher.
Prophetess, p. 115.

Bp. Reynolds, vol. 3, p. 201.—Wish for a Bible in every family,—for education and discipline.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 268.—Church and State. Plato.

The Jesuits divide them,—agreeing here with the schismatics.

Ibid. pp. 290-1.—How unity is to be preserved—unquiet—and in the end uncomfortable singularities.

"The very philosopher could say that 'wickedness doth putrify the principles of the mind,' and that 'such as are men's courses of life, such likewise are the dispositions of their minds towards practical truth.' "—Ibid. p. 303.

Κακία φθαρτικὴ ἀρχῆς.—Arist. *Eth.* lib. 6, c. 5.

Αἱ ἀκροάσεις κατὰ τὰ ἤθη συμβαίνουσιν. ὡς γὰρ εἰώθαμεν, οὕτως ἀξιοῦμεν λέγεσθαι.—Ibid. *Metaphys. Min.* lib. 1, c. 3.

"It is curious to observe," says Godfrey Higgins, (*Celtic Druids*, p. 207) "that the more elegant, polite, and learned these people became, in the same proportion they became the more degraded and corrupt in their national religion."

"It is no bad maxim, where there are two handles, to take hold of the cleanest."—Major Doyle. *Irish Debates*, vol. 7, p. 225.

"When the payment of the clergy by tithes in kind was instituted, the landlord was also paid in kind. The clergy were paid by the produce of the land, to be consumed upon the land; and the landlord was also paid by the produce for the use of his land."—Mr. Browne. Ibid. p. 349.

"Coarse expressions—which men are apt to bring forth, when they are pumping in vain for strong ones."—Mr. Burke. Ibid. vol. 11, p. 327.

Lords B. and Nugent to wit.

"Après avoir creusé les fertiles sillons,
Qui reçoivent le grain, espoir de nos moissons,
Si chaque jour le soc repasse sur la terre,
Au lieu de l'abondance il produit la misère,
Et detruit aujourd'hui ce qu'il a fait hier.
Tel est le mouvement dont le siecle est si fier.
Le talent naturel s'éteint dans la lecture,
Et l'esprit est sterile à force de culture."

"D'un ton fier, en vrai gentilhomme de lettres," said of Chateaubriand in this MS. satire.

Nov. 1786. "A meeting of lawyers at Lord Mansfield's to take into consideration the alarming growth of perjury, which had become 'so very rife in our courts of justice, as to threaten the most dangerous consequences:' it was determined at this meeting that nothing short of capital punishment was sufficient to deter persons from the commission of this crime, and it was agreed that a bill should be prepared to make perjury in any court of justice, &c. a capital offence, punishable with death."—*Lady's Magazine*, vol. 17, p. 667.

"QUOIQU'ON en dise, l'imagination sert à voir beaucoup de choses très-réelles."—F. R. *Bibliothèque Universelle. Mai* 1830. p. 84.

"L'ANGLETERRE avec son orgueil, sa population, ses richesses, ses prejugés, et ses cérémonies, est le Japon de l'Europe."—M. DE CUSTINE, vol. 2, p. 189.

OAFBOROUGH, Rascalburgh, and Rabbletown.

JOBBING like smuggling. The same lax morality is the cause. In our indignation against the former, let him who is guiltless of the latter offence cast the first stone.

THE system of reducing a conquered people to bond-service seems always to have been pursued when wars of extermination ceased.—1 *Kings*, ix. 20-22.

THE man who (for a wager) was made to suppose himself ill,—and died in consequence.

A case like that of this nation at this time.

"NE mea dona tibi studio disposta fideli,
Intellecta priùs quàm sint, contempta relinquas."—LUCRETIUS, lib. 1, v. 47.

"WOE unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight." ISAIAH v. 21.

"SINCE it is customary for men to bequeath to their posterity the goods of fortune, and not to bury them with them, why should they suffer that which is more precious to die with them, and not communicate for the instruction of others, some part of the knowledge and experience wherewith time has enriched them."—ALDERMAN WHATSON, p. 7.

"CERTAINLY the volume of one life would afford as great a variety of examples as the long volumes of antiquity, if we would be diligent to mark them, so that they can be compared to nothing fitter, than to a wheel ever turning in the same motion."—Ibid. p. 9.

"WHATEVER occurrences seem strange, they are but the same fable acted by other persons, and nothing different from those of older times but in the names of the actors."—Ibid. p. 8.

"So justly is avarice plagued in itself, that I know not which be greater, the sin or the punishment."—Ibid. p. 10.
And this is equally true of all sins.

ALEXANDER and Cæsar "pricked like bladders in the height of their tumour."—Ibid. p. 13.

"ELIZABETH advised the House of Commons to prefer the most weighty matters first, and not trouble themselves with small matters and of no weight."—*Parliamentary History*, vol. 1, p. 707.
See also, Ibid. p. 909.

UPON the money-getting system no tree would be allowed to stand after it became worth forty shillings. We should have young mutton, young beef, and no old timber!

ALMOST every where we might ask, as Arthur Young does of the Weald in Sussex, "Where is the good for nothing land?"

"THE wastes only within forty or fifty miles of London would supply that city with bread."—YOUNG's *Survey of Sussex*, p. 188.

"THAT breed which gives the greatest net profit in money from a given quantity of food, must at last be allowed to contain the sum total of merit."—Ibid. p. 241.
So think our political economists of man!

"The public mind," says Sir E. Brydges, "is as servile as it is capricious."—*Recollections*, vol. 1, p. 163.

Ibid. p. 243.—"To suppose that poets are less in search of truth than philosophers, is to draw the opinion from bad poetry."

Even of ploughs, Vancouver says, "that some improvement may be made upon these ancient machines, daily experience very clearly shows, at the same time it was fully demonstrated that there is an absolute necessity of not altogether departing from a principle the utility of which has been established upon the practice of ages."—*Survey of Hampshire*, p. 92. See also p. 93.

Experiments upon old civilization are like breaking up old pastures.

"The age immediately preceding one's own is less known to any man than the history of any other period."—Horace Walpole, *Pinkerton Correspondence*, vol. 1; p. 61.

"And Friendship like an old acquaintance sends
To his friend Justice, that she should be mild
And look with eyes of mercy on your fault."
Goffe's *Orestes*, p. 237.

Norris's *Miss.* p. 158.—The atheistic argument from the self-sufficiency of God,—to which that from his goodness is a conclusive answer.—P. 320.

"Certainly," says Norris (ibid. p. 160), "there is more required to qualify a man for his *own* company than for other men's." It is not every man that has sense and thoughts enough to be his own companion.

"The ancients chose to build their altars and temples in groves and solitary recesses, thereby intimating that solitude was the best opportunity of religion."—Ibid. p. 163.

"There are monstrosities in the soul as well as the body."—Ibid. p. 224.

"It is well observed by Plutarch, that men of desperate and bankrupt fortunes have little regard to their expenses, because should they save them, the tide of their estates won't rise much the higher; and so they think it *impertinent* to be *frugal*, when there's no hope of being *rich*. Yet they that see their heaps begin to swell, and that they are within the neighbourhood of wealth, think it worth while to be saving, and improve their growing stock."—Norris, *Miscell.* p. 268.

Levellers.—It is not thus that "every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low; that the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain."—*Isaiah* xi. 4.

"It is not to be conceived how many people, capable of reasoning, if they would, live and die in a thousand errors from laziness; they will rather adopt the prejudices of others than give themselves the trouble of forming opinions of their own. They say things at first because other people have said them, and then persist in them because they have said them themselves."—Chesterfield, vol. 1, p. 335.

Speeches or things which one wishes to be:

"μίννυθά πέρ, ὅτε μάλα δῆν."
Hom. *Il.* i. 416.

"Hear, ye deaf; and look, ye blind, that ye may see."—*Isaiah* xlii. 18.

Principle of equality.—*Voyage au Philosophique*, tom. 2, p. 306.

Proposal that every one on arriving at the age of twenty should be required to

choose a set of opinions for himself!!—Ibid. p. 370.

"When youth made me sanguine," says Horace Walpole, "I hoped mankind might be set right. Now that I am very old, I sit down with this lazy maxim, that unless one could cure men of being fools, it is to no purpose to cure them of any folly; as it is only making room for some other."—Pinkerton's *Correspondence*, vol. 1, p. 91.

"Self-interest is thought to govern every man; yet is it possible to be less governed by self-interest than men are in the aggregate."—H. W. ibid.

Facts "too big for oblivion," Ch. O'Conor.—Ibid. p. 129.

Fronto said well, "it is a misfortune to live under an emperor, 'qui ne permet à personne de rien faire,' but a greater misfortune to live under a prince who allows every one to do whatever he pleases."—Bayle, vol. 6, p. 605, *Xiphil. in Nerva.*

"*Furieusement laide.* A Marchioness d'Ancre of shocking memory."—Bayle.

And what think you would happen, if your motions were to be carried? They would answer, as Bayle has answered for them, "Ne soyez pas en peine sur cela, peu de gens nous prendront au mot."—Ibid. tom. 7, p. 86.

Psalm vii. 9.

"Let now wickedness bring the wicked to an end."

"Let the wickedness of the ungodly come to an end."—*Common Version.*

Psalm xi. 3.

"When the foundations are overturned, what can the righteous man do?"

Psalm xii. 1.

"Save me, Jehovah, for the pious are coming to an end,
For the faithful are failing from among the children of men."

Within eye-shot or tongue-reach.

"It was an ancient rule of the civilians, that nobility is annulled by poverty."—Fosbrooke's *Berkeley Family*, p. 162.

"Mistake me not, I have a new soul in me
Made of a north wind, nothing now but tempest;
And like a tempest shall it make all ruin
Till I have run my will out."
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Woman's Prize*, p. 178.

"It grieves me
To see a mighty king with all his glory
Sunk o'the sudden to the bottom of a dungeon.
Whither should we descend that are poor rascals
If we had our deserts?"
Ibid. *Island Princess*, p. 288.

"His vines as fruitful as experience
(Which in the art of husbandry) could make."
Ibid. *Noble Gentleman*, p. 386.

"He carries it
So truly to the life, as if he were
One of the plot to gull himself."
Ibid. p. 397.

"I always maintained," says Gray, "that nobody has occasion for pride but the poor; and that every where else it is a sign of folly."—Vol. 2, p. 239.

"Men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; and they will believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it."—Ibid. p. 313.

"Do not you think a man may be the wiser (I had almost said the better) for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments."—Ibid. p. 321.

GREG. NAZIANZEN calls S. Basil "ὑποφήτης τῦ Πνεύματος," an interpreter of the Spirit. Hypophet as distinguished from prophet.

SHOW them "le grand tort et le petit esprit qu'ils ont en leurs maximes erronnées."—GARASSE, *Doc. Cur.* p. 21.

GOOD proof of good sense. "C'est de marcher son grand chemin, se tenir sur les opinions communes, les bien deffendre par des nouvelles pensées, τὰ καινὰ κοινῶς, καὶ τὰ κοινὰ καινῶς, nova communiter, et communia noviter."—Ibid. p. 31.

THUS it is that "ceux qui ont esté bestes par excellence, ont reputé tout le monde sot, excepté eux-mesmes."—Ibid. p. 57.

THE band of Condottieri in Parliament. I thank Sir Richard Vyvyan for the word.

"LES Savans ne sont susceptibles ni d'erreurs ni de préjugés!"—SALGUES.

"I PRAY God he may prove himself innocent.

"*Justice.* Fie! say not so. You show yourself to be no good commonwealth's man; for the more are hanged the better 'tis for the commonwealth."—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Coxcomb*, p. 232.

TEXTS FOR SERMONS.[1]

"TAKE heed, therefore, *how* ye hear."—LUKE viii. 18.

"Behold, the kingdom of God is within you."—Ibid. xvii. 21.

"YE that fear the Lord, wait for his mercy; and go not aside, lest ye fall."—*Ecclesiasticus*, ii. 7.

"Ye that fear the Lord, believe him, and your reward shall not fail."—Ibid. 8.

"Ye that fear the Lord, hope for good, and for everlasting joy and mercy."—Ibid. 9.

"Thy sins also shall melt away, as the ice in the fair warm weather."—Ibid. iii. 15.

"Bind not one sin upon another; for in one thou shalt not be unpunished."—Ibid. vii. 8.

"My son, glorify thy soul in meekness.'—Ibid. x. 28.

"Before man is life and death, and whether him liketh, shall be given him."—Ibid. xv. 17.

"BE not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil."—*Proverbs* iii. 7.

"IN every good work, trust thy own soul: for this is the keeping of the commandments."—*Ecclesiasticus* xxxii. 22.

"Whoso feareth the Lord, shall not fear nor be afraid, for He is his hope."—Ibid. xxxiv. 14.

"BRETHREN, I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached unto you; which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand."—1 *Cor.* xv. 1.

"By which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain."—Ibid. 2.

[1] These texts for sermons, most of them, were written very early,—they occur at the end of a Note Book for 1799. The last text of all is in dark fresh ink, and evidently shows the consolation derived by the lamented SOUTHEY from his every day study of the Bible.—J. W. W.

"As many as touched him were made whole."—MARK vi. last verse.

"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."—Ibid. xi. 24.

"THEN touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you.

"And their eyes were opened."

Matthew ix. 29-30.

"BUT as for me, I will come into thine house, even upon the multitude of thy mercy."—*Psalm* v. 7.

"BLESSED are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—*Matthew* v. 6.

TEXTS FOR ENFORCEMENT.

"THINK of the Lord with a good heart and in simplicity of heart seek him: For He will be found of them that tempt Him not, and sheweth himself unto such as do not distrust him."—*Wisdom* i. 1-2.

"For froward thoughts separate from God."—Ibid. 3.

"Seek not death in the error of your life; and pull not upon yourselves destruction with the works of your hands.

"For God made not death; neither hath he pleasure in the destruction of the living.

"For he created all things that they might have their being; and the generations of the world were healthful, and there is no poison of destruction in them.

"But ungodly men with their words and works called it to them."—Ibid. xii. 6.

"Wisdom is easily seen of them that love her: whoso seeketh her early shall have no great travail; for he shall find her sitting at his doors."—Ibid. vi. 12-14.

"She goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her. Sheweth herself favourably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought.

"For the very true beginning of her is the desire of discipline, and the care of discipline is love:

"And love is the keeping of her laws; and the giving heed unto her laws is the assurance of incorruption:

"And incorruption maketh us near unto God.

"Therefore the desire of wisdom bringeth to a kingdom.

"If your delight be then in thrones and sceptres, O ye kings of the people, honour wisdom, that ye may reign for evermore."—Ibid. 16.

"WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness."—*Psalm* xxix. 2.

"He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about."—Ibid. xxxii. 10.

"Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee."—Ibid. xxxiii. 22.

"O taste, and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."—Ibid. xxxiv. 8.

"WHEREWITHAL a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished."—*Wisdom* xi. 16.

"For Thou lovest all the things that are, and abhorrest nothing which Thou hast made; for never wouldest Thou have made any thing, if Thou hadst hated it.

"And how could any thing have endured, if it had not been Thy will? or been preserved, if not called by Thee?

"But Thou sparest all: for they are

Thine, O Lord, Thou lover of souls."—Ibid. xxiv. 6.

"My soul is athirst for God, yea even for the living God: When shall I come to appear before the presence of God?"—Ibid. xlii. 2.

"But executing Thy judgments upon them by little and little, Thou gavest them place for repentance."—*Wisdom* xii. 10.

"Wherefore, whereas men have lived dissolutely and unrighteously, Thou hast tormented them with their own abominations."—Ibid. 23.

"Yea, to know Thy power is the root of immortality."—Ibid. xiv. 3.

"His heart is ashes; his hope is more vile than earth, and his life of less value than clay:

"Forasmuch as he knew not his Maker, and Him that inspired into him an active soul, and breathed in a living spirit."—Ibid. 10-11.

"But they counted our life a pastime, and our time here a market for gain; for, say they, we must be getting every way, though it be by evil means."—Ibid. 12.

"Mysteries are revealed unto the meek."—*Ecclesiasticus* iii. 19.

"Seek not out the things that are too hard for thee, neither search the things that are above thy strength.

"But what is commanded thee, think thereupon with reverence."—Ibid. 21.

"A stubborn heart shall fare evil at the last, and he that loveth danger shall perish therein."—Ibid. 26.

"In the punishment of the proud there is no remedy: for the plant of wickedness hath taken root in him."—Ibid. 28.

"He that keepeth the law of the Lord getteth the understanding thereof; and the perfection of the fear of the Lord is wisdom."—Ibid. xxi. 11.

"Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck: write them upon the table of thine heart."—*Proverbs* iii. 3.

"If any man think that he knoweth any thing, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know."—1 *Corinthians* viii. 2.

"Now the end of the commandment is charity; out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned."—1 *Timothy* i. 5.

"For we which have believed, do enter into rest."—*Hebrews* iv. 3.

"The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Neither shall they say, Lo here! or Lo there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you."—*Luke* xvii. 21-2.

Into that kingdom he who will, may enter; and begin his Heaven on earth.

"Jesus said unto them, if ye were blind, ye should have no sin: But now ye say, We see: therefore your sin remaineth."—*John* ix. last verse.

"And now, Israel, what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to love him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul.

"To keep the commandments of the Lord, and his statutes which I command thee this day, for thy good?"—*Deuteronomy* x. 12-13.

"—To be spiritually minded is life and peace."—*Romans* viii. 6.

"Say ye to the righteous, that *it shall be* well *with him*; for they shall eat the fruit of their doings.

"Woe unto the wicked, *it shall be* ill *with him*; for the reward of his hands shall be given him."—*Isaiah* iii. 10-11.

"Be not afraid; only believe."—*Mark* v. 36.

"But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee:

"Or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee."—*Job* xii. 7-8.

"With Him is strength and wisdom; the deceived and the deceiver are His."—Ibid. 16.

"— WHATSOEVER a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

"For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—*Galatians* vi. 7-8.

"YE fools, be ye of an understanding heart."—*Proverbs* viii. 5.

"DRAW nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you. Cleanse your hands, ye sinners, and purify your hearts, ye double-minded."—*James* iv. 8.

"To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."—Ibid. 17.

"YEA, what things thou didst determine, were ready at hand, and said Lo, we are here! for all thy ways are prepared, and thy judgements are in thy fore-knowledge."—*Judith* ix. 6.

"I REMEMBERED THINE EVERLASTING JUDGEMENTS, O LORD, AND RECEIVED COMFORT."—*Psalm* cxix. 52.

L'Envoy.

"DUM RELEGO, SCRIPSISSE PUDET, QUIA PLURIMA CERNO,
ME QUOQUE, QUI FECI, JUDICE, DIGNA LINI."

COURTEOUS READER! No man living can quote those lines with a fuller sense of their reality than myself!—Though I have lived amongst men sharp as Mechi's razors, or a January frost, or the spikes of English bayonets,—yet cognizant as I am with every day life, and practical in my habits and my ways, I am a "Clerke of Oxenforde" withal, and a scholar,—such as the puny scholars of these days are! And, therefore, I lament to find that many errors in these volumes have escaped my notice, even after close and hard labour, and thick thinking too! But, when I state this, I think it right to add, that no research, no looking into libraries, no correspondence with learned men, no labour on my own part, has been spared. Every sheet has taken up more hours in a day than are easily found,—and the making good a *single* reference has often made night and morning closer acquaintances than is good either for sight or health! Therefore, COURTEOUS READER, look gently upon confessed errors, and, of thy candour, LEARNED CRITIC, correct them for me, and thou shalt have thanks,—the truest, the most unreserved! Ye will not have half the pleasure in correcting, I shall have in learning!

One word more, at parting, on the excellently learned Collector of these Volumes. William Chamberlayne, in the Epistle Dedicatory to his *Pharonnida*, speaks, in his own quaint language, of "eternizing a name, more from the lasting liniaments of learning, than those vain Phainomena of Pleasure, which are the delight of more vulgar spirits;" and such was the continued *onsight* of SOUTHEY. He held his learning as a gift, and as a talent to be accounted for, and he laboured for the benefit of others,—their moral and religious benefit,—as long as the day lasted, and before

the night came in which it was no longer appointed that he should labour. And be it ever recollected, that although he wrote for his daily bread, and it never failed him, (which was a reward of his faith and truthfulness), yet did he never write a single word or line *populo ut placerent fabulæ !*

It is the learned BARROW, in his Sermon *Of Industry in our Particular Calling as Scholars*, that has these words:—"*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori;* learning consecrateth itself and its subject together to immortal remembrance. It is a calling that fitteth a man for all conditions and fortunes; so that he can enjoy prosperity with moderation, and sustain adversity with comfort; he that loveth a Book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes." Thus did the lamented SOUTHEY, rooted and grounded in the Faith! And with these words, GENTLE AND COURTEOUS READER, I commend to thee the several Series of his **Common Place Books**

"*He that affecteth God in chief,*
And as himself his neighbour;
May still enjoy a happy life,
Although he live by labour!"—G. WITHER.

JOHN WOOD WARTER.

INDEX.

A.

ABBE DU BOS, saying of, that different ideas are as plants or flowers, 612.
Abdera, law at, relative to the dissipation of patrimony, 456.
ABDOL MOTALLEB, father of Mahomet, 177.
Aberfraw Palace, 61.
Abrojos, used in Columbus' Journal, 699.
Adam, yearly meeting of those so called in 1681, 373.
Adam's first Wife, 85.
Adder's-tongue Fern, 29.
Adites, tribe of, 97.
Advocate of Poictiers, story of, and results, 713.
ÆSOP, good morals in, and in Reynard the FOX too, 621.
African Mule Monsters, 75.
Aggawam, cobler of, 622. Extracts, 681.
Agla, what, 432.
AGNES SOREL AND CHARLES, death of, 26.
AGNES, ST. name explained, 132.
Agriculturists, seditious when provisions are cheap, 667.
Agues cured by electricity, 436. By fear, 441. By the fourth Book of the Iliad. 507.
Agyei, sort of directing Posts, 432.
AIGNAN, ST. 59.
Ακακία, what? See Mours. Gloss. Græc. Barb. in v. 432.
AKBAR'S *Seal*, Motto on, 450.
AKENSIDE, 343.
Alaodin's Paradise, 84.
Ale-house, parsonage in Langdale formerly licensed for, 537.
ALEANDER, CARDINAL, his epitaph, 390.
Ale bottles, letters sent in, 505.
Alerion, heraldic term, 399.
Alhama, La gran Perdida de, original and translation, 262-265. Like the *Ranz de Vaches* forbidden to be sung, 265.
Alhambra, perfumed room in, 25-30.
Ali's Sons, Death of, celebrated, 121.
ALLEINE, RICHARD, his *Vindiciæ Pietatis*, 399.
All Souls' Day, customs on, at Naples and Salerno, 163.
Allumée, heraldic term, 432.
Alnwick, the miry pool of, 419.
ALPHERY MOKEPHER, history of, 399.
Almanack, Egyptian, 165. Story of one at Kendal, 354.
Aloes, cloth for pantaloons made from, 395.
Alphington, near Exeter, women freak there, 380.
ALONSO DE ERCILLA, author of the Araucana, so called from Arauco, a mountain province of Chili. — Q. R. vol. 87, p. 317, 16.
AMANT, ST. extracts, 433.
Amatory Poems, general condemnation of, 258.
American Savage, old age of, 39. Servants, object to answering a bell, 365.
AMPHIARANS, Descent of, 227.
Amreeta-cup of Immortality, 254.
Amusements, Public, 368.
Anatomy, subjects begged for, 588. Discovery of the Lacteals, *ib.*
Analto, use of, 399.
Ancestry, one good effect of, 79.
ANCILLON, remarks of, 439.
Anecdotes for Espriella, 358. And gleanings, 540, &c.
ANGER, remark on, 625.
Animals, Arabian, 110-112, 175. Not morally responsible, 593. Saying of Canadian Indians about, 607. Slaughtered in London, in the year 1810, 392. Have reasoning, 428. Redemption for, 446. Extracts, 541.
Antimony, red oil of the glass of, 436, 546.
Apes, venerable ones in Guinea, 483.
Apium Raninum, root of, best medicine for swine, 574.
Apollo, victim to, 58.
Appleby Assizes, way of doing justice at, 397.
Appleby, pretty town, 532.
Apple trees, wassailing and howling of, 380-1.
Arabian Scenery, extracts relative to, 102. Horses, 109. Atmosphere,—birds, beasts, and plants, 110-112. Hospitality, *ib.*
Arabs, devotement of, 105. Corrupted the science of medicine, 438.
Araucan Song during Thunder Storm, 199.
Araucana, extracts from, 630.
ARC, JOAN OF, 17.
ARCHIMEDES, his rams, who by their bleating shewed which way the wind blew, 613.
ARCHY, Charles the First's fool, died at Arthuset, in Cumberland, 368.
ARETINE LEONARDO, his use of *michi* for *mihi*, 643.
Army, Pomp of, 62. Remarks

on the reduction of, after a war, 666.
ARNOLD OF BRESCIA, account of, 28, 141.
Arrows, 62. Of disease, 431.
Art, Benefit of, at Vicenza, analogous to our old Benefit of Clergy, 399.
Arundel Marbles, how abused, 354.
Arundela, what, and whence derived, 238.
Asinitas hominum, Casaubon's remark on, 644.
Asker, An, i. e. a beggar, 364.
Aspalax. See Schol. in Lycophr. v. 121, and Etymol. Mag. in v. Aristotle writes Ἀσφάλαξ. Cf. Hist. Animal. lib. i. 1, 9. viii. 28, 433.
Aspen-poplar, Tafod y Mirchens, or, *Woman's Tongue*, 172.
Ass, singular taste of one for tobacco, 593. A student of philosophy, 368.
Astræa, remarks on, 279.
Astronomy, Turkish, 156. Hindoo prolixity, 435.
Atone, meaning of, 288.
ATTILA, the sword of, 241.
AUGUSTINE, saying of, 630. Anecdote of, *unde?* 436. Opinion of the human soul, 479.
Aurora Borealis, Captain T. Southey's account of, 6, 162. North and South Indian's name for, *Ed-thin*, 168.
AUSONIUS, beautiful epigram of, 456.
Avale, i. e. to descend, 89.
Avarice ever finds in itself matter of ambition, 637. Its own plague, 718.
Awkwardness at Court, 44.
AYSCOUGH, Sir Izaac Newton's uncle, his absence of mind, 713.
Azincour, Song on the Battle of, 57.

B.

BABER EMPEROR, saying of, when speaking of an infamous deed, 684.
Babel, derivation of! 582.
BACHAUMONT, *Mem. Sec.* extracts, 573, 617, 621.
Bachelors' Buttons, 244.
Bachelor, i. e. *Bas Chevalier*, 713.
BACON, LORD, remarks of, 637.
BADDELEY, the comedian, bequest of, 398.
Bag-pipes, graziers' cattle feeding to the sound of, 393.
Bahar Danush, extracts from, — considered by Southey to be a remarkable work, 213.
BALDER, The Grave of, 27.
BALGUY, burnt his sermons, why? 709.
Ballads, subjects for, 95.
Balm, great use of in Egypt, 180.
BALY *or* BELY, account of in Hindoo Mythology, 251.
Bamborough, story about, 367.
Bampton, Oxon, custom of the vicars of, 395.
Banks, temples used as, 685.
Bantams, the Javanese, nearly as large as a bustard, 367.
BAPTISTA PORTA, observation of, 476.
Baptists, why they seceded from the Evangelical Magazine, 410.
BARBER, THE, his consequence, 198.
Bardsay, island of, 140.
Barons, palace pomp of, 151.
BARROW, extracts from, 626, 679.
BARRUEL, ABBE, extracts from, 381-383.
Bartholomew-tide Sports, 118.
Barton in the Beans, 341.
Bashfulness—"rosy modesty," 658.
Bat, short and quick cry of, 201. Dips the breast like the swallow, 202. Proverb that the serpent eats one ere he comes to be a dragon, 710.
Bath and Bristol, frightened by a prophet, 385.
Battle, shades of, 241.
Bausan, or Stuffed Sentinel, 238.
Bayes, repaitre de, phrase of, 71.
Bean-belly, Leicestershire, 341.
Bear, the Dancing, hints for Poemling on, 198. Sucking his paws, 199. Story of one who could play the piano, 369.
Beards, extracts relative to, 500, 598.
Beasts, examples to men, 592.
BEATTIE, extracts from, and remarks on, 334.
BEAUCHAMP, RICHARD, *Earl of Warwick*, 270.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, remarks on, 306, &c. Extracts, 457, 9; 635, &c. 646; &c. 657, &c.
Beavers, formerly in Wales, 140. Account of one, 438.
Bedminster, subject for an Eclogue, 193.
Bee, why a fool, 198.
Beech and *Beech-mast*, 164. Richness of the beech-trees in the Forest of Dean, 201.
Bedare and *dare*, the same word, 323.
Bee-hives, carried to the Moors, why, 709.
Beer, bottled, origin of, 390.
Bees, seem formerly to have been destroyed by water, 16. The breed of, discouraged in wine countries, why? 701.
Beggar of Moorfield, story of, 396.
Beings, Scale of, 576.
BELLARMINE, 430.
BELLAY, Epitaph by, and Translation of by R. S. 73.
Bell-ringing, its music—"the poetry of steeples"—Southey's love for, 7. Accounts of, 389, 400, 417, 418, 447.
Bells, extracts relative to, 425, 477, 582.
Benevolence, Practical, curious letter, 623.
Benin, notions in the kingdom of, 246.
BENEZET, ANTONY, saying of, 637.
BENSERADE, 641.
Berkeley, old woman of, 124.
BERNAL DIAZ, saying of, 633.
BERNARDS', Isle of Man, extracts from, 320.
BERTRAND OF CLESQUIN, death of, 109.
Berwick, omitted in the first Income Tax Bill, story of, 367.
Betele, vermilion dye of, for lips, 257.
BETTINELLI P. SAVERIO, sonnet by, 49. Translation of, 80.
Bhurtpore, an officer's observation on the carnage at, 702.
Bible, English sailors' love for, 483.

Birds, extracts relative to, 168. Of the Bermudas that burrow, 592. Education of singing birds, 510.
BISHOP, SAMUEL, *Poetical Works*, 309. Shews in his domestic poems a very amiable and happy feeling of duties and enjoyments, &c. *ib.*
Bisk, i. e. to ink so as to be illegible, 399.
Blackbird and Woodlark, notice of, 152.
Blame my Nose! softened imprecation, 477.
BLANCHARD ALAIN, 70.
Blank Verse, Irregular, remarks on, 1.
Blind, funds for, at Christ's Hospital, 387.
Blood, Circulation of? allusion to, in Eccles. xii. 546.
Boar, a Norfolk one, ridden four and a quarter miles by his master, 445.
Boar's head, 174.
Boat like an Eagle, 67.
BODMER'S *Noachid*, a bad Poem, 2.
BOLINGBROKE, remark on Calvin's Institutes, reported through Madan, 410.
Bombast, Spanish, 259.
Bonaparte and Dr. Solomon, confusion of, 365.
Bone Manure, 388.
Bonfires, Festival, 116.
Book, occupations necessary to produce one, 450. When new, 692. A friend, 725.
Bons Esprits, and *beaux esprits*, 389.
Book-keeper, correct and incorrect, P. Tompkin's, death of, 390.
BOSWELL had a faculty for manners, said Adam Smith, 617.
Botany, Medical, extracts, 573.
BOUCHET, Serées, 704.
Bourg de Bar, le Capitaine, 170.
BOVIUS, THOMAS, an Empiric, his Hercules and Aurum Potabile, 436.
BOWDWOIN, JAMES, astronomical opinions of, 431.
BOWLES CAROLINE, i. e. Mrs. Southey, remark of, 621.
Bracha, Gallia Braccata, &c. 40.
Brama, how he first made man, 428.
Bramins, 238.
Brazil, thick heads in, 171.
Breath, Ill, strange cure for, 429.
Brick, custom of building with, when introduced, 400.
Brescia, Arnald of, 141.
Bretagne, Traditions in, 240.
BREUSE, *The Lady*, 174.
Brianstone, Great Sergeanty Tenure of, 175.
Bride Ale, 361.
Britain, the thirteen rarities of, 145.
Bristol, H. Walpole not favourably impressed with, 392. Goodness of the water of, 426.
Broad-cloth, deterioration of by Devil's dust in Latimer's time, 610.
Broads, meaning of the term, 86.
BROOKE, LORD, his Poems, remarks on, 315. Extracts, 647-649, 691.
Brougham Castle, fine ruin, 532, 537. LORD, 666, 688.
Brough Bells, story of, and Ballad, 422.
BROUGHTON'S *Dict. of all Religions*, extracts from, 121, 2. SIR THOMAS, tradition about, 535.
BROWN, JOHN, remarks on his Estimate, &c. 342.
BROWNE, SIR T. favourite writer of Southey's, 334.
BRUCE, The Heart of, 172. Extracts from "The," 217.
Bruciad, not a good Poem, 633.
Brute Creation, Apology for, Sermon by James Granger, 592.
BRUYERE LA, extracts from, 645, 669.
Buck, St. Paul's, 120, 414. Clubs of Bold Bucks, &c. 377.
BUCKHURST, LORD, advice in Ferrex and Porrex, to settle the succession, 323.
Bull-Baiting, Dr. Parr fond of, 585.
BUNYAN, JOHN, of his Pilgrim's Progress, 221. Remark of, on lies and slanders, 691.
Burbolts, kind of fish, *Gadus Lotæ*, of Linnæus, 607.
Burgess, curious custom of taking up the freedom of one at Alnwick, 419.
Burgomaster, strange mode of choosing, 454.
BURGOINGNE, DUC DE, *Lettres envoyées de, par le Roy d'Angleterre au*, 21. Charles the Warlike, Duke of, 104, 109, 115, 164.
Burial, Royal and Noble Modes of, 133.
Buried Money, story of, 426.
Burke the miscreant, affrighted in his sleep, 708.
BURKE, his admiration of Spenser, 312. Complimented by Lord G. Gordon, 689. His saying on Pitt's Economical Bill, 689. On the Growth of Atheism, 700.
BURNET, SIR THOMAS, son of Bishop, saying of, 350.
BURNET'S *Theoria Sacra*, admired by Southey and Wordsworth, 184.
Burning, better than Interment, 195.
Burrough, or *Burgh*, Hutchinson's remark on name, 618.
BURTON, *Anat. of Mel.* extracts, 467-8, 473-4.
BUSHBEL'S *Wells*, account of at Enstone, 405.
Butterfly, pretty lines of Hall Hartston's, 661.

C.

Cader Idris, 242.
CÆCILIA, ST., 67; sermons preached on her day as late as 1713, 703.
CAFFARELLI, the singer, his wealth, 433.
CALDERON, extracts, 468, 471, 501, 640. 658.
CALVERT, F. LORD, BALTIMORE, works of, 348.
Calvinistic Teachers, 716.
CALVIN'S *Institutes*, Bolingbroke's remarks on, 410.
CAMDEN, *Gough's*, quotations from, 57, 61, 62.
Camel, called the Ship of the Land, 176; conveyors of souls, *Ib.*; taught to dance, 428.
CAMILLUS LEONARDUS, *Mirror of Stones*, 46.
CAMOENS, 627.
Canary Fanciers, pattern bird of, 433.
CANOVA'S genius first manifested in modelling butter, 510.

Captain, sea, gallant exclamation of, 270.
Carbuncle, of the, 37; surprising custom of the Charake Prophets', 228; marvellous one, 239.
Cardinals, Fleckno's remark upon, 637.
Card-Player, inveterate, 453.
Cards, new game, 517.
Care, young faces traced by, 681.
Caribs, their contempt of armour, 632.
Carlisle, account of in 1805, 527.
Carnifex, an officer of great dignity under our Danish Kings, 400.
CARRARA UBERTINO, his Columbus, extracts from, 631, 2.
CARTE'S ORMOND, remarks from, 690.
CARTWRIGHT, MAJOR, the sportsman, anecdotes of,—his Book &c., 515.
Carwichet, what, 509, 705.
CASTILLEJO, to the Author of a bad Poem, 634.
Castor Church, Lincolnshire, irreverent custom at, 414.
Cataract, dislodged by a fall from a horse, 589.
CATESBY, THOMAS, *Lord Paget*, Essay on Human Life, 351.
Cat and Dog, instance of their travelling together, &c., 400.
Cats, Madame de Custine's praise of, 490.
Cathedra Stercoris, what? 401.
CATO'S *Letters*, extracts from, 470.
Cattle, some account of, and of grazier's terms, 401, 488.
Cave, King Arthur's, 160.
Cavern, strange, 76; windguarded, 138.
CEIREOC, battle of, 108,
Celebes, poisonous tree of, 243.
Cemeteries at Hamburg, without the city, 579.
Chafing, cured by the slime of the slug, 555.
Chaises private, made war upon in 1733 by stages and hackney coaches, 377; curious account of a chaise driver's last bequest, 418.
CHALKHILL, JOHN, his Thealma and Clearchus, 630.
Chama Gigas, great shell, 7.
CHAMBERLAYNE, author of the *Angliæ Notitia*, vanity of, 430.
CHANCELLOR, LORD, is his office compatible with Speaker of the House of Lords? 395.
Charitable men, St. Chrysostom's character of, 626.
CHARLEMAGNE *and his Mistress*, tale of, 71.
CHARLES I., omens of his fate, 159; A Marvel's lines on death of, 635.
CHARLES II., best likeness of, according to H. Walpole, 620.
Charleton, Leicestershire, 392, 415.
CHAUCER, extracts relative to, 322, 634.
Charms from Ceylon, 609.
Cheve, chevir, 91.
Child-Murder, Indian woman's defence of, 276.
Chili, Indians of, 114.
Chinese taste, increase of, 339.
Chinon, situation of, Rabelais born there, 57.
Chelmsford, antiquity of the Black Boy of, 392.
CHENY, BP. his advice how to read the Scriptures, 639.
Chestnut trees at Tortworth, 469.
Chester, burial place of Henry, a Roman Emperor,—Harold said to have retired there after the battle of Hastings, 406.
CHEVERNY, CHANCELLOR, pretty story of, 543.
CHIABERRA, extracts, 497.
Chimney-sweepers, women employed as, 391.
CHESTERFIELD'S *Letters*, 716.
Chivalry, stories connected with the manners of, 11; education of, 151; L'Amour de Dieu et des Dames, 152; chivalrous speech, 172.
Choultries, account of, 238, 247.
Christiad, the, poem by Robert Clarke, 537.
Christian principles, duty of acting up to, 695.
CHRISTINA, QUEEN, 158; Queen of Corinth intended for, 713.
Christmas Tale, ideas for, 275.
CHRISTOPHER, ST., Buffalmacco's painting of, 433.
Church of England, has renounced hidden things of darkness, 677.
Church-Reformers, Sir G. Mackenzie's remark upon, 384.
Churches, want of in large towns, 419.
CHURCHILL, extracts from and remarks on, 335.
Churchyards, Welsh, account of from Booker's Malvern, 104; a lesson to be learnt from, 290; desecration of Woolwich one by some drunken sailors, 386.
Ciborium, meaning of, 283.
Cider, an African liquor? 709.
Circassian Gentleman, 237.
Circelliones, or, wandering monks, 675.
Cistern, Silver, at Belvoir Castle, 373.
CLARA, the Beata of Madrid, 384.
CLARENDON, LORD, honest advice of, 687; his saying relative to the want of Bishops in Reformed Churches, 687.
CLARKE, ADAM, extracts from, 505, 707, &c.
CLARKE ROBERT, his Christiad, 537.
CLAUDIAN, extracts from, 221.
Clergy, a beggarly, says Fuller, the forerunner of a bankrupt religion, 696.
Clothes, in Edw. III.'s time,—a project to show men's birth, &c. 712.
Clover, American, 537.
CLOVIS, christening of, 71.
Coals, some particulars about shipping of, 393.
Course expressions, instead of strong ones, 717.
Cout, rapidity with which one was made from wool of the same day's shearing, 395, 482.
Cod-fish, prolific milt of, 435.
Cock, crowing of, the notice of ghosts to quit, 80.
Cockatoo, unruly one, 389.
Cock-crower, the king's, office of? 375.
Cockmate and *Copesmate*, query, the same, 299, 300.
Cock-rouches, exorcised, 109, 535.
Coffin-rings, use of, 445.
Coffins, cast iron ones, 386; Story of, 402, 403.

Colombiade La, extracts from, 222.
Colours, the love language of, 88.
Cole's dog, Prov. 428, 676.
Coltic Timber, what? 434.
Columbia, i. e. Dr. Doveland, 584, 596.
Comedy, writers of, 261.
Comets, 396.
Con, the son of the Sun, 155.
CONDER JOSIAH, stories by, 357.
Connoisseur, extracts from, 338-340.
Conqueror, duty of, 114.
Contradiction, spirit of, 645.
Consumption, certain messonger of death, 353.
Cookery, old Scotch, 29.
Cookoo, the, "ever telling of one tale," 288.
Cooling Card, meaning of, 459.
Copenhagen, anecdote at the siege of, 389.
Copper, quantity of used in pin making, 467.
Coracles, account of, 123.
CORELLI, his enthusiastic appearance when playing the violin, 571.
Cormorant, description of, 44.
Corps' Candles, 160.
Corwen, town of, 57.
Corns, sprouts of rheumatism, 555; Ali Bey known by, 665.
Cornagium,—cornage tenure, 206, 456, 510.
CORTEZ, censuring of, 260.
COTTON, CHARLES, 306.
COURTOYS GYRON LE, extracts and remarks on, 280.
COVERLEY, SIR ROGER DE, remarks of, 690, 707.
Cowardice, what? 29.
Cow-dung, water of, a purge, 554.
COWLEY, extracts, 627.
COWPER, his taste—melancholy, &c. 322.
Cows, ladies drawn by, 108; in the Alps, proud of their bells, 371; list of names of from a Shropshire Dairy, 388.
Cowslip water, good for the memory, 503.
Crabs, shower of at Reigate in 1829, 469.
Cramp-rings, blessing of, 511.
CRANMER, ABP., said by Fuller to have had an *amiable* eye, 647.
Craw-fish, discharges its own stomach, curious fact in Natural History, 434.
Credulity, effects of, 164; instances of English, 359.
Cricket, merry as, Prov., 486.
Cricket-match, between married women and maidens, 416; between Greenwich pensioners with one arm and one leg, 418.
Crimes, duty of exposing, 51.
CRISPIN, ST., his day much kept at Keswick, 531.
Criticism, which corrupts writer and readers, 673.
Crocodiles, the king of, 176; superstition relative to the Indian, 237.
CROMWELL, the Devil shall have it sooner than, 426.
Cross by the wayside, a memento! 357; some of the Fathers saw it in every thing, 500.
Crows, dutiful children, 109; curious account of a tame one, 411; caught, in Italy with bird-limed hoods, 418.
Crowthers, i.e. black pigs, origin of the name, 498.
Croyland, first ring of bells at, in England, 425.
Crune, or *Croon*, to bellow like a disquiet ox, 422.
Cuckoo, stuttering one? 535.
Cucupha, quilted cap with cephalic powder in, 436.
CUENCA LA BEATA DE, account of, 384.
Culm, small coal not exceeding two inches in diameter, 393.
Cumbrian Customs, 531.
CUMMING, G. R., *quære*, as to the veracity of his adventures, 256.
Customs, good old, the cause of religion and order, 195.
CUTTS, Lord JOHN, why called a salamander by Marlboro', 349.
CYNETHA, 107.
Cypresses, duration of, 74.
CYVEILIOC, OWEN, 107; excommunicated, 140.

D.

Dagenham Breach, irruption of in 1707, 401.
DAGOBERT, his soul fought for, 170.
Daltini, or, Irish horsemen, 15.
Damned, the Sabbath of, 85.
DANBY, WILLIAM, extracts, 502.
Dance, St. Magnus's, 138.
Dancing, extracts relative to, 388, 415, 434, 566, 604.
Dandies, Cambridge ones, 403.
Dandro, and *dandrif*, meaning of the word, 171.
DANIEL, extracts relative to, 324.
DANVERS, C. Southey's early friend, 45.
Dareira, or, gnat of the Nile, food for the bats, 228.
Darkness, province of, 90.
DARWIN'S *Phytologia*, extracts, 493.
DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM, remarks on, 292; extracts from, 293, 692.
DAVID, ST. 54.
DAVIES, HOWEL, Whitefield's Welsh coadjutor, story of, 397.
DAVY, SIR HUMPHREY, reply of to Faraday, 608.
Dead, spirits of, 229; dead, the, extracts relative to, 579, 602.
Dead Letter Office, story from, 356.
Death, the bitterness of, 85; but a point which divides Adam from his remotest descendants, 626; striking account of a sailor's death at sea, 627; extracts, 542, 544.
Dee River and *Ceiriol*, account of from churchyard, 122.
Deer, wounded, lie on the "Asphodelus Lancastriæ Verus" for cure, see note, 547.
DE FOE, remarks of, 688.
Delta Scenery, 180.
Demigod's death, effects of, 163.
Demoniacal possession, 693.
Demons, dislike music, 569.
Δῆμος Ονείρων, 243.
DENNY, SIR WILLIAM, his Pelecanisidium, &c. 305.
Dens inusitatæ belluæ, 37.

Dermody, Thomas, account of, 516.
Derrick, Johnson's saying of, 663.
Desert, produce of, 224.
Despard, Colonel, 194.
Despotism, Eastern, instance of, 498.
Δευτερόποτμοι, who, 431.
Devil, hath not always had his due, 195; visit to St. Anthony, 196; original of the Devil's walk, 199; *gran Filosofo*, 443; ugliness of, 463; Scotch dislike to mentioning, 529.
Devil's Dust, what? 610.
Dew-water of Ferrea, 225; of St. John's night, has the virtue to stop the plague, 274.
Dex, the larva of a beetle, which corroded the wood the Greeks used for seals, 431.
Dhahi, statues in, 96.
Diabolorum Regnum, applied to England, 353.
Diana's Chamber, near St. Paul's—her temple supposed to have been on the present site, 414. Jewel's Works, vii. 292. ed. Jelf.
Diet, 599.
Dilapidations, friends of Bp. Kidder strangely sued for, 612.
Dirt, latent in frost, like vices and ill qualities in society, 665.
Disangelicals, a name for whom? 603.
Diseases, Languis held all to be animalcular, 436; Dr. Hahnemann's notion of choleraic miasma, 439; effect of the Fall, 690.
Disports, master of merry, 115.
Dissenting Churches, remark on, 693.
Divination by Torrent, or, *Taghairn*, 39.
Divine Right, remark on, 665.
Dock, floating one of iron, account of, 386.
Doctor, The, &c. Collections for, 427, &c.
Dog-ribbed Indian Woman, account of, 166.
Dogs, know the dog-killer, according to Lord Bacon, 108; Mrs. Wilson's story of, 194; extracts relative to, 584; Newfoundland dog's puppy inherited its mother's tricks, 593; church-going, 356; gone to heaven, story of, 363; hunt of wild one, 369; famished, 370; instinct, 371; over-tempted, 372; speaking one, 378; the pride of old Cole's, proverb, 428; sacrificed to the dog-star by the Romans, 443, 478, 482; affected by music, 573.
Dollars, Spanish, wide spread of, 389.
Dolwyddelan Castle, 39.
Dom Danael, the destruction of, 181.
Doncaster, collections about, 452-3.
Dondego, what? 706.
Donne's *Letters*, extracts from, 612, 620-1; poems, 647-8.
Doome's-day, Lord Sterlinge's, 16.
Doring or *daring*, meaning of, 398.
Dotterel catching, proverb, 454.
Double stars, 434.
Dragon, standard of, 132.
Drake, Sir Francis, tradition of in Somersetshire, 424.
Dramatist's English, extracts from, *passim*.
Drayton, remarks on, 291.
Dreams, extracts relative to, 565; recurrence of, 566, 601.
Drowned persons, Finlanders said to recover after two or three days! 553.
Druids, United Lodges of, ceremonies at, 402.
Drum, miraculous ones, 7; of captives' skins, 158.
Drunkenness, Johnson's remark on, 624.
Druses, opinion of relative to transmigration, 586.
Dryden, remarks on, and extracts relative to, 328; Charles, his eldest son, usher of the palace to Clement XI. drowned in Thames, 351.
Ducking-stool, a legal punishment, 401.
Duelling, effectual sermon against, 492.
Dulness, Triumph of, a poem, origin of, 714.
Duncombe, William, notice of, 351.
Dwarfs, boys bred up for by the Romans, 434; fad of a German princess, 460; way of dwarfing men, 507; weighed against Sir William Jones, 510.

E.

Eagles, scared by lightning, 5; carving of, 38; made young, 142.
Earthquakes at Tongataboo, 244; curious phenomenon at, 714.
Easter-dues, painful story about, 359.
Easter-tree, 116; water-tilts, 119; ebb and flow felt by the sick, 290.
Eaters, great ones, 558.
Eating, comfort of, according to Bernal Diaz, 633.
Ebb Tide, more rapid than the flood, 197.
Ebony, Pausanias's account of, 225.
Echo, remarks on, 508.
Edhowain, court or palace of, 39.
Edward the Confessor, why he took off a tax, 195.
Edwards, Thomas, author of Canons of Criticism, 351.
Edwin Prince, exposure of, 112.
Edwy, 181.
Eel, skinning of, barbarous story of, 356; how one came in at a bedroom window, 371; story of the man with eels in his inside, 402; mere so full of small eels as to supply eel-cakes, 409.
Eggs, hatched by a man, queer story, 416.
Egregori of the Book of Enoch, who? 122.
Egypt, night in, 223; their medicine wholly upon astrological or magical grounds, 547; leprosy and elephantiasis peculiar to, 551.
Elden Hole, 243.
Election trick, 392.
Electricity, cure for agues, 436.
Elephants, majestic bearing of, 541.
Eledore, descent of, 139.
Elizabeth, sick exile cured for joy at her succession—Fuller knew his father "right

well," 506; advised the House of Commons to prefer the most weighty matters first, 718.
ELTON, OLIVER, story of, 9.
Enamorados de la Pena de los, 83.
Enchanter, cold-blooded, why? 243.
Encorema, what? 434.
England, should be the scene of an Englishman's poem,—ideas relative to—why not attempted, 17; charity of,—"in the day of her visitation may it be remembered," 20; three names of, 46; saying of M. de Custine's about, 718.
ENGLISH LITERATURE AND POETRY, &c. extracts relative to, 279, &c.
English, account of, from Malcolm's Manners and Customs of London, 376.
Εντελεχεία, Aristotle's use of, 434, 440.
Enthusiasm and *Atheism*, 689.
Envy, severely just vice, 626.
Epic writers, have usually been deficient in learning,—suggestions for epic poems, 11.
Epitaphs, 48, 50-52, 73; on Richard I., Henry II., &c. 134; on Richard II., King John, &c. 135; a true one at Santarem, 633; of Thomas Tryon, 634.
Ergot of Rye, poisonous though used medicinally, 401.
Ermesia, ancient prescription, 434.
Escape from drowning at sea, extraordinary one, 485.
ESPINOZA, NICOLAS? a galley slave once? 635-6.
ESPRIELLA, *characteristic English Anecdotes and Fragments for*, 352, &c.; projected contents of, 419.
Esquimaux Female, awe of in St. Paul's, 362; saying of in the streets of London, 516.
Estrella de Venus, &c. 266.
Etymology, perversion of by the Meccans, 225.
Eumenides, awful to name, like the Fairies, 529.
Euphues, extracts from, 457-9, 680-1.
EURONYMUS, who? 227.
EUSTACHIO MANFREDI, sonnet of, 49.
EUTHYMUS, story of from Pausanias, 226.
Evangelicals, 603; Magazine, 410.
EVANS, ABEL, who, 349.
EVELYN, JOHN, 348.
Evergreens, Christmas, 115.
Excrements, eating of, 249.
Executioner's Falchion, self-removal of, 242.
Exeter, account of, 522.
Exorcism, effect of, 238.
Expenditure, Public, increases wealth, 688.
EXUPERIUS, ST. how sainted, 675.
Extracts, &c. 77, 215, &c. 270, &c.
Eyes, artificial, made by Juan Gonzalez, a Catalan optician, 615.

F.

Faggots, of human bones, 226.
Fairies, fountain of, 43; tree of at Dompré, 64; Indian's name for, 168, 346. Fairy-rings, 358. Extracts relative to Scottish superstition, 529.
Fairs, the two great ones in Edward VI.'s time were St. James' at Bristol, and Bartholomew's in London, 405.
Faithlessness, Indian notion of European, 236.
Falcon, The Faery, 90.
Fame, 605.
Family Pride, 583.
Fancy A, called by Steele a *fantasque*, 620; where situated, 548.
Farmer, small one, ought not to keep a pig, 610.
Farthing, Queen Anne's, trial about, 388.
Fashion, 596.
FASTOLF, Oath of, 66; bad character of him by H. Windsor, 72.
Fasts and Thanksgivings, in New England, 148.
Fear, a bad guard, 659.
FEATLEY, extracts from, 445, 644, 661.
Feet-Metrical, twelve in the English language, 1.
FELTHAM, OWEN, extracts from, 81.
Femmes couvertes, remarkable story, 396.
FERGUS, murder of, 166.
Fern male, root of, good against tape-worm, 575.
FERRAN GONZALEZ, account of, 8.
FERRIS, RICHARD, adventure of him and his wherry, 355.
Festivals, Church, remarks on, 691.
Feverfew, Sweet, Matricaria Suaveolens, medicinal properties of, 575.
Fez, sword of, 26.
Fidelity, animal, 140.
Fiddlers of Ambleside, their custom on Christmas Day, 531.
Fig-dates, i. e. figs, 706.
FILICAJA VINCENZO DE, Sonnets from, 48, 49, 50, 82, 87, 97.
Fingers, art of conversing with and counting by, 431.
Fire, Defensive, 173.
Fire-Fly, ominous one, 160, 276.
Fish, plan for naturalizing salt-water ones in ponds, 372; extraordinary price of, in Billingsgate, Jan. 4, 1809, 387; affection for each other, 541.
FLACCUS VALERIUS, extracts from, 77, 80, 81, 220.
Flamborough Head, 161.
Flamen Dialis, or, Priest of Jupiter, account of, 614.
Flamingos, flight of, 396.
Fleas, import of, 470.
FLETCHER, THE, remarks on, 291.
Floating Island, Welsh one, 76.
Florida, custom there of sacrificing the first-born male, 181.
Florist's Feast at Bethnal Green in George I.'s time, 377.
Follies, no christian burial for, when outlived, 616; hath eagle's wings, but owl's eyes, *Dutch Prov.* 644.
Fonthill, Garrard's description of to Strafford, 408.
Food, extracts about, 558.
Fool, name for, original in every language, 577; origin of fools—to supply the want of free society, 420; fools

and wise men, opposed, saying of Louis XII., 445; every prince should have two, 503.
Forest, thoughts for inscription in, 194.
Fortitude, a royal virtue, 625.
Fortunate, many, but few blest, 468.
Fountains, Turkish, 74; of Epirus, 240.
Fox, the Martyrologist, his account of Latimer at the stake, 192.
Fox, the Statesman, 195; inscription under bust of, *Ib.*
Fox, tame one, story of, 370; stewed, a remedy for palsy, 557.
Fox-hunter, story of, 373.
Francus, etymology of, 70.
Freedom, noble burst relative to in "The Bruce," 217.
French Wars, ruinous to the English, 56; history, its atrocious character, 275; instance of their natural gaiety, 617; the people, great readers, 376.
Friendship, should be slow of growth, 192; staid thoughts on, 440.
Frison Chief, story of, 674.
Frost, hard one of Jan. 1809, when the rain froze as it fell, 387.
Fubbs, name of Charles II.'s yacht, 543.
FULLER, quotations from, 96, 221, 242; his remarks on Speed, 316, 414-15; his vein of wit, 475, 480-1, 506-7, 673, 697, 707.
Funerals, form used at that of Greek Emperors, 153; Mexican, 154; North American Indians, 230.
Furze-pods, crackling of, on a hot day, 6.
Futura, i. e. projects for future productions. 273.

G.

Gads-steel, 76.
Gallasses, what? 135.
GALLOYS, PERCEVAL LE, extracts and remarks on, 285.
GARASSE, *Doctr. Curieuse*, extracts from, 460-1, 463, 487; 495; his most uncharitable writings belie his own nature, 716.
GARCI, FERNANDES, murders his adulterous wife, and marries the servant who betrayed her, 78, 275.
GARCILASSO, *Commentarios Reales*, quotations from, 158, &c.
Gardens, Chinese, 600; in Castle Ditch at Exeter and Eccleshall, 523.
GASCOIGNE, 289; extracts, 430.
Gebir, extracts from, 216.
Gems, virtues, of, 46.
Genius, Good, fighting, 78.
GERALD, Epitaph for, 195.
Ghost-cry, The Sailor's, 241.
Giants, names of, 606.
Gibbet, health drunk under by plunderers, 355.
GIBBON, extracts from, 177.
Giggleswick, ebbing and flowing well of, 404.
GILPIN, RICHARD, that slew the wild boar, 534.
Gilsland Wells, beauty of, and romantic story of two boys, 409.
Gin, attempt to diminish use of, gave origin to the cry, "No gin, no king:" 378.
Gipsies, Russian, their skill in music, 573.
GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, extracts from, 139.
Glacier, damn'd curious thing, story of, 356.
Gladiators, why suppressed, 121.
Glamorganshire, streams of, 76.
GLANVILLE, JOHN, Works of, 348.
Glasses, Musical, 414.
Glastonbury waters, virtue of, 421.
Gleanings and Anecdotes, Miscellaneous, 540, &c.
GLOVER, accuracy of as a poet, 11; his Medea usually selected by Mrs. Yates for her benefit, — H. Walpole's remarks on, 343.
GLOVER, JOSEPH, of Keswick, born at Watenlath, a native genius, — Southey's tribute to his worth and worthiness, 534.
Glow-worm, notion about, 142; glass-worm used for by Lyly, 299.
Gnat, poisonous bite of, 497.
Goat, efficacy of blood of, 453; anciently thought to operate upon themselves for cataract, 589.
Gob and *Gobbins*, meaning of, 407.
GOBARUS, STEPHEN, opinion of, 585.
God, easier pleased than man, 625.
Godam, "*jurement Anglois*," 25.
Godissours, i. e. jesters, gibers, 318.
GOFF, THOMAS, extracts from, 301.
Gold-dust, used by the Merovingian kings to powder their heads and beards with, 597.
Golden legend, extracts from, 132, &c.
GOLDSMITH, O., remarks on—told Cradock his Hermit could not be amended, 343.
GOMBAULD, *Endymion de*, extracts, 628.
Gondibert, extracts from, 648-9, 650.
GONGORA, At Escorial, 627.
Good man, striking remark on, 637.
Good-nature, a thorough English expression, 384.
Gooseberry Pie, lyrical manner described in an ode upon, 199; names of, 411.
Gothic Genius, 259.
GOUGH, the loss of, 538.
Gout, divers fantastic remedies for, 556-7.
Government, proper object of, 691.
GOWER, quoted, 146.
Grace, Heart of, 299.
GRAHAM, DR. half knave, half enthusinst, 360.
Grandmother, a man that married his, 419.
GRANGE, LADY, story of, 91.
GRAVES, RICHARD; why he wrote his Columella, or the Distressed Anchoret, 618; Shenstone might *sit* for the more amiable part of Columella's picture, 338.
GRAY, extracts relative to, 343, &c.
GREAAL SAINCT, remarks and extracts, 282.
Greeks merry, proverb, 380.
GREEN, ROBERT, peculiar use

of "for to do"—"for because," 322.
Green, pale translucent, of an evening sky, 7.
Greta Hall, annals of, 448.
Gridiron, The, timbers laid for, 452.
GRIJALFAS' *Treasure*, inventory of, 260.
Gripe, story of spreading, 354.
Groaning-boards, wonder of, in 1682, 374.
Groaners, hired ones at the Huntingdon Chapel, 363.
Groves, Egyptian, 181.
Ground that may be built on, ideas, &c. 10.
GUESCLIN DU, 148.
Guernsey Lily, naturalized by the shipwreck of a vessel returning from Japan, of which country it is a native, 432.
Guitars, great run for, and story of Kirkman the harpsicord maker, 435; poor teacher of, 571.
Gule of August, 121.
Gulls, resolution of a flock of, 486.
GUNN, ADOLPHUS, good story of, 403.
GUTHLAKE, ST., at Crowland, 415.
Gyffydh, Rhees ap, Epitaph on, 134.
GYTHA, the mother of Harold, said to have retired to Steep-Holme, 408.

H.

H, power of the letter, 416.
HABINGTON, the purest writer of his age, 305.
HACKET, BP., extracts from and sayings of, 466, 510; Christian consolations of, 547, 639.
HADINGUS, *Descent of*, 38.
Hair, long, Clovis' body, son of Chilperic, known by, 271; a single lock of seven feet nine inches, 431; the juta of the Synyasees, 435; dyed yellow by Roman ladies, 436.
HALDANUS, *Club of*, 30.
HALL, BP., extracts from, 219; indebted to Hugo de Animâ, 222, 565.
Huls, i. e. neck, "Hange myn hoper at myn hals." Piers Plowman v. 3918. *Passus Sextus*, 533.
HANDEL, anecdote of, 425, 472, 568.
Handfast, i. e. hold, 654.
Hankford's Oak, 156.
HANNAH, *Lines*, 53.
HANWAY, JONAS, Mrs. Carter's remark on, 610.
Hare, that kennelled on the hearth at Naworth, 406; returns to its form to die, 543.
Harp-strings, the bursting of, 241.
HARVEY'S *Prose*, drunken or maudlin, 340, 342.
HARUT and MARUT, 101.
HASAN CASA, The Seven Songs of, 231-236.
Hats, a guess why beaver's fur is used for, 509.
HAWKINS, SIR JOHN, History of Music, 568-9, 570-1.
Hawks, of Noroega, 237.
Hawse, i. e. hals, q. v. 533.
HAYDN, his remark on the singing of the charity children at St. Pauls, the most powerful effect he ever heard, 393.
Headless Men, account of, from Herrera, 244.
Hear! Hear! quoth Southey, 689.
Heart's hope, fine cottages of, 533.
HEARNE'S Collection of Curious Discourses, &c. 133-4; journey to the Northern Ocean, extracts from, 167, &c.
Hedgehog, Douza's pet one, 462.
Heart of Man, origin of Quarles' Epigram, 219, triangular architecture of, 346.
Heaven, 596.
Hell, extracts relative to, 591. Marlow's works on, 651; where? 504.
Hengst, Hengistus, 133.
Henbane, the cimex of, 546.
HENRY II., cruelty of, 173; stript when dead—his epitaph, 174.
HENRY III., his perjury, 141.
HENRY IV. *of France*, bad action of, 73.
HENRY VIII., a saying of, 665.
Hemp, thief's dislike to the plant, 463.
Herb, of Orpheus—that starves tigers, 160; that hates stepmothers, 161.
Herbaldown, near Canterbury, 575.
D'HERBELOT, extracts from, 100, 102.
HERBERT, GEORGE, extracts, 501.
HERBERT, Southey's marvellous boy, 278.
Herce, meaning of, 133.
Heresies, extirpation of, 685.
Heretics, Old, had a masonic way of recognizing each other, 383.
Hereditary Qualities, 583.
HERRICK, remarks on, and extracts from, 303, &c.; noticed more old customs and vulgar superstitions than any other of our poets, 305.
HESIOD, extracts from, 220.
Hexameters, New Testament translated into, 713.
Hexameters, English, remarks on, 1; hexameters and pentameters composed by a table, 339.
Hexham, Abp. of York's attempt to save at the suppression of the religious houses, and why, 403.
HIGGONS, SIR THOMAS, Cavalier, and Bevish Higgons, his son, 348.
HILL, AARON, 398.
HIMILCON, the Carthaginian general, story for monodrama, 274.
Hindoo Mythology, extracts relative to, 246.
Hindoos, remarks on, and customs of, 435; old families respected by, 700; invoke the manes of their ancestors to be present at a marriage, 704.
HOBBES, extracts from, 410, 411-13, 560, 625; on multitude of suits, 667; recommends the Whole Duty of Man, 705.
HOEL, character of, 107.
Holiday-evenings, Summer, 119; holidays originally humane, 165.
Holiness, Christian, 694.
HOLINSHED, extracts from, 174, &c.

Holkham House, description of, 397.
HOLLAND, HENRY, 156.
Holly tree and *leaves*, 193, 200; superstition about, in Wales, on St. Stephen's day, 365; at Furness, browse for sheep, 535.
Honey, formerly not sold, but given, at Keswick, 537.
Hope, saying about, 616; Hafiz remark on, 635.
Horns, girl with, 547.
Horse, The White, quære? 23; White Horse of Swantowith, 27; Arabian horses, 109; Hengist's, 133. White horse of royalty, 171; with a *little blood* is best roadster, 624; fierce one, story of, 372; humane treatment of stage ones, 389; names of, 472; blind one, what, 512, 541; flesh eater, 557; concert for, 571.
Hospital, of Sultan Bayazed at Adrianople, 437.
Horsham, maiden lady of, queer story, 370.
Houd, Le Prophete, 98.
Hour-Glass, ancient use of, 379, 471, 625; South, ii. 339.
HOUSSAIE, AMELOT DE LA, 642, 644.
HOWARD, EDWARD, Eighth Earl of Suffolk, 349.
HOWES, EDMUND, curious particulars in his history, 51.
Howk, the, sound from, 6.
Human Being, annual consumption of one (?) 390.
Human Nature, a generic term, 625.
"*Humphrey Hour*," calls upon every one, 615.
Humility, Bp. Reynold's remarks on, 653.
Hungarian Woman, story of, for Didrama, 196.
HUNTINGDON, S. S., story of, 357; a rogue, remarks on, 366.
Huntingfield, House of, in Suffolk, 416.
HURDI'S *Favourite Village*, extracts from, 297; imitated Cowper, 298.
Hy Brasail, or, The Enchanted Island, 169.
Hyrne, i. e. a corner, 306.

I.

Ice-thunders, heard by Southey and Wordsworth, — that is the breaking up of the ice in the lakes, 534.
Ice-worm, Erasmus had seen it in the Alps, 467.
IDEAS AND STUDIES OF LITERARY COMPOSITION, 1, &c.
Identity, 43.
Idylls, subjects for, 95.
Ignorance, general of the age immediately preceding one's own, 719.
Ignorant classes, because only half taught, 716.
Iguanodon, length of, 504.
Images for Poetry, 4, &c., 29, &c., 44, 45, 55, 75, 86, 94, 105, 200-202, 274.
Imitative Talent, as common as creative genius is rare, 448.
INCAS, Royal Bounty of, 158.
Independents, said one of their ministers most dependent creatures, 686.
India, Capt. W. Bruce's remark upon the English Dominion there, 684.
Indians, North American, extracts relative to, 228-230; long hair of, 260; aged, good health of, 483; remarks, 710.
Indolence, I want not thee, but thy sister Leisure, 198.
Infallibility, Jackson's remarks upon, 671, 673.
Infants, their lot after death, 195; dead female one sent to Dr. Pierce, Dean of Sarum, 373.
Influenza, earliest account of, 1580, 433.
Indulgences, 685.
Indian, Old, plaint of, 173.
Inoculation, originated in superstition, 576.
Insanity, remarks on, 696.
Inscription, mysterious, 76.
Insects and Animalculæ, 564.
Inserenda, curious extracts and omissions, 607 &c.
Instrument, self-performing, 246.
Insula Viventium, Giraldus' account of, 243.
Insurrection, duty of, 65.
Inundation, The, what so called in Shropshire, 394.
Irish at Rouen, 62; half-christened, 74. Irish coward, and enchantment of, 75; dirty-headed, 171.
Iron Bridge, fall of one, and the cause, 706.
Iron hot, for warming feet, called a Damsel, or Nun,—Friar? 434.
Irontones, custom of, 169.
I say, expletive, remark on, 618.
Isle of Man, custom of, 74.
Islington, benighted state of, 682.
ISODORE, ST., ballad from life of, 193.
ISRAEL, *Sweet Singers of*, some poor crazy people in Edinburgh so called themselves in 1681, 379.
Itch in the ear, a bad distemper, 641.
Ivy, remarks on, 200.

J.

Jacks, a late invention, 374.
JACKSON'S *Works*, extracts, 645, 668-9, 670-1, 673.
Jacula Prudentum, extracts from, 674.
Jambu, Jáman, or Rose-apple, the richest sort of which is the Amrita, or, Immortal, 254.
JAMES I., saying of, "that men had a salmon-like instinct to visit the place of their breeding, 639; extraordinary elixir of, 554; saying of, 686.
JAMES, ST, explanation of text in, 590.
Japanese Penitents, 42.
Jaundice, The, lice a cure for, 439; recipe of the Jews, 485.
Jefr we Jame, the most celebrated Work of Ali, 165, 183.
JEHANNE LA PUCELLE, 21, &c.; capture of, 23; sentence of, 24; fate of Flavy, who betrayed her,—insults offered to her in prison, 25, 56; Charles convinced by,—foretold by a Nun, 64; fettered —throws herself from a tower—her favourite Saints, 65; vision of — Breaking her

Sword, 67; speech of, to the children, 69; the Maid and the Voice, 170; notes for, 202, &c.
JEFFRIES, CHANCELLOR, coffin of, in Aldermanbury Church, 394.
Jemappe, story of, subject for a war poem, 194.
JENKYNS, JUDGE, story of,—his works should be collected, 400.
JEROME, ST., absurd story of his filing his teeth to pronounce Hebrew, 443; saying of, 455; remark on, 506; admonishing St. Augustine, 676.
Jesuits, vision of two, 237; doctor of, 443.
JEWEL, his reply to Cole, 669.
Jews, journey of, after death, 85; discipline amongst, 390; say that every individual of the human race existed in Adam, 501.
Jimmals, a ring of, 304.
JOHN ST. BAPTIST, vigil of, 116; account of, 149, &c.
JOHN ST. *The Evangelist*, Chant for the Feast of, 63; disappearance of, 131; and the caldron of oil, 147.
JOHNSON, S. loved ratiocination in poetry, 322; formed his style upon that of Sir W. Temple, 325; sayings of, 638, 663, 666.
Jonah, in the Hebrew means, A Dove, 481.
JONSON BEN, extracts from and relative to, 325; a careful reader of the Polyolbion,—himself superintended the first folio edit. 326; extracts 655-6, 462, &c. 465, 497-499, 657, &c.
Jornett, Ital. giornata, une verte militaire, 117.
Journey-Journals, 517.
Joya-jewel-gays, 456.
Juggernaut, processional music of the Idol of, 246.
Jupiter, inhabitants of, 84; image of, in Crete, without ears, why? 667.

K.

Kaba, black stone of, 112.
KALENDAR, sketches for poem on, 210, 212.
Kamschatdales, superstitions of, 87; why a passage omitted in the translation of the Lord's Prayer for, 714.
KEHAMA, First germ of the Curse of, &c. 12; originally begun in rhyme, *ib.*
KELLET, ALEXANDER, extracts from,—Sun and sea worship—Men ornamented, not women—Tribes' fighting, 172-3.
KEN, BISHOP, Poems, extracts from, 346.
Kendal, custom at, 354.
KENT, his style of Architecture, 512.
Keradon, i.e. Kehama, 12.
Keswick, beautiful morning prospect seen by Southey, 517.
Killcrops, 157.
King, or *Chin Cough*, remedies for, 531.
King's Evil, touching for, Fuller believed in, 707.
KNIGHTLEY CHETWOOD, prefixed Dissertation to Dryden's Virgil, 351.
Knowledge, imperfection of, in the most learned men, 620.
Koran, extracts from, 213.
Koreish, The second flight of, 225.
KOSCIUSKO, GENERAL, affecting story about, 363.
Kraken, Southey's dream about, 538.
Κράμβη δὶς θάνατος, coleworts twice sodden, 459.

L.

Lacteals, how discovered in a human subject, 588.
Ladders blackened at the siege of Geneva, to prevent their being seen, 152.
Laking, apple-laking, Cumbrian custom, 531.
LAMBERT, MR., immense size of, 388.
Lambs, two, suckled by a pitman's wife, 418.
Lammas Day,—St. Peter ad Vincula, or Gule of August, 121.
Lamprey, pet one of M. Antony's daughter, 439.
LANDOR, ROBERT, extracts from, 655.
Lands, extent of, in England and Wales, 390; conveyances of, should be registered, to hinder suits, 667.
Language, extracts relative to, 581.
Lanthony, death-place of St. David, intended inscription for, 192.
Laos, Laics, or *Langiens*, Peopling of the World in the Belief of, 41.
Larks, London supply of, 398. the song of, 518.
LATIMER, account of, at the stake, 192; extract from, on the deterioration of broadcloth by Devil's Dust, 610.
Latin, Modern, remarks upon, 259.
Laughter, an image dedicated to, by Lycurgus, why? 503.
Laurel, Common, introduction of, 357.
Laziness, in reasoning, 719.
Lead, quantity of English produce, 396; deleterious effects of, 407.
Leek of a family, Scandinavian saying? 432.
Leicestershire Proverb, 341.
Lent Fridays, 119.
LEONARDO, LUPERCIO, &c. BARTOLOME, translations from, 268-9, 272.
LEONNOYS MELIADUS DE, extracts, and remarks on, 281.
Letter, copy of a queer one, 114.
Letters, revival of, a consequence that followed from, 701; the knowledge of, looked upon by barbarians as mean and disgraceful, 701.
Levites, A.D. 1781. Les dernières robes en vogue, 597.
Leyden, extracts relative to, 599.
Liberty, remarks on, 685.
Lice, cure for the jaundice, 439; used in choosing a burgomaster, 454.
Lie, a, 678, 680.
Lightning, Welsh-Town destroyed by, 76; Kalmuc superstition of, 87; Bells, no effectual charm against, 96; a paralytic cured by, in Mexico, 554.
LIGHTFOOT, sayings of, 450, 645, 672.
Lights, feast of, 121.
LILLY, his similies not to be relied upon, 457.

Lime, two kinds of, in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, 607.
Lime-trees, first planted in England, 393.
Lines, to S. P. 52; to M. C. 63.
LINGUET, extracts from, 639, 640.
LITERARY COMPOSITION, &c. Ideas for &c. 1, &c.
Llanrwst, epitaph at, 526.
Llys Bradwen, 39.
Loaves, horse, 710.
Locrine, 242.
Locust, hieroglyphic on the forehead of, 228; why so numerous? 356; queer notion about, 468.
Locust Bird, or *Samarman*, account of, 110.
Lodges, Masonic, made use of by the Jacobites, 383.
Logonomie, Gill's, 705.
London, Fire of, notion that it was purposely kindled by the government to annihilate the plague, 378; Hobbes' opinion of, 665.
Longevity in the Vale of Gulbrand, in Norway, 544.
Lotus, account of, — Duppa's work on, 179.
Love, extracts about, 474. 578.
Lower-Holes, what, 373.
Love of God, 62.
Lucar, Por la plaça de San. Lucar, &c. 267.
LUTHER, *Colloquia Mensalia*, extracts from, 156. &c.; says that demons dislike music, 569; remarks of, on the evil of writing, 624; fondness for the lute, 570; his saying that every man had a Pope in his belly, 693.
Lycians, governed by women, 559.
LYLY, JOHN, extracts from his Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit, &c.; Euphues and his England, 298, 301.
LYTTLETON, THOMAS LORD, story of his death believed in the family, 359.

M.

Machinery, creates enormous wealth for few individuals, 665.
MACKENZIE, SIR GEORGE, extracts from, 476, 646.
Mackerel, their food, 401.
Madman, story of, 358.
Madness, increase of, 384; remarks on, 470-1, 482; political excitement the cause of its increase in America, 706.
MADOC, notes for, 15; particulars relative to, 45; sketch of, 204-210.
Magazine, St. James's, extracts, &c. 340.
MAGGI CARLO MARIA, sonnet, 94; verses of, applicable to Bp. Ken's poems, 847; extracts from, 655.
Magic, Midwives', 161; grotesque, story for, 193.
Magnalia and *Parvalia*, what? 475.
MAGNUS, ST. his dance, 138.
Magpie, or Magety Pie, a desperate bird, 593.
Maid Marian, a nief, or bondswoman, 18.
MAINTENON'S, M. *Letters*, extracts, 621-2.
MALACHY, ST. his ejaculations, 58.
Malays, their dislike to large books, 454.
MALCOLM, murderers of, 153.
Maldive Ingenuity, 246; custom if one dies at sea, 375; astonishment of a prince of the, 428.
Malta, knights of, unable to write, 710.
"*Malum bene positum non est movendum*," saying of Sir Ph. Warwick's, 640.
MAMBRUNI, CONSTANTINUS, *Idololatria Debellata*, 627.
Man, condition since the fall, 658.
Man, Isle of, extracts relative to, 320.
Mandrakes, origin of, 243.
MANGO CAPAC, Southey could not identify Madoc with, — some account of, 3, 4.
Manipa, Priest of, 43.
Manners, corruption of, 678; *censores morum*, wanted, 686.
Mantras, or, Charms from Ceylon, book of obtained by Adam Clarke, 699.
Manufacturers, seditious when provisions are dear, 667.
Manure and Dunghills, remarks on, 493.
Marathon, sounds on the plains of, 225.
March, reservoir of, 104.
MARGARET, ST., 69.
Margites, character of, suits many, 678.
MARIATALE, account of, in Hindoo mythology, 253.
Marine, on board the Royal George, story of, for ballad, 193.
Marriage Act, proof of the necessity of, 396; ill effect of, 699.
Marriage, extracts relative to, 598, 605; better a relative marry than a friend, why? 614; saying of Plymouth sailors about, 363, 563.
Marriage apportionment, Martin Heemskerke's 239.
Martinist, lodge of at Avignon, 381-2.
Martingale, who sent you to London without one? 356.
MARULLE of *Stalimine*, story of, 196.
MARVELL, ANDREW, lines on Charles I.'s death, 635.
MARY, QUEEN, the days of, sketch of, poem, 190.
MASCARENHA, ANDRE DA SILVA, and BRAS GARCIA, 629, 630.
Masonry, curious trial about, 374; derived from the Templars? 383.
MASON, the poet, notes and extracts relative to, 294-296; manliness of his moral poems, 295; last book of the Garden miserably bad, 296.
MASSENGER, extracts from, and remarks on, 331, 473.
Mass, horrors of, 674.
Mast, reflection of on a river at evening, one of the most beautiful images Southey ever saw, 201; hollow iron ones, 386.
Mastiff, Lyly's derivation of the word, 301.
Materialism, 595.
Mathematics, and absence of mind running in a family, 713.
Mathraval, 54, 57.
MATTHEW OF WESTMINSTER, extracts from, 124, 138.
MATTHEW OF PARIS, extracts from, 130, 131.

MAUNDEVILLE, extracts from, 90, 91.
MAURICE OF SAXONY, Jackson's remark on his quickness, 645.
Maxims, Oriental, 101.
MAY, the translator of Lucan, anecdote of, 312.
May-day in the Highlands, account of, 92, 116.
MAZARIN, saying of, 439.
Mecca, 177.
Mechanical notions, 359.
Medicines, Lord Bacon's remark on, 698.
Medical Facts, &c. 437-8-9, 474, 476.
Meer-stone, 481.
Melancholy, 436, 461, 473.
Melrose, the wonderful beauty of, 529.
Memory, loss of, 460; how to increase, 509.
MENU, offspring of, 246; how poets ranked in, 634.
Mercy-knives, 23.
MERLIN, 54.
Merriment, morality and duty of, 449.
Merthyr Tydvil, story of the forgemen and the devil, 358.
MESSIAH, Jewish ideas of, 102.
METASTASIO, extracts relative to, 328, 469, 656.
Methodists, church government among, 363; hell, no place for, 374; in agricultural countries attached to the church, not in manufacturing ones, 682.
Metrical Memoranda, 2.
Mexican Gods, account of, 142, &c. 146-7.
Mice, follow the steps of man, 593.
MICHAEL, ST., chair of, 155.
Micher — miching, 329, *note*, 643.
Micki, pedantic use of, for *miki*, 643.
MIDDLETON'S Plays, extracts from, 649.
Midsummer Watch, 117.
Milan, Philip, Duke of, 153.
Milky-Way, Patagonian notion of, 87.
Millepedes, remedy for obstruction in the glands! 555.
Millet, Indian, 186.
Mimosa's Arabian, 111.
Minehead, account of, and of the borough, 519.
Mines, Irish gold and silver, 169; at Keswick, 537.
Mirror of Magistrates, extracts, 642.
Misfortune, technical sense of, 413.
Misjed, or, Place of Prayer, 175.
Missionary Poems, subjects for, 278.
Mitrum — nitrum, St. Peter *v.* Salt-Peter, 372.
MOALLAKAT, extracts from, 106-7.
Mob, the, Sheridan's opinion of, 689.
Modernity at Gloucester cathedral, 392.
MOHAMMED, intended poem, 18; sketch of, 19; Turpin's account of the image of Mahomed, 26; flight of, 177; arrival at Medina, 178; flight of, 224.
Monastic Life, 141.
MONBODDO, LORD, opinion on four distinct minds in man, 586.
Monk, mad one of Heidelberg, 470; to be guarded against on all sides, 674.
Monkey, the primitive, 96; monk and fish mortality, 244; sayings of Rabelais about, 638.
MONSTRELLET, quoted, 21, 55, 66; reports that the sons of the kings of France are made knights at the font when baptized, 712.
MONTAIGNE, sayings of, 626-7.
Montargis, battle of, 108.
MONTLUC, extracts from, 626, 638.
Moon, man in, dream of the death of, 274; extension of, 275; women of lay eggs, according to Neocles of Crotona, 613.
MOORE, HANNAH, affected at the death of Mason, 294; her strange remarks on Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia, 322; her friendship with Beattie, 334; saying of H. Walpole's to, 620.
Moorish Princesses converted, 82; customs after meat, 231; just, 241; remark of a Moor on English places of worship, 436.
Morals, no man's religion ever survived, saying of South, 640.
Moravian Hymn, extract from, 385.
MORE, SIR T., no one put to death for heresy when he was chancellor, 664.
MORLEY, JOHN, sometime butcher, story of, 618.
Moro Alcayde, original and translation of, 265.
Moseley, ruin of, sonnet on, 93.
Moss-cups, specific for hooping cough, 548.
Mother, one at the age of sixty-two, 398.
Mourning Ale, 700.
Mousell for Melastmus, &c. 714.
Muck, the mother of the meal chest, 675.
MULEY, ISHMAEL, saying of, 231.
MULLER, PETER ERASMUS, his *Sagubibliothek*, 581.
Munda, phantoms, or, *Festantiguas*, about, 237.
Mummies, Sir T. Browne's remark on, 504.
Murat, battle of, 109.
Music, what? 221; power of, 243; sign of predestination, 436; a temper keeper, 472, 480, 484, 501, 568; strange effects of, 571.
Musical Instruments, French, 64.
Mysteries, 6, 44.
Mystification, use of, 577.
Mythology, Catholic, 9.

N.

Names, extracts relative to, 468, 506, 542-3, 590, 606.
Name's-sake, liking for, 467, 643.
Nathan, remark on the name, 590.
Nature, Sketches of, 105.
Negro Slave at Surinam, of a sacred order, story of, 366; saying of the negroes of the Isle of Bourbon, 702.
Neif, a, i.e. a bond woman, Fr. *naif*,—*nativa*,—*naturalis*, 18.
NELLY, *the blue eyed*, lines on, 635.

Nequity, i.e. no equity. We want the word, 681.
Newcastle, privilege of the town of, 405.
NEWCASTLE, DUCHESS OF, her writings, and remarks on, 333.
New Forest, old story of the exorbitant price of the wood of, 405.
Newgate, keys of, stolen in 1780, found in draining the basin in St. James's Square, 371.
New River, not liable to be frozen over, 380.
News, like fish, commended for its freshness, 646.
NIEBUHR, extracts from, 105, 110-112.
Nightingales, of Orpheus' tomb, 227; sings all night to keep herself awake; lest the slow-worm should devour her, 305; heard in Lord Lonsdale's gardens at Whitehaven, A. D. 1808, 423; a tame one agitated at migration time, 496; sings till she bursts, 511.
Nile, Savary's account of, 179; islets of, 181.
NINON LENCLOS, saying of, 402.
NIQUEA, FLORIZEL DE, and the latter books of Amadis, extracts from, 317, &c.
Nispolas Las, con tiempo se maduran, Spanish Proverb, 676.
Nix, the water-spirit, 157.
NO, only to be said to the devil, Turkish saying, 613.
No-name Lake, 606.
NOAH, of all subjects the most magnificent, — the one on which Southey would have introduced hexameters into our language, 2; ideas of it, *ib.*; Noah's Ark, remnant of, on Mount Ararat, 76; why he lived longer than Adam, 609.
Nonsense, philosophy of, 577; the sense of, and Orator Henley's remark on, 601; nothing, say musical composers, so melodious as, 372; a Puritan saying about, 686; talked methodically by the English, 689.
NORDEN, extracts from, 228, &c.
NORRIS, J. remarks of, 491, 719.
NORTH, LORD KEEPER, his love for music, without which he could not have mastered the drudgery of law, 573.
Northern Lights, 162.
Norwegian Brothers, in the torrent circled island, 27.
Notched Bridge, beautiful one over the Teign, 522.
Number Two, extracts about, 544.
Nuns, formerly confessed by some Abbesses,—the custom put a stop to owing to their curiosity, 432; at Ghent, amused themselves with country dances, 568.
Nurse, affection of a, 714.

O.

Ouded, i.e. wooded, 286.
Oaks, Hankford's, 156; of the forest, and of our fathers, 197.
Oaths, extracts relative to, 591.
OBEYDALLA THE MOOR, Christian princess married to, 79.
Obituary Anecdotes, proposed chapter of, 419.
Objects, Inanimate, feeling towards, 543.
Observations, Literary, 258.
Ocean-shells, the murmur of, 216.
OFFA, *apparition of*, 75.
Offices, Good, requisites for, 647.
Oil, boiling, old use of, for gunshot wounds, 231.
Old Age, the North Indian's misfortune, 168.
Ommia, Dirge of, 181.
Ophioglossum, or Adder's Tongue, 29.
Orchesographia, Thornet Abbeau's Treatise on, 434, 566.
Organ, powerful effects of one of Elliot's, 402.
Oriental Images, 255, &c.
Orleans, siege of, 55; from Daniel, 66.
ORRERY, LORD, story of his writing love-letters, 616.
OSMOND, MLLE. DE, her passion for making verses, 613.
OSSAT, CARDINAL DE, 643.
Ossetes, Caucasian tribe, said to be under the government of women, 480.
Ostrich, the intense affection "the mother ostrich fixes on her egg," *Thalaba*, p. 238. 7. 120.
Otaheite, superstitions of, 245.
Othomacas, one of the rudest of the Orinois tribes; suppose themselves descended from a pile of stones, 663.
Ottery, St. Mary, the birthplace of Gower, and Brown the Pastoral Poet, and Coleridge, 522.
Outcast, is the word any way traceable to Hindostan, 259.
OVID wrote Getic verses in Latin measure, 346.
Owl, no worshipper of the light, 592; the egg of, according to Pliny, a cure for a drunkard, 400.
Ox-eye, i.e. a silver cup, 425.
Oxford, notes relative to, 425.
Oysters, Mr. Senhouse colonized the Solway Frith with, 405.

P.

Paciecidos, extracts, 629.
Paddington, curious custom at, 408; the Rev. J. S. Boone writes me word that it has been observed within the memory of persons now living,—and that there is still an estate called the "Bread and Cheese Land."
Pages, 151; amusements of, and ceremony on quitting Pagehood, 152.
PAHAT, humorous rigmarole of, 440.
Palencia, why rebuilt, 79.
PALEY, WILLIAM, striking story of, 365.
Palm Soap, 354.
Palm-tree, 113, 180.
Pamela, the history of, 516.
Pantagruelism, 577-8.
Panther, queer story of, 435.
Paper-mill, the first in England erected by John Spielman about half a mile south of Dartford in Kent, 393.
Papists, Pym's saying of, 687; conversion of, by Touching for the Evil? 707.

Paradise, Californian, 96; animals in, 592.
Paradisiacal State, 585.
Paraguay, germ of tale of, 276.
PAREE, AMBROSE, superseded the use of boiling oil for gun shot wounds, 231.
Parents, eat by the Indians, 158.
PARFIT, OWEN, who, 274.
Parrot, that knew the Creed, 428.
Parson, a beau, 339; fox-hunting, *Ib.* Vital Christianity one, 358.
Parsonage in Langdale formerly licensed as an Alehouse as the Curate could not otherwise support himself, 537.
Pasque Dieu, oath of Louis XI. 591.
Paschal Loaf, 362.
Passing Bell, The, 104.
Passion, some men wholly made up of, 625; like a thief, 627.
Parsnips, wild, effect of, 566.
Pastimes, ancient London, 88.
Party-feeling, strong in death, 372.
PASSERINI, FERDINANDO, Sonnet of, and translation, 94.
Pastoral Poetry, remarks on, 215.
PASTORINI DEL P. Sonnet, 93.
Patay, Battle of, 55.
PATRICK, BP. his Pilgrim, extracts from, 647.
PATRICK, ST. his purgatory, 124, &c. 132, 140; his horn, *Ibid.* Purgatory, 149, 169; twenty-eight boys baptized at one time by the name of, 388.
PAUL, ST. and ST. JAMES, their agreement, 357.
PAUL, *The Hermit*, 62, 65.
PAULA, FRANCISCO DE, miracle of, 239; Appearance of, 385.
PAUSANIAS, ghost-haunted, 163; the story of, needs no alteration for a ballad, 195; extracts from, 225-227.
Pavan, grave majestic dance, 567.
Pawlt, i. e. lame, applied by Lyly to Vulcan, 299.
Peace-pudding, huge one, 377.
Peacocks, varied plumage of, in the sun, 257.
Pearls, Mineral, query? 301.
PEDEGACHE, MADAM, her quickness of sight, 555.
PEDRO THE JUST, sketch of poem, 189.
PEELE, GEORGE, extracts from and relative to, 323.
Peeler, what? 307.
Pelican, account of, 101.
Penitentiary, Female, remarks on, 402.
PENN, WILLIAM, no Cross no Crown, 288.
Penniless Bench, 300.
Pendulum, isochronism of, Galileo led to the discovery of from observing the vibration of the lamps in the Cathedral of Pisa, 701.
Pennyll, what? 40.
Penryn, in Cornwall, story of a party of Spaniards who landed at, 405.
Penshurst, inscription for, 193.
Perch, first appearance of, in Ireland? 611.
Perenuth, Horse of the Idol of, 23.
PEREYRA, LUYS DE, *Elegiada*, 628.
Perjury, frequency of, 717.
Persian Story, ideas for, 12; doctor, his balsams and elixirs, 487.
Personal Observations and Recollections and Journal Fragments, 514, &c.
Peruvians, their ideas of the moon—of the sun—of thunder, 158; dirge over the body of his Father, 197.
Petenlair? or, new cap, 339.
PETER, ST. the sailor's patron, 260.
PETRONILLA, ST. 69.
Phaltas, the celebrated horse of Heraclius that did for him what Copenhagen did for the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, 542.
Pharamond, extracts and remarks about, 280.
Pharos of Alexandria, 93.
Phenomenon, curious, witnessed by Southey, and what might have been the impression on the mind of an enthusiast, 538.
PHILIP, AUGUSTUS, reconciled to his Queen, 74.
Philosophers, no absurdity unsaid by, 453-4.
PHILOSTRATUS' Blount's, extracts, 511, 565, 568.
PHIPSONS of Colgarth, their covetousness, and the end thereof, 426.
Phosphorus, discovery of, 436, 489, 508.
Physic, extracts relative to, 546.
Physicians, Chinese, the skill of, 547; praise of in Moliere, 550; bad ones purged and vomited in the next world, 554.
Picts' Wall, visited by Scotch empirics for vulnerary plants, 353.
Piebald horse, he that rides has a remedy for the king (?chin) cough, 531.
Pig, i. e. an apple puff, 417.
Pig, hints for colloquial poem on, 197; ringing his nose, 198; not to be kept by small farmer, 610; notions about, in the Society Islands, 481; extracts about, 498; Bowles' love for, 514.
Pigeon, curious one, story of, 360; *corrected* one? 445; organ in stomach for secreting milk, 469; voracious vermin, 493.
Pigeon fancier, Herod one, 619.
Pigeon dung, set fire to the great Church at Pisa, 509.
Pilgrim, letters conveyed by, 72.
Pill-gilding, began with Avicenna, 549.
Pillow, wooden one of Upper Nubia, 596.
Pinch or Plain, quiet saying, 364.
PINDAR, extracts from, 679.
Pinglers, that is, labouring horses, 299.
Pipes, distance measured by, in Holstein, 442.
Pitchers have ears, 466.
Pitylisma, what? 430.
PITT *Family*, talents of, whence derived, 512; always spoke humanely concerning the poor, 700.
Plague Boil, lancing of, and analyzation of the pus, 547.

Pline-trees, Hortensius irrigated with wine, 430.
Plants insipid to the taste and smell, generally of little virtue, and *vice versâ*, 574; Rousseau's remark on the study of, 575.
Pleasure, masculine sense of, defined, 624.
Plinlimon and Severn, 57.
Plough, spoken of by a Norwegian as *she*, 544; Vancouver's remark on, 719.
Plural Number, Cæsar the first person ever addressed in, 609.
PLUTARCH, his remark on men of desperate fortune, 719.
POCOCKE, extracts from, 113.
Podagric ointment of Fr. Jos. Borrhi, how composed, 546.
Poemlings, Sketches for, 20, 192-200.
POEMS, notanda for, 181-192, 195, 210.
Poetical Ornaments, not enough, 258; Recreations, extracts from, 296.
Poetry, Collections for English Literature and, 279.
Poets, ranks of, &c. 133; how called by Davenant, 634; remarks on from Mirror of Magistrates, 643; unbaked poetry, 652.
Policy, overfine, Bacon's remark on, 637.
Political Economy, German notion of, 690.
Polycronicon, account of Wales from, 136, &c.; character of Clerkes of Trelonde, 634.
Pomerium, what, 713.
Pontificia Potestas, cardo et fundamentum fidei Christianæ, 670.
Poor, condition of, must be bettered, 694.
POPE, WALTER, notice of, 357.
Popery makes infidels, and is the worst enemy of Christianity, 670.
Popish Superstition and Barbarity, 581.
Population, remarks on, 695, 702.
Porlock Bay, Should Old England betray, Mother Skipton's prophecy, 520.
Port de Français, on the N. W. coast of America, 114; a sublime picture of, in Perouse's Voyage, 182.
PORTES, i.e. PHILIP DE PORTES, the French Poet, 292.
Porting, i.e. carrying, used by Ben Jonson, 327.
PORTLAND, DUKE OF, gallery in the stables of, that the horses might have a concert once a week, 571; the Author of the Caxton Family has made use of this anecdote, vol. 1, 252.
Portugal Delivered, projected Poem, 273.
Potatoes, introduced into Bengal by the Dutch,—how cultivated, 387; love the taste of new ground, 492; frozen ones? 710.
Poultry, how fed for the London market, 493.
Prawn or *Shrimp*, necessary to the production of soles, 446.
Prayer, expressed and concealed, difference between, 633.
Preachers, Young, remarks on, 690.
Presbyterian, a staunch one, always Roman Catholic in his liquor, 617.
Presents, King's, 261.
PRESTON, the Mᵗ P. edifying account of, 403.
PRIOR, Queen Anne doubted if his birth would entitle him to the office of envoy, 309.
Prisoner, Royal Privilege of purchasing one in France, 70.
Private Spirit, Hobbes' remarks on, 410.
Processions, children in, as angels, 685.
Prodigals, their estates, like those of lunatics, put in charge of guardians by the Flemings, 616; the same thing proposed in that very sensible tract called *England's Wants*, 667.
Progressive Life, 585.
Pronunciation, English, difficulty and looseness of, 397.
Prostitution, sad details, 387.
Protestants, why they turn Papists, 674.
Provence Rose, origin of, 422.
Proverb, Fuller's definition of, 452; Spanish and English ones, 676.
Psalmody, regularly taught in the northern counties, 423.
Psalms, Old and New Version, struggle between, 340.
Psylli, African snake charmers, 227.
Puberty, age of, dangerous to colonies and individuals, 356.
Publications, Periodical, remarks on, 690.
Pudding, one of nine hundred pounds weight, 377.
Pulpit, position of, *and a remark*, 420.
Pumpkins and melons, food for Camels, 112; degenerate, if grown near squashes, 431.
Punishment, Eternal, extracts relative to, 586; perhaps Southey's opinion was not dissimilar to that of Origen, 588.
PURCHAS, quotations from, 84, 85, 159.
Purgatory, Mahommedan, 100; St. Patrick's, extracts about, from Matthew Paris, 124-130, 132, 140; from St. Bernard, 142.
Purl, and *purled*, what? 306.
Pyramids, bold hypothesis a bout, 608.

Q.

Quadrille, Freemasons, 713.
Quaintologia, i.e. quaint or queer extracts, 103, 368.
Quaker, and the Snorer, story of, 404.
QUARLES, extracts from, 222, 286, &c. 631.
Quatrain, remarks on, 340.
Quatted, i.e. satiated, glutted, 299.
Quetzalcoatl, 154.
Quilt, patchwork one at Seatoller, and Lord Carrick's remark, 531.
Quipos, what? 487.
Quop and quop,—meaning of, 329.

R.

Rabbi's, sayings of, 449, 451, 487.
Rain, remarkable sound of a heavy shower falling on the

lake at Keswick when all was still, 7.
Rainbow and Glow-worm, effects of, 142; hints for Sonnet on, 200.
Rain Stone, The Magic, 228.
RAISCIAC and his Son, 115.
Raisins, what tree meant by, in Tusser? 290.
RANDOLPH, extracts from, 314, &c.
Ranelagh, Sunday Evening tea-drinkings at, 339.
Rapperschweil, Count Stolberg's story of, 274.
Rats, Water, destroyed in America by tape-worm, 460; black ones tamed in Germany, 469; white rat of Greenland, Query? 535.
REBOLLEDO, CONDE DE, translations from, 271-2.
Red-herring on horseback, Easter-day dish, 373.
Reed, that discovers guilt, 161.
Reformation in Denmark and Sweden accomplished without a struggle, 683.
RELIGION, Strada's remark on changes in, 639; and Mr. Hallam's, 683; scoffers at, never good statesmen, 687; a cheerful tone of, wanted as opposed to the sullen character of Calvinism, and the riot and license of Popery, 691; agriculturists prone to, 704; remark of Godfrey Higgins, 717.
REMESAL, DOÑA ANA MARIA, story of, 194.
Resurrection Plants, or Anastatica, instances of, 432.
Retainers, lowly, 339.
Reticules, advantage of! 442.
Revolution, The, the shock the monarchy received at, 664.
REYNOLDS, BISHOP, his style has a resemblance both to Burton and Barrow, 322; extracts from, 454, 456, 680, 717.
Rhizomorpha, or phosphoric fungus, 711.
Rhotacismus, what, 415.
RICHARD II., when his queen died at Richmond, cursed the place, and pulled down the palace, 406.
RICHARDSON, extracts relative to, 312, &c.
RICHELIEU, Count Hamilton's remark on his age, 640.
RICHEMENT, his humanity, 170.
Rickets, in sheep, caused by a maggot in the brain, 554.
RIDLEY GLOSTER, born at sea on board the Gloucester East Indian, 349.
Ritual, Morleechian, one for the union of two friends, &c. 611.
River, novel way of crossing, 223.
Rivets almain, Quære? 117.
Rixum, i.e. Wrexham, the organs of, 409.
ROBIN HOOD, a Pastoral Epic, 11, 17.
RODERICK, *the last of the Goths*, first germ of, 10.
ROGERS, TIMOTHY, remarks of, 436.
Roguery, strong in death, striking instance of, 488.
Rome, mysterious name of, 242.
Romish System, to be taken from its authorized records, &c. not from its pretended softening down here, 670.
ROMUALD, ST. 154, 194.
Rooks, their visits to Colchester and Harwich in flocks, 387.
Rose, The, Origin of, 91; smells the sweeter by ill-scented plants, 437, 456.
Round or Square, extracts, 545.
Rubric Posts, 340.
Rue, called Herb of Grace, because used in Exorcisms, 575.
RUN, Madoc's brother, his death, 107.
Rupture Surgeons, itinerant ones, 589; frequency of ruptures, 384.
Rush-bearing Sunday, 691.
RUSSEL, LORD JOHN, why Sir Robert Peel's speeches had no effect upon him, 608.

S.

SABUCO DOÑA OLIVA, notions of, and extracts from, 484, 689.
Sacrifices, are not all vicarious? 245.
Saffron Posset, good for heaviness of spirits, 557.
Sailor, English, affecting story of, 367; queer one, *ib.*; observations on the lettering on a coffin, 494.
Salamander, deadly venom of, 242; being a long time nourished in the fire, at last quenched it, 301; Pliny's winged one, 467.
SALE, extracts from, 97, 101.
Sallet, i.e. casque, or headpiece, 260.
Saltpetre, from churchyards, medicinal use of, 546.
Saludadores, or Spanish quacks, 397.
Samiel, or Simoom, 110.
Sumoyedi, precocity of females amongst, 556.
SANCIE DE NAVARRE, story of, 196.
Sand-sea, grants of, for making salt, 535.
Sand-writing, of volcanic origin, from the Canary Islands, 510.
SANDS, DAVID, the Quaker, his fanaticism, 397.
Sarum, Old, its members, 197.
SAVARY, extracts from, 179, 223.
Savoy Marriages, put an end to, by the transportation of Wilkinson, and Greerson his curate, 563-4.
SAXO GRAMMATICUS, quotations from, 26, 28, 30, 38.
Science, not less vicious and selfish than trade, hinted by Sir Humphrey Davy to Faraday, 608.
Scorpion, superstitious notion about, from Pliny, 443.
SCOTT, SIR WALTER, visit of Southey to, at Ashiestiel in 1805, 529.
SCOTT, J. his Christian Life, highly esteemed by Southey, 505, 542.
Screaming, instead of *singing*, story of J. Wesley's, 672.
Scripture Extracts, 165, 219, 668, 694, &c.; Texts for Sermons, 721; for Enforcement, 722, &c.
Scriptures, advice how to read, 639.
Sea-gull, hint for sonnet, 199.
SEAFIELD, EARL OF, saying of, on signing the engrossed exemplification of the Act of Union, 684.

Seam, Priestesses of, 54.
Seasons, alteration of, 165.
Seat of honour, some thing about, 636.
Sea-Weed, the cutting of, for kelp, injured the Scottish fisheries, 708.
SEDGWICK, DR. story of, 613.
SENESINO and FARINELLI, a-necdote of, 572.
SENHOUSE, H. Esq. of Nether-hall, Southey's old friend, colonized the Solway Frith with good oysters, and first *sashed* his windows in Cum-berland, 405.
Sentence, most absurd of its kind, 690.
Sentences, 44, 80.
Sepulchre knocking, 244.
Sermon, The, when it teaches nothing else, teaches pa-tience, 642; remarks on, 445.
Serpent, the deaf one, 146; charmers of, 227.
Servant burnt voluntarily with her mistress, 80.
SEVIGNE, MADAME DE, ex-tracts, 644, 668.
Sexton of Tunbridge, story of, 359.
SHAFTESBURY, his remark, that profound often leads to shallow thought, 466.
Shakespeare, members sworn on, in mistake for the Bible, 398; extracts from, *passim*.
Shawl, Indian, curious one, price 500 guineas, 399.
SHELDON, ABP., his desire for the gout as an antidote to apoplexy, 551.
Shells, rare specimens, 401.
SHENSTONE, extracts from, and remarks on, 335; his un-common felicity of attract-ing the *love* of his readers, 338; imitated by Cunning-hame and Cowper, *ib.*
Sherbet, or *Sorbet*, derivation of, 223.
Shepherds, Guide, &c., curious account of, 536.
SHERLOCK, Vindication of the Trinity, South's remark on, 601.
Ship returning to port, idea for Sonnet, 193.
Shipping, Anglo-Norman, 26.
Shoreditch Bells, and Queen Elizabeth, 583; sermon an-nually preached at St. Leon-ard's on Botanical Philoso-phy, 575.
Shrove Tuesday, 119.
SHUFFLEBOTTOM, ABEL, hints for Poems of, 196; amatory sonnets of, 199.
SHYLOCK, story of, from G. Leti's Life of Sixtus V. 339.
Siamese Heaven and Hell,—Hermits, 42.
Siberian earth, superstition re-lative to, 239.
Side, left, why respectful to take among the Germans, 625.
SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP, Southey's Life of, 240; extracts rela-tive to, 321; saying of, that "he never found wisdom, where he found not courage," 639; extracts, 456, 483.
Sight, quickness of, 585; cu-rious restoration of, by a cow's lacerating the eye, 552.
Silence, extracts relative to, 577; good remark about, from Lady Pomfret's Let-ters, 620; saying of Am-brose, 626.
Similies, 6, &c. 52, 260.
Simples, 482.
Sion Chapel, Hampstead, great place for marriages about 1716, 377.
Sire, name by which the an-cient Barons affected to be called, 270.
Skiddaw, view from the bottom of the first summit, 423.
Slaves, learned ones of Greece, bought up by illiterate Ro-mans, who considered their learning as their own, 715.
Sleeping naked, 164.
Slug, the slime of, a cure for chafing, and hence called the Doctor, 555.
Small Pox, American Indian's name for, 228; increased in England by Inoculation, 377; infusion of juniper wood used against, in the Island of Skie, 548; New England preserved from by strict laws vigilantly en-forced, *ib.*; originally occa-sioned, Dr. Lister thought, by the bite of some venom-ous creature, 551.
Smugglers, their idea of mur-der, 359; saying of the Christ Church ones, when a comrade is drowned, 361.
Snake, and the Little Boy, pretty story of, 426; killed by swallowing a porcupine, 509.
Sneezing, extraordinary case of, 442.
Snorcham, Essex, Rectory of, 368.
Snowdon, Eagle of, 139.
Snow-drops, called in Norfolk "Fair Maids of February," 368.
Snuff-box, hints for Poemling on, 198.
Society, Christian, what like to, 219.
SOCIETY, POLITICAL AND SO-CIAL, *Extracts, Facts, and Opinions, relating to*, 662, &c.
Soil, bloody, near Battle-field, 154.
Soles, require prawns and shrimps for their production, 446.
SOLOMON, reported by Suidas and Cedrenus to have written of the remedies of all dis-eases, 549.
SOMERSET, The Protector, omen of his fate, 160.
Sommona Codom, Siamese dei-ty, 40.
Son of Man, and *Sons of men*, Luther's remark, 415.
SONNERAT, extracts from, 246, &c.
Sonnet, by B. W. H. 46; un-less strikingly good, imme-diately forgotten,—likeness of, to Greek Epigram, 258.
Sophonisba, drinking the Poi-son, a Monodrama, 198.
Sorrow, Steele's remark on, 645.
Souls, descent of fallen, com-pared to the Fall of the Ganges, 42; St. Evremond's remark on the immortality of, 637; extracts relative to, 560.
Sounds, Evening, the harshest harmonized by distance, 200; remarks on, 572.
SOUTH, extracts and sayings, 640-2; horrid passage con-cerning original sin, 667.

SOUTHCOTT, JOANNA, her cradle, 391, 393.
SOUTHEY, ROBERT, Verses on the first day of his residence in London, 38; easily and painfully affected, 195; his belief that spirits of good men behold the earth, 198.
SOUTHEY, THOMAS, *Captain*, R.N., acute observer of nature, 4, 186.
Sow, Mayor chosen by, 341.
Sow's ears may prove good sauce albeit no silken purse, saying of Strafford's, 675.
Spaniels, story of the late Duke of Norfolk relative to the St. James's, 479.
Spaniard, swallowed up like Amphiaraus, 77.
Speech, Isaac Vossius, remarks on, 561.
Spectacles, reason for wearing, 149.
SPEED'S *Works*, the world indebted to Sir Fulk Greville for, 316.
SPENSER, remarks on, and extracts relative to, 310-312.
SPENCE, JOSEPH, amiable man, the Phesoi Ecneps of Tales of Genii, 351.
Sphinx, or *Singh*, Hindoo superstition of, 255.
Spirits, extracts relative to, 541, 603; three orders of, Cardan's notion, 460.
Spirits, Ardent, formerly used as cordials, 552.
Spleen, all distempers attributed to, 1662, 556.
Springs, sacred, South's remark, 357.
SPURTZHEIM, DR., shews there is a great difference between the skulls of men and women, 433.
Squirrel, formerly might have gone from Crow Park to Wytheburn Chapel,—shewing the quantity of woodland, 535.
Staggers, extraordinary cure for, 554.
Stags, a herd led by music, 570.
Star-shoot, i.e. Tremella Nostoc, 546.
Stars, Paracelsus' notion of tenebriferous ones, which bring on the night, 510.
Statutes, a head for, "Cápo da far statuti." — *Ital. Prov.* 638.
Steinkirk, muslin neckcloth, why so called, 261; the battle alluded to was fought the beginning of August 1692.
STERLINGE, LORD, his Poem on Doom's-day, 16, 214; remarks on, 328; extracts, 631.
STERNE, L., remarks on, 341; question as to the reason of his wife and daughter's retiring to France, 342.
Stinkard, old appellation of the rabble, 709.
STEVENSON, MATTHEW, author of Norfolk drollery, 347.
Stiper-stones, burst on, 394.
STILLINGFLEET, BENJAMIN, notice of, 350.
STOKES, CAPTAIN, stories of, his superstition, 361.
STONE, that produces water, 86; field of, in Shropshire, 241; omen of the coronation stone, *ib.*; with smell of corpse, 242; Battle-Stone field, *ib.*; thrust down the throat of a New Zealand babe, to give him a stony heart, 599; conjoined with St. John's Gospel, virtue of, 646; warming stones, 433; in bladder, immense one, 506.
Stonehenge, superstition concerning, 405.
Stories, Ideas for Jewish, Grecian, Runic, &c. 11.
Storm at the Cape, grandeur of, 5; awful one in Worcester and Shropshire, May 28, 1811, 394.
Story, long one, how to tell, 601.
STOWE'S *Survey*, extracts from, 115-120.
STRADA, extracts from, 639.
STRAFFORD, his hope for better days, striking passage, 682.
STRATHMORE, COUNTESS of, anecdotes of, 514.
Strawberries, seemed formerly to have required more care than now, 290.
Striding-edge, fearful place, 533.
Strong man of Andalusia, 383.
Subjects for Literary Composition, 239; manner of handling a, 575, 600.
Succubus, account of, 156.
Sugar, said to cause melancholy, 493; why put into the mouths of the dying, 555.
Suicide, suggestion for a paper on, after the manner of Addison, 9; account of a, 101; notable argument against, 612; induced by gaming, 714.
Sully, opinion of the four persons he employed to write his memoirs, 601.
Sumatra, the Battas of, their notion of their ancestors, 540.
Sun-dial, motto on that at All Souls', 336.
Suns, Five, according to the Indians of Culhua, 159; Gondomar's message to from England, 353.
Supernatural, the, a story, and an explanation, 426.
Superstitions, barbarous, 87; Savage, 244.
Surgery, extracts relative to, 588.
Swallows, angling for in Italy, 485; cruelty of making oil of, 557.
Swan, swimming of, 200.
Swantowith, white horse of, 27.
Swartmoor, near Ulverstone, 535.
Sweat of *death*, at a bull-fight, "and now the death-sweat darkens his dark hide,"—*Thalaba*, p. 285, 5.
Sweden, prophecy that the Queen of, shall talk Greek, 69.
Swedenborg, 381; story of his acquaintance with St. Paul, 515.
Sweet Johns, and *Sweet Williams*, 38.
Swimming women, 180; pranks in, by Galup, a Catalan, 371.
Sword-dance, Italians had one. Chiaberras' Sonnet, 462.
Sycamore Fig-tree of Egypt, 180, 228.
Sycamore-seeds, quantities that sprung up during the mild winter of 1819, on the green at Greta Hall, 535.
Symbols, Christian, 148.

T.

Taghairn, or *Torrent Divination*, 39.
Tailor, determination to be one, and nothing else, 452.
TALASSI ANGELO DI FERRARA, story of on being refused an interview with Cottle, 517.
TALBOT'S Sword, 135.
TANSILLO, extracts, 469.
Taste, not confined to the mouth. See Arist. Eth. Nic. 446.
TAYLOR, JEREMY, extracts from, 625, 645.
TCHINTSONG, Emperor of China, and the Book, story of, 714.
Tea, how taken on its early introduction, 402.
Tea-Green, how proved by Dr. Lettsom to be unwholesome, 610.
Tears, Adi's remarks on, 651.
Teeth-cutting, death from, at the age of 96, 444.
TEMPLE, SIR W. formed his style upon Sandys' View of State and Religion, 325; sayings and remarks of, 637; his heart buried at Moor Park, near Farnham, 405.
Tench, the Doctor-fish, 555.
Tenderness, 54.
Testicles pulverized, virtue of, 243.
THALABA, original sketch of, 181; alterations, 189; notes for, 212.
Theatre, remarks on, 561; Bishop Hacket's remark, 562.
THEOCRITUS, story of, 613.
THERESA, ST. 142.
Thieves, adroitness of, in 1717, 376.
Thinking of nothing, good remark on the phrase, 611; "close and thick," a saying of Enchard's, 637.
Thistle, grounds laid out in the shape of, hugest absurdity, 618; why Southey might have taken it for his motto, 698.
THORKILL, *Voyage of*, 31.
THOMSON, *the Poet*, passage omitted in the Seasons, 346.
THORN, JOSEPH, who? 298.
Thunder-storm at Cintra, eagles scared by the lightning, 5; Turkish idea of Novogorod, god of thunder, 47.
THURCILLUS, vision of, 130.
Till to, i.e. to set, to prepare, A. S. 523.
TILLOTSON, ABP. story of, 406.
Tilts, Water, at Easter, 119.
Timanthes, death of, 226.
Tipis, efficacy of the water of, 557.
Titicaca, Peruvian lake, 176.
Tixal Poetry, extracts from, 289.
Toad in a stone, happiness and tranquillity of! 195; call him ugly and useless, quotha! 199; remarks, and extracts on, 429; in fountain, 486.
Tobacco, extracts relative to, 593; prevents worms and grensy heels, and creates a fine coat in horses, 594; Captain William Myddleton, the first who smoked tobacco in London, 595; Adam Clarke's Pamphlet against, 385.
TOBY PHILPOT, the original of, Mr. Paul Parnell, 392.
TOOKE, HORNE, request relative to, 580.
TOON, Lord Liverpool's tailor, story of his honesty, 367.
Tootia Flower, gathered by oculists at Eyesti as a grand specific for diseases of the eye, 574.
Tortoise-shell shields, 16.
Toulon, story at the evacuation of, 194.
Trade without restriction, remarks on, 689.
Tradesmen, retired, stories of, 354; repeated by an oversight, 422.
Traditions, &c. 240.
Translation, remarks on by S. T. Coleridge, 609.
TRAPP, JOSEPH, first Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 349.
Traveller, cast on his own resources, compared to a bear in winter sucking his paws, 199.
Travelling, Sir Hildebrand Jacob's way of, in 1735, 355.
Trees, extracts concerning, 167; felling of, in token of gratitude—as we should plant one, story of, 543; European dwindle in tropical climates,—like men, 702.
Trepanning, remarks on, 588.
Triad, Welsh, 45.
Tribes, The Ten, their locality in the "mountaynes of Caspye," 89.
Tribby, an American abbreviation, 480.
Trinity, revilers of, effect of Mr. W. Smith's bill for repealing the laws in force against, 384.
Trichomata Parastasis! 176.
Trim, Corporal, the name probably borrowed by Sterne, from the Funeral, 672.
TRISTAN, Romance of, 282.
Truth, all-necessary truth legible and plain, 625.
TRYON, THOMAS, epitaph on, 634.
Tunbridge Castle, the enclosure of, turned into a vineyard, 409.
Turdilli Turdi, "tuti contumeliæ causâ," 608.
Turquoise, virtue of, 420.
Turk, George I. had one for his *valet de chambre*, 376; wholesome feeling of, on the instability of human blessings, 690.
TUSSER, THOMAS, extracts from, 290.
TWAMBY *the Great*, story of, 357.
Tyber, skating on, to the surprise of the Romans, 354.
Tyrannicide, suicide of Spanish, 77.
Tythes, in new colonies, 693, 717.

U.

UGARTHILOCUS, 37.
Unction of Charles V. of France, 171.
Unitarian Writers, not to be trusted, 705.
University, motives in, 1647; for founding one in the metropolis, 687.
Urine Doctor, celebrated one, 556.
Utensils, shape of, extracts relative to, 559.

V.

Vaccination, insisted on by the Bavarian and Danish governments, 394, 412.
Vachers, Ranz de, cet air, si chéri des Suisses, 264.
Vade, always used by Lyly for *fade*, 300.
Vale of St. John, great beauty of, 532.
VALENTIN, French Dancing Master, story of, 604.
VALENTINE, Bp. 135; number of letters on his day, 354.
Valley of Stones, near Linton, account of, 520.
Valour, True, 658.
Vanini, question of his Atheism, 429.
Vaudoisie, what? 712.
VAUGELIN, NICHOLAS, his romantic notion of a pastoral life, 430.
VEGA, LOPE DA, 629.
Velhy, an interjection of surprise,—*Valha me Dios*, is the Portuguese exclamation, 326.
Vellum, the best material for! 693.
VENN, so elated at the near prospect of dissolution that the very excitement tended to prolong life, 551.
Vervain Amulet, Dr. Morley's, 557.
Vice, "let no worship ever be paid to any," saying of xii Tables, 615.
Villain, turned Enthusiast, above all law, 689.
VILLEGAS, translation from, 261.
Vine, why planted by Noah, 612.
Vincent's, St., Rocks, intended local Poem on, 195.
Vineyard, our, the duty in these times of fencing it, 686.
Vipers, Arabian, 149; vipers and the balsam tree, 227; viper wines, mentioned by Quarles as Aphrodisiacs, 288.
VIRIATUS, to the Lusitanians, 630.
VITUS, ST. dance, music a remedy for, 486.
VLADIMUR, message to Constantine Porphyrogenitus, 274.
VOLTAIRE, did he speak of the Church of Rome as the whore? 383.
Volutella, simile of, 52; extraordinary plant, 111.

W.

Wad, i. e. black-lead, 531.
Wadham College, altar-piece at, how wrought, 425.
Wager, queer one, 378.
WAKEFIELD, GILBERT, his inflexible honesty, 190.
Wales, description of, from the Polyeronicon, 136, &c.; wars in, 154; warning against, 169.
WALLER, the *Poet*, 308.
WALLIUS, his manner of borrowing from the ancient, like Ebenezer Elliot's from the moderns, 706.
WALPOLE, H. extracts and remarks, 619, 620; striking saying of, 624-2; remarks on Gray, 344; his disappointment as to making folly wiser, 720.
Wandering Jew, suggestion of, 9; story of one who set up for, 360.
Wannion, query? meaning of, 329.
WARBURTON, his saying, that the people are much more reasonable in their demands on their patriots than ministers, 636.
War-engine, Archidamas' exclamation on, 164.
War-Pole of the North American Indians, 199, 229.
Warriors, (North American Indian's) rejoicing Day, 230.
WARWICK, SIR PH. sayings of, 640.
Wasps, mischief done by, 352.
Waste, great, of good advice and good intentions, 613.
Wasters, i. e. cudgels, 88.
Water, boring the earth for, 491.
Water-drinker, killed himself by secret drunkenness, 354.
Water-spouts, Capt. T. Southey's account of, 6.
WATSON, BP. a schoolboy at Hensingham, 539.
Wealth, National, when wholesome, 662.
Weam, i. e. belly, 355; "A wamefou' is a wamefau." *St. Ronan's Well*, vol. 33, p. 174.
Weapon-salve, principal ingredient in, moss of a dead man's skull, 551.
WEBSTER, fine instance in his Appius and Virginia of the passionate use of familiar expressions, 315; extracts, 648, 505.
Wedding, Welsh, invite to, 361.
Weeds, how accounted of, 673.
Weeping Cross, 300.
Weird Sisters, query? 745.
Well, The Boiling, near Bristol, 6; St. Winifred's, 62; of Zomzem, 112; St. Keyne's, 154; the boiling, 275; the wishing, 406; at Brough, 422; of Cumberland have each a Saint or Patron, 536.
Welsh Manners, 39; lances, 140; raggedness, 172; Monk-hatred, 175; superstition of offering an enemy, 375.
Wemme, what? 260.
WENIFREDE, ST., 58; well of, 62.
WESLEY, JOHN, story of, and kindly disposition, 472.
WHALLEY, *Jerusalem*, why so called, 375.
Wharling in the throat, habit of the people of Charleton in Leicestershire, 393, 415.
Wheatears, abundance of, on the South Downs, 407.
Whigs, Bottomless, a saying of Johnson's, 666; Swift's remark on, 667.
Whiskey and Earth, given to infants by Scotch midwives, 476.
White Boys, Busby's name for his favourite scholars, 239.
White-Circle, Indian superstition of, 229.
WHITE, JOSEPH, wealthy merchant of Poole, story of, 361.
WHITESIDE, MR. Dissenting Minister of Yarmouth, who destroyed himself, lines found in the pocket of, 92.
WHITTINGTON'S epitaph, 119.
WICLIFFE, the virtue of his dust, 242.
Wigs, remarks on, 512, 582; clever observation of Cum-

berland's in the Choleric Man, 620.
Will, singular one, 391; will for deed, Scripture authority for, 703.
WILLIAM III. Prince of Orange, remark to Sir W. Temple, of Charles II. 379.
WILLIAMS, EDWARD, seditious bookseller, 364.
WILL WIMBLE, parallel instance in the Natural Son, 346.
Winander Mere, notion that the bottom is paved and smooth, like polished marble, 536.
Wind, The, hath a *human* voice, 7.
Window, if there were one in men's breasts, a shutter would soon be agreed upon, 44.
Wine, called by Mahomet, "the mother of sin," 214; love for, 638.
Wings, property of genius, 636.
Winsley Dale, story of, 426.
Winter, Southey's view of, 193; evening, eclogue on, 194; Keswick on, 538.
Wish, A threefold, 645.
Wit, not such unless it consist with wisdom, 641, 647.
Witchcraft, extracts relative to, 589, 412, 424, 450; horrid persecution at Arras for, 712; something concerning, 715.
WITHER, GEORGE, remarks on. Southey's wish to edite a collected edition of his Poems, 292; extracts, 635, 449.
Wives, Petition of the London, 50; pains, sympathetic, 442.
Wolf, tame one of a lady near Goneyn, 592; cross with a racoon, 392; baiting of, at Ispahan, 425.
WOLLESLEY, ROBERT, 347.
WOLSEY, CARDINAL, stone coffin of, given by the king for the body of Lord Collingwood, 385.
Womb, babe crying in, 244.
Women, fight between two at Hockley in the Hole, 1725, 378; other instances, *ibid.*; extracts relative to, 496, 558; condition of, 664.
WOOD, foundation in Fifeshire for twenty old men of the name of, 385.
Wood-house, on London bridge, entirely without nails, 419.
Wood-lice, how best taken medicinally! 554.
Woots, meaning of, 329.
WORCESTER, MARQUIS OF, his reply to the Major of Bala relative to the King and the Parliament, 414.
Words, abuse of, 701.
Workington, paintings on the altar-piece, 531.
World, "so whirled," derivation of! 434.
Wormhood, was formerly as a *flea-fuge*, 290; infused with beer, "an oxeye of wormhood," 425.
Worship, indispensable, Aristotle's remark, 703.
Wounds, gun-shot, Arab cure for, 231.

X.

XARIFA and FATIMA, original, and translation of, 261-2.
XENOCRATES, wise order of, relative to children, recorded by Plutarch, 413.
XERXES, why he wept, and why we should, a saying of Mlle. de Gournay, 638.
XIMINES, CARDINAL, cured of a hectic fever by outward applications, by a Moorish woman, 700.

Y.

YAMEN, God of Death, 247.
YE HE WAH, the author of Vegetation, 228.
York Cathedral, custom as to Residentiaries there, 355.
YOUNG, DEAN, extracts from, 611.
YOUNG, *The Poet*, remarks on his poetry, 346.
YSIARTE, *La Ardilla y el Caballo*, and translation, 269.

Z.

Zemzem, well of, 112.
ZIMMERMAN, DR. his opinion about the sensibility of a man's nose, 557.
ZINZENDORF, CARDINAL, bathed his legs in pig's blood as a remedy for the gout, 556.
ZISCA, stratagem, of, 142.
ZUINGER, THEODORE, of Basil, never took a fee except from the rich, racy saying of, 551.

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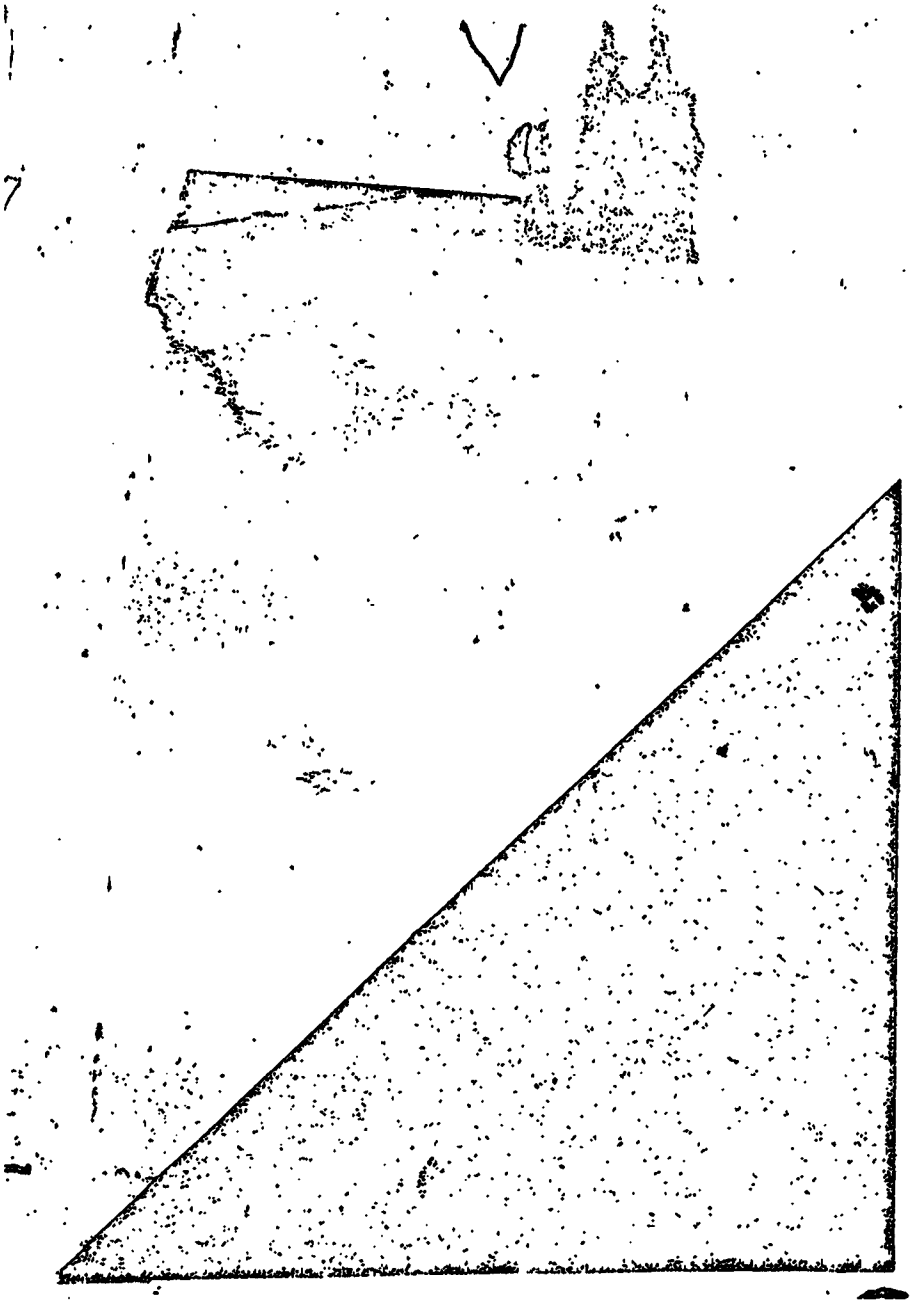

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